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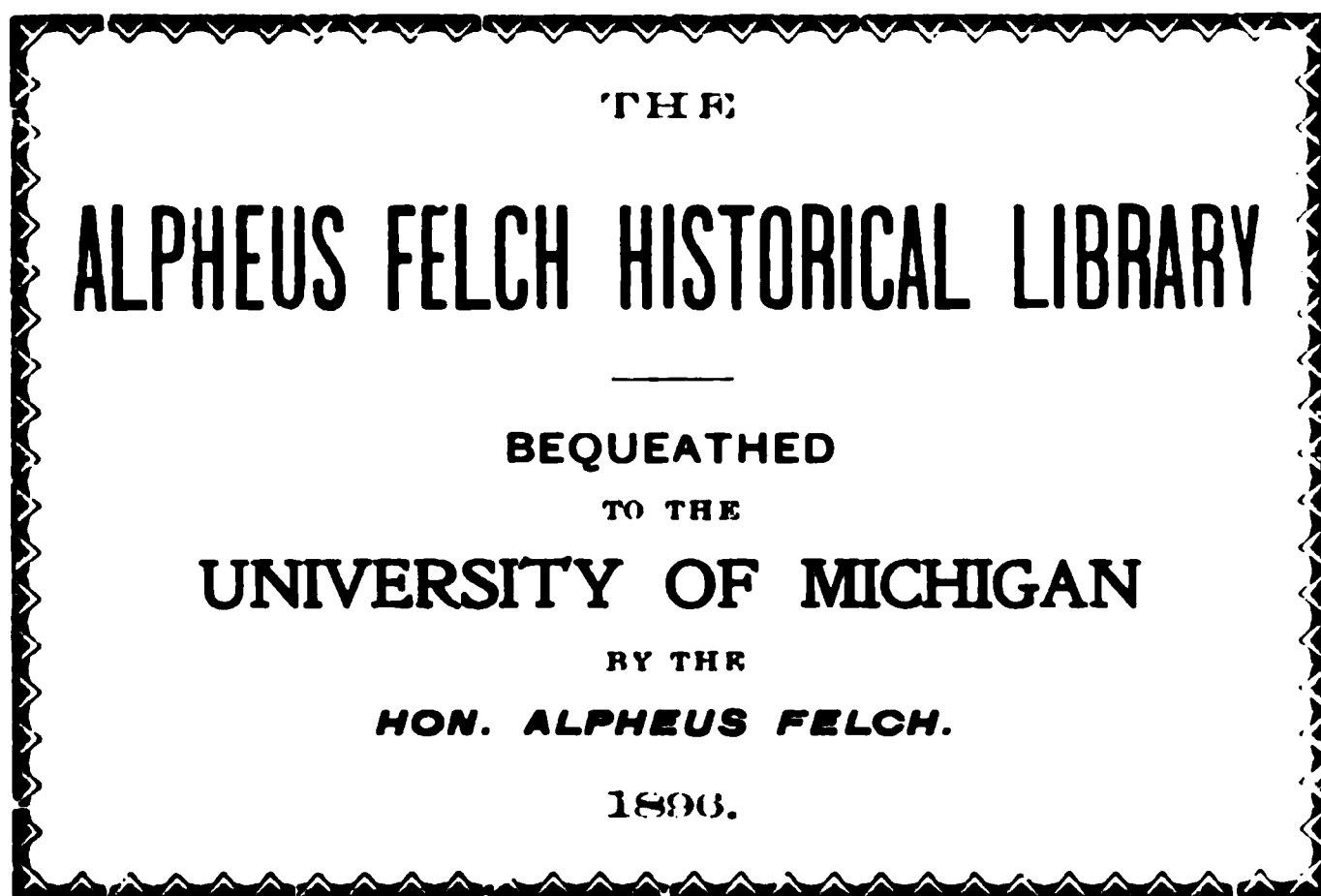
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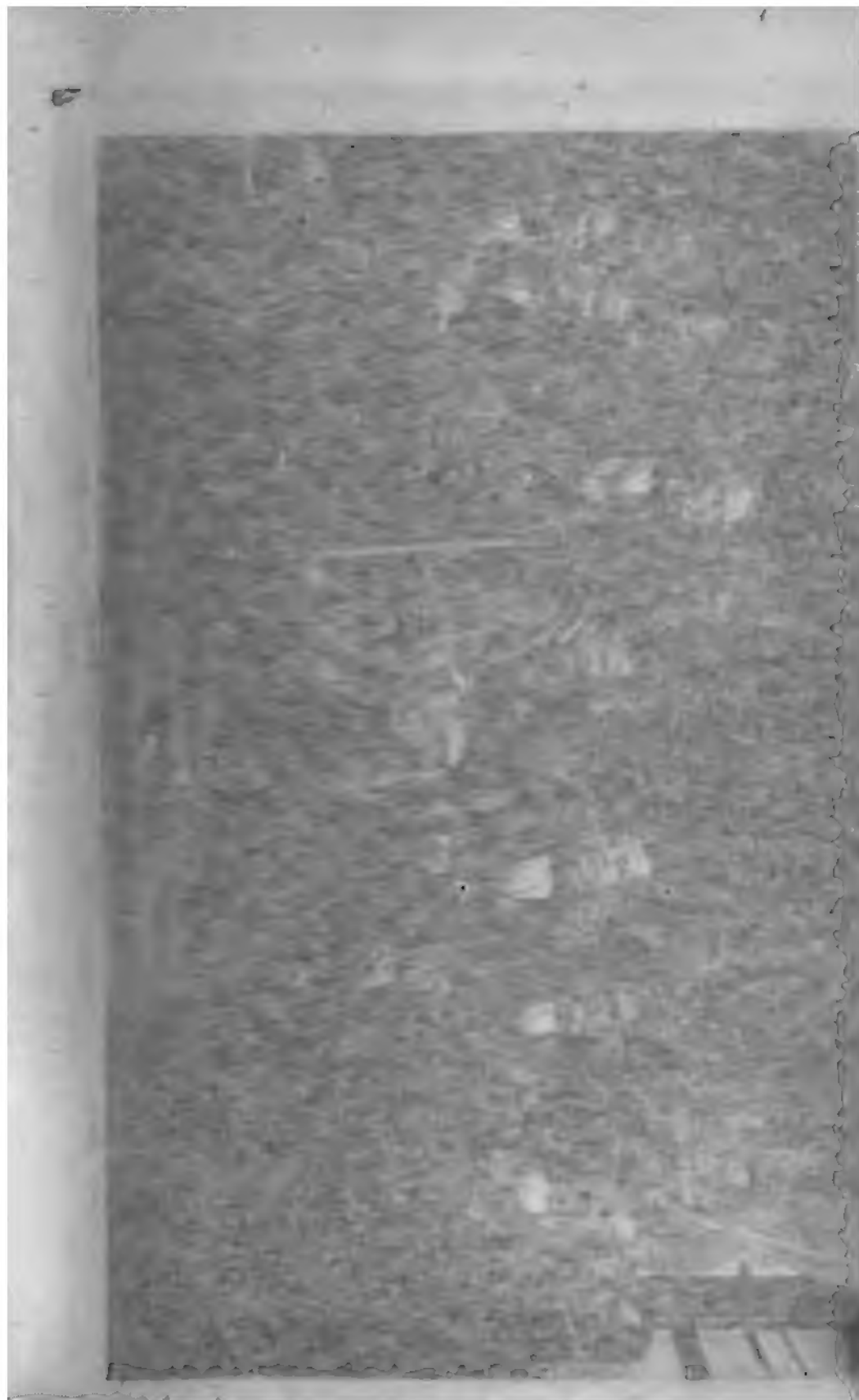
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Quarterly Review.

BYRON AND TENNYSON.

THE book before us, of which an English translation is in hand, is a biographical and critical essay on the noble poet and his works, containing a conscientiously accurate summary of his life and an impartial estimate of his genius. It will help to correct many erroneous notions, and it offers the opportunity which we have long coveted of analyzing and (if possible) fixing the existing state of opinion regarding him, in especial relation to the living poet whose name is most frequently pronounced in rivalry.

"Byron, indisputably the greatest poetical genius that England has produced since Shakespeare and Milton." Such is the commencement of the notice of Byron in the last edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," and we have ascertained by careful inquiry that it may be accepted as the exact representative of enlightened Germany upon this as upon most other subjects of thought, speculation, or philosophy. Herr Elze says, "In the four head-

divisions of poetry, English literature has produced four unapproached men of genius: Shakespeare in the dramatic; Milton in the reflecting, so far as this can be regarded as a peculiar species; Scott in the epic; and Byron in the lyrical—the lyrical understood in the widest sense as subjective poetry." The intended supremacy is clear, although the lines of demarcation are not so well defined as could be wished. Turning to the rest of the continent, whether north or south—to Russia and Poland, to France, Italy, and Spain—and consulting the highest authorities dead and living, printed and oral, we arrive at a similar conclusion. The result of our persevering researches and persistent interrogatories is everywhere throughout Europe, that Byron is deemed the greatest poet that England has produced for two centuries; and although the same unanimity may not be found across the Atlantic as to the amount of his pre-eminence, although he does not there rise to high

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above his competing predecessors or contemporaries as to dwarf or overshadow them, he takes precedence by common consent of all.

"Tennyson, one of the most distinguished modern English lyrical poets." Such is the commencement of the notice of Mr. Tennyson in the *Lexicon*; and that it will startle his English admirers, we infer from its first effect upon ourselves. But tame and depreciatory as this description may sound to ears ringing with the music of his verse, it is one which would be deemed just and adequate by the bulk of the reading public of Germany, or the reading public of any country, that knew him chiefly by translation. It would not satisfy the reading public of the United States, where his popularity is little inferior to that which he enjoys in England, but with this material difference. It is not an exclusive popularity. It coexists with the popularity of other poets whose influence is deemed antagonistic to him amongst us, especially with that of Byron; and the main object of this article is to bring the English mind into better agreement with the Anglo-American mind on this subject, or, in other words, to reclaim a befitting and appropriate pedestal for Byron without disturbing Mr. Tennyson or his school. It is the comparative, not the positive, reputation of the author of the "*Idyls*" that we dispute. Let him be read and applauded as much as ever, by all means; let due meed of praise be ungrudgingly continued to those of his immediate contemporaries who cluster round him as their chief, or have adopted him as their model, or, essentially unlike as they are, have repaired to the same altar for their fire; but let the fitting honor be also vindicated and reserved for those whom they have temporarily superseded in popular estimation, far more by an accidental concurrence of opinions and events than by merits which will stand the test of time and command the judgment of posterity.

Foreign nations, in their independence of local influences, resemble and represent posterity: foreign nations have already given their verdict in the cause which we propose to bring before the home tribunal; and before appealing from that verdict on the ground that foreign nations mostly know the productions of the contrasted poets by translation, it would be well to meditate on this passage of Goethe:—

"I honor both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry, but the properly deep and radical operative—the truly developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fulness; which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals." *

Whether a poet is translated into verse or prose, he will be appreciated in his new form in proportion to the amount of thought, reflection, palpable imagery, or, what Goethe calls "inward substance," embodied in the original. Grace or felicity of expression, idiomatic ease, and rhythm, must almost necessarily be lost; or, if replaced, should be set down to the credit of the translator, whose language is his own. Dryden said of Shakespeare that if his embroideries were burnt down, there would be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot. If Mr. Tennyson were submitted to such a process, the residuum would be comparatively small. His greatest beauties are confessedly untranslatable; they are too delicate, too evanescent, too bloomlike, and too slight. Speaking of the female characters in the "*Poems*," M. Taine says, "I have translated many ideas and many styles. I will never try to translate a single one of these portraits. Every word is like a tint, curiously heightened or softened by the neighboring tint, with all the hardihood and the success of the happiest refinement. The least alteration would spoil all." †

Is, then, Mr. Tennyson's English fame enough? Is his title to rank as the first English poet of his epoch conclusively established by the fact that a majority of the rising generation of both sexes within this realm insist on so regarding him?

* "*Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit*," Th. 3, B. II. "It would be a most easy task to prove that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written." (*Wordsworth*, Preface to the "*Lyrical Ballads*."') The obvious inference is that the best poems are those which—*ceteris paribus*—will best bear literal or prose translation.

† "*Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*," vol. iv. 434.

We make bold to think not. It rests on divine authority that no man is a prophet in his own country. Many a man has been a poet in his own country whose poetry had no exchangeable value, and could only live in a particular atmosphere ; but that these were first-class poets, we deny. We will endeavor to illustrate this proposition before proceeding further, for all sound criticism depends upon the principles involved in it.

Our estimate of books and men are far more frequently subjective than objective. We judge them rather by our own feelings, prejudices, and passions, than by their inherent or individual qualities ; and no man is a fair judge of either who does not habitually analyze his impressions as they are caught up or imbibed. Approval and disapproval are too frequently confounded with liking and disliking, with being pleased or displeased. The most cultivated intellects are not exempt from this liability to error, and should be equally on their guard against it. We once heard an eminent scholar and statesman maintain that Gray was the first of modern English poets ; and in the course of the ensuing discussion it was made clear that his admiration was mainly owing to the rush of youthful associations which a recent perusal of the "Ode to Eton College" had brought back. We strongly suspect that an analogous solution might be given of what we have heard cited as a proof of Mr. Tennyson's pathos, namely that an ambassador, of resolute will and masculine understanding, by no means given to the melting mood, burst into tears during the reading of "Elaine" aloud to a party at a country house. A word, a phrase, may have loosened the flood-gate of association :—

"And as a fort to which beleaguers win
Unhop'd for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, center'd in the breast,
By memory's magic lets in all the rest."

It is one of Chamfort's aphorisms that "what makes the success of numerous works, is the affinity between the mediocrity of the ideas of the author and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public." Literary history so abounds with instances of adventitious and ill-deserved popularity, that Wordsworth, discontented with the limited circulation of his own poems and deriving cold comfort from (what he called) the parallel case of Milton,

was wont to contend that popularity, far from being a proof of merit, implied that unworthy sacrifices must have been made and solid fame bartered for it. He forgot that most of the great writers who have now taken rank amongst the classics of their respective countries, attained their proud pre-eminence at starting or early enough to enjoy it to the full, and that genius, tremulous with the glowing and agitated atmosphere around and about it may shine with as bright and sustained a light as if it had shrunk away from the haunts of crowded life to draw inspiration from the grotto or the lake. All we maintain is that local or temporary popularity is unsatisfactory and inconclusive as a test : that it may prove the forerunner of permanent and world-wide reputation, or it may not.

Fancy has been amused by conjecturing "with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterranean current through fear and silence." Its reputation did not burst forth in full brilliancy till he had been forty years in his grave, and shows what invaluable services may occasionally be rendered by retrospective criticism in compelling the complete recognition of genius. Addison devoted eighteen papers of the "Spectator," interspersed with numerous extracts, to "Paradise Lost," and thereby (in Johnson's words) "has made Milton an universal favorite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased." * With Byron the progress of fame has been reversed. He rose in splendor, and his meridian is obscured by clouds. He states that the morning after the publication of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold," he awoke and found himself famous. These cantos would have made a name at any time, but their effect was undeniably enhanced by the choice of topics and the state of the public mind. "The Comedy of the *Visionnaires*," wrote Madame de Sevigné, "delighted us much : we found it the representation of everybody ; each

* "Life of Addison," Johnson's Works, vol. vii. p. 142. In the "Life of Milton," vol. vi. p. 173, he had said, "'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure."

of us has his or her visions shadowed out." "Childe Harold," on his first appearance, had thus much in common with this forgotten Comedy. He had a word for everything and everybody that was uppermost in men's thoughts: theories of government for the political speculator, of social progress for the moralist, classical reminiscences for the scholar, and never-ending sentiment for the fair. He dealt swashing blows right and left at Whigs and Tories, aristocracy and democracy. He described the scenes on which all English eyes and interests were fixed. He lingered on the battle-fields where English laurels had been won. He sang of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir, of Talavera and Albuera. He denounced the devastating ambition of Napoleon, and mingled the denunciation with a sneer at the fools who were pouring out their blood like water to maintain their own domestic despots on their thrones. War is thus grandly personified:—

"Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet.

"There shall they rot—Ambition's honor'd fools!
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by
bone?"

Or take the glowing sketch of the Maid of Saragossa, in her contrasted moods of tenderness and heroism:—

"Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black
veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful
chase.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;

The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is
lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a batter'd
wall?"

To idealize modern warfare, or invest it with an air of chivalry in verse, is no common feat. Addison's "Campaign" barely redeemed by a single image (the angel), and the author of "Marmion," whose Flodden Field stirs the blood like a trumpet-tone, became tame and prosaic at Waterloo. Byron makes the dragoon's sabre glitter like Arthur's sword Excalibur, and by mere dint of imagination gives to a modern fortification, bristling with cannon, the picturesqueness of a mountain side or valley crowned with rocks. "This is Cintra, the natural object to be described:—

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty
glow."

This is Morena, the material and mechanical:—

"At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match."

We shall come to descriptive passages of far higher grasp and richer coloring; but those we have just quoted illustrate a quality in which no modern poet has rivalled the noble author. Not the least of the attractions of "Childe Harold," especially to the young, lay in the self-revealings, the avowal of over-indulged and yet unsuppressed passions, the premature feeling of satiety, and the deep all-pervading despondency:—

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;

Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
 stores unroll'd.

" But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude ! "

When it is remembered that the writer was young, noble, and handsome—that his career, short as it had been, was involved in mystery—that the keen-edged falchion which he had unsheathed in his satire was ready at any moment to leap from the scabbard—no wonder that he speedily became the idol, in due course the spoiled child, of the fashionable world, and was by common consent enrolled amongst—

" the few
 Or many, for the number's sometimes such,
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,
 Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or non-
 sense,
 Permits whate'er they please, or did not long
 since."

Intoxicating as all this was, and intensely as it was for a time enjoyed by him despite of his morbid melancholy, he seems to have had an instinctive consciousness that he could not depend on these two cantos of "Childe Harold" any more than on "Hours of Idleness," or "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," for permanent reputation, and that he had in him something better that must come out. Admiration is catching and imitative. When a book has once attracted marked attention, people buy and read in self-defence, whether they derive pleasure from it or not. The odds are, that the mass of readers did not derive much pleasure from "Childe Harold," which has no story, and is mainly discursive on themes which it requires reading and reflection to follow out. But the case was widely different when he entered upon that series of tales which includes "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." Then he was read with rapt interest throughout the length and breadth of the land ; then he was scrambled for at the circulating libraries ; then his applauding public comprised the indiscriminating

many as well as the select and discriminating few. They concurred in this instance, and they were right in concurring. Their delight in a story and a plot was simply a return to the wholesome taste of the olden times, the golden ages of poetry, the days of Homer and the Homeriadæ, the Troubadours, the Minnesingers, the Bards, who were neither more nor less than story-tellers in verse, and bound, like the lady in the "Arabian Nights," to be provided with an inexhaustible supply. The only wonder is, that the reign of the didactic, speculative, and descriptive poets was prolonged till it was interrupted by Scott and terminated by Byron. The taste for exciting or sensational fiction may be meretricious or carried to excess ; both mental and bodily stimulants must be used with caution ; but to inspire breathless and sustained interest is one of the rarest and most enviable faculties of inventive genius, and it is hard on a poet to be denied credit for the beauties he scatters by the way because we are lured along too fast and in too satisfied a state to dwell upon them ; because we first read for the story, and then re-read for the imagery and thought. Nor, on re-reading either Scott's or Byron's rhymed romances, is it always to the episodes that we turn for genuine poetry. To blend passion and sentiment with rushing events and action is their charm. In "The Giaour," for example :—

" On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :
 Though like a demon of the night
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impress'd
 A troubled memory on my breast,
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
 He winds around ; he hurries by ;
 The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee ;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along ; but ere he pass'd
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling speed,
 A moment breathed him from his steed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?

" He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place :
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,

But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly;
 Impatient of his flight delayed,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade;
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
 Away, away, for life he rides.
 'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued;
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years:
 What felt *he* then, at once oppress'd
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought!"

Although we write principally for those who are not familiar with Byron, we will give them credit for having fallen in, at some time or other in their lives, with the renowned episodes of "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," and "Know'st thou the land," but there is another (in the "Giour") which we have reason to believe is less known and unappreciated:—

"As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye:
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone,
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects fluttering by

Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame."

The four concluding lines are nearly as familiar as Scott's "Oh woman in our hours of ease," as Moore's "Oh ever thus from childhood's hour." But a short time since, on their being quoted in a numerous group, a lady, not long past her meridian, turned round to a friend of her own standing with the remark, "You and I are the only persons present who know where those lines come from." She proved right. The analogy between beauties and butterflies is obvious enough; and (it may be said) the incident which gave rise to the "Rape of the Lock" was only a piece of not over-refined gallantry. It is the exquisite workmanship and the delicate handling which give choice works of fancy their value and their charm.

What ineffably enhances the effect of Byron's narratives and descriptions, however rapid and condensed, or however replete with thought and feeling, is the idiomatic ease of the language, its lucid clearness, and the utter absence of inversion, affectation, or obscurity. You are never obliged to dig for his meaning, never obliged to construe or translate his sentences; whilst there are modern poets who make you work as hard as if you were solving a problem or discovering an acrostic, not unfrequently reminding you of the Irishman's horse, which (he said) was very difficult to catch and when caught not worth having. Mr. Browning is one of the most incorrigible offenders in this line; and this is the more provoking, because he is a man of truly original genius. A patient diver into the depths of his rich and capacious mind has always a fair chance of bringing up pearls. Certainly the most extensively popular of Mr. Tennyson's minor poems is "Locksley Hall," and we can hardly err in attributing the marked preference given to it by the uninitiated, to the spirit, vivacity, and simplicity of the language, and the natural unbroken flood of thought. It reads as if it had been thrown off spontaneously and impulsively, unlike so many of his most admired poems, where the *limæ labor* may almost invariably be traced.

Byron's command of language is equally observable in every variety of metre

which he attempted, and on the appearance of "The Corsair," critics of all parties hastened to recognize and applaud the flexibility of the heroic couplet in his hands. This poem abounds in passages of beauty and force, the only puzzle being what range of feelings is most strikingly expressed. The parting scene with Medora is replete with the pathos of tenderness :—

"She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face,
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms ;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt !
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun !
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd !
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more :
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad
gone ? "

What a startling picture of Remorse is presented by Conrad imprisoned, chained, and destined to the stake :—

"There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse ;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries 'I warn'd thee!' when the deed is o'er.
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought ;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues.
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset ;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate ;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven ;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember'd
not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot ;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime ;
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
Not cankering less because the more conceal'd—
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break."

The scene in which Conrad throws off his disguise is instinct with fire :—

"Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight :
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—

Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray !

His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below ;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell !

He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His hugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew ;
'Tis answer'd—' Well ye speed, my gallant crew !
Why did I doubt their quickness of career ?
And deem design had left me single here ?'
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head ;
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd with rage,
surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe ! "

How many a chilled, crushed, ill-mated heart will beat in unison with Gulnare's, when she indignantly exclaims—

"My love stern Seyd's ! Oh—No—No—not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.

Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain ;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold :

And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest."

In the dedication of this poem to Moore (dated January 7th, 1814), Byron speaks of it as the last production with which he shall trespass on public patience for some years. On the 9th of April he writes :—
"No more rhyme for—or rather *from*—me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." That very evening a Gazette Extraordinary announced the abdication of Fontainebleau, and in the diary for the 10th we find : "To-day I have boxed one hour—written an Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, copied it—eaten six biscuits—drunk four bottles of soda-water, and idled

away the rest of my time." The ode was a decided failure, and although published anonymously was made the occasion of some bitter criticisms and personalities, depreciatory of both genius and character, which cut him to the quick, and on the 29th of the same month he came to the determination not only to write no more, but to purchase back the whole of his copyrights, and suppress every line he had ever written. "For all this," he said in the letter to Mr. Murray enclosing a draft for the purchase-money, "it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation." This outburst of pique and pettishness did not last longer than forty-eight hours, at the end of which he requests Mr. Murray to tear the draft and go on as usual. In the May following he set to work on "Lara," which was published in August, 1814, in the same volume with Rogers' "Jacqueline." This union of Larry and Jacquey (as he christened them) caused a good deal of merriment and surprise at the indiscretion of the graver poet in trusting his innocent heroine in the company of a returned pirate and his paramour, Kaled, a lady who did not stand upon trifles and wore small clothes. Continuations rarely answer when a work has been accepted as complete; and "Lara," a continuation of the "Corsair," formed no exception to the rule. Neither the conception nor execution can be commended; but that the rich vein which had been worked so prodigally remained unexhausted, was proved by "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," composed in 1815, and published, the first in January, and the second in February, 1816. The opening of "Parisina" may be taken as a specimen of the graceful versification of the poem:—

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

The subject of this poem—an inces-

tuous passion—would have been forgiven him, as many an admitted error or offence against propriety had been condoned in consideration of youth and genius, in the hey-day of his popularity. Then, his countrymen and countrywomen could see nothing wrong, where now they saw nothing right. The crisis had arrived: a terrible reaction had set in, and it was not the less terrible because it was irrational and indefensible. What had the literary or fashionable world to do with a domestic quarrel? What could they possibly know about the merits of one that was only whispered about in a one-sided shape by the friends of the wife? When an attempt was made to drive Kean from the stage for a breach of the Seventh Commandment there were law proceedings to testify against him; but where were the *pièces justificatives* when the cry was raised against Byron? The most brilliant of our essayists and historians has declared that he knew no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. "In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice." Byron was so singled out; and, it so happened, was singled out at a time when he was undergoing the utmost extent of humiliation to which a haughty spirit could be exposed by pecuniary embarrassment. The letters from his wife to his sister (first published in this journal) prove that the presence of bailiffs in his house maddened him; and that he was on the verge of downright insanity for some weeks. It is astonishing that he passed unscathed (intellectually, we mean) through the fiery furnace. He not only passed through it with his genius unimpaired, but (we think) refreshed, renewed, and reinvigorated by the shock. The life he led prior to this violent disruption of all the social and domestic ties which bound him to England, was distracting and enervating; and the half-formed resolution to write no more may have been

prompted by an inward consciousness that his mind wanted rest or change.

In the remarkable novel of "Gerfaut," the hero, a dramatic author and poet in the flood-tide of fame, suddenly finds his creative powers giving way. The brain has been overworked, and will no longer answer to the call. He is advised to try either counter-irritation or repose. He prefers counter-irritation, and fortune so far favors him that he gets involved in an intrigue with a married woman, which ends in a frightful catastrophe. The husband falls by his hand in an abnormal kind of duel, and the wife commits suicide. His share in the catastrophe, attributed to an unforeseen casualty, is unsuspected, and he departs for the East under a flourish of trumpets from the journalists, who hope that "the glowing climes of Asia will prove a mine of new inspirations for the celebrated poet who has gloriously marked out his place at the head of our literature." Their hopes are realized. He returns improved, though saddened; with genius heightened and enriched, but clad in mourning garb. "He is daily congratulated on this black chord recently added to his lyre, the vibrations of which surpass in mortal sadness the sighs of Renè and the reveries of Obermann. None are aware that his bitterly-passionate pages are written under the inspiration of a funeral vision; and that this melancholy and sombre color, which they take for the phantasy of imagination, has been tempered with blood and brayed in the heart." Byron's lyre was similarly restrung, the chief difference being that the source of his renewed inspiration was patent to the world. It is impossible not to see and feel the changed and deepened hue of the despondency with which all his writings are imbued. His tone, after leaving England for the last time, is no longer that of the satiated epicure, the sufferer from fancied sorrows, but the expression of genuine sadness, of hopeless despondency, welling up from the depths of the heart; and his despairing or reproachful communings with Nature often remind us, by their sublime intensity, of Lear:—

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription."

Manfred's apostrophe is pitched in the same exalted key:—

"Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush
me!"

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager."

The Third and Fourth Cantos of "Childe Harold," immeasurably superior to the First and Second, abound in instances:—

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

"And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth."

"The 'fierce and far delight' of a thunderstorm," wrote Scott, "is here described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. The live thunder 'leaping among the rattling crags'—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry."

"Byron," says Herr Elze, "reaches the highest pinnacle when he succeeds in blending his individual woe with the universal; when he pours himself out into Nature, and finds in her the occasion for recollections of and reflections on the world's history. For this reason, the two last Cantos of 'Childe Harold' belong to his richest and greatest productions."

The fine stanzas on the "Ocean" should be read in connection with the Storm in "Don Juan":—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and un-
 known.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,*

And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
 Unchangeable, save to the wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ;
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

"And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do
 here."

It is from an instinctive yearning for natural grandeur and beauty, that, after an admirable comparative sketch of Voltaire and Rousseau, he breaks off :—

"But let me quit man's works, again to read
 His Maker's, spread around me."

And no mortal man ever read them more reverently, or penetrated more deeply into their recondite meanings, or drew from them a finer moral, or breathed round them an atmosphere so charged with the electricity of thought. It is here that he may defy comparison with any writer since Wordsworth ; and yet it is with Nature's works that the Tennysonians claim to be most conversant. They disclaim the mechanical and artificial. The description of natural objects—of hills, dales, trees, flowers, meadows, and rivulets,—is their *forte* ; and their master's use of these materials in his own manner is irreproachable : whether it be the Gardener's daughter, with the shadow of the roses trembling on her waist ; or the Miller's daughter, leaning over her "long green box of mignonette" ; or the Lady of Shalott, with "the leaves upon her falling light" ;

* This is the correct reading. The older editions have—

"Thy waters wasted them while they were free," but upon reference to the poet's MS., we find that he wrote the line as printed in the text.

or the silvery cloud that lost its way in (Enone's glen ; or the hollow ocean-ridges, as seen from Locksley Hall. Nothing, generally speaking, can be more appropriately selected, or more artistically employed, than these gems of rural scenery. When they are not a picture in themselves, they form an admirable setting to one : they are always fresh and sweet, always redolent of innocence and simplicity ; and it is the reader's not the poet's fault, if the wicked reflection will occasionally arise :—

"Oh, Mirth and Innocence, oh, Milk and Water,
 Ye happy mixtures of these happy days."

Mr. Tennyson's Nature differs from Byron's as a flower-piece by Van Huysum or an English landscape by Creswick differs from a Salvator Rosa or a Gaspar Poussin. In the elaborate minuteness of his finish, he may be compared to the painters of the pre-Raphaelite school, who (by a perverse abuse of power) convert their backgrounds into foregrounds, and make you look more at the roses and apple-blossoms than at the damsels who are embowered in them. Minute details are ruinous to great effects, and the poet who rises to sublimity must always rank above the one who simply attains to prettiness. The quality of the aspiration must cast the balance, assuming the execution to be equal. When Mr. Tennyson is moralizing on a bending lily or describing the ripple of the rivulet, Byron is apostrophizing a crashing forest or an avalanche, or pouring out his whole mind and soul in unison with the roar of the cataract and the mountain capped with snow. He rises far the highest, and he continues longest on the wing.

We know from long experience that it is useless to refer. To produce the desired impression, or maintain the given argument, we must quote ; and we shall quote three of the stanzas on Rome and the Coliseum as a specimen of the poet's power of enveloping the wrecks of vanished empires, the emblems of human vanity, with the halo which he flings around the rocks and valleys of the Alps :—

"Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way.
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !

Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

“ Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illumine
This long explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

“ Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
heaven,
Float o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadow forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
dower.”

The Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Venus de' Medici, the Laocoon, the Gladiator—all the finest creations of architecture and sculpture that Italy can boast—are similarly invested with the brightest or deepest hues of poetry. But we can only find room for the Apollo :—

“ Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

“ But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god !”

There is hardly any variety of poetic power that may not be illustrated from “Don Juan.” In the opinion of all competent judges, it forms the copestone of Byron's fame. But it confirmed the worst charges that had been levelled against the spirit, tone, and tendency of his writings, and thereby strengthened the bigoted opposition, against which we are at this moment struggling, to the full recognition of his genius by his countrymen. The epithet “meanest,” attached to the name of a great philosopher, has been merged and forgotten in “wisest,” “brightest.” The recent attempt of an accomplished scholar and

critic to gauge a great poet by his personal weaknesses has fortunately failed ; but the spirit which denied Byron a place in Westminster Abbey is abroad and stirring ; and it is melancholy to reflect what an amount of narrow-minded sectarian hostility was brought into mischievous activity by Mrs. Stowe. Hardly an American or foreign journal of note took her part, whilst a majority of the most influential English journals sided with her.

The run against Byron cleared the course for the new comers, but an unusually long interval elapsed before any fresh poet arose to replace him, although several candidates were started or pretenders set up.

“ Sir Walter reigned before me, Moore and Campbell

Before and after ; but now grown more holy,
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
With poets almost Clergymen, or wholly.

Then there's my gentle Euphues ; * who they say
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;
He'll find it rather difficult some day
To turn out both, or either, it may be.
Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway ;
And Wordsworth hath supporters, two or three.’

Then came Keats, the alleged victim of a critique in this “Review” :—

“ 'Tis strange the mind that very fiery particle
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.”

It was the “literary lower empire” when (1830) Tennyson made his first appearance, diffident and sensitive, in the arena :—

“ First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.”

His reception was not encouraging, despite of an applauding circle of young friends ; and his earliest poems, if not actually withdrawn, were suffered to remain out of print for some years, by way of testing the patience of the general public, or to punish them. It was not till after the collected edition of 1842 that he began to be looked upon as the poet of the epoch, or was talked of for the laureate throne.† Except amongst the older race of

* Barry Cornwall (Procter).

† “When Tennyson published his first poems, the critics spoke ill of them. He was silent : during ten years no one saw his name in a review, nor even in a catalogue. But when he appeared again before the public his books had made their way alone

critics, who remained obdurate and unappreciating, the finer qualities of his genius were then frankly recognized at once. With an inexhaustible fancy, an exquisite perception of moral and natural beauty, a well-stored and highly cultivated mind, a trained eye for observation, a rich vocabulary, and a familiarity with rhythmical composition acquired in a long apprenticeship to the craft, what more was wanting to entitle him to the throne? He wanted spontaneity and continuity; his productions were labored and disconnected; little interest was felt beyond that of picking out the abounding pearls and rubies at random strung; the incidents were commonplace; the reflections lay upon the surface; the groundwork was too thin for the embroidery; the foundations were not broad or strong enough for the superstructure; there was no linked sweetness long drawn out; no sustained rush or flow, although we were met at every turn by fountains or jets that sparkled in the moonlight or flashed in the sun. Why did he not carry out the fine conception of "The Poet":—

"Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth."

To realize a noble dream like this there must be a set purpose, an appointed goal, a comprehensive plan, an intense earnestness, a pride of genius which will not consent to be frittered away, which will not complacently accept exaggerated congratulation and applause even for the productions of such charming specimens of the poetic art as "Cenci," "The Miller's Daughter," "A Dream of Fair Women," "Locksley Hall," or (a formidable rival to "Christabel") "The Lady of Shalott."

Most of Byron's poems were the result of a sudden inspiration, eagerly followed

out: he struck, and continued striking, whilst the iron was hot. He never, like Pope, stopped waiting for his imagination for weeks; and he compared himself to the tiger, which, when the first spring fails, withdraws into the jungle with a growl. Mr. Tennyson leaves the impression of a diametrically opposite habit. We can conceive him working doggedly against the grain, and overlaying a description, a narrative, or a train of thought, which he had better have left as it originally suggested itself or left alone altogether. "The Palace of Art" is overdone; "The Two Voices" is weakened by dilution; the best of the "May Queen" is "The Conclusion"; and there are verses in "The Miller's Daughter" which, diffusely sentimental, ill-harmonize with such as these:—

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,

"The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

Amongst Byron's memoranda, we find: "What is Poetry? The feeling of a Former world and Future." This is inconsistent with his general theory. In one of his letters, he says, in allusion to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Barry Cornwall, "The pity of these men is that they never lived in high life nor in solitude: there is no medium for their knowledge of the busy or the still world." In another, after declaring a strong passion to be the poetry of life, he asks:—"What should I have known or written, had I been a quiet, mercantile politician or a lord in waiting?" The highest quality of the highest genius is to dispense with exact knowledge of what it paints or shadows forth, to grasp distant ages by intuition like Shakespeare, or to pierce the empyrean with the mind's eye like Milton. But when a poet habitually mixes up his individuality with external objects, or draws largely on his own impressions and reminiscences, the tone of his poetry will necessarily be much influenced by his commerce with the world; and as Mr. Tennyson is fond of appearing in his own person in his works, he certainly lies under some disadvantage in this respect. He has never undergone the hard schooling of adversity: he has never stood with his household gods shattered round

and underground, and at the first bound he passed for the greatest poet of his country and his time." —(Taine, vol. iv. p. 432.) Mr. Tennyson's first publication was in 1830; his second in 1832; his third in 1842. As the first and second comprised many of the minor poems most distinctive of his genius, it would be curious to inquire to what change in the public mind it was owing that what was coldly or slightly received in 1830 and 1832 elicited such enthusiastic applause in 1842.

him: he has never been the mark of the public contumely. His bitterest complaint against the world is that the tourists have driven him from the Isle of Wight to Surrey: he has never (we are persuaded) been the slave of guilty passion, nor (we would fain hope) the heart-broken victim of female inconstancy. It is fortunate for him that he has not: but what his domestic life has gained in sobriety, his poetry has lost in intensity; and his voice is mild as the sucking dove's when he communes with Nature or rails against mankind. In "Locksley Hall," for example, the desperate resolution to retire to some island in the "shining Orient," partakes a little of the bathos:—

"There methinks would be enjoyment more than
in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have
scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and
they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their
lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bows of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books."

The parody is really little more than an
imitation:—

"There the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall
have space to breathe, my cousin;

I will take some savage woman—nay, I'll take at
least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young Mulattoes, as the bond-
slave brats are reared;

They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats
by the beard,

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-
faced baboon,

Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains
of the Moon." *

Labored writing is liable to incongruities which are rarely, if ever, found in the impulsive and spontaneous. We raise no ornithological objections to "The Dying Swan"; but, assuming the poem to be allegorical, surely the comparison to a mighty people rejoicing is out of keeping and overstrained:—

"The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;

* "The Book of Ballads," edited by Bon Gualtier,—*"The Lay of the Lovelorn."*

And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold:
*As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of
gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Through the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watched the evening star.*
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the souging reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song."

In one of the fine stanzas on Waterloo and the associated events in the Third Canto of "Childe Harold," as originally written, were these lines:—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain."

Reinagle sketched a chained eagle grasping the earth with his talons. On hearing this, Byron wrote to a friend, "Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am: eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus:—

"Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain."

"This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice." Would Mr. Tennyson, on being assured, on the high authority of Mr. Gould, that swans never sing, be prepared to pay a similar tribute to poetical justice and truth?—or would he abide by the popular and time-honored error?

When Byron (in "Don Juan") describes the career of a young noble and the life of May Fair, he writes *con amore* from personal knowledge of his subject, but when Mr. Tennyson takes us, in Will Waterproof's "Lyrical Monologue," to the "Cock" in Fleet street, it is obvious that he has no acquaintance with the old waiter, and no real sympathy with the frequenters of the place. He is more at home in the drawing-room than the tavern, and the high-born coquette is admirably hit off:—

"I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with Time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go."

In graceful play and redundancy of fancy, Mr. Tennyson's "Mermen" and "Mermaids" rival Mercutio's "Queen Mab":—

"I would be a merman bold:
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-shells with a voice of power,
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower,
And holding them back by their flowing locks;
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me—
Laughingly, laughingly.
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily."

We see no harm in these submarine gambols; but exception might be taken, without an excess of prudishness, to "The Sisters," in which sensual passion is coarsely blended with the sense of injured honor and revenge:—

"I kiss'd his eyelids into rest:
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well—
O the earl was fair to see!"

We shall not differ much with Mr. Tennyson's discriminating admirers when we say that his fame might rest on "In Memoriam," like that of Petrarch on his "Sonnets." It is wonderful,—the variety of shapes in which the living and breathing spirit blends with the departed; in how many moods and tones they hold colloquy beyond the grave; what wealth of imagery is brought to gild the thronging memories; how we are made to taste the full luxury of woe! The Muse evoked by "Il Penseroso" appears and reappears in her "sweetest, saddest plight"; different, yet the same. There is no iteration; and the surprise of novelty enhances the melancholy pleasure till the last. Compare, for example, the manner in which the individual grief is illustrated in No.

VIII., beginning "A happy lover who has come," with the swelling tide of feeling and lofty prophetic spirit of CV. on Christmas Eve:—

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in."

Petrarch's "Sonnets" do not raise him to the level of Dante, Tasso, or Ariosto: the highest place in every branch of creative genius must be reserved for those who combine breadth and comprehensiveness of design with felicity of execution: who, in short, idealize on a grand scale; and Mr. Tennyson's historic or pre-historic fragments (like the "Morte d'Arthur" and "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere") were compared to the studies of a painter like Leonardi da Vinci or Raphael preparing for the "Last Supper" or "The Transfiguration." It was probably to justify this hopeful and flattering comparison that he chose a larger canvas, concentrated his powers, and produced his more ambitious poems, "The Princess," "The Idyls of the King," and "The Holy Grail."

The Princess is entitled "A Medley"; and a medley it is of the most heterogeneous sort; in which poetry and prose, fact and fiction, science and romance, ancient and modern customs and modes of thinking, are flung together without blending; so as to resemble a Paris masquerade in which a crusader waltzes with a grisette, Henry the Fourth flirts with Marie Antoinette, and a Psyche who has lost her Cupid requests an animated milestone to escort her to the supper-room.

A beautiful Princess, betrothed to a beautiful Prince, is prematurely smitten with the now growing doctrine of woman's rights; and forswearing all thoughts of marriage, she founds a university, with female professors and 600 pupils, within whose pure precincts no male creature is to set foot under pain of death. The Prince, having obtained her royal father's permission to try his fortune in bringing

her to reason, sets out with two friends, and arrives one fine evening at a rustic town close to the boundary of the liberties :—

“ There enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.”

The host looked rather blank at first, but when, like the Governor in the “ Critic,” he was tempted with a pecuniary bribe—“ A thousand pounds, there thou hast touched me nearly,”—he began to thaw :—

“ ‘ If the king,’ he said,
‘ Had given us letters ; was he bound to speak ?
The king would bear him out ; ’ and at the last—
The summer of the vine in all his veins—
‘ No doubt that we might make it worth his
while.

She once had past that way ; he heard her speak ;
She scared him ; life ! he never saw the like ;
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave ;
And he, he revered his liege-lady there ;
He always made a point to post with mares ;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys :
The land he understood for miles about
Was till'd by women ; all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs ’—

“ But while he jested thus,
A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court,
We sent mine host to purchase female gear ;
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, help
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes
We rustled : him we gave a costly bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.”

This is the plot, which is carried out in a poem of 183 pages, and which in refinement and delicacy is quite in keeping with the old host's facetiousness. Three young gentlemen—one of whom is described as “ of temper amorous, as the first of May ”—are to be domesticated for an indefinite period in a female college, like Achilles in the court of Lycomedes ; and—*honi soit qui mal y pense*—let no one, remembering his adventure with Deodamia, entertain or hint a suspicion of the consequences, or the Tennysonians will set him down for a Philistine. The trio are received with an appropriate address by the Princess :—

“ At those high words, we conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting ; then an officer
Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these :
Not for three years to correspond with home ;
Not for three years to cross the liberties ;
Not for three years to speak with any men ;

And many more, which hastily subscribed,
We enter'd on the boards : and ‘ Now,’ she
cried,
‘ Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look,
our hall !

Our statues ! *not of those that men desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,*
Nor stunted squaws of West or East ; but she
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina.’ ”

We remember the time when it was considered the depth of ill-breeding and bad taste to allude to Odalisques or Anonymas in good society, it being assumed that matrons and damsels of high degree were not aware of the existence of such a class. It is rather strange, therefore, that the Princess should be so familiar with male objects of desire. There is one line in the Princess's speech which does not sound or look like a verse :—

“ Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look,
our hall.”

We have marked other lines in other places which we are equally unable to reconcile to either eye or ear as verses, *e.g.* :—

“ For when the blood ran lustier in him again.”

“ His eyes glisten'd : she fancied, is it for me ? ”

“ Would she had drowned me in it, where'er it be.”

“ For agony, who was yet a living soul.”

The undergraduates (including the new arrivals) attend lectures and listen to a discourse such as Mr. John Stuart Mill might deliver on his favorite subject ; to another that smacks of Darwin and Tyn-dall ; to a third worthy of Lyall or Murchison. Between the lectures they converse with their fellow-collegians on the topics that puzzled Milton's angels ; and one of their pleasantest evening rambles ends thus :—

“ And then we turn'd, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.”

They transgress the boundary, and become aware that the University police includes Proctors and their attendant (in college phrase) Bulldogs.

"Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leap upon us, crying, 'Names.'

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black
hair

Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and
rain,

And labor. Each was like a Druid rock;
*Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with
mews."*

The avowal of the intruder's sex leads
to a scene of confusion—

And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gather'd together: from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as hearded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some
pale,

All opened-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman built,
And worse-confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace."

A companion picture to this has been
painted by Byron in his description of the
group of young ladies amongst whom
Don Juan, disguised like the Prince, was
unexpectedly introduced:—

"Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and
root,

In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth induced to
shoot.

One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft
breath,

And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

"One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through a
cloud

The moon breaks, half unveil'd each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

"This is no bull, although it sounds so; for
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been
said.

A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more

The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far
shore

Beloved and deplored; while slowly stray'd
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes'
dark fringes.

"A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep;
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep."

In grouping, coloring, and expression,
Byron's picture strikes us to be decidedly
the finer of the two. We need hardly say
that there are many graceful flights of
fancy, many pleasing bits of description,
many happy epithets, many fine thoughts,
scattered over "The Princess"; but the
prosaic so predominates over the poetic
element, that it fairly passes our compre-
hension how it ever passed muster as a
whole. Byron certainly contrived to mix
up an extraordinary variety of heteroge-
neous subjects in "Don Juan;" but Don
Juan was composed in a mocking, laugh-
ing spirit: it runs over with wit and hu-
mor; and we should feel much obliged to
any one who would point out either wit or
humor in "The Princess."

These faults of subject and construction
were carefully eschewed in "The Idyls
of the King," published in 1859, which
raised the author to the seventh heaven
of popular favor. He was reported to
have realized seven or eight thousand
pounds by this small volume in a year.
It was literally one which no library,
drawing-room, or boudoir, could be with-
out. It was the common topic of conver-
sation amongst the higher classes; and
the votaries of the dainty artificial style in
composition raised shouts of triumph at its
undeniable success. The malcontents
were obliged to hold their tongues, or
murmured aside with Old King Gama in
"The Princess":—

"These the women sang;
And they that know such things—I sought but
peace;
No critic I—would call them masterpieces:
They mastered me."

Fashion, we repeat, must always have a
great deal to do with the popularity of any
work of art that appeals to an acquired
taste and affects the independence of the
ordinary sources of interest. Canning
said that whoever pretended to prefer dry
champagne to sweet, lied. This was go-
ing a little too far; but the preference is

confined to a limited circle of connoisseurs with educated palates; and those who honestly prefer blank verse to rhyme are not more numerous than those who honestly prefer dry champagne to sweet. Then, again, Mr. Tennyson's tales of chivalry had none of the attractiveness of Scott's. The main narrative in each would merely have formed an episode in the genuine epic or regular romance. Although drawn from the same repository of traditional lore, and steeped in the same carefully-prepared dye, "The Idyls," four in number, look like so many pieces of rich tapestry, worked after a pattern for separate panels. The more we study them, the more forcibly are we impressed with the fertility of the author's fancy, the purity and elevation of his general tone of mind, his insight into the best parts of human nature, his comparative ignorance of the worst, and the poverty of his inventive faculty in constructing or embellishing a fictitious narrative. Surely the adventures that befell Geraint and Enid, when she is undergoing her trials, might have been varied with advantage. Her first transgression of his strict command to precede him without speaking, is caused by the discovery of three knights in ambush. These, duly warned by her, he slays, strips of their armor, binds it on their horses, each on each,

"And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on
Before you;' and she drove them thro' the waste."

Her second transgression occurs exactly in the same manner. She gives timely notice of three lurking robbers, and identically the same action is repeated. He kills them all, binds their armor on their horses, and issues exactly the same order to the uncomplaining wife:—

"He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her heart."

He has a third encounter with an entire troop, whom he disperses with equal ease, after unhorsing their leader; and when he is supposed dying from his wounds, with his head in Enid's lap, he is suddenly roused by her sharp and bitter cry against an insult offered her by his enemy:—

"This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it

Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead."

We are content to read tales of chivalry in the same spirit as "Don Quixote." A knight of the Round Table (or the Table Round, as the exigencies of verse require it to be called throughout) would not be worth his salt if he could not demolish any number of assailants by his single arm, or cut off a giant's head at a sweep; but we cannot help thinking that "Enid's" task was beyond her strength, and that more appropriate and more original machinery might have been hit upon to place in broad relief the depth, purity, humility, and devotedness of a true woman's love, which we take to be the intended moral of "Enid." There is hardly an incident in the combats which may not have been suggested by "Ivanhoe." The lances of the assailants splinter against the breast of Geraint, as they splintered against the breast of Richard in Sherwood Forest; and Geraint sinks down, from the effects of a concealed wound, like Ivanhoe.

This is repeated in "Elaine," where Lancelot is similarly wounded in the *melée*, and leaves the field (like the Black Knight) without claiming the prize. But in the development of fine feeling, relieved by natural weakness, "Elaine" is unsurpassed. It was a difficult and delicate subject,—the unresisted sway of an unrequited passion over a pure-minded girl, the slave of her imagination and her heart, who falls in love with Lancelot, as Desdemona fell in love with Othello, for the deeds he had done and the soul that beamed in his face:—

"He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and had mark'd it ere his
time.

Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it: but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man,
That ever among ladies ate in Hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her
doom."

It is the conventional thing for a damsel never to tell her love, but "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek." Elaine does tell her love, and no sully thought or suspicion is awakened by her burst of uncontrollable self-sacrificing tenderness:—

"Then suddenly and passionately she spoke: .

'I have gone mad. I love you: let me die.'

'Ah, sister,' answer'd Lancelot, 'what is this?'

And innocently extending her white arms,

'Your love,' she said, 'your love—to be your wife.'

And Lancelot answer'd, 'Had I chos'n to wed,

I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:

But now there never will be wife of mine.'

'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to be wife,

But to be with you still, to see your face,

To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world.'"

Lancelot's gentle words, soothing and flattering, but chilling and withering, prove her death-blow. She dies, after lingering through some touching pages, of that rare and (some think) apocryphal disease, a broken heart; and her image on her bier has taken permanent rank, in painting and poetry, with that of Ophelia floating down the brook:—

"In her right hand the lily, in her left

The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—

And all the coverlid was cloth of gold

Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white

All but her face, and that clear-featured face

Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead

But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

The mixed emotions of Lancelot, and the Queen's jealous forebodings, equally exhibit the poet's mastery of the springs of thought and action; and we are almost tempted to ask why is not "Elaine" a chapter of a great drama or epic, with unity of action, a beginning, a middle, and an end? in which all the incidents should have a bearing on the plot, and all the characters should co-operate towards one common object of interest. Why are we eternally tantalized with specimens or fragments of a never-to-be-completed whole? Is it the power that is wanting, or the will? or is the will ever wanting where there consciously and indisputably exists the power?

The absence of creative genius in Mr. Tennyson is thus mentioned by M. Taine:—

"He is born a poet, that is, a builder of aerial palaces and imaginary castles. But the personal passion, and the absorbing pre-occupations which ordinarily master the

hand of his peers, have failed him: he has not formed the plan of a new edifice in himself: he has built after all the others: he has simply chosen amongst the most elegant forms, the most ornate, the most exquisite. The utmost that can be said is that he has amused himself in arranging some cottage, thoroughly English and modern. If, in this recovered or renewed architecture, we look for the trace of him, we shall find it here and there in some frieze more finely sculptured, in some more delicate and graceful rosette; but we shall not find it marked and clear, except in the purity and elevation of the moral emotion that we shall carry away on leaving his museum."

The chronological succession of Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian poems, or parts of poems, proves that he never conceived or comprehended the Arthurian period as a whole. The "Morte d'Arthur" was amongst his earlier productions; "The Coming of Arthur" (including the birth and marriage) amongst his last. He seems to have picked out a legend here and there as he wanted one for a subject, without regarding its connection with the rest.

"Guinevere" is not even a short act of a drama. It consists of two scenes: one, in which the guilty Queen gives utterance to grief and repentance, mingled with bitter anger at those whose evil tongues and malice had brought her to shame; a second, in which the blameless King pardons and utters a parting blessing over her. Both are replete with pathos and tenderness, with noble thoughts, with the purest essence of Christian charity and love; and the morality that breathes through them is in parts etherealized and sublimated till it becomes poetry. Thus, in the institution of the Round Table:—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their
King,

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

The figure of the King is Miltonic in its

shadowy awe-inspiring outline as he moves off :—

“ And more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghost-like to his doom.”

Poor Guinevere's best excuse for her infidelity to the blameless King was that he was too good for her :—

“ I thought I could not breathe in that pure air,
That pure serenity of perfect light,
I wanted warmth and color which I found
In Lancelot.”

It is to be feared that many readers have felt like Guinevere ; and (we speak from actual observation) when dame or damsel was seen deep in “*The Idyls*,” a peep over the shoulder too frequently betrayed the fact that it was ‘*Vivien*’ on whom the absorbing interest was fixed—the lissome, wanton “*Vivien*,” who exerts all her pretty tricks and cajoleries to make a fool of old Merlin, and learn his charm “of woven paces and of waving hands” :—

“ ‘ O Merlin, do you love me ? ’ and again,
‘ O Merlin, do you love me ? ’ and once more,
‘ Great Master, do you love me ? ’ he was mute.
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curved an arm about his neck,
Clung like a snake ; and letting her left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes.”

On her offering to swear that she would never use the charm against himself, he suggests—

“ You might perhaps
Essay it on some one of the Table Round,
And all because you dream they babble of you.”

Then the vixen flares out :—

“ And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said :
‘ What dare the full-fed liars say of me ?
They ride abroad redressing human wrongs !
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn.
They bound to holy vows of chastity !
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand
The shame that cannot be explain'd for shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch me :
swine ! ’ ”

On his challenging her for proof, she retails an amount of current scandal, touching the knights and their ladye loves, confirmatory of Byron's theory that they were no better than they should be, and lead-

ing to the conclusion that the blameless King's Court had points in common with that of Charles II. :—

“ And Vivien answer'd frowning wrathfully.
‘ O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands ;
Was one year gone, and on returning found
Not two but three : there lay the reckling, one
But one hour old ! What said the happy sire ?
A seven month's babe had been a truer gift.
Those twelve sweet moons confused his father-
hood.’ ”

On Merlin's endeavoring to explain this away :—

“ ‘ O ay,’ said Vivien, ‘ overtrue a tale.
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagamore,
That ardent man ? ’ “ to pluck the flower in
season,”
So says the song, “ I trow it is no treason.”
O Master, shall we call him overquick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour ? ’ ”

Then there is a story of Sir Percivale :—

“ What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that he wrought ;
The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold ?
What in the precincts of the chapel yard,
Among the knightly brasses of the graves,
And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead ! ”

Well chosen topics for a maid-of-honor's mouth ! She crowns all by the affair of Lancelot with the Queen, which sets Merlin meditating :—

“ But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.”

She triumphs in a scene resembling that between Dido and Æneas in the cave :—

“ Then crying, I have made this glory mine,
And shrieking out, ‘ O fool ! ’ the harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd ‘ fool.’ ”

Taken all in all, it strikes us that this poem is quite as objectionable as “*Don Juan*,” and that Vivien's conversation is not more edifying than Julia's letter, whilst in point of feminine delicacy she is decidedly inferior to Haidee.

There is a once popular novel, entitled “*Ellen Wareham*,” by Mrs. Sullivan, in which a woman, believing her first husband (forced on her by her parents) to have died abroad, marries the man of her heart, has a family by him, and is living happily, when the first husband unexpectedly presents himself to insist upon his

conjugal rights. There is a more remarkable novel, entitled "André," by Georges Sand, in which the hero, finding that his young wife, to whom he is devotedly attached, would rather be the wife of a friend, quietly starts for Switzerland and tumbles into a glacier in a way to exclude all suspicion of his having committed suicide to set her free. Mr. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" is a husband of an intermediate quality between these two. On finding, on his return after a ten years' absence, that his wife has committed bigamy, he neither interferes with her domestic arrangements, nor sets her free till he dies a natural death; when, by way of consolation, she receives a death-bed message to tell her what he has suffered through her fault. His story is made the vehicle for fifty pages of blank verse. There is a fine passage (p. 32) on the island in which Enoch passes a Robinson Crusoe kind of life; there are touches of pathos and bits of poetical description interspersed; but these do not occur often enough to animate the whole, nor to smother the intrinsic doubt whether a story, which could be better told in prose, is to take rank as a standard poem on the strength of that manipulation and inversion of language which are now held to constitute blank verse.

We pass over "Maude," "The Holy Grail," etc., etc., as we have passed over "Mazeppa," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "Werner," and the whole of Byron's minor poems, which would make the reputation of half a dozen minor poets of our time, and to spare. We call attention to salient points, to grand features. Strike, but hear; pro-

nounce, but read. Let any real lover of fine poetry, who does not freshly remember them, read once again the Third and Fourth Cantos of "Childe Harold," and then say in what class or category the author is to be placed. It is in the ordinary course of things that the popular taste should veer about: that reputation should follow reputation as star chases star across the sky; and a name with innate buoyancy, if accidentally submerged, may commonly be trusted to rise unaided to the surface and float on with the rest. But it will rise the sooner, if relieved from any adventitious weight; and the weight of prejudice by which Byron's is kept down, has grown with foreign critics into a set topic of national reproach. Goethe pointedly contrasted the dirt and rubbish flung at the noble poet with the glory he had reflected on his country, "boundless in its splendor and incalculable in its consequences." "Having now," concludes Herr Elze, "traced the literary and political influence of Byron from the southern extremity of the earth to its north-eastern boundary, we come back to his native land, where his influence has hitherto been least, where moral and religious illiberality still stands in the way of an unprejudiced estimation." He thinks that this "blinding bigotry" cannot go further without producing a reaction, and he discerns, or fancies he discerns, a turning-point. There is at all events a standing-point, from which the lever which will restore the balance may be worked. There is a compact body of sound, ripe, critical opinion in this country that has never wavered, and on its sure, if slow, expansion we confidently rely.

Cornhill Magazine.

NOTES ON FLYING AND FLYING-MACHINES.

It would be difficult to say how many centuries have elapsed since the first attempt was made to solve the problem whether man can fly. Ages before the "philosopher's stone" was ever sought for, or before the problem of perpetual motion had attracted the attention of mechanists, men had attempted to wing their way through the too unresisting air, by means of more or less ingenious imitations of the pinions of birds or insects. It has been suggested (see Hatton Turnor's *Astra Castra*), that King David referred to successful

attempts of this sort when he cried, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest." But without insisting on this opinion,—which, indeed, may be regarded as not wholly beyond cavil,—we have abundant evidence that in the earliest ages the same problem has been attacked, which the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain took in hand but a few years since, and which, still more recently, the beleaguered Parisians sought earnestly, but in vain, to solve.

By the invention of the balloon the prob-

lem of *aërial floatation* has been solved ; but the problem which has hitherto proved so intractable, is that of *aërial navigation* or flight,—whether by means of flying-machines capable of supporting many persons at once, or by means of contrivances enabling a man to urge his way alone through the air. There can be little question that this problem is one of great difficulty. It has, indeed, been long regarded by nearly all practical mechanics as really insoluble. But of late years careful researches have led competent men to entertain doubts as to the validity of the objections which have been urged against the theory that it is possible for men to fly. Facts have come to light which seem, to say the least, highly promising. In fine, there are not a few who share the convictions of the learned president of the Aëronautical Society, that before many years have passed men will have learned how to navigate the air. The time may not be at hand, indeed, when Bishop Wilkins's prophecy will be fulfilled, and men will call as commonly for their wings as they now do for their boots ; but it does not seem improbable that before long the first *aërial voyage* (as distinguished from *aërial drifting* in balloons) will be successfully accomplished.

It may be interesting to inquire, what are the principal facts on which this hopeful view of the long-vexed problem has been founded. In so doing, we shall have occasion to touch incidentally on the history of past attempts at flight ; and this history is, indeed, so attractive, that the reader may be disposed to wish that it were entered upon more at length. But our subject is such a wide one, that it will be necessary to avoid discussing, at any length, those strange, and sometimes apocryphal narratives, which are to be found in the records of *aëronautics*. For this reason we propose to consider only such accounts of past attempts, as appear to bear on the subject of the actual feasibility of flying.

In the problem of *aërial navigation*, four chief points have to be considered—buoyancy, extent of supporting surface, propulsive power, and elevating power. At first sight, buoyancy may seem to include elevating power and supporting power, but it will be seen, as we proceed, that the term is used in a more restricted sense.

In the balloon we have the perfect solution of the problem of securing buoyancy.

The success with which men have overcome the difficulty of rising into the air is complete ; and this being their first, and seemingly, a most important success, we can, perhaps, hardly wonder that further success should long have been looked for in the same direction. The balloon had enabled men to float in the air ; why should it not enable them also to direct their course through the air ? The difficulty of rising into the air seemed, indeed, much the more serious of the two before the balloon had been invented ; and all who had failed in their attempts to fly, had failed in precisely this point.

Yet all attempts to direct balloons have hitherto failed. It seems clear, indeed, when we inquire carefully into the circumstances of the case, that such attempts must necessarily fail. The buoyancy of balloons is secured, and can be secured, only by one method, and that method is such as to preclude all possibility—so at least it seems to us—that the balloon can be navigated. A balloon must be large—many times larger than any machine to which it can be attached. If we take even the case of one man raised by a balloon, and inquire how large the balloon should be, we at once see how disproportioned the size of a balloon must needs be to the bodies of a heavier nature which it is intended to raise. We know that a man can barely float in water, so that he is about equal in weight to an equal volume of water. But a volume of water is more than eight hundred times heavier than an equal volume of air, even at the sea-level, where the air is densest. So that the weight of a man is more than eight hundred times greater than that of the air he displaces. It follows that if a very light hollow vessel could be made, which should be more than eight hundred times as large as a man, and which could be perfectly exhausted of air without collapsing (a thing wholly impossible), the buoyancy of that vessel would barely enable it to support the weight of a man. But the balloonist is unable to obtain any vessel of this sort. He cannot employ the buoyancy of a perfect vacuum to raise him. What he has to do, is to fill a silken bag with a gas lighter than air, but still not weightless, and to trust to the difference between the weight of this gas and that of the air the balloon displaces, to raise him from the ground. So that such a balloon, in order to raise a man, must be considered

larger than the hollow vessel just referred to. But further, the balloon must rise above the denser parts of the air ; it must carry its own weight as well as that of the man ; the balloonist must take a supply of ballast ; and other like considerations have to be attended to, all of which render it necessary that the balloon should be larger than we have hitherto supposed. Apart, however, from all such considerations, we find the very least proportion between the size of the balloon intended to carry one person, and the size of the human body, to be about as one thousand to one. Buoyant vessels constructed on such a scale must needs present an enormous surface ; and therefore, not only must they strongly resist all attempts made to propel them in any direction, but the lightest wind must have more effect upon them than any efforts made by those they carry. As for any power which should avail to propel a balloon against a strong wind, the idea seems too chimerical to be entertained. Until men can see their way to propelling a buoyant body (one thousand times larger than the weight it supports), at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour through calm air, they cannot expect even to resist the action of a steady breeze on a balloon, far less to travel against the wind. But even if it were possible to conceive of any contrivance by which a balloon could be propelled rapidly through calm air, yet the mere motion of the balloon, at such a rate, would sway the balloon from its proper position, and probably cause its destruction. A power which could propel the car of a balloon through calm air at the rate of twenty miles an hour, would cause precisely the same effect on the balloon itself, as though the car were fixed while a heavy wind was blowing against the balloon. We know what the effect would be in this latter case ; the balloon would soon be made a complete wreck : and nothing else could happen in the former case.

But it may be seriously questioned, whether buoyancy is a desirable feature in any form of flying-machine. We have seen that a degree of buoyancy sufficient to secure actual floatation in the air is incompatible with aerial navigation. We may now go further, and urge that even a less degree of buoyancy would be a mischievous feature in a flying-machine. M. Nadar, the balloonist, makes a significant, though not strictly accurate observation on this

point, in his little book on flying. Passing through the streets of Paris, during the ædileship of Haussman, he heard a workman call from the roof of a house to a fellow-workman below, to throw a sponge up. "Now," says Nadar, "what did the cunning workman, who was to throw the sponge, do? The sponge was dry, and therefore light and buoyant. Was it in this condition that he threw it up to his fellow? No ; for it would not have been possible to send it above the first floor. But he first wets the sponge, and so makes it heavy ; and then, when it has been deprived of the lightness which is fatal to flight, he throws it easily to his fellow on the house-roof." M. Nadar infers, that the first essential in a flying-machine is weight !

Now, what is true in the above reasoning is, that buoyancy renders flight—as distinguished from aerial floating—impossible, or, at least, difficult. It is not true, however, that the flight of the wet sponge exemplifies the kind of flight which the aeronaut requires. The sponge, in fact, was neither more nor less than a projectile ; and most assuredly, the problem of flight is not to be solved by making projectiles of our flying-machines, or of our own bodies. It may be, and, indeed, we shall presently see that it probably *will* be necessary, that some form of propulsion from a fixed stand should have to be applied to the flying-machines of the future. But after such propulsion has been applied, the flying-machine must be *supported* in some way, not left—as an ordinary projectile is left—to the action of unresisted gravity. M. Nadar's wet sponge is no analogue, then, of the flying-machines we require.

Before leaving the subject of buoyancy, however, it will be desirable to inquire whether buoyancy is, in any marked degree, an attribute of the flying creatures we are acquainted with—birds, bats, and insects. The structure of such creatures has been supposed by some to be such as to secure actual buoyancy, to a greater or less degree ; and many would be disposed, at a first view of the matter, to regard the hollow bones and the quill-feathers of birds as evidences that buoyancy is essential to flight. We have even seen the strange theory put forward, that during life, the quills of birds, as well as their hollow bones, are filled with hydrogen. "Flying animals," says a writer in *All the Year Round* for

March 7, 1868, "are built to hold gases everywhere—in their bones, their bodies, their skins; and as their blood is several degrees warmer than the blood of walking or running animals, their gases are probably several degrees lighter. Azote, or hydrogen, or whatever the gas held in the gaseous structures may be, it is proportionately warmer, and, therefore, proportionately lighter than air."

But it appears to us that on a careful consideration of the structure of flying creatures, the hollow portions of their bodies will be found to fulfil a purpose quite distinct from that of imparting buoyancy. If we examine a quill we find that the most remarkable feature which it presents to us, is the proportion which its strength, especially as respects resistance to flexure, bears to its weight. It would be difficult, indeed, to construct any bar, or rod, or tube, of the same length and weight as a portion of a bird's quill, which would bear the same pressure without perceptible flexure; and it is scarcely conceivable that any structure appertaining to a living creature, could possess greater strength with an equal degree of lightness. In the hollow bones, again, we see the same association of strength and lightness. Precisely, as a tubular bridge, like that which spans the Menai Straits, is capable of bearing far greater strain than a solid metal bar of equal weight and length, so the hollow bones of birds are far stronger than solid bones of equal weight would be. We see then, that *lightness* is secured in these parts of a bird's structure. But lightness and buoyancy are different matters. We can understand that it is absolutely essential, that the weight of a machine intended for flight should be as small as may be, due regard being had to strength and completeness. But there is little, we conceive, in the structure of flying creatures, which points to buoyancy as a desirable feature in a flying-machine.

We come next to a much more important point, namely, extent of supporting surface. We are to consider the air now, not with regard to its density, the quality which enables a balloon, filled with rarer gas to float in air, but with reference to its power of resisting downward motion through it; that is, of resisting the effects of gravity. We have to inquire what extent of surface, spread either in the form of wings or as parachutes, will suffice to sup-

port a man or a flying-machine. It is here that the researches recently made seem to bear most significantly upon the question of the possibility of flight.

The history of the parachute affords some insight into the supporting power of the air—some, but not much. The parachute has been commonly suffered to fall from beneath the car of a balloon. Suspended thus, in the lee, so to speak, of the balloon's mass, and with its supporting surface unexpanded, the parachute descends under highly unfavorable conditions. A great velocity of descent is acquired before the parachute is fully expanded, and thus the parachute has to resist a greater down-drawing force than would be the case if the machine were open, and surrounded on all sides by free air, at starting. The consequence is a great and sudden strain upon all parts of the parachute, as well as a degree of oscillation which seriously risks its structure, besides impairing its supporting power—since this power would obviously act most effectively if the span of the parachute remained horizontal throughout the descent. The following account of Garnerin's descent, in 1797, illustrates the foregoing remarks:—"In 1797," says Mr. Manley Hopkins, "Garnerin constructed a parachute, by which he descended from a balloon, at an elevation of 2,000 feet. The descent was perilous, for the parachute failed, for a time, to expand; and after it had opened, and the immediate fears of the immense concourse which had assembled in Paris to witness the attempt, had been removed, the oscillations of the car, in which Garnerin was seated, were so violent, as to threaten either to throw him out, or, on arriving at the ground, to dash him out with violence. He escaped, however!" We notice the same circumstances in the narrative of poor Cocking's disastrous attempt in 1837. "When the cords which sustained the parachute were cut, it descended with dangerous rapidity, oscillating fearfully, and at last the car broke away from the parachute, and Mr. Cocking was precipitated to the ground, from a height of about one hundred feet."

But apart from these considerations, the parachute affords no evidence whatever of the increased sustaining power of the air on bodies which traverse it rapidly in a more or less horizontal direction. The parachute descends, and descends quick-

ly : we have to inquire whether the air may not resist descent so strongly that with comparatively small effort a horizontal or even ascending motion may be effected.

A familiar illustration of this supporting power of the atmosphere is given in the flight of an oyster-shell or piece of thin slate, deftly thrown from a schoolboy's practised hand. Such a missile, instead of following the parabolic path traversed by an ordinary projectile, is seen to skim along almost like a bird on resting pinions. It will sometimes even ascend (after the projectile force has ceased to act in raising it), as though in utter disobedience to the laws of gravitation.

The fact appears to be, that when a horizontal plane traverses the air in a horizontal direction, the supporting power of the air is increased in proportion as the plane moves more quickly, or in proportion to the actual quantity of air it glides over, so to speak. Indeed we have clear evidence to this effect in the behavior of the common toy-kite, the supporting power of which is increased in proportion to the force of the wind. For a kite, held by a string in a strong horizontal current of air, corresponds exactly to an inclined plane surface drawn swiftly in a horizontal direction during a calm. The same supporting power which results from the rapid passage of the air under the kite will be obtained during the rapid passage of the kite over still air.

When we study the flight of birds, we are confirmed in the opinion that velocity of horizontal motion is a point of extreme importance as respects the power of flying. For though there are some birds which seem to rise almost straight from the ground, yet nearly all, and especially the larger and heavier birds, have to acquire a considerable horizontal velocity before they can take long flights. Even many of those birds which seem, when taking flight, to trust rather to the upward and downward motion of their wings than to swift horizontal motion, will be found, when carefully observed, to move their wings up and down in such sort as to secure a rapid forward motion. The present writer has been much struck by the singularly rapid forward motion which pigeons acquire by what appears like a simple beating of their wings. A pigeon which is about to fly from level ground may be seen to beat its wings

quickly and with great power ; and yet instead of rising with each downward stroke, the bird is seen to move quite horizontally,—as though the wings acted like screw-propellers. We believe, in fact, that the wings during this action do really act, both in the upward and downward motion, in a manner resembling either screw-propulsion or the action by which seamen urge a boat forward by means of a single oar over the stern.* The action of a fish's tail is not dissimilar ; and as the fish, by what seems like a simple beating of its tail from side to side, is able to dart swiftly forwards, so the bird, by what seems like a beating of its wings up and down, is able —when occasion requires—to acquire a swift forward motion. At the same time it must be understood that we are not questioning the undoubted fact that the downward beat of a bird's wing is also capable of giving an upward motion to the bird's body. The point to be specially noticed is that when a bird is taking flight from level ground, the wings are so used that the downward stroke gives no perceptible upward motion.

But since a horizontal velocity is thus effective, we might be led to infer that the larger flying creatures, which, *ceteris paribus*, travel more swiftly through the air than the smaller, would require a smaller relative extent of supporting surface. We are thus led to the consideration of that point which has always been regarded as the great, or rather the insuperable difficulty, in the way of man's attempts at flight,—his capacity or incapacity to carry the requisite extent of supporting surface. We are led to inquire whether a smaller extent of supporting surface than has hitherto been deemed necessary may not suffice in the case of a man, and *à fortiori* in the case of a large and powerful flying-machine.

The inference to which we have thus been led, is found to accord perfectly with the observations which have been made upon flying creatures of different dimensions. It has been found that the supporting surface of these creatures,—whether insects, birds, or bats,—by no means varies in proportion to their weight. This is one of the most important results to

* Sailors call this *sculling*, a term more commonly applied to the propulsion of a boat by a single oarsman using a pair of oars, or sculls.

which the recent inquiries into the problem of flight have led; and we believe that our readers cannot fail to be interested by an account of the relations which have been observed to hold between the weight and the supporting surface of different winged creatures.

We owe to M. de Lucy, of Paris, the results of the first actual experiments carried out in this direction. The following account of his observations (made in the years 1868, 1869) is taken from a paper by Mr. Brearey, the Honorary Secretary to the Aëronautical Society. "M. de Lucy asserts," says Mr. Brearey, "that there is an unchangeable law to which he has never found any exception, amongst the considerable number of birds and insects, whose weight and measurements he has taken, viz., that the smaller and lighter the winged animal is, the greater is the comparative extent of supporting surface. Thus, in comparing insects with one another, the gnat, which weighs 460 times less than the stag-beetle, has 14 times greater relative surface. The lady-bird, which weighs 150 times less than the stag-beetle, possesses 5 times more relative surface, etc. It is the same with birds. The sparrow, which weighs about ten times less than the pigeon, has twice as much relative surface. The pigeon which weighs about eight times less than the stork, has twice as much relative surface. The sparrow, which weighs 339 times less than the Australian crane, possesses 7 times more relative surface, etc. If we now compare the insects and the birds, the gradation will become even more striking. The gnat, for example, which weighs 97,000 times less than the pigeon, has 40 times more relative surface; it weighs 3,000,000 times less than the crane of Australia, and possesses relatively 140 times more surface than this latter, which is the heaviest bird M. de Lucy had weighed, and was that also which had the smallest amount of surface, the weight being nearly 21 lbs., and the supporting surface 139 inches per kilogramme (2 lbs. $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz.). Yet of all travelling birds the Australian cranes undertake the longest and most remote journeys, and, with the exception of the eagles, elevate themselves highest, and maintain flight the longest."

M. de Lucy does not seem to have noticed the law to which these numbers

point. It is exceedingly simple, and amounts in fact merely to this, that instead of the wing-surface of a flying creature being proportioned to the weight, it should be proportioned to the surface of the body (or technically, that instead of being proportioned to the cube, it should be proportioned to the square of the linear dimensions). Thus, suppose that of two flying creatures one is 7 times as tall as the other, the proportions of their bodies being similar, then the body-surface of the larger will be 49 times (or 7 times 7) that of the other, and the weight 343 times (or 7 times 7 times 7) that of the other. But instead of the extent of wing-surface being 343 times as great, it is but 49 times as great. In other words, relatively to its weight the smaller will have a wing-surface 7 times greater than that of the larger. How closely this agrees with what is observed in nature, will be seen by the case of the sparrow as compared with the Australian crane; for M. de Lucy's experiments show that the sparrow weighs 339 times less than the Australian crane, but has a relative wing-surface 7 times greater.

It follows, in fact, from M. de Lucy's experiments that, as we see in nature, birds of similar shape should have wings similarly proportioned, and not wings corresponding to the relative weight of the birds. The same remark applies to insects; and we see, in fact, that the bee, the bluebottle, and the common fly—insects not unlike in their proportions—have wings proportioned to their surface dimensions; the same holding amongst long-bodied insects, like the gnat and the dragon-fly, and the same also among the different orders of flying beetles.

So that, setting apart differences of muscular capacity and adaptation, a man, in order to fly, would need wings bearing the same proportion to his body as we observe in the wings of the sparrow or the pigeon. In fact, the wings commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters would not be so disproportioned to the requirements of flight as has been commonly supposed, if only the muscular power of the human frame were well adapted to act upon wings so placed and shaped, and there were no actual inferiority in the power of human muscles (cross-section for cross section) as compared with those of birds.

So far as the practicability of actual

flight on man's part is concerned, these two points are, indeed, among the most important that we have to consider. It was to Borelli's remarks on these points, in his famous treatise, *De Motu Animalium*, that the opinion so long entertained respecting the impracticability of flight must be referred. He compared the relative dimensions of the breast-muscles of birds with those of the corresponding muscles in man, and thence argued that man's frame is altogether unadapted to the use of wings. He compared also the relative muscular energy of birds and men, that is, the power of muscles of equal size in the bird and the man; and was yet further confirmed in the opinion that man can never be a flying animal.

But although the reasoning of Borelli suffices perfectly well to show that man can never fly by attaching pinions to his arms, and flapping these in imitation (however close) of a bird's action in flying, it by no means follows that man must be unable to fly when the most powerful muscles of his body are called into action to move suitably-devised pinions. M. Besnier made a step in this direction (towards the close of the last century) when he employed, in his attempts to fly, those powerful muscles of the arm which are used in supporting a weight over the shoulder (as when a bricklayer carries a hod, or when a countryman carries a load of hay with a pitchfork). But the way in which he employed the muscles of the leg was less satisfactory. In his method, a long rod passed over each shoulder, folding pinions being attached to both ends of each rod. When either end of a rod was drawn down, the descending pinion opened, the ascending pinion at the other end closing; and the two rods were worked by alternate downward pulls with the arms and legs. The downward pull with the arms was exceedingly effective; but the downward pull with the legs was altogether feeble. For the body lying horizontally, the muscles used in the downward pull with the legs were those by which the leg is carried forward in walking, and these muscles have very little strength, as any one will see who, standing upright on one leg, tries, without bending the knee of the other, to push forward any considerable weight with the front of this leg.

Yet even with this imperfect contrivance

Besnier achieved a partial success. His pinions did not, indeed, serve to raise him in the air; but when, by a sharp run forward, he had brought that aerial supporting power into action of which we have spoken above, the pinions, sharply worked, so far sustained him as to allow him to cross a river of considerable width. It is not unlikely that, had Besnier provided fixed sustaining surfaces, in addition to the movable pinions, he might have increased the distance he could traverse. But, as regards flight, there was a further and much more serious defect in his apparatus. No means whatever were provided for propulsion. The wings tended to raise the body (this tendency only availing, however, to sustain it); but they could give no forward motion. With a slight modification, it is probable that Besnier's method would enable an active man to travel over ground with extreme rapidity, clearing impediments of considerable height, and taking tolerably wide rivers almost "in his stride"; but we believe that the method could never enable men actually to fly.

It may be remarked, indeed, that the art of flying, if it is ever attained, will probably be arrived at by means of attempts directed, in the first place, towards rapid passage along *terra firma*. As the trapeze gymnast avails himself of the supporting power of ropes, so the supporting power of the air may be called into action to aid men in traversing the ground. The following passage from Turnor's *Astra Castra* shows that our velocipedists might soon be outvied by half-flying pedestrians:—"Soon after Bacon's time," he tells us, "projects were instituted to train up children from their infancy in the exercise of flying with artificial wings, which seemed to be the favorite plan of the artists and philosophers of that day. If we credit the accounts of some of these experiments, it would seem that considerable progress was made that way. The individuals who used the wings could skim over the surface of the earth with a great deal of ease and celerity. This was accomplished by the combined faculties of running and flying. It is stated that, by an alternate continued motion of the wings against the air, and the feet against the ground, they were enabled to move along with a striding motion, and with incredible speed."

A gymnast of our own day, Mr. Charles

Spencer ("one of the best teachers of gymnastics in this country," says Mr. Brearey), has met with even more marked success, for he has been able to raise himself by the action of wings attached to his arms. The material of which these wings were made was too fragile for actual flight; and Mr. Spencer was prevented from making strong efforts because the wicker-work to which the apparatus was attached, fitting tightly round his body, caused pain, and obstructed his movements. Yet he tells us that, running down a small incline in the open air, and jumping from the ground, he has been able, by the action of the wings, to sustain flight for a distance of 120 feet; and when the apparatus was suspended in the transept of the Crystal Palace (in the spring of 1868), he was able, as we have said, to raise himself, though only to a slight extent, by the action of the wings. It should be remarked, however, that his apparatus seems very little adapted for its purpose, since the wings are attached to the arms in such sort that the weak breast-muscles are chiefly called into play. Borelli's main objection applies in full to such a contrivance; and the wonder is that Mr. Spencer met with even a partial success. One would have expected rather that the prediction of a writer in *The Times* (calling himself Apteryx, or the Wingless) would have been fulfilled, and that "the aëronaut, if he flapped at all, would come to grief, like the sage in *Rasselas*, and all others who have tried flying with artificial wings."

The objection founded on the relative weakness of the muscles of man as compared with those of birds (without reference to the question of adaptation), seems at first sight more serious. Although there can be little question that the superior strength of the muscles of birds has been in general enormously exaggerated, yet such a superiority undoubtedly exists to some degree. This gives the bird a clear advantage over man, insomuch that man can never hope by his unaided exertions to rival the bird in its own element. It by no means follows, however, that because man may never be able to rival the flight of the eagle or the condor, of the pigeon or the swallow, he must therefore needs be unable to fly at all.

It should be remembered, also, that men can avail themselves of contrivances

by which a considerable velocity may be acquired at starting; and that when the aëronaut is once launched with adequate velocity, a comparatively moderate exertion of force may probably enable him to maintain that velocity, or even to increase it. In this case, a moderate exertion of force would also suffice to enable him to rise to a higher level. To show that this is so, we need only return to the illustration drawn from the kite. If a weight be attached to a kite's tail, the kite, which will maintain a certain height when the wind is blowing with a certain degree of force, will rise to a greater height when the force of the wind is but slightly increased.

Kites afford, indeed, the most striking evidence of the elevating power resulting from the swift motion of an inclined plane through the air, the fact being remembered always that, whatever supporting and elevating power is obtained when air moves horizontally with a certain velocity against an inclined plane, precisely the same supporting and elevating power will be obtained when the inclined plane is drawn or propelled horizontally with equal velocity through still air. Now the following passages from the *History of the Charvolant*, or kite-carriage, bear significantly on the subject we are now upon. The kite employed in the first experiments (made early in the present century) had a surface of fifty-five square feet. "Nor was less progress made in the experimental department when large weights were required to be raised or transposed. While on this subject, we must not omit to observe that the first person who soared aloft in the air by this invention was a lady, whose courage would not be denied this test of its strength. An arm-chair was brought on the ground, then, lowering the cordage of the kite by slackening the lower brace, the chair was firmly lashed to the main-line, and the lady took her seat. The main-brace being hauled taut, the huge buoyant sail rose aloft with its fair burden, continuing to ascend to the height of a hundred yards. On descending, she expressed herself much pleased with the easy motion of the kite and the delightful prospect she had enjoyed. Soon after this, another experiment of a similar nature took place, when the inventor's son successfully carried out a design not less safe than bold—that of scaling by

this powerful aerial machine the brow of a cliff two hundred feet in perpendicular height. Here, after safely landing, he again took his seat in a chair expressly prepared for the purpose, and, detaching the swivel-line which kept it at its elevation, glided gently down the cordage to the hand of the director. The buoyant sail employed on this occasion was thirty feet in height, and had a proportionate spread of canvass. The rise of the machine was most majestic, and nothing could surpass the steadiness with which it was manœuvred, the certainty with which it answered the action of the braces, and the ease with which its power was lessened or increased. . . . Subsequently to this, an experiment of a very bold and novel character was made upon an extensive down, where a wagon with a considerable load was drawn along, whilst this huge machine at the same time carried an observer aloft in the air, realizing almost the romance of flying."

We have here abundant evidence of the supporting and elevating power of the air. This power is, however, in a sense, dormant. It requires to be called into action by suitable contrivances. In the kite, advantage is taken of the motion of the air. In flight, advantage must be taken of motion athwart the air, this motion being, in the first place, communicated while the aeronaut or flying-machine is on the ground. Given a sufficient extent of supporting surface and an adequate velocity, any body, however heavy, may be made to rise from the ground; and there can be no question that mechanics can devise the means of obtaining at least a sufficient velocity of motion to raise either a man or a flying-machine, provided with no greater extent of supporting surface than would be manageable in either case. It is not the difficulty of obtaining from the air *at starting* the requisite supporting power that need deter the aeronaut. The real difficulties are those which follow. The velocity of motion must be maintained, and should admit of being increased. There must be the means of increasing the elevation, however slowly. There must be the means of guiding the aeronaut's flight. And, lastly, the aeronaut or the flying-machine must fly with well-preserved balance—the supporting power of the air depending entirely on the steady-

ness with which the supporting surfaces traverse it.

We believe that these difficulties are not insuperable; and not only so, but that none of the failures recorded during the long history of aeronautical experiments need discourage us from trusting in eventual success. Nearly all those failures have resulted from the neglect of conditions which have now been shown to be essential to the solution of the problem. Nothing but failure could be looked for from the attempts hitherto made; and indeed, the only wonder is that failure has not been always as disastrous as in the case of Cocking's ill-judged descent. If a man who has made no previous experiments will insist on jumping from the summit of a steeple, with untried wings attached to his arms, it cannot greatly be wondered at that he falls to the ground and breaks his limbs, as Allard and others have done. If, notwithstanding the well-known weakness of the human breast-muscles, the aeronaut tries to rise by flapping wings like a bird's, we cannot be surprised that he should fail in his purpose. Nor again can we wonder if attempts to direct balloons from the car should fail, when we know that the car could not even be drawn with ropes against a steady breeze without injury to the supporting balloon. And we need look no further for the cause of the repeated failures of all the flying-machines yet constructed, than to the fact that no adequate provision has yet been made to balance such machines, so that they may travel steadily through the air. It seems to have been supposed that if propelling and elevating power were supplied, the flying-machine would balance itself; and accordingly, if we examine the proposed constructions, we find that in nine cases out of ten (if not in all) the machine would be as likely to travel bottom-upwards as on an even keel. The common parachute (which, however, is not a flying-machine) is the only instance we can think of in which a non-buoyant machine for aerial locomotion has possessed what is called "a position of rest."

Perhaps the gravest mistake of all is that of supposing that, on a first trial, a man could balance himself in the air by means of wings. Placed, for the first time, in deep water, man is utterly unable to swim, and if left to himself will inevita-

bly drown; although a very slight and very easily acquired knowledge of the requisite motions will enable him to preserve his balance. And yet it seems to have been conceived by most of those who have attempted flight, that, when first left to himself in open air, with a more or less ingeniously contrived apparatus attached to him, a man can not only balance himself in that unstable medium, but can resist the down-drawing action of gravity (which scarcely acts at all on the swimmer), and wing his way through the air by a series of new and untried movements!

It encourages confidence in the attempts now being made to solve the problem of aerial locomotion, that they are tentative, —founded on observation and experiment, and not on vague notions respecting the manner in which birds fly. Fresh experiments are to be made, more particularly on the supporting power of the air upon bodies of different form, moving with different degrees of velocity. These experiments are under the charge of Messrs. Browning and Wenham, of the Aëronautical Society, whose skill in experimental research, and more particularly in inquiries depending on mechanical considerations, will give a high value to their deductions. The question of securing the equipoise of flying-machines has also received attention; and it is probable that the principle of the instrument called the gyroscope will be called into action to secure steadiness of motion, at least in the experimental flights. What this principle is, need not here be scientifically discussed. But it may be described as the tendency of a rotating body to preserve unchanged the direction of the axis about which the body is rotating. The spinning-top and the quoit (well thrown) afford illustrations of this principle. The peculiar flight of a flat missile, already referred to, depends on the same principle; for the flight only exhibits the peculiarities mentioned when the missile is caused to whirl in its own plane. But the most striking evidence yet given of the steadying property of rotation, is that afforded by the experiments of Professor Piazzì Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland. During the voyage to Teneriffe (where, it will be remembered, his well-known Astronomer's Experiment was carried out), he tested the power of the gyroscope in giving

steadiness by causing a telescope to be so mounted, that the stand could not shift in position without changing the axial pose of a heavy rotating disc. The disc was set in rapid rotation by the sailors, and then the Professor directed the telescope towards a ship on the horizon. A fresh wind was blowing, so that everything on deck was swayed in lively sort by the tossing vessel; nor did the telescope *seem* a whit steadier—the motion of objects round it giving to the instrument an appearance of equal instability. But the officers were invited to look through the tube, and to their amazement, the distant ship was seen as steady in the middle of the telescopic field as though, instead of being set up on a tossing and rolling ship, the telescope had been mounted in an observatory on *terra firma*. The principle of the gyroscope has also been used for the purpose of so steadying the stand of a photographic camera placed in the car of a balloon, that photographs might be taken despite the tendency of the balloon to rotate. As applied to flying-machines, the gyroscope would require to be so modified in form that its weight would not prove an overload for the machine. This is practicable, because a flat horizontal disc, rotating rapidly, will support itself in the air if travelling horizontally forward with adequate swiftness. In other words, since travelling-machines *must* travel swiftly, the gyroscopic portion of the machine may be made to support itself.

It is this property of enforced rapidity of motion which renders the probable results of the mastery of our problem so important. It has been well remarked that two problems will be solved at once, when the first really successful flying-machine has been made,—not only the problem of flight, but the problem of travelling more swiftly than by any contrivances yet devised. In the motion of a flying-machine, as distinguished from the flight of man by his own exertions, the swiftness of the bird's flight may be more than matched. It is a mere mechanical problem which has to be solved; and few mechanics will deny that when once the true principles of flight have been recognized, the ingenuity of man is capable of constructing machines in which these principles shall be carried out. Iron and steam have given man the power of

surpassing the speed of the swiftest of four-footed creatures,—the horse, the greyhound, and the antelope. We have full confidence that the same useful ser-

vants place it in man's power to outvie in like manner the swiftest of winged creatures,—the swallow, the pigeon, and the hawk.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

A FRENCHMAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN A HUNDRED AND TWENTY DAYS.

(Translated for the ECLECTIC.)

To get to India or the Far East, the traveller now encounters only the difficulty of choosing his route : every week, steamers bound for Port Saïd, start from Marseilles, Southampton, Trieste, and Brindisi, and in these days the swiftness and ease of getting about are such, that in a fortnight he can see the Pyramids, cross the Desert which separates Cairo from Suez, plough through the burning stretches of the Red Sea, then, having passed through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, may find himself at Aden, in Asia,—the most picturesque part of Araby the Blest. Sixty days after leaving Marseilles, if only a short stay is made at Ceylon, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, he may float upon the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and if his vessel should put into port at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, he may behold the marvellous vegetation of the ocean archipelagoes.

Following this route, which even gives time to touch port in Japan, the tourist sets foot upon the soil of the New World at San Francisco, California, in ninety days. Thence, steamers which skirt the coast of Mexico, carry him in two weeks,—unless the Central Pacific Railroad is preferred,—from the land of gold to the waters of Central America. A few years ago, the journey across the Isthmus of Panama imposed upon those who dared to undertake it a tax of malarial fevers. Now, it is a ride of about three hours in the cars. From New York to Paris, takes about twelve days. Indeed, a man who is blessed with the leisure, the youth, and the means which permit this delightful journey, needs only four months to go round the world,—much less time than it required, in 1735, for the first president Des Brosses to go with his friend Sainte Pelaye from Dijon to Naples. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, an Augustine Monk, brother Diego Guevara, —whose singular adventures I have read

among the archives of a Portuguese convent at Goa,—travelled from Manilla in Spain, as follows : from Manilla to Malacca, from Malacca to Goa, from Goa to Bassora, from Bassora to Aleppo,—crossing Arabia on the back of a camel,—from Aleppo to Candia, from Candia to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Rome, and lastly from Rome to Madrid on foot and on horseback. This journey took two years !

I.

THERE is a wide-spread mistake in France, in the belief that the opening of the Suez Canal makes the trip from Europe to the East Indies and China a more rapid one. The railway from Alexandria to Suez is forgotten or ignored,—a conveyance which is always faster than the canal. The latter offers an immense advantage to sailing vessels, which, in rounding the Cape of Good Hope, are exposed to destruction among the shoals off the islands near Cape Verde, or are liable to founder in the frightful tempests of the Antarctic Pole. The opening of the Isthmus of Suez is a great blessing, more especially to poor emigrants who are obliged to travel by sea. Packed pell-mell between decks, upon clumsy vessels which carried them to distant lands, they were sometimes obliged to endure voyages six months long ; almost always with poor beds and bad food, the passengers became gradually soured and demoralized ; violent quarrels from the most trivial causes, breaking out among them, continually embittered their long days on ship-board, and fortunate indeed were they, if a mutiny like that of the "Fœderis Arca," did not hand over captain and passengers alike to the mercy of the revolted sailors. Add to this the dangers of fire and famine, of seizures, of calms and shipwreck, and you have a tolerable idea of the improvement offered by the opening of the canal.

When, for the second time, after having by miracle escaped from the reefs and fevers of the islands off Cape Verde, I was about to leave France to take the rapid journey by steam which I now describe, I engaged my passage at Southampton on one of the fine steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, at the price of 3,000 francs for a first-class ticket to Hong-Kong. Having no letters of introduction to any of the passengers on board the "Ripon," I did not speak a word during the five days' trip from Southampton to Gibraltar. As I was without that English talisman called a presentation, I certainly never before conducted myself with such lofty reserve, and those who are well acquainted with England and her customs will understand me. In fact, there is but one way to triumph over the arrogance of an Englishman,—the arrogance, understand me, which is affected by the richer classes,—it is to oppose to their haughtiness a still greater haughtiness. When you go to sea with them make haste to take the best seats, and turn them out of yours without pity, if they wish to keep it, as they will always try to do if it is a good one. There are two words of apology with which Frenchmen think they have a right to disturb a whole theatre full of people, to brush against people in the street, to select for their own plates the best pieces at a *table d'hôte* dinner—in short, to be disagreeable, noisy, and fault-finding; these two words are, "*Pardon, Monsieur.*" With our friends over the Channel you may dispense altogether with this phrase, which they have the ingenuousness to take too literally. After you have been some time on ship-board, and you are allowed to become acquainted with your new friends,—and among the number you will find desirable ones,—you can, without danger, return to polite manners. A last word on this subject: never venture upon a long voyage on a British ship without the certainty of soon being able to make a few friends. Loneliness under the higher latitudes is horrible, and I believe may even engender insanity. A young Spanish engineer whom we took on board at Gibraltar, and whom I did not notice until we got to Ceylon, on an occasion when, for no reason whatever, he rose from the table and assaulted one of our fellow-travellers, was completely isolated from us until we reached Pulo-

Penang. As he did not understand either English or French, and as none of the passengers understood Spanish, he had to concentrate his thoughts upon himself for fifty days. I am not prepared to say whether it was the result of sun-stroke or an attack of delirium tremens; however this may be, he had scarcely landed, when he shut himself up in a room at the hotel at Singapore and cut his throat with a razor. For my own part, having myself played the rôle of a dumb person from Southampton to Gibraltar, and consequently not knowing all that was going on on board the "Ripon," I can only attribute this insane act to the utter loneliness in which the miserable man had too long remained.

We came into the port of Gibraltar by night, and when in the morning I hurried out of my stateroom to see the straits, the sun was just rising and its bright rays stretched like a purple gauze over the sea and shore. Calpe and Abyla—the columns of Hercules—still dipped in the haze of twilight, loomed up plainly in the growing light; over the waves, opal-hued vapors intermingled confusedly, and it was seven o'clock before I was able to catch a glimpse of the narrow gate-way where the beautiful blue of the Mediterranean mixes, as if regretfully, with the green waters of the great ocean.

Only four hours are given us to visit this rock, mailed with bronze and iron. It is not at all cheerful when, enjoying the sweet sunshine on a morning ramble, to encounter at every footstep nothing but the mouths of cannon and Highlander sentries,—huge, red-faced creatures with naked legs, in Scotch kilts and enormous fur bonnets surmounted by a bunch of ostrich feathers. Fortunately, there are none but English soldiers at this post; there is also here a picturesque, public garden where cactus and aloes and tree-geraniums are in full flower, and among the crevices of the rocks a wealth of delicate and fragrant flowers of the caper-bush. It was market-day. Market was held near the harbor, and I saw there, elbowing each other in a strange confusion, Jews, natives of Morocco, Arabs, a few English, many Andalusians, bold and crafty smugglers. There were superb fruits piled in profusion upon the ground; beautiful great bunches of orange flowers, like those one sees at Nice and Naples.

were offered to me for a song ; I bought two them, not knowing any one to give them to, but this incident led to unlooked-for friendships on board our vessel.

The English have good reasons for holding Gibraltar, but the best of these is by no means to control the straits, or for the sake of having a strong hold upon Spanish soil ; it is chiefly for mercantile reasons. Through Gibraltar, they cover the Peninsula with the manufactures of Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham. They thus crush out from among the Spaniards any incentive to industry which they might have. Many a time have I been told by Spaniards, that when they called to their aid the English army at the time of the war of independence, their foreign allies razed to the ground the Spanish factories under the pretext that they might serve as defences for the French ! The more England at home and in her colonies is studied, the more readily can it be appreciated with what deft skill she knows how to associate her own advantage with a philanthropy which she is not slow to make conspicuous. When her lords ship whole cargoes of polyglot Bibles to India, Oceania, and Timbuctoo, they should say to the missionaries who are to have the distribution of them, Go preach the Gospel to the heathen ; point out to them the true God, and especially teach them that modesty of which they appear to be so wholly ignorant. When they learn this virtue, they will have to cover up their nakedness, and we will sell them cotton goods of our own manufacture.

When I returned to our steamer with my beautiful flowers, I began to consider how I should dispose of them ; to keep them in a stateroom where several of my fellow-travellers slept, was out of the question. I was about to throw them overboard, when I saw a fair-haired, rosy little girl about five years old, who gazed at them with her blue eyes full of coveting. I beckoned to her, and gave her my flowers. Soon after, a tall Englishman came to me and thanked me very pleasantly for my gallantry to his little girl. Mr. Campbell,—that was the tall Englishman's name,—is a colonel of infantry ; he is going with his wife and child to rejoin his regiment at Calcutta. “Mrs. Campbell, who is on board,” he told me, “was educated at a boarding-school at Boulogne ; she is quite familiar with your poets and novelists, and will be

glad of an opportunity to speak a language which she loves and which she does not wish to forget. We have noticed your reserve and isolation, but in an hour's time, thanks to my intervention, you will find that all these countenances, which heretofore have appeared so cold and forbidding, will become quite sympathetic ; prepare yourself, Mr. Frenchman, for a *coup de théâtre*. In truth, when, a few minutes later, dinner was served, a steward came to fill my glass with wine of Xeres, and said to me in a tone which my neighbors heard, that the Colonel drank my good health. As is customary, I raised my glass to my lips and bowed to the gentleman who thus honored me. A second later, the steward returned, this time with champagne, with the same polite attention from the Captain. This was the promised *coup de théâtre*, for then followed a series of toasts which poured in upon me until dessert was served ; the first-mate of the “Ripon,” the ship's doctor, the officers, young soldiers of the Indian Army, and some of the passengers who, until now, were entirely unknown to me, bestirred themselves to drink to my health. It being customary to reply to these toasts after the manner of an interchange of artillery salutes,—gun for gun,—I had had no time to eat any dinner when the time came to leave the table ; the steward was used up, and I should certainly have been very unsteady on my legs, had I not wisely taken care to only touch the edge of my glass to my lips.

The ice was broken, and now I saw about me countenances full of cordiality. It was the beginning of some pleasurable experiences, which probably none of us have forgotten. For my own part, I was greatly saddened on reading, a few months ago, among the telegrams of the Havas agency, that the Colonel, his wife, their little girl, and their servants, had been massacred in Abyssinia. They were about to return to remain in England, when, influenced by a curiosity which I cannot comprehend, they resolved to visit that barbarous country where the English had just accomplished wonders in rescuing one of their own people—the consul, Mr. Cameron. Surprised while unarmed, by a band of robbers, this unfortunate family were slain, after having gone but a few miles into the interior. In reading the account of this fearful calamity, I remem-

bered the bouquets of orange flowers I had bought at Gibraltar, and I seemed to see, as if in a mirage, the rosy, laughing face of the child to whom I gave them.

If Gibraltar is left in the morning, tourists should be on deck, in order not to miss seeing the passage through the straits, which, on a fine day, is a notable sight. As the steamer swiftly glides over its blue course which stretches limitless before it, there loom up, on the right, the frowning heights of the Atlas chain, and on the left, the beautiful snowy summits of the mountains of Andalusia. From the roadstead, Algeciras may be distinctly seen, and sometimes Algiers and Tunis; almost always may be seen the peninsula near which Carthage was built, and beyond, the island of Pantellaria between Marsala and Cape Bon. "It is the island of Calypso," you are told by the officers, and they offer to show you with their glasses the grotto where the goddess so quickly consoled herself by the arrival of Telemachus, for the absence of Ulysses. In painful contrast with this poetic souvenir, is the fact that under the reign of King Ferdinand of Naples, Pantellaria was made a *dépôt* for the reception of the condemned political offenders of the two Sicilies.

It is four days to Malta. This island, notwithstanding the English occupation, has lost nothing of its original character. You may still find there its dapper abbots, French in their dress, and smoking over their coffee more cigarettes in a day than they say masses in a year at church. At every step you elbow jolly-faced monks with florid complexions, their gowns drawn up in order to walk more easily through the steep streets of the city; they throw, right and left, their impassioned glances up to the windows behind which shine the beautiful black eyes of the Maltese women. Here comes a native, his skin bronzed, a cunning-looking fellow, with a red cap on his head and his pantaloons rolled up to his knees; he offers for sale corals, shells, and fruits. Watching for the arrival of travellers returning from India, these men run to offer their beautiful baskets of fruit. Not having seen perhaps for long years the velvety peaches or luscious grapes of Europe, these travellers pay without questioning twenty or thirty francs; but five yards further on, twenty other fruit carriers offer them for almost nothing. On returning to the vessel, the deck is cover-

ed with fruit, for every one has been tempted to buy.

At every street-corner may be seen a lighted lamp, a Madonna, kneeling women whose figures are gracefully draped in long black silk mantillas called "onnella." The island, which is only sixty miles in circumference and has but 170,000 inhabitants, is burdened with 300 convents. The walls of some of these monkish fortresses are 100 feet high. Outside of Malta and its formidable fortifications, the soil is calcareous, of a yellowish color, and extremely barren. If a horrible dust is not too great an objection, a trip might be made to Civita Vecchia, where some gardens will be found that will scarcely repay for the trouble however. The flowers of Sicily and Italy are here blended. The only rare plants are a few sickly bamboos, and the only beautiful ones those of the mandarini oranges. It is a better plan not to leave the city at all, but to visit instead the church of St. John, the chapel of the Madonna, and the palace of the ancient Grand-Master of the Order. It would be well, also, to go through the catacombs of Phœnician origin; it is there, they say, that St. Paul was imprisoned, when he was wrecked on the rocky coast of this island, on his way to Rome. In the stratta Nuova there are a few fine shops; go in; have piled up before you corals, jewelry, and Maltese laces, but do not purchase. These represent the only industries of the island, and are esteemed only by the English; the jewelry is vulgar, the laces, although beautiful, are not to be compared with those of Chantilly, and the corals, set with barbarous taste, are abominably dear.

From Malta to Alexandria is ninety-six hours. The third day, the barren coast of Tunis comes in sight. We saw quite distinctly Derna, one of its principal cities. It was mid-day; the sun fell vertically on the sleeping city; not a living being on its white fortifications, built by the Saracens; not a soul to be seen on the sterile shore; alone, out on the copper sea, was a fishing-boat with lateen sail, rocking to and fro on the waves like a sleeping halcyon. The first glimpse of Africa from the fore-castle of the ship presents a waste and desolate coast. It is only in the interior, on the banks of the rivers, and in the few deserts oases, that large trees, shade, and

verdure are found, and as regards Egypt, it is only on the banks of the Nile, and the lands which it fertilizes, as at Afteh, that we find great productiveness. We came in sight of Alexandria at four o'clock in the afternoon; it was dinner-time, but nobody minded that: no one wanted to lose the novel sight presented on landing in Egypt. At first, we could only see a purple cloud upon the horizon, the dull gray base of which seemed plunged in a lake of molten lead; but little by little some minarets stood out against a burning sky like steel blades at a white heat; then, only a mile from the harbor, we saw the Egyptian fleet,—a multitude of merchant ships with masts decked out with flags, numerous and well-kept fortifications, and on the pier, a throng of "fellahs" whose victims we were to be the moment we should land and be forced, willy-nilly, upon the backs of their restless donkeys. It was still May, and yet every one was complaining of the heavy air full of an impalpable burning dust. The Egyptian pilot, who came on board to steer our ship clear of the reefs which make the approach to the harbor of Alexandria a dangerous one, explained to us that the "Klamsin" had only just ceased to blow over Egypt. This is the desert-wind which, for a period of fifty days, breaks loose in its fury and hurls the light sands to incredible distances. At these times, travellers must cover their faces with green veils to prevent blindness,—one of the greatest plagues of Egypt. Out of twenty natives who are seen in the streets of Cairo, five will be blind, ten one-eyed, and the eyes of the other five but little better.

Port Said can detract nothing from the commercial importance of Alexandria; this latter must always remain the most important point on the railway between Cairo and Suez, and the mails for India with their throngs of passengers cannot go by the canal without delay. In 1865, before the opening of the canal, the number of travellers who crossed the Isthmus even then amounted to 80,000, not including the 18,000 pilgrims bound for Mecca. Alas! Alexandria is but a sad imitation of our European cities. The archæologist wastes his time if he looks for any traces of the ancient city founded by Alexander. There is not a vestige left of its 50 miles of walls of circumference,

of its marble porticos, of its temple of Serapis, of its wonderful library; not a stone of its four thousand palaces! However this may be, the recollections of its ancient splendor are ever before the traveller, and cling to him as long as he remains in Egypt.

The first time I saw Egypt was in 1850: it still retained, at that time, all its Eastern individuality; in 1862 it had become nearly French; now it is entirely so. Crossing the isthmus, which was formerly done by caravans as far as Suez, has now lost its picturesque element. At that time, instead of taking a first-class car which, in twelve hours, carries you with the monotonous speed of the railway from Alexandria to Suez, you took at Alexandria the canal which strikes the Nile again at Afteh. The post-boats, upon which fifty travellers were crowded at once, were not very comfortable, to be sure, but it was only for eight hours at night, and those who have seen the starry skies and the exquisite moonlight of Egypt have not regretted their lost sleep. For that matter, the deafening shouts of the pilot in charge of the boat, drawn by four stout horses on a full gallop, made sleep impossible. Alas for the careless "fellah" who, happening to be on the canal with his bark laden with grain or cotton, did not spy out afar off the red-flamed torches announcing the thundering approach of the Royal India Mail; if he did not get out of the way in time, he and his cargo disappeared under the waters. Two hundred and fifty thousand "fellahs" were employed in digging the canal of Mamoudieh, twenty thousand of whom perished from poverty and over-fatigue. The slopes that form the banks are full of the skeletons of these miserable creatures, and the least falling away of the earth uncovers them to your horrified gaze.

At Afteh, a picturesque little town on the banks of the Nile, a steamer was taken again, quite as uncomfortable as the French port-boats in the Midi canal, but by way of compensation there was a view of the great river and its banks. Places whose Biblical and Oriental poetry our painters have so happily reproduced were continually recognized. Nothing more charming than these Egyptian villages built of Nile clay; groups of women drawing water from the fountains, or

naked children playing in the shade of the swaying branches of date trees always give life to the scene. The ibis, pelicans, and vultures with their fleshless necks, abound along the banks. The Nile crocodiles, frightened away by the steam-engines, long ago deserted this neighborhood; they are now found only far away in Upper Egypt. As for the hippopotamuses, they no longer come below the cataracts.

The Egyptians, for long ages, have been very particular concerning the promiscuous intermingling of the sexes on board their ships; of late, they have become less strict, but when the trip from Alexandria to Cairo was made by water, men who travelled without mother, wife, or sisters were banished to the forward part of the ship. Since, as a matter of course, the unmarried men were in the majority, these were crowded to suffocation near the fore-castle, while there was plenty of room aft. I am indebted to the kindness of a Protestant clergyman, the father of seven marriageable young ladies, for the favor of being admitted among the privileged passengers. I think Colonel Campbell must have persuaded him that I aspired to the honor of becoming one of the seven sons-in-law. All the steamers, on each voyage to British India, thus export a regular cargo of blonde misses. They readily find excellent husbands at Bombay or Calcutta, among the officers of the Indian army. These matrimonial importations work no harm, for those English soldiers who allow themselves to become entangled in alliances with the dark and passionate beauties of Bengal lose their chances for preferment, if they do not also lose both health and reason.

The approach to Cairo by Boulak, where the Nile is left behind, is far more picturesque than by the railway. There are elegant carriages in waiting, which take you to the city at a rapid rate. The wide, well-kept drive is lined with huge sycamores, and at the end of it is the garden where Kléber was assassinated. It is a favorite promenade of strangers, and for my own part, I often went there. I liked to watch some old white-bearded fellows squatted on Turkish mats and impassibly smoking their long hazel-stemmed pipes; I would sit down by them, and sip their black thick coffee that exhaled an aromatic odor. Was I mistaken? it seemed

to me that if I inspected certain groups of them too closely, my look of curiosity was met by a look of hatred. This did not surprise me: religious fanaticism and a cordial hatred of foreigners are the only sentiments which seem to stir up these enervated people. In 1860, at the time of the horrible massacres in Syria, just as I was about to enter the grand mosque at Amron, having left at the door, as custom demands, my European shoes in order to substitute Turkish slippers, my dragoman suddenly seized me by the arm, and earnestly besought me not to go any further. On asking him why, he pointed out to me, in the middle of the mosque, a mufti, surrounded by ferocious-looking believers whom he was inciting to a holy war. I do not know how a report of this incendiary preaching reached the ears of the viceroy, but the next day the French consul at Cairo, who refused to furnish me with a passport to Jerusalem on account of the disturbances in Syria, informed me that the mufti and his auditors had been thrown into prison. Masr-el-Gaherah, or Cairo, at this time, had already lost,—less than Alexandria however,—its eastern character. In 1850, when I visited it for the first time, I found in its narrow and marvellously picturesque streets, in its shaded bazars where only a mysterious light penetrated, richly decorated Arab saddles, the highly-tempered sword-blades, and splendid gold and silver threaded silks of Damascus, the heroes, too, of the Thousand and one Nights, Copts, Armenians, Arabs, Dervishes, sordid Jews, bronzed eunuchs, ragged water-carriers, bawling and importunate donkey-boys, making up a most strange and motley throng. Now, the European frock-coat spoils everything; the small tunic which French cavalymen wear takes the place of the brilliant uniform of the Mamelukes.

A Mussulman named Mahmoud is the dragoman, or rather cicerone, of French travellers. If he is not off on an expedition to Palestine or the cataracts of the Nile, try to get him for a guide; he is faithful and honest. Do not fear in the least to travel alone at night with Mahmoud, if, by a happy inspiration, you should remember to leave your bed at the hotel at one o'clock in the morning in order to see the sun rise from the top of the Pyramid of Gizeh. It is to him that I am indebted for this magnificent spectacle. I shall

never forget my sudden astonishment and delight when, at five o'clock one evening, having guided me to the top of the citadel built by Saladin, he pointed out to me the city, and its innumerable mosques, Boulak, the Nile, the Pyramids, and the great desert lighted up by the warm glow of the setting sun. Go with Mahmoud to see the tombs of the Caliphs, have him describe to you his travels in Upper Egypt, to Sinaï, to Horeb, to Tabor : his stock of stories is inexhaustible. One day he assured me, quite European that I am, that my complexion was darker than his ; be added, however, probably to console me, that Adam and Eve were black. "White people are the descendants of Cain ; they have retained the mortal pallor which covered the face of the fratricide when God, in anger, asked him, 'Where now is thy brother Abel.' " There is also a quaint fancy about the creation of man commoñ in Cairo, but which certain French naturalists would perhaps ignore : One day Allah was very warm, and from the perspiration of his noble forehead the angels were born ; on another occasion he perspired, and out of the liquid pearls from his chest he created the Mussulmans ; he became very much heated a third time, and perspiring that day much more than ever he gave being to Christians.

It takes six hours by the railroad to go from Cairo to Suez. It is surprising to find on this Desert journey, in the midst of the drifting, impalpable sands, way-stations and "buffets" as in Europe ; but I still prefer the journey as it was made before the building of the railway. In those days, you went in wagons with four horses, which a Nubian postillion drove all the way to Suez in a full gallop. When I left Cairo in this way the shadows of night were falling upon the Desert before us ; an Egyptian officer in brilliant uniform, a sabre dangling at his side and mounted upon a magnificent Arab horse, had charge of the caravan composed of forty wagons. Forty times we changed horses, three times we stopped at splendid caravanseries where richly laden tables of fruits, cold meats, sherberts, and every kind of wine had been prepared for us. At two o'clock in the morning, when we made our second halt, instead of having supper and stretching out to rest upon the large divans surrounding the tables, I turned my back upon the caravan ; pushing rapidly out

into the Desert, I withdrew beyond hearing distance, wishing to be alone in this silent waste on this moonless night, under the marvellously star-lit heavens, in which I saw, for the first time, the Southern Cross,—one of the most brilliant constellations seen in the other hemisphere. I stopped before the skeleton of a camel. The route by which we had journeyed was covered with their bleached bones ; it is by these dreary monuments that the camel-driver knows he is going in the right direction. In the midst of this profound silence, standing thus at night in an absolute solitude, a man's thoughts are lifted upward, and a strange composure rests upon him. The sweet legends of the Bible came back to my memory,—the fiery cloud which guided the Israelites in the Desert, the beckoning star of Bethlehem. If the God of the earlier days,—the God that men of ancient times believed in, has yet a temple, a fitting one is here to be found : here, He is felt to be a living reality ; here, He is, so to speak, palpable. He is present in the pure, sweet air which in some sort lends to man a spirituality in the absolute calm of this great waste, this vastness which seems to obliterate anything human. He seems to have come down from the vaulted heavens as if wafted to earth on the star beams. No longer can it be wondered at, that here the patriarchs, prophets, cenobites, John in the Desert of Judea, Mohammed in the solitudes of Arabia, Christ in his night of agony on the Mount of Olives, could hear Him, speak to Him, behold Him, face to face,—that Moses could say to his people that he received the table of the Law from God, on the flashing heights of Sinai.

Suddenly, a far off sound like thunder came to me : was I about to behold some wonder ? No, it was the rumbling of the forty wagons of our caravan thundering along again towards Suez. I reached them in time, and took a place at the side of the driver, for I wanted to see the sun rise. Light rainbow tints in the east heralded its coming ; a dense fog, until then motionless, but already succumbing to the sun's rays, now rolled in confusion before us ; it touched upon the ground, and then slowly vanished, intermingling with the far-off moving sands. At last the sun appeared, and I saw that beautiful sight, so well described by M. Fromentin,

in his book upon the Sahara, "A cloudless sky and a shadowless earth." By nine o'clock, mirages danced without ceasing before my eyes, dazzled and burned by a too vivid light ; at ten o'clock we sought at Suez the shade that the only inn of the place afforded. A glass of water, I remember, cost me a franc, and I did not expect to recover from the effects of it.

Imagine the painful existence of Europeans who were living in this miserable little village,—at that time without decent water, with no cultivation of the soil, under a brazen glare of sunlight, with the Red Sea,—a veritable mirror of Archimedes on one side, and on the other the Desert. In those days the poverty-stricken population was miserable in the extreme, and heathenishly fanatical. At nightfall travellers were shut up in the hotel for fear of assassination. Now, however, there is perfect safety, the water of the Nile is plentifully introduced, and hotels are rapidly building ; in fifty years Suez and Port Said will have become quite as great commercially, and quite as demoralized as the Silusia and Corinth of antiquity.

II.

THE only great objection to crossing the Red Sea, is the great heat during the months of June, July, and August ; during the other months of the year it is quite tolerable. On board the "Addington"—the name of the steamship of 3,000 tons burden and 600 horse-power,—upon which I embarked during the temperate season, the passengers danced every evening when the sea was smooth, the waiters, transformed into musicians, playing quadrilles and polkas. Ten years later, on board the "Nemesis," I crossed this sea from the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb to Suez ; this was in August, and I never experienced a more overpowering heat. This time no one thought of dancing, the most important thing was to keep absolutely still in one place ; it was torture to go from the deck to the dinner table. In sight of Mecca a burly great English major, on his return to England, after an absence of twenty years in India, fell upon the deck, struck down with congestion of the brain ; an artillery officer of the Bengal army, hardly more than a child, taken with delirium tremens, died on the burning sands of the beach at Suez, just as he was, by order of

the captain, carried in agony on shore. The ship's doctor, also young, saw fit to give him only iced champagne by way of remedy. An idea of the atmosphere in which we lived may be obtained, when it is stated at mid-day, under a tent of double thick canvass, the thermometer showed 71° centigrade. Pails of ice water were given us, in order that we might wet handkerchiefs with which we were obliged continually to moisten our foreheads. The stokers and engineers of these immense steamships are Europeans ; they scarcely live three years under this terrible strain. The coal-heavers are Nubians,—men of unusual physical power, with athletic forms ; notwithstanding the perspiration which streams from their huge shoulders, in spite of the thick paste of coal-dust which covers them,—sometimes blinding them and singeing their woolly curls,—they may constantly be seen doing their work with surprising agility, smiling, and delighting to show their large white teeth to the children of the passengers who are frightened by their fantastic look. Whatever the season, those of them not on duty meet together in the evening on the forward deck, and to the condensed rhythm of a native song, they dance and join hands, striking their breasts one against another, until panting and dripping with perspiration, they fall exhausted upon the floor.

A natural explanation of the great heat that is felt on the Red Sea, is that it is like a lake, shut in on all sides by the mountains of Arabia and Abyssinia. When, in a short time, this sea will be crossed by the vessels of all nations, it is feared that death from sunstroke will be very frequent. A sailor is not, as a rule, distinguished for great prudence ; at sea, he has always a good deal of the joyful carelessness of children, and like them, imprudent, he is quick to brave danger. To Europeans going out to India, the dangers of the voyage are greater than to those returning. The former, relying too much upon the vigor which a temperate climate gives them, incautiously expose themselves to this Asiatic sun, one ray of which sometimes strikes dead like a thunderbolt ; to the latter, having lost all energy, most of them with liver complaints and chronic dysentery, it seems,—as I regret to say, it seemed to me on this fearful voyage in the month of August,—only a little hotter than usual.

From Suez to Aden is eight days. On leaving the former, if the weather is fine, there may be seen on the left, on the Arabian coast, some solitary pine-trees ; they give a blessed shade to the springs called the Wells of Moses. When the atmosphere is clear, there may be seen in the same direction, but far off upon the horizon, a little white motionless cloud ; this is Mount Horeb. Deeper in the Desert, out of sight, but not very far off, is "Sinai." In nearing the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, may be seen, on the right, the lofty plateaux of Abyssinia, standing in relief against the sky in dark majestic masses. The sea is usually very calm in the hot latitudes ; but as soon as it becomes a little agitated, shoals of flying-fishes follow, sporting in the wake of the ship. But few other vessels are met ; at the time of the pilgrimages to Mecca, however, clumsy Arab boats filled with pilgrims are frequently passed. How is it possible for so many men to live in such a little space ? The Chinese only could imitate such packing. If towards sunset, we met one of these ships, we could distinguish the passengers on the decks lifting their arms towards the sky, and prostrating themselves towards the Holy city of the Faithful. In short, this part of the voyage is most disagreeable. It is suffocatingly hot, and the food is execrable. It is difficult, no doubt, to be supplied with fresh provisions on the Red Sea, but when the journey costs about a hundred francs a day, the traveller may reasonably expect a little variety in the fare. Wine, however, is included *à discrétion*. As people took undue advantage of this in the case of l'Aïmousseux, it was decided to furnish it to those passengers who wanted it, but to make them pay for it. Nearly the whole day is spent at the table. Tea is served on deck from six o'clock in the morning ; this is the pleasantest part of the day, for the decks are swabbed with plenty of seawater, the air is fresh, and the men may wear very light clothing ; women are not permitted up stairs until eight o'clock, at which hour the decks of the ship have made their toilet. Nine o'clock is the breakfast hour ; at noon a luncheon of fruit, cakes, and confectionery is served. At four o'clock is dinner, followed by coffee until six ; tea is at seven, and finally, from nine to ten o'clock,—when the lights are put out, the tables are covered

with crackers, wine of Xeres, whiskey, cognac, rum, gin, oranges, and fragrant green lemons. This last stopping-place in front of the bottles is naturally fatal to Englishmen, and I have always seen many of them describing the most extraordinary parabolas in getting to bed. The next day it was amusing to study the countenances of those who had forgotten themselves over night. They came up from their state-rooms clean-shaven, white cravatted, prim and solemn, highly indignant if allusion were made to their too good spirits of the night before. At the noon luncheon, after the first glass of pale ale, their memory and their good humor came back to them ; at dinner in the evening at four o'clock, they would again be so jovial that the ladies would wait with impatience for dessert, in order that they might leave the table. Between the Englishman with his tea at breakfast-time and the same with his wine of Xeres at dinner in the evening, there is a wide gap. Let us not omit to state that on board the ships of the "Messageries françaises," there are but occasional instances of intemperance. Spaniards, Belgians, Hollanders, and Swiss like our ships better than those of the Oriental Company ; and many English also give them the preference.

Aden is in Araby the Blest, on the gulf which bears its name. Upon seeing the indescribable barrenness of the shore upon which this new Gibraltar is built, the tourist asks himself if it can be possible that Arabia Petræa can have a still more desolate aspect. In the Arabs who here eagerly offer you their donkeys, horses and wagons to take you to the city, about four miles from the place of landing, you have the purest type of the two Arabias. There is no stranger sight than to see them under this fiery sky, mounted on the single hump of their dromedaries on the top of some dreary knoll, nearly naked, their hair yellow and burnt by the lime they smear it with, carrying to Aden, in goat-skins, water which to them is precious, but not drinkable by Europeans.

I eagerly accepted from Mr. Campbell an invitation to land with him. Scarcely on shore, we discovered on the beach a bazar held by Parsees ; they held up before us beautiful skins of panthers, ostrich plumes, and graceful gazelles quite tame. Children with smiling, arch faces, black as ebony, their hair also made yellow with

lime, begged to remain with us during our stay, with no other object in view than to wave before us fans of palm leaves ; this costs one rupee a day, and it is a refreshment not to be despised. A Jew, wearing a long, white woollen gown, who tells us he is a native of Jerusalem, offers us horses, which we take in order to compensate him for cuffs and blows which the Arabs give him, for they too, have horses to let. After a rapid run of half an hour, we gallop into Aden, through a passage cut in the solid rock. To our right and left, beneath our feet and over our heads are redoubts, embrasures, cannon, Sepoys and red soldiers on sentry duty. We came to a halt in the centre of the town, in the middle of a square surrounded with bazars and arcades. A flock of ostriches, not at all frightened by our noisy arrival, rush towards us, surround us, and, to our great surprise, poke out their heads to peck at us like our domestic geese in our own European villages. Fortunately, the Jew had followed us, clinging like a monkey to the tail of one of our horses, and he drove away our feathered enemies, threatening them with a stick.

We went into the bazar, where we found mats, Eastern tobacco, Manilla cigars, tiger-skins, coffee in tiny round berries, the very best Moka. In a moderately clean shop, we made a purchase of a few bundles of cigars with the ends cut, —the only kind to be had here. As we went out, a Sepoy, in the uniform of a policeman, came to us and politely enquired the price of the sheroots we held in our hands. "Eight rupees," Mr. Campbell told him. "You have been swindled," the black Hindoo phlegmatically assured us, and he went into the dealer's shop, seized him by his collar, dragged him out, and violently throwing him upon the sidewalk, gave him a sound beating with his stick. We were so much taken by surprise, that, for the moment, we did not interfere in behalf of the poor Arab ; he got up with some difficulty, went into his shop without a complaint or a word of protestation, but pale, and trembling in every limb, contented himself with throwing at us furtive glances full of hatred : it was another Jew. This was the first instance of summary justice I had met since leaving France ; it pained me as much as it must pain all newly-arrived strangers. The traveller must, however,

become accustomed to the sight of these brutalities, for they are to be seen at all times, especially in the Colonies of Great Britain. At Ceylon, at Hong-Kong, at Aden, where the miserable people are scarcely clothed, these practises are most revolting, and no one can be at a loss to readily understand the bloody reprisals of the Hindoos at Lucknow, and the fearful mutinies of the blacks, barbarously imprisoned at Jamaica by Sir John Eyre.

When, in 622, Mohammed fled from Mecca, he sought refuge at Aden : here also, Mussulman fanaticism is strong, but hatred of the English is, perhaps, still more violent. On the square where we received such a singular reception from the ostriches, there are four pieces of artillery whose gunners wait only for a signal, to rake with grape-shot a populace ready to rise at any moment. From 1845 to 1855, any traveller who ventured out at night a hundred steps from Aden, without escort, was sure to be assassinated. The commander of the "Eurisis," now Admiral Guérin, was attacked at eleven o'clock the night before we arrived. Wounded by a dagger-thrust in the leg, he owed his escape only to the swiftness of his horse.

What gain can it be to the English, to live in the midst of a people exasperated by their rule ? What use to them is this unwholesome rock—this hotbed of mortal diseases, dissipations for the young officers of the army of India ? They require Aden, which gives them the mastery of the Red Sea, for the same reason that from the fact of their holding Gibraltar, they believe themselves masters of the Mediterranean. Of the two regiments garrisoned here, not more than half the troops are fit for service ; the other half are bed-ridden,—prostrated by fevers which the heat and the bad quality of the water have induced. It is true that great cisterns have been built, which are admirable works that do great honor to the English engineers ; they are well worth visiting, but the brackish liquid they contain is repulsive, and, unless it is absolutely necessary, I advise no traveller to slake his thirst with it.

Thanks to my companion, I was invited to the officers' mess of one of the infantry regiments of the garrison. Nearly all these gentlemen could speak French, and scarcely any but that language was spoken

about us,—an attention which but few of our French officers would be able to offer to English officers. It was the anniversary of the Queen's birthday: never in my life have I seen so many glasses emptied, or heard so many toasts proposed. They drank to the French navy, and as I was the only Frenchman present, it was incumbent upon me to propose a toast and to make a speech about the English navy; the French army was also toasted, and I had to reply at once with the health of the English army. Finally, Colonel Campbell drank to the health of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, adding that he had no doubt that he would find a supporter in the foreign gentleman he had introduced; I replied that I most heartily drank to the health of that fruitful mother who, before her widowhood, gave to old England a new citizen with every returning year. My words were received with a thundering hip! hip! hurrah! and three times three! We rose from the table at midnight; our friends' heads being too excited to think of going to bed, it was unanimously decided to accompany us to the dock. Fortunately, it was a fine night: the moon was shining, a sea-breeze cooled heated temples, and we came in sight of the "Addington" without accident; but instead of leaving us there, our companions, glad of any chance to vary the monotony of garrison life, concluded to see us safely to our very cabins. Our arrival on board aroused everybody. The whole ship's company long since plunged in sleep and darkness, bestirred themselves and lighted their lamps; the deck was a scene of tumult until daylight, when the steamer hove to and was pointed towards the island of Ceylon. It was not without regret that I took leave of these jovial companions of a night, and the adieu I waved to them was all the more cordial, when in leaving us they set up the Marseillaise: it seemed to me that their voices, with the deep chant of the sea accompanying them, came to me like an echo from my far-off home. Why is it that our national hymn—which, however, they sing very badly,—is liked so much by Englishmen? I am at a loss to account for it, but always, outside of France, wherever you find a Frenchman in the midst of a group of Englishmen, you are sure to hear this great hymn of the Revolution.

I had inquired of the officers seated at my side, in what way they spent their time during their stay at Aden. "We sleep all day and sit up all night," they answered; "just before sunrise, we mount our horses; after a ride on the seashore, we take a shower-bath and a dozen cups of tea, then we stretch out on our mats until six o'clock in the evening, unless, of course, we are on duty. At sunset we meet in our mess-room, and we pass the night in chit-chat. The arrival of the English mail four times a month is our chief excitement; we always find among the passengers some acquaintance. This monotonous life lasts two mortal years, after which we go to England or to Bengal,—our favorite garrison. Alas! many of those whom you see here will never see again, either the white cliffs of Great Britain or the beautiful blue mountains of Hindostan; many will be sunstruck, attacked with fever, or killed by smiling. A 'smile,' he sadly explained, "is another word for grog. Have you not observed that when we drink to any one's health, we salute each other smiling? Well, in order to relieve the monotony of our days, we 'smile' too often, which is another way of saying we drink immoderately, and these continual libations kill us more surely than Asiatic sun or Arab bullets."

III.

HERE we are in the Indian Ocean, having left at Aden those travellers bound for Bombay and Zanzibar. The company allows passengers to visit Bombay without additional expense. After a stay here which is limited to one week, they may take the boat from Bombay to Ceylon, to connect at this port with the steamers *en route* for China. It is an interesting voyage to those who are not familiar with British India, but one of the finest things to be seen upon the ocean is missed,—the group of the Maldivé Islands. When we came in sight of them, the Captain,—who must be an artist,—ventured close in to some of the delicious little islands—innumerable "attolls" formed of madrepores and corals, upon which there is a most luxurious growth of tropical plants. What a contrast with the desolate barrenness of Aden, and how delightful to the eye are these ocean-oases! There are inhabitants upon all the islands: in some cases not more than ten people. They subsist

upon fish, nuts, cocoa, and rice. They are savages, and inhospitable in their manner, and woe to the shipwrecked sailors whom storms cast upon these shores! In view of the new order of things in consequence of the opening of the canal, civilization must inevitably penetrate to the Mussulman tribes of this archipelago. If ever one of the great number of ships which in the future must cross the Indian Ocean, should be obliged to put into port, it is absolutely necessary that it should be able to find aid and protection.

At the port of Aden we took on board some richly dressed Parsees,—disciples of Zoroaster,—accompanied by many servants. This interesting caste, which has all the enterprise and intelligence of the Jews, has monopolized the opium trade of India. As it was the English who opened to them the great market of China, and drew them out of the misery and ignorance in which they grovelled from time immemorial, they naturally admit that there is but one great nation,—the English. They have never fraternized with the Hindoos, who have always treated them, until within a few years, as we treated the Jews in the dark ages. It is only necessary to notice for a moment the beauty of their large black eyes, the regularity of the aquiline noses, the light tints of their skin, to recognize in them the purest type of the Persian family. The founder of their sect,—who in all probability preceded Jesus Christ by seven centuries,—constituted the Parsees [or Guebres] the faithful guardians of a more consoling doctrine than the Catholic religion. Like the Bouddha and Brahma religions, it denies eternal punishment. At the end of the world, after three days of punishment which the wicked must suffer in the presence of the good, all meet together in a shining place—a resplendent Paradise called Gorotma; there, good and bad, reprobate and elect, cleansed from their past sins, have only now to unite their voices in one vast choir which shouts the praises of Ormuzd. I noticed that the Parsees, an account of certain table-manners which materially differ from our own, did not have their meals at the common table. Without due reflection I accepted, one day, an invitation to dinner given me by one of them,—a rich Bombay merchant. I was obliged to be satisfied with cold meats, rice instead of bread, and

a succulent curry, in order to eat all of which I had to make use of my fingers, no knife and fork being furnished. A silver pitcher and basin, and immaculate napkins however,—handed by a servant at each course,—rendered quite tolerable for once this primitive way of eating. At dessert I offered them cigars, which they declined; air, water, and fire are worshipped by them, and in their eyes it is sacrilege to use that divine element—flame, for the purpose of lighting a rolled-up tobacco leaf. One of them offered me some perfumed pastiles. In short, although these Parsees were quite ignorant of European affairs, I left them with the feeling that I had had to do with well-bred men of an intelligence far superior to that of the Hindoo. Queen Victoria, who has knighted several Parsees, has failed to add by this distinction to the natural nobility of their character.

It takes ten days to go from Aden to Point de Galle,—a harbor at the southern end of the island of Ceylon; next to the Pacific Ocean voyage from Yokohama to San Francisco, it is the longest stretch by sea on this tour. After a month of sea-life, however, the tourist becomes so accustomed to being on shipboard, and the days pass so quickly, that except for seasickness no one wants to hasten the time for the next halt. Nevertheless, when the Captain of the “Addington” sent us word that we were in sight of the mountains of Ceylon, everybody was impatient to land upon this magnificent island.

Here, we are told by the Hindoos, was the cradle of the human race; it would be difficult to find a richer or more poetical spot. Hidden in abundance in the coarse gangues of the sands of the rivers of Ceylon are the finest rubies, the topaz, amethysts, and sapphires; along the shores are picked up the richest pearls and mother of pearl to be found in the world; the flowers, favored by temperature at once moist and sultry, attain to prodigious growths. Solomon, so the legend tells us, sent to Ceylon for the precious wood and spices needed for his temple. To keep within bounds, however, it will at once be seen that the reputation for beauty given to this favored island is not unmerited. The charming “attoll,” alone, which is at the entrance to the harbor is a gem. Imagine a perfectly round coral-reef, rising from a sea of Mediterranean blue, and in

the midst of it, shooting up saucily into the air, groups of cocoanut trees with fantastic plumes. Some miracle has thrown them there, as if to defy the land and sea winds which continually beat upon them, waving them to and fro. But it is the mountains that most delight the eye, when from the upper decks of the steamer Ceylon, the Great Sunda Islands, Sumatra, Java, and Borneo first come into view. Although most frequently they stand out against a clear-cut sky, their summits and slopes are often clothed with light-floating, blue vapors. The eye, weary with a long sea-voyage, joyfully rests upon the mingled tints of verdure among the pale yellow cocoanut forests which border the shores, but it must needs wander upward in preference, towards the upper heights where those feathery clouds lie floating. Adam's peak, standing a little west of the island, and to which, according to Singhalese tradition, our first parent came to die, is one of the most magnificent cloud-capped heights ever dreamed of. Eve, whose consort was obliged to leave her at the Red Sea, has a tomb at Djeddah which is worshipped by Mussulmans; but her sepulchre has not for setting the beautiful vistas of mountains and the blue mists, which, like a perpetual incense, are slowly wafted from the bosom of the valleys towards the summit where the primal man drew his latest breath.

As it is necessary to wait at Point de Galle the coming of the steamer from Calcutta, Maurice Island, and Australia, there is a halt there of 36 to 48 hours,—a delay about which no one complains. The proprietor of Coleman's hotel should be applied to for a wagon to visit Walk Valley, Cinnamon Garden, Colombo—the capital, and, if there is time, Kandy, a picturesque little town on the border of a lake among the high mountains in the interior. A still better plan is to stay at this place for a fortnight and visit all the places of interest,—the magnificent inland forests, and the ruined temples of Boudha of great antiquity. The route from Point de Galle to Colombo,—on one side the sea bristling with reefs, and the other lined with vast forests of cocoanuts, guavas, cinnamon, and bread-trees—is of ravishing beauty. Now and again you see, upon the wooded slopes, the white dwellings of planters,—palatial homes surrounded by wide verandas, and well protected from

the heat. Towards sunset, upon the sandy road, you continually meet carriages, gentlemen and graceful ladies on horseback, and swarms of native Malabars. The countenances of these latter indicate a gentleness of disposition which is quite characteristic, and which invites you to talk to them, as you would to children. If the Singhalese men wore canezous like those of the women, it would, at first sight, be difficult to tell them apart. To add to this similarity, the men wear their hair very long, or gathered up on the top of the head with a wide shell comb. The smock frock,—a party-colored petticoat fastened about the waist and falling to the ankles, is the same for both sexes. It is disgusting to find that they have a detestable habit of always chewing betel-leaves; the traveller must become accustomed to it, for it is a practice common to nearly all the natives of the Far East and Oceanica. Hard to believe as it is, even Europeans, after a long stay in India, have become inveterate betel-chewers; they even become reconciled to staining their mouths with the juice of the arec nut, and their gums become horribly disfigured with the lime used. Several times, in my expeditions to Manilla, I have been politely offered by the daughter of some Tagal a bit of the arec nut which she had carefully rolled up in a betel-leaf soaked in lime. I was obliged to accept it or appear indifferent to a polite attention; but I must have been very badly brought up, for I have never been able to stand the taste of this horrible mixture for more than an instant; not alone is the taste offensive, it makes the breath disagreeable and parches the palate. In reply to the question why it is that millions of men and women practice from childhood until death this habit of chewing, we are told that the nut of the arec tree, on account of its astringent properties, is an excellent preventive of certain debilitating diseases of this country.

Hunters find only the difficulty of choosing their game; the wild buffalo, the leopard, the aligator, the pelican, and the heron abound. There are also white and black elephants, but I would advise that the hunting of them be left to the natives, who, however, never kill these animals—the most docile in the world: strange to say, they have not the long tusks of their African and Indian neighbors. By means

of slip-nooses made with long bind-weeds, they are caught by the feet, near the plantations of sugar canes to which they are very partial. Easily tamed by kind treatment, they are successfully used for carrying almost everything. They are so docile, that the English Government keeps a herd of about thirty of them, which are called, "The Elephant's Government Company." They are used to carry to Colombo, from the interior, the huge pieces of timber required for the navy or for military uses. In the morning, the elephant-driver summons these new kind of regulars from their quarters, and drives them to the clearings in the forest where the trees are felled; there, they are singly harnessed to some giant piece of timber, and alone, without a driver, solemnly and slowly, they drag their burdens to Colombo with never an idea of mischief by the way, and then return again, alone, for a new load. I question whether I am not indebted to the intelligence of this animal, for getting us out of a singular difficulty some friends and myself met with, near Kandy. Four or five of us, on horseback, were going towards this place on a fast trot, when, about a mile in front of us, we discovered an elephant coming towards us, in the middle of the road. When they saw him, our little horses stopped short, and not only refused to go on, but compelled us to beat a retreat which took us nearly out of sight of the animal. Three times we made the attempt, and each time they ran away; it was a caprice which we were at a loss to understand, for the horses of Ceylon get along very well with the tamed elephants. At first it was amusing, but becoming impatient, we dismounted, and taking our horses by the bridles we tried to force a passage. It was quite in vain; our horses reared and pranced and were covered with sweat, but they would not go on. At this point, one of our number fortunately hit upon the following expedient: advancing towards the elephant who had himself stopped when he saw us, he pointed out to him and coaxed him in various ways towards a group of cinnamon trees on one side of the road. The great creature, balancing himself on two feet for a minute, —as if undecided what to do,—at last, as if he understood that he frightened our horses, plunged into the woods, but not without stopping every few steps to look

at us, and wait for more instructions. We then went on. Once out of the woods, we stopped to see if the elephant would come back to the road; this he did, probably wondering to himself how in the world so gentle a creature as he was, could frighten anybody.

The first conquerors of Ceylon were Portuguese; the Dutch took it from them; the English in turn, becoming more powerful than the Dutch, drove them out and have held it ever since. This is about the history of all the colonies. If at Point de Galle there are but few vestiges of the rule of the Dutch, at Colombo, on the other hand, every monument recalls to mind the great deeds of the Albuquerque and the two Castros. A good many of their descendants are still there, but they are fast disappearing among the English, Malays, Chinese, and Persians who have settled upon the island; only their adhesion to the Catholic religion, and a proverbial bad faith, distinguish them from the rest. There are but few races which have so rapidly decayed as the Portuguese. At Ceylon, Goa, Mozambique, and Macao, the Portuguese, by intermarrying with the Asiatic women, have degenerated physically and morally. They have nearly all become feeble and of small stature; their original peculiarities have entirely disappeared,—lost in those of the inferior races with whom they have shamelessly intermingled. Crafty and dissolute, carrying prostitution to its last limits, it is impossible to associate with them, for it invariably ends in some difficulty. Their ridiculous vanity is greater than that of the Gascons or Andalusians. "Present arms! take aim! scowl well at the enemy! fire!" is one of the commands of the militia officers at Goa. Those of this nationality who have not mixed with the Asiatics or Monguls are decent people. At Singapore, Macao, all through the West Indies, there are Portuguese firms which take a high stand commercially. Captains of trading vessels from Havre and Nantes, who had brought to Ceylon Cardiff and Newcastle coals, intending to return with cargoes of the rich spices of the Sunda Islands, assured me that their relations with the Portuguese business firms were of the most satisfactory character.

At Point de Galle, a few miles from the landing, is a modern temple of the Boud

dha God in a lovely grove. The huge idol is coarse, fat, and gilded all over. The walls of the Pagoda, ending in a cupola above, are covered with dingy paintings on a gold back-ground, which represent Heaven and Hell inhabited by all kinds of people. Kings, who the inexorable painter has put in the most uncomfortable places, may be recognized by the crowns on their heads;—not one of these mortals of high degree who is not depicted as being beheaded, hung, or impaled. Paradise, occupied entirely by poor people, looked to me like a disagreeable place where the righteous abandoned themselves to the joys promised by Mohammed to the elect. A redeeming feature of Buddhism is (as in the doctrine of Zoroaster) a belief that there is no such thing as eternal punishment for sins committed while on earth, and I cannot refrain from calling especial attention to this confidence on the part of 400 millions of our fellow-beings in the boundless clemency of the gods they worship.

During a long visit at the temple, we saw but one Singhalese woman; she was decorating the huge feet of the god with bananas, mint, and fragrant flowers. I asked her if she could tell me where the priests of the temple were; she replied smiling, but with ill-feigned ignorance, that she did not know. They had hidden themselves at our coming, for at Ceylon, as in all these colonies, the English are hated, and the natives avoid coming in contact with them, as much as possible. I went there alone one day to see the god Bouddha, and came upon one of the priests unexpectedly. I thought, at first, that he was praying; but on going nearer I saw that he was undisturbedly patching an old coat, and before I left he admitted that being a tailor as well as a priest, he followed his trade of sewing, when his services as a priest didn't bring him in enough money.

We cross the Gulf of Bengal, and pass through the Straits of Malacca, on board the "Achilles,"—one of the most highly furnished and elegant ships of the company. Since leaving Southampton, the passengers have varied very much in nationality; we have on board, Americans, English from Australia, Portuguese, Parsees, natives of all colors, Bengalese, and Malabars. Some of the Americans we

took on board at Ceylon are scarcely twenty years of age. They are going round the world. The cause of their continual disputes with the English is always the same,—“Is John Bull greater than his cousin Jonathan, or *vice versa*?” This incessant squabbling among them is quite as bitter as it was when the United States proclaimed their independence.

I chummed with one of the newly arrived Americans, and noticed that he was continually playing with a microscopic revolver which he carried behind him in a pocket "*ad hoc*." When I proposed to him to put away the dangerous plaything, he answered me, with an oath, that he needed it to kill the first Englishman who should insult him. My young Yankee friend is eighteen years old, and has been travelling about for two years, carrying in his pocket, next to his revolver a letter of credit for 30,000 francs, addressed to all the principal banking-houses of both hemispheres. I feel quite sure that he will not kill anyone, for his large blue eyes are full of gentleness, and he blushes like a young girl. He has already visited every important city,—London very little, however, for he has assured me a hundred times, "I ran too great a risk of being knocked down for chaffing the Englishmen." I compare, in my mind, this beardless young American,—left entirely to himself, with a considerable sum of money to spend as he likes, speaking all the modern languages of Europe, and going back to his family in Philadelphia, after having gone round the world at the age of nineteen. What a harvest of experiences and adventures he takes back with him! It is true, I do not consider that for the making of a man, it is necessary to have gone round the world, but I cannot help thinking that if our rulers had seen something besides the asphalt of our Parisian boulevards, they might have more common sense, and a better knowledge of men. In our halls of legislation, instead of deputies screaming at each other over petty local matters, or having to discuss only the manœuvres of some scheming minister, we might have for representatives men of those broad views which a larger social horizon would give. Upon them might then fittingly devolve the task of unravelling the great problems for the solution of which humanity waits and longs.

(To be continued.)

English Paper.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

AN old man totters on the road
 Bow'd down with age and care ;
 His locks are white and float about
 Like snow-flakes in the air—
 The clouds are gath'ring darkly round,
 The night seems settling fast,
 The wind sends forth a moaning sound,
 The owlets flutter past.

The old man halts along the road,
 He sees the gathering gloom—
 No hope has he—no power to stay
 His fast-approaching doom.
 He sees the children pass him by,
 And sadly turns his face ;
 He knows too well that he must die,
 The New Year take his place.

He hears the children clap their hands
 And shout aloud for glee,
 He marks them hasten on their way
 The glad New Year to see.
 And then he hears the midnight chime
 Ring out his fun'ral knell ;
 His life fades fast—he rests at last,
 The New Year breaks the spell.

A little child now leads the way
 His step is light and bold,
 His hair is bright and floats about
 Like threads of burnish'd gold.
 The clouds are passing swift away,
 The morn seems soft and clear ;
 The night has pass'd—the sun's bright ray
 Brings in the glad New Year.

Farewell Old Year ! your work is done,
 A new one fills your place ;
 The darkest night will pass away
 The morning dawn apace !
 We cannot bring the dead to life,
 Nor wasted hours recall ;
 But in the coming year we may,
 Perhaps, atone for all.

 Temple Bar.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, "THE NIOBE OF MONARCHY."

By the iron hand alone has France been
 or ever can be ruled ; exchange the iron
 hand for one of flesh and blood, and she
 plunges and rears like a restive horse be-
 neath a timid grasp—and crushes it.

Fickle and ungrateful as the Athenians,
 cruel and bloodthirsty as the Romans, the
 Paris mob respects no power but the pow-
 er that *can* destroy it. The liberty it
 thirsts for is the liberty of the savage—the

liberty to kill and destroy. It ever tramples upon the fallen, and licks the hand of the conqueror. One day it shouts "*Vive la Commune !*" tugs at the Vendôme Column, and fires the city. The next day its cry is, "*A bas la Commune !*" and "*Vive*" anything or anybody that happens to be uppermost, and is more eager than the Versaillists themselves to hunt down and butcher the Communists, whom, at the slightest sign of successful reaction, it would hug and shout for as lustily as ever. Freedom to it is like alcohol to a confirmed drunkard—a moderate, wholesome quantity serving only to create a raging thirst, and plunge it into excess and intoxication—and in its delirium it rends its benefactor. Louis XVI., the most gentle and humane of kings, was made the scapegoat of all the oppressions of his predecessors. Upon the innocent head of Marie Antoinette fell the retribution evoked by the Montespons, the Pompadours, and the Du Barrys.

On the 2d day of November, 1755, occurred the terrible earthquake that engulfed Lisbon, and thousands of human beings. On that same day Marie Antoinette was born. Evil portents began with her birth and followed her through life.

The 16th of May, 1770, is a fête-day through the length and breadth of France. It is the marriage-day of the Dauphin with the daughter of Marie Thérèse of Austria. She is exquisitely beautiful, only fifteen, yet a mistress of every accomplishment: a proficient in French, English, Italian, Latin, drawing, music, dancing. From Strasburg to Compiègne her progress has been marked by one continuous fête; her eyes have looked upon naught but smiling faces, holiday attire, and roadways strewn with flowers; no harsher sounds have rung in her ears than the peal of the bells or the *feu de joie*, while every breeze wafted shouts of welcome and words of devotion. At Compiègne she has been met by Louis XV. and her future husband, and by them conducted amid even greater rejoicings to Versailles. These festivities will cost over 20,000,000 francs. Happy bride, to be the object of so much homage; happier bridegroom, to be the possessor of so much loveliness! Surely Fortune has emptied her cornucopia over the cradles of both! Where is the seer whose eyes can penetrate the depths of the future and see the shadowy form of the "Red Mokanna" stalking behind her—the glittering axe

hovering above her neck, and foresee the hour when the poorest outcast—whose bed is the stones, and whose meal is the crust out of the gutter—would not change places with the beautiful Queen of France? "Call no one happy until he has passed over the last day of his life," said the old Greek philosopher. What profound wisdom is in those words!

Magnificent are the wedding preparations at Versailles; all the pomp and luxury of the Court are there. The morning has been fine and bright, but, while the wedding party is gathering, dark threatening clouds begin to sail across the sky; the growl of the thunder is heard, and the large drops patter upon the leaves. Darker and darker grow the heavens, and down comes the storm in all its fury. Out of the black clouds descend sheets of water; the streets of Versailles, of Paris, are foaming rivers. The blackness of night, broken only by the blaze of the lightning, enshrouds the day; the thunder crashes and rolls and echoes and re-echoes, drowning the voice of the priest, blanching the cheeks of the bride, and striking terror to the hearts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who attend upon her. But the storm passes away, and the sun shines brightly again when the wedding *cortège* comes forth. At night the park and gardens are lit up by four millions of lamps. Looking at those myriads of lights shining and twinkling and clustering among the dark shadowy foliage, one might fancy that the heavens had fallen, and that all the stars had lodged among the trees and shrubs. To add to the illusion, a bouquet of three thousand rockets ascends, filling the air with a gorgeous shower of meteors.

On the 30th of May the rejoicings are brought to an end by a splendid illumination and pyrotechnic display in Paris. It is doomed to be a black memory in many a household. The sight is magnificent, and every street is thronged with people and ablaze with light. The crowd is all *gaieté de cœur*, as only a French crowd can be. But all of an instant the spell is broken by cries, not of joy, but of anguish—of screams, not of laughter, but of terror. The Place de Louis Quinze is seen to be enveloped in flames. A grand *pièce* of *feu d'artifice* has taken fire accidentally and ignited its fixtures. The Place is crowded with carriages; the

horses take fright ; madly breaking from control they plunge among the crowd, trampling down the people at every step. The human mass sways, surges, falls back upon itself, and is seized with delirious panic. Groans, yells, shrieks, imprecations, clash and mingle with the laughter that yet reverberates in the air. There is a purposeless rush—a frantic effort to get—no one knows whither. Some houses are being rebuilt ; the foundations, open and encumbered with *débris*, gape like huge pits ; in these fall men, women, and children, until they are filled with a writhing mass of human sufferings, and over this road of flesh tramples the flying crowd, breaking arms, legs, and crushing to death. Men draw their swords and pierce their way through the swaying human wall that encompasses them ; others hang on to the carriages until the occupants, savage with "nature's first law," cut them down or slash off their clinging hands ; some cast themselves into the Seine, others into the ditches of the Tuileries, where they are smothered in the ooze and slime. Artificial scaffoldings, erected for spectators, give way and precipitate their crowds and their beams upon the struggling wretches beneath, crushing them like egg-shells. Robbers pounce like vultures upon the helpless, and strip them of their valuables ; in their savage haste chopping off fingers to secure the rings, tearing the earrings through the women's ears.

The illuminations light up a charnel-house, and serve as torches for those who seek and bear away the dying and the dead. The wails of wives, husbands, fathers, the cries of children and the groans of the sufferers, penetrate even to the nuptial chamber. All that money and sympathy can do to alleviate the sufferings of which Marie Antoinette is the innocent cause she does not spare.

The young bride and bridegroom go but little into public ; the corrupt society of the Court is not to their taste, and the Du Barry frowns upon them.

Many anecdotes are recorded of La Dauphine's kindness of heart. Here are two. One day, during a royal hunt, she came suddenly upon a poor woman sitting beneath a tree, with a child in her arms, weeping bitterly for her husband, a forester, who had just been killed by a stag. After listening to her story with

tears in her eyes, the Princess insisted upon the poor creature getting into the carriage, that she might drive her to the King, and personally intercede for her. The end of the adventure was a liberal pension for the widow and orphan, procured upon the spot. Hearing that an officer of a discharged regiment was in great indigence, she commanded to be made for him the uniform of a company in active service ; in one pocket of the coat she put a captain's commission, in the other a purse containing a hundred louis ; in one of the vest pockets a gold snuff-box and in the other a gold watch.

On the 10th of May, 1774, died Louis XV. When it was announced to the Dauphin that he was king, he fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Oh, my God, what a misfortune for me !" Boding words, those. But fatally true ones. Never was man more unfitted to wield a sceptre—and, above all, the sceptre of France. As a private gentleman, mounted upon his hobby-horse, lock-making, he would have ambled quietly through life, and have gone down into his grave beloved and respected by all who knew him. But as a king he was a sad failure. His lack of energy amounted to imbecility ; he had not sufficient strength of mind to be either a tyrant or a constitutional monarch, but was ever wavering from one side to the other, according to the impetus given by the last adviser. He was noble only in his sufferings ; in those he was more than noble—he was heroic. "The nobleness and dignity of his attitude and words drew from me tears of rage," writes Père Duchesne (Hébert), in describing the trial of the king.

To what a heritage did he succeed ! A bankrupt exchequer ; a society so effete and corrupt that we must search back to the last years of the Roman empire to find its parallel ; an army and navy demoralized by defeat ; a peasantry out of which all humanity had been trodden ; and a seething mass of famine, brutalism, and crime crouching in the holes and corners of the great cities, hungering for food and blood. To hold the reins of such a government more than a Cromwell was required. Louis was less than a Stuart. The first acts of his reign were to remit several burdensome taxes, to repeal some old oppressive statutes, and

to banish the Du Barry and other vile women from the Court.

The young queen freely forgives all past slights and injuries, but refuses to receive ladies of evil fame. To all arts and artists her bounty is munificent; on every side resound praises of her beauty, talent, and generosity; a little later, and those very tongues will be loudest in her execration. She detests the tedious, absurd ceremonials introduced into the Court by Louis XIV., and makes bitter enemies by her unconcealed contempt for those minutiae of etiquette which are the dearest objects in life to the butterflies of Versailles. She is a light-hearted girl, rebelling against all restraint, and as fond of a romp as though she were the daughter of a butcher or a baker. The moments he can get away from the tedious state ceremonials, off she runs to her private apartments to rid herself of her trappings, sometimes rending them in her impatience to be rid of them. Free of these incumbrances, she cries merrily, "Now I am no longer a queen." Then away into the gardens for a scamper, or, perhaps, a donkey race, or some merry game. She goes to the *bal d'opéra* incognito. The king, methodical in all things, always retires to rest at one hour; one night, impatient to get away, she put the hands of the clock forward. Another night, when going to the opera, attended by only one lady, the carriage breaks down, and she finishes the ride in a *fiacre*. The model Parisians, who swallowed without a gulp the doings of Louis XV. and his ladies, are highly shocked at this indecorous behavior, and circulate the most licentious stories against her. Then came the scandal of the diamond necklace. After the most minute investigation, every respectable writer of the present century concurs in exonerating Marie Antoinette from any participation in that nefarious business. The intriguing Countess de la Motte, aided by her husband, an imitator of handwritings, and a courtesan bearing an extraordinary resemblance to Marie Antoinette, were the sole concoctors of a plot of which the infamous Cardinal de Rohan was the victim. The particulars of the affair have been so frequently repeated, *ad nauseam*, that I need not touch upon them here.

On the 21st of January, 1781, there is a great rejoicing throughout France; an

heir has been born to the crown. On that very day, eleven years afterwards, Louis the King will lay his head upon the block.

As we draw the curtain upon the gay, yet strange picture of her last happy days, we ask ourselves wonderingly—"Is this the calm, undaunted woman of the Revolution, the heroine of the Temple, the sad, noble-looking creature whom artists have graven upon our memories? Although scarcely becoming a queen, according to our preconceived notions, all this was nothing more than the exuberance of youth—the *foolhardiness* of virtue—for the most virtuous of women, from the mere fact of thinking no harm, *think* least of their reputations. Not all the malignant scrutiny of the Revolutionary Tribunal could bring against her one proof of infidelity to her husband which can be received by an impartial posterity; only calumnies of which the very filthiness and hideousness condemn them. The Prince de Ligne, who was admitted into her most intimate society, thus writes of her:—"Her pretended gallantries were never more than a deep feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a woman's coquetry. Even when youth and inexperience, perhaps, made her manners too free with those about her, there was not one who dared presume upon it. She was undoubtedly a queen, and we adored without dreaming of love."

She was extravagant and lavish in her expenditure. She is said to have bestowed large sums upon the Duchess de Polignac and other favorites. These were but the errors of a generous heart—grave errors, if we consider the exhausted exchequer; but how often do people reared in luxury think of *that*? But much of her money was better bestowed. In the bitter winter of 1788 she personally visited the most miserable quarters of Paris and distributed large alms; besides which she placed 500 louis in the hands of the lieutenant of police for further charity.

But, spite of these bounties, she was the object of the most malicious scandals. She was accused of sending away large sums to Austria and of plotting against the interests of France. Every unpopular act of the King or of the Ministry was imputed to her influence; even the poverty and starvation of the country were

laid to her account. It is difficult to understand the cause of this widespread and undeserved unpopularity, unless it arose from the growing disaffection to all royalty, and from a national dislike to Austria, so strongly testified in the epithet of "*l'Autrichienne*," which was ever in the mouths of the mob.

The expenditure caused by the American expedition completed the exhaustion of the exchequer. In aiding the democracy of America, Louis became the propagandist of those doctrines which were destined to sweep away his throne. The machinery of government having utterly broken down, it became necessary to summon the States-General. Had the king at this time yielded wisely, but firmly, to popular demands, the revolution *might* have been averted; at least he would certainly have saved his own life and that of his queen. He gave to the Assembly the freedom of the press; assented to no impost being levied without their consent, to the publication yearly of the revenue and expenses, to the abolition of mainmort, etc. All this was but just and equitable, but here he should have put down his foot, and yielded not one inch further. But the eager deputies, filled with the new ideas, took advantage of his weakness and indecision to daily and hourly increase their demands, until, there being nothing left to ask for, they craved to sweep him away with the old statutes and tyranny.

The Queen counselled an energetic resistance to the excessive encroachment of the Assembly. At the approach of danger, every atom of weakness and frivolity vanished from her character; no more masquerades, no more games at romp, no more coquetry, but every inch a queen—fearless in the defence of her prerogative—dauntless to the menaces of enemies, patient to endure, a true, devoted wife, a passionately loving mother—in a word, a *true woman*! Each day her trials grew more bitter, and each day her nature grew more noble. Each day some beloved friend swelled the tide of emigration now constantly flowing from the shores of France, until she stood alone with husband and children. In vain, both now and hereafter, did her brother and every member of her family press upon her to quit France and seek a shelter in Austria. Her answer was ever the same:—"My

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duty keeps me here at my husband's side to share his danger; I will never quit him with life."

Here is Madame Vigée Lebrun's portrait of her personal appearance about this period:—"Tall, admirably proportioned, fully developed but not stout, superb arms, hands and feet small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her head with a majesty that instantly marked the sovereign even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sweetness and pleasantness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much sweetness and nobleness combined. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family the long, oval, narrow countenance peculiar to it. Her blue eyes were not large, but they were soft and brilliant; nose good, well chiselled; her mouth not too large, although her lips were rather full. But the great beauty of her face was her complexion. I have never seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I went to Fontainebleau I saw her in full costume, covered with diamonds, and as the sun shone upon her she looked truly dazzling. Her head, supported by her lovely swan-like neck, gave her in walking so majestic and imposing an air that she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nymphs."

A banquet was given at Versailles to a regiment which had just arrived from Flanders. During the latter part of the evening the Queen, with the Dauphin in her arms, and accompanied by the King, entered the room. It was the signal for an enthusiastic but imprudent demonstration. The toast of the "Nation" was refused amidst deafening shouts of "*Vive la Reine!*" The red cap and tricolor were trampled under foot, and hundreds of voices chorused the loyal song:—"O Richard, O mon roi! l'univers l'abandonne."

Alas, poor Queen, it is your last triumph! Never again will your heart beat with the consciousness of power and devotion.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 6th of October, an attendant besmeared with blood, rushes into the Queen's chamber entreating her to fly—the mob are close at hand, clamoring for her death. She has only time to throw on a dressing-

gown and fly by another door, when, with yells and curses, the ruffians trample upon her attendant and rush into the chamber. Foaming with rage at the escape of their prey, they slash and cut the bed to atoms with their swords and knives as they would have done her body. With clubs and hammers they dash out the brains of the guards who attempt to stay their progress. Suddenly the galloping of horse is heard without ; it is Lafayette just arrived from Paris with a body of troops. In a few moments the murderers are driven out of the palace ; but they are not dispersed, and, gathering in the grounds, they howl for the Queen to appear before them. In the hope of quelling the riot by gentle means, the whole of the royal family, children and all, appear upon the balcony. But their cries redouble :—"The Queen, the Queen ! we do not want the children !" they shout. Ready to immolate herself to save those who are dear to her, by a quick movement she thrusts back the King and the children into the room, and, calmly contemptuous of death, faces alone the infuriated rabble, presenting, as it were, her head to the blow. For an instant the wild beasts are awed by the sublime courage of a SOUL. At that moment Lafayette steps out upon the balcony and respectfully raises her hand to his lips. A shout of applause rings through the air. But the mob insist upon the return of the King and Queen to Paris. So Lafayette escorts them, and the assassins cut off the heads of the soldiers they have murdered, and, sticking them upon pikes, bear the ghastly emblems of fidelity beside the carriage all the way, sometimes thrusting them through the windows. But they cannot shake the firmness of the heroic Queen. Through the whole of this terrible day, until eleven at night, she has to endure every insult that a foul-mouthed mob can devise ; knives are brandished before her eyes, execrations and obscenities are shouted in her ears ; but calm and dignified, with not one quiver of weakness, she endures all, driving the hatred of her persecutors beyond all bounds by her very heroism.

The Assembly would not countenance assassination, so they sent judges to receive her deposition upon the affair of the 6th of October ; but, above the pettiness of revenge, she answered to all their queries, "I saw all ; I knew all ; and I have

forgotten all !" A noble reply—a severe reproof. Each day a mob came to the apartments of the Queen to insult and threaten her. When one of the ministers wished to close the doors against it, she answered, "No ; we have still the courage to listen !" She had not only the courage to endure, but the sublimer courage to return good for evil. Even during this time her charity flowed freely upon the very people who were thirsting for her blood. She sent money to the Hospital of St. Cloud, and expended 40,000 francs in redeeming pledges from the Mont de Piété. Her time was chiefly occupied in educating her children ; surrounded by spies, every action of her life, every word that she uttered, was bruited abroad and twisted and tortured into treason against the people : the reception of a few friends was stigmatized as a licentious orgie. Not even her bedchamber was sacred from intrusion ; the door was never to be closed, and sentinels during the night were only separated from her by a screen. For two years she lived thus.

Offers of succor were sent to the King, and she urged him to place himself at the head of his army and cut his way to the German frontiers, where the *émigrés*, backed by the forces of Austria, awaited him. Vigorously executed, the scheme must have succeeded. But, oppressed by his fatal weakness and indecision, dreading to follow in the steps of Charles I., whose fate was ever before his eyes, he could not be induced to act. At last, after long importunity, she prevailed upon him to try the chances of escape. Then came the flight and the arrest at Varennes. But even in that fatal hour decision would have saved him. De Choiseul and De Gougelat came up with their soldiers ; the Queen urged him to authorize those officers to force their passage to the frontier, but he persisted in relying upon the good feeling of the people, and hesitated until the arrival of Lafayette's troops snatched away the opportunity. The journey back to Paris occupied eight days. The heat was terrible, the dust stifling. Stived up in a close carriage the sufferings of herself and children were indescribable : streaming with perspiration, fouled with dust, parching with thirst, the small quantity of air admitted by the windows kept back more than half the time by the heads of horrible wretches who looked in to

mock and curse, the stench of whose rotten breaths and foetid bodies filled the carriage with sickening odors. At Près de Saint Ménéhould, an old servant who came to pay his homage to fallen royalty was slain before its eyes, his body cut in pieces and carried as trophies with the *cor-tège*.

Wild and confused grow the pictures now; like the phantasma of an opium-eater's dream, or such as might have flashed across the brain of Orestes as he lay sleeping in the temple with the Eumenides crouching round him—wild, unearthly-looking figures crowd the canvas; in the foreground of all, the tumbril and the guillotine.

There is the last day of the monarchy—the fatal roth of August. There is the Queen, in the darkness of the night, listening with blanched cheeks to the terrible clang of the tocsin until it mingles with the stir of the gathering multitude. A terrible night of tears and agony; but with the rising sun comes resolution—the King must be roused from his lethargy—a defence must be made. Alas, at the last moment, Louis resolves to seek the protection of the Convention. The brave Swiss guards are left to defend the Tuileries. The mob gibe at the sentinels, and five, one after another, are dragged down by boat-hooks; but they endure all without retaliation, until at last a ruffian dashes out the last sentinel's brains—then a shot is fired, then the ferocious mob slays soldiers, servants, all in one indiscriminate slaughter. Their cries penetrate to the Hall of Convention. There the royal family await their doom. So savage and furious are the mob, that it has been found necessary to put a temporary iron screen—a work in which the King has assisted with his own hands—between it and its victims. The heat and the closeness of the atmosphere are almost unendurable. Three days have they to endure these horrors, sometimes fourteen hours at a stretch. Then the deposition of the King is pronounced, and all are consigned as prisoners to the Temple.

Deprived of everything by the sack of the Tuileries, they are indebted for their linen to the English embassy. They cannot breathe the air of the gloomy untended gardens without encountering insults at every step. The soldiers sing obscene songs, and bandy brutal jests, of which

they are the subject. Rocher, the saddler, jostles them with his elbow, and puffs tobacco smoke in the faces of the ladies. But at times some tender-hearted soul will cast a few flowers to them from the neighboring windows, sometimes a glance of pity, sometimes a note bearing words of encouragement and hope of succor. Who has not contemplated in his mind's eye the picture of the proud Queen, darning her husband's dilapidated clothes while he slept? But even this does not glut the fiendish vengeance of the mob. Ruffians stick upon a pike the head of her dearest friend, the Princess Lamballe, and howl until they bring her to the window to look upon the hideous spectacle. Then she is separated from the King, and she—before whose beauty the proudest in Europe have bowed—kneels to and supplicates her filthy gaolers to let herself and husband meet at least at meals. The King is tried and condemned. For the last time upon earth he is reunited to his family. He is the centre of the group; upon his right hand is the Queen, upon his left his sister; their arms are tightly clasped around his neck, their heads are drooping upon his breast; kneeling at his feet the Princess Royal, her face buried in his lap, her fair hair streaming over him like a garment; the Dauphin is upon his father's knee, clinging to his neck. For half an hour no word is spoken; only caresses and tears, and sobs breaking out at times into cries so piercing that they penetrate through the prison walls, and startle the passers-by without.

The picture fades away in a mist of tears, and a yet more touching one succeeds. A lovely fair-haired child trying to make his way out of the prison—seizing the hands of the guards, embracing their knees, and frantically imploring them to let him pass, that he may go and speak to the people, and beg them not to kill his father. When they tell him that all is over, the little hands relax, and the voice is choked, and his young soul faints beneath his awful sorrow. But there is another whose grief is yet more awful—his mother; who clasps him to her bosom and bathes him in her rushing tears. Then, repressing his own sobs, stifling his own tears, he tries to console her with his caresses.

When the first distraction has passed away, she recalls to him his father's last

words : never hereafter to seek any vengeance upon the murderers, and to always think of God. "Whenever I call upon the good God, mamma," says the child, "it is my father who always rises before me." He often sings to his mother the touching romance of "Filial Piety," composed by Lepitre, one of the overseers of the Temple, upon his father's death, and his Aunt Elizabeth accompanies him upon the clavecin.

But even these sad pleasures are short-lived. An order comes that the boy is to be taken away from his mother. Then the pride, the endurance, that have lived through three years of never-ceasing cruelty and insult, give way at last. He shall not go ; she will not part with him ; she will kill him rather. They try to take him from her by force, but her arms encircle him like bands of iron ; they must take her life first. She sobs, implores, prays, threatens. For two hours this painful scene lasts. She can resist no longer ; but her last words are to exhort him to remember his duties when she is no longer by to remind him of them : to be wise, patient, and honest ; to ever think of the dying words of his father, who looks down from heaven and blesses him. She strains him to her heart for the last time, and then he—is gone.

From the care of this tender mother he was consigned to that of the cobbler Simon. Who is not familiar with the history of his sufferings ? His long, beautiful hair was cropped close to his head ; and this child, of whose early-developed intellect and noble qualities so many affecting stories have been handed down to us, was made the drudge of that degraded brute. Every cruelty that brutality could devise was heaped upon him. One bitter winter's night, mindful of his mother's words, he had crept out of bed to pray to God to take him away to his father, when Simon surprised him. With frightful oaths he dashed a pitcher of half-frozen water over the kneeling child, and then flogged him with a leathern strap, and kicked him with his sabots, swearing all the time that if he ever caught him praying again he would kill him. These floggings and kickings were of hourly occurrence. One day a doctor, who was attending Simon's wife during an illness, interposed and saved the child from a terrible beating. The next day little Louis waited his

coming in the passage, and creeping up to him with a look of speechless gratitude in his soft blue eyes, placed two small pears in his hand. The noblest records of self-sacrifice that history has blazoned in its most glowing colors pale before the self-denial of this half-starved descendant of Louis le Grand. To torture, to starve, to beat, to kick, will not glut the cruelty of the brutal Simon ; Louis Capet must be degraded to the level of the beasts ; body and soul must be enervated. There is nothing in the history of the whole world so hideous as the frightful pollution of this child. I dare not glance at its revolting details. Under its influence his strength wasted away, and the beautiful face, once so full of soul and intellect, shrank and withered ; its light died out, and it fell into leaden idiocy.

One more picture, and this the last. A dungeon, into which no ray of heaven's light can penetrate ; an atmosphere so poisonous that the light of a candle will scarcely live in it. On a heap of rotten straw lies a mass of huddled rags. As the feeble rays of the candle fall upon it, it rises ; it is a living being, but so horrible, so loathsome, that all shrink back with sickening repulsion. The back is bent into the form of an arch ; the cheeks are hollow, and of a greenish pallor ; the eyes sunken and lustreless as lead ; the head and neck a mass of sores ; the limbs and arms those of a skeleton ; the wrists and knees swollen with tumors ; nails of a prodigious length, and crooked like those of a wild beast ; in every crease and crevice of the body a creeping ridge of vermin, feeding on and devouring it.

It was thus that he was found by the deputies of "the defenders of the rights of man" in 1795. They removed him from the prison, but he died soon afterwards.

A little time after the separation from her child, Marie Antoinette was consigned to a dungeon of the Conciergerie. The kind Richard, the *concierger*, and his wife, who alleviated her sufferings by many acts of kindness, were placed under arrest. Another jailer, who dared to solicit for her the loan of a cotton blanket, was threatened with the guillotine. To the outrage of all decency, two gendarmes were stationed in her cell night and day. Her gown and stockings rotted and fell to pieces with the damp.

But the end of all was at hand—her

trial and death. No one could be found bold enough to defend her, and the tribunal was obliged itself to appoint counsel. It was on a dull October morning that she was conducted from the Conciergerie through the dark winding passages of the ancient monastery in which the trials were held. The Hall of Convention is a large, gloomy apartment, with sparse and narrow windows, through the dusty panes of which the dull yellow light without creeps sluggishly. A few dimly-lit lanterns are scattered here and there, but the atmosphere is heavy and foggy, and half the hall is indistinct and full of shadows. On the lower benches sit the butchers with their blood-stained aprons, and long sharp knives gleaming in their belts. Above them sit the *tricoteuses*—terrible as the Parcæ—weaving the web of fate; some have cards in their hands, upon which, by the prick of a pin, they count the votes for and against as they are declared from the Tribune. Everywhere are scattered scowling faces eager for the blood of the unhappy woman. From without come the murmurs of the savage crowd, threatening death to those deputies who dare to vote against the condemnation of "*l'Autrichienne*;" and as the doors open and shut, their stir and fierce cries surge heavily into the court. The trial lasts three days. On the last day the proceedings begin at noon and last until four the next morning. All those hours the Queen of France stands in the hot, polluted atmosphere, without aught passing her lips. Burning with thirst, she begs for a drink of water: no one dares to stir, lest he should be marked as a *suspect*. Faint and exhausted, she asks a second time, and then an officer of gendarmes, in whose heart a spark of humanity yet lingers, puts a cup of water into her eager, trembling hands. A howl of disapprobation follows the act. He will be dismissed, but history will immortalize him. The indictments against her are numerous, some absurd; for instance, one charge is the number of shoes she has worn out! The money she has distributed in charity is charged against her as bribes to buy over the people.* To all, her answers are calm, simple, and con-

cise. At length Hébert accuses her of having corrupted her own child. At that horrible charge a shudder runs through the court. She is silent, but the muscles of her face quiver. The question is pressed, and then, with a heaving breast, she turns upon her accuser with sublime indignation, crying, "If I have not answered, it is because nature itself revolts against such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who are here—is it possible?" A murmur runs through the court—even the furies of the guillotine are softened by that pathetic appeal.* Calmly she listens to the sentence of death, and leaves the court without a murmur. It strikes four as she is conducted back to her cell. A few hours more, and the tumbril takes her to the Place de la Révolution. There, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, the guillotine raises its grisly head; and there, facing that palace, whither she had been conducted by a king amidst the acclamations of a nation, surrounded by adoring nobles who would have risked their lives a thousand times to win a smile from her lips, consort to the heir of the most splendid throne in Christendom, young, dazzlingly beautiful, splendid in jewels, buoyant with happiness, knowing sorrow only as a name, a prematurely aged woman with white hair, a pallid worn face furrowed by tears, attired in filthy tatters, lays her weary head beneath the knife amidst the obscene songs, the execrations of the vilest of the human race: and the body of her who for thirty-five years had reposed upon velvet and satin is thrown into a ditch and there consumed with quicklime.

The character of Marie Antoinette was extraordinarily contradictory, even for a woman. It presents two utterly distinct phases. For thirty-three years she was vain, coquettish, satirical, passionate, haughty, extravagant, and lavishly generous; recklessly gay, ardently fond of pleasure, and hoydenishly full of animal spirits. During the four last years of her life, a heroine. For if heroism be the power of endurance, the sublime attribute of the soul which raises it above the ills of life—if it be the fortitude to bear the very

* A similar accusation was brought against the king—the only one that broke down his firmness. His eyes filled with tears and his voice quivered with emotion at this vile misrepresentation of acts of pure charity.

* When, some months afterwards, Robespierre sent Hébert to the guillotine, one of the accusations he brought against him was, that by injudicious charges he had made "the widow Capet" interesting!

extremity of cruelty and insult with calmness and dignity, unsullied by impotent rage or vengeful feelings, then Marie Antoinette was the most heroic of women. The faults of her youth were the exotic fruits of her training and early associations; the virtues of her last days were the natural fruits of her soul. She was coquettish, because she was beautiful beyond her sex. Reared in the faith of the divine right of kings, she clung hard to prerogative, and counselled her weak-minded husband to many irritating and injudicious acts. Ignorant of the value of money, she expended extravagantly, when economy meant national salvation; but her purse was emptied as freely to relieve the distresses of the people as to enrich her favorites or to minister to her own pleasures. A heart full of fire, gayety, and animal spirits, led her into sad indiscretions, *but no guilt*. But in her days of tribulation, never was mother more tender, more loving, more devoted; never was wife more faithful unto death; never was woman more sublimely courageous; never was Christian more long-suffering and more forgiving of injuries.

The death of Marie Antoinette consummated the Revolution. Has that awful work of blood affected the destinies of the human race for good or evil? To France it bequeathed the Reign of Terror and a military despotism, that strewed the fields of Europe with a million corpses; a constantly recurring action and reaction, tending ever to the extremes of riot or absolutism; an impatience of wholesome authority, and a spirit of insubordination which culminated in the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war—in the Commune, that hideous burlesque of '92, which has laid Paris in ashes. These are the blessings it bequeathed to France.

We are repeatedly told that to the French Revolution we are indebted for the advance of modern thought and freedom. But to assert this is to confound cause and effect. Modern thought and modern theories of civil and religious freedom were fully developed in the pages of Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Bailly, and the Encyclopædists years before the convocation of the States-General. The Revolution was but *an effect of those causes from which new effects are daily developing*. It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to argue so vast a

question; I can only *assert*, and leave it to the reader's own reflections to verify or reject my position.

To ignore the stimulus given to modern progress by the events of the last decade of the eighteenth century would be absurd. But the stimulus was unhealthy, evanescent—the stimulus of a debauch, which was succeeded by reaction and torpidity. It did not emancipate the serfs of Russia or soften the rigors of Siberia. Austria and Prussia did not cease to be absolute monarchies; religious freedom did not arise in Spain and Portugal; Poland remained crushed under the heels of her oppressors. What of England? A few riots, and a few mob orations, which simply produced retrogression, and the results are told. England did not need, nor ever will need, any fillip from French republicanism to advance her progress. For tradition, she has her own revolutions to fall back upon; the nation that can boast of Hampden and Cromwell needs no inspiration from the foreigner. Added to which, our own elastic, self-developing institutions, are the surest guarantees of our ever-advancing political freedom.

America, not France, has been the propagandist of democracy, and has instituted the only successful republic of ancient or modern times—a republic of which the foundations have been cemented by no unrighteously spilled blood, nor undermined by fantastic social theories; a republic founded on reason, on the unalterable principles of humanity, neither twisted nor forced from their natural channels to harmonize with individual ideas; on the purely normal development of certain conditions of society and their only practical solution. American republicanism means the advancement of the human race: French republicanism its destruction. Commerce and the arts of peace are the weapons of the one; fire and sword are the weapons of the other.

It is blaspheming heaven to suppose that aught of good could arise from the hideous holocaust of the first Revolution. From the hour she gave herself up to its bloody frenzy, France has been accursed; the restless fever of a demoniac has coursed through her veins, howling, rending, ravening, for she knows not what. Never calm unless an iron hand is upon her throat—an iron heel upon her body. She is acting over again the history of

Rome's last days. Her society is utterly corrupt—her soldiers utterly demoralized; the German hordes have dictated to her the terms of a disgraceful peace; her capital is a wreck, the parricidal work of her own hands; and her people are feasting and revelling, gay and *sans souci* as it were, amongst the ruins of her glory.

Faction is still rife in her counsels; over her prostrate body Monarchists, Bonapartists, Republicans, and Reds, snarl and contend, not for the substance, but the form of government. Possessed by his idea, no man thinks of his country: let her perish, so that she falls enveloped in the winding-sheet of his creed.

St. Paul's.

COMETS AND COMETS' TAILS.

AMONG the many startling suggestions recently thrown out by men of science, not one, perhaps, has seemed more amazing to the general public than the idea put forward by Sir W. Thomson in the able address with which he inaugurated the last meeting of the British Association—that life on the earth may have had its origin from seeds borne to our planet by meteors, the remnants of former worlds. Coupling this startling theory with the partly-admitted view that the tails of comets and comets themselves consist of meteoric flights, he presented the “hairy stars” which men so long viewed with terror in a somewhat novel light. Regarded not so many years ago as probably the vehicles of the Almighty's wrath, comets are made by this new hypothesis to appear as the parents of universal life. How would Whiston, and those who thought with him that a comet in old times effected the destruction of all living things (save a chosen few) with water, and that a comet at perhaps no very distant future would destroy the whole earth with fire, have contemplated a theory according to which the seed-bearing fragments of a comet's tail peopled the earth with all the living things which at present exist upon its surface? The “fear of change” with which in old times comets perplexed the nations must be replaced, it would seem, by another sort of fear. We need not dread the approaching dissolution of the world through cometic agency, though the thought of a vast catastrophe may be suggested by the consideration that we see in the comet but the fragments of another world. But, if this new theory should be accepted, we have reason to regard with apprehension the too close approach of one of these visitants; because, if one comet supplied the seeds of the living things now existing on the world, another

may supply myriads of seeds of undesirable living things; and mayhap the sequent struggle for life may not result in the survival of the fittest.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, perhaps, that I am not troubled by such misgivings. I can scarcely bring myself to believe, indeed, that the eminent professor was serious in urging his hypothesis of seed-bearing meteors. Englishmen speak sometimes of the slowness with which a Scotsman apprehends a jest; but the Scotsman may return the compliment—so far, at least, as the Southern estimate of Scottish humor is concerned. For a true Scot makes his jests with a gravity and *aplomb* unequalled among Sassenach humorists. It is far from improbable that the seriousness with which the seed-bearing meteorites have been discussed proved infinitely amusing to the gathering of the clans in Edinburgh. Thomson and Tait, Andrews and Geikie, Stewart and Lockyer, in fine, all the Scottish men of science who were present at the gathering, may be ready to retort Sydney Smith's gibe, maintaining henceforth that nothing short of a surgical operation will enable an Englishman to appreciate Scottish humor.

For it will be noticed that the explanation of the origin of life upon our globe leaves the real question of the origin of life where it was. The theory, in this respect, resembles that undoubtedly humorous account which the Hindoo sages gave of the manner in which our earth is supported; and precisely as the Hindoo student of science might ask how the tortoise who supports the earth is himself supported, so may we ask how the worlds which, by bursting, supplied space with seed-bearing meteors, were themselves peopled with living things. This circumstance of itself throws an air of doubt over the new hypothesis, as a seriously-intended ac-

count of the origin of life on our earth. It may seem superfluous to add that in a collision by which a world was shivered into fragments the seeds of life would have what may be described as a warm time, since the collision could hardly fail to vaporize the destroyed world. The fiery heat generated by the collision, followed by a voyage during myriads of millions of ages through the inconceivable cold of space, and, lastly, by the fierce heat which accompanies the fall of meteoric masses upon our earth, would seem so unfavorable to the germs of life, that Pouchet himself might accept with confidence the belief that all such germs had been completely destroyed before reaching this planet.

But while the theory of seed-bearing meteors can hardly be regarded as a complete solution of the perplexing problem of the origin of life, the facts to which the eminent Scottish professor referred while discussing it are of singular interest and importance. The whole history of recent scientific research into the subject of the relation between meteors and comets is full of instruction. To the readers of this magazine that history will be in great part familiar, because, in the number for November, 1869, a paper by the present writer appeared, in which a popular account was given of the researches of Schiaparelli, Adams, Leverrier, and those other men of science who have placed meteoric astronomy in its present position. I propose here, therefore, to take for granted many of the conclusions dealt with in my former paper. This will enable me to discuss with greater freedom, as regards space, the views respecting comets, and more especially respecting cometic appendages, which seem to be suggested by observed phenomena, taken in connection with the association recently recognized between comets and meteors. The subject is as yet too new for the enunciation of definite theories, and far less can we safely dogmatize respecting it. But much has been established which will well bear careful investigation, and I believe that the conclusions which may be fairly deduced from observations already made are much more important than is commonly supposed.

The phenomena presented by comets have long perplexed astronomers. Setting aside the fact that the head of a comet

strictly obeys the law of gravitation, there is scarcely one known fact respecting comets which astronomers have succeeded in interpreting to their satisfaction. The facts recently ascertained, striking and important though they undoubtedly are, yet not only fail to explain the phenomena of comets, but are absolutely more perplexing than any which had before come to light. The present position of cometic astronomy is, in fact, this:—Many facts are known, and many others may be inferred; but these facts have yet to be combined in such a way as to afford a consistent theory respecting comets.

It is now known that the comets which are so brilliant as to attract general notice are but a few among those which actually approach the earth. The telescope detects each year (with scarcely an exception) more than one comet. It is probable, indeed, that if systematic search were diligently made, many comets would be detected yearly.* Already, however, nearly seven hundred comets have been discovered, of which by far the greater number have been the reward of modern telescopic research.

Of observed comets, only the more brilliant are adorned with tails of considerable length. But nearly all comets show, during their approach towards the sun, a certain lengthening of their figure, corresponding to the change which, in the case of larger comets, precedes the formation of a tail. So that a tail may be regarded as a normal, or at least a natural, appendage of comets—though special conditions may be requisite for the evolution of the appendage. This will appear the more probable when the fact is noted that, in all cases where a tail is formed, this tail appears as an extension of the part of the head known as the *coma* or hair—the fainter light surrounding the *nucleus* of the comet—and no comet has ever appeared without showing a coma during one period or another of its existence. Commonly, the coma continues visible as long as the comet itself can be discerned, though there have been instances in which the comet seems to have been shorn of its hair; and, in one noteworthy instance, a comet of considerable

* A prize has been offered to the astronomer or telescopicist who shall first succeed in discovering eight comets within the year.

splendor lost in a few days both its tail and hair.

Now when we consider the remarkable appearance which the tails of comets have presented, the great variety of their aspect, and the wonderful changes which have been noted in the appearance of one and the same comet, we begin to recognize the enormous difficulty of the problem which astronomers have to solve. It will be instructive to discuss some of these peculiarities at length, because they seem to oppose themselves in a very striking manner to theories which have been somewhat confidently urged of late.

In the earliest ages of the history of our subject, the fact was noted that the tails of comets commonly lie in the direction opposite to the place of the sun. Appian, indeed, was the first European astronomer who observed this peculiarity, but M. Biot has succeeded in proving that the discovery had been made long before by Chinese astronomers.

If the tail of a comet strictly obeyed this rule, if it were always directed in a perfectly straight line from the sun's place, the peculiarity might admit perhaps of a tolerably simple explanation. This, however, is not in general the case; in fact, I do not know of a single instance in which a comet's tail has extended exactly in the direction of a line from the sun throughout the tail's whole length. The tail of an approaching comet generally seems to bend towards the track along which the comet has recently passed, and the effect, when the tail is long, is to give the appendage a slight curvature. To cite only one instance out of many, it will be sufficient to refer to the splendid comet which appeared in 1858, and was known as Donati's. Soon after the first appearance of the tail a slight curvature could be recognized in the appendage; and this curvature became gradually more and more conspicuous, until, to use Sir John Herschel's words, the tail "assumed at length that superb aigrette-like form, like a tall plume wafted by the breeze, which has never probably formed so conspicuous a feature in any previous comet."

Here is a peculiarity which at once serves to dispose of the theory according to which the tail of a comet is to be compared to a beam of light such as a lantern throws amid darkness. The theory seems

so naturally suggested by the general fact that a comet's tail tends from the sun, as to lead many to forget that the so-called beam of light thrown by a lantern is in reality due to the illumination of material particles; and that in the case of a comet we can neither explain why particles *behind* the comet (with regard to the sun) should be more brilliantly illuminated than others, nor how the particles come to be there at all. Despite these and other difficulties, the "negative shadow" theory, as it has been called, has been again and again urged, though only to be again and again refuted.

Let it be noted, however, before other peculiarities are considered, that the curvature of comets' tails is no argument against the ingenious theory by which Professor Tyndall has endeavored to explain their direction from the sun. According to this theory, the passage of light through and beyond the head of the comet is the real cause to which the appearance of the tail is to be ascribed. But a physical process is supposed to occur as the light traverses the region behind the comet; and the rate at which this process takes place need not necessarily correspond to the enormous velocity with which light travels. So that, instead of the whole tail being exactly in a straight line with the head and the sun, as it must be (appreciably) if the phenomenon were a mere luminous track, the end of the tail (the part formed earliest) would lie in the direction of a solar ray through the place occupied *some time earlier* by the head. This, in fact, corresponds somewhat closely with observed appearances; and so far Professor Tyndall's theory receives undoubted support from recognized facts.

Indeed, we seem almost driven to the conclusion that some such action as Tyndall has conceived takes place in the formation of a comet's tail—that either light, or electricity, or some swiftly travelling cause, is at work—by the marvellous rapidity with which in some instances the tail of a comet has seemingly changed its position. The comet of 1680, commonly known as Newton's comet, affords a remarkable instance of this. I take the following narrative from Sir John Herschel's "Familiar Lectures," article "Comets," noting that the student of the subject, and especially the student of those theories which have of late been advanced respect-

ing comets, would do well to study that paper carefully, as well as the chapter on "Halley's Comet" in Herschel's volume on his Cape observations:—"The comet passed its perihelion (that is, the point of its course nearest to the sun) on December 8, and when nearest to the sun was only one-sixth of the sun's diameter from his surface"—travelling at the rate of 1,200,000 miles an hour. "*Now observe one thing,*" says Herschel; "the distance from the sun's centre was about one-160th part of our distance from it. All the heat we enjoy on this earth comes from the sun. Imagine the heat we should have to endure if the sun were to approach us, or we the sun, to one-160th part of its present distance. It would not be merely as if 160 suns were shining on us all at once, but 160 times 160, according to a rule which is well known to all who are conversant with such matters. Now that is 25,600. Only imagine a glare 25,600 times fiercer than that of an equatorial sunshine at noonday, with the sun vertical. And again, only conceive a light 25,600 times more glaring than the glare of such a noonday! In such a heat there is no substance we know of which would not run like water,—boil,—and be converted into smoke or vapor. No wonder the comet gave evidence of violent excitement, coming from the cold region outside the planetary system, torpid and ice-bound. Already, when arrived even in our temperate region, it began to show signs of internal activity; the head had begun to develop and the tail to elongate till the comet was for a time lost sight of. No human eye beheld the wondrous spectacle it must have afforded on the 8th December. Only four days afterwards, however, it was seen; and its tail, whose direction was reversed, and which, observe, could not possibly be *the same tail* it had before—(for it is not to be conceived as a stick brandished round, or a flaming sword, but fresh matter continually streaming forth)—its tail, I say, had already lengthened to an extent of about ninety millions of miles, so that it *must* have been *shot out* with immense force in a direction *from* the sun, *a force far greater than that with which the sun acted on and controlled the head of the comet itself, which, as the reader will have observed, took from November 10 to December 8, or twenty-eight days, to fall to the sun from the same distance, and*

that with all the velocity it had on November 10 to start with."

My readers will doubtless remember that in his address to the British Association Sir W. Thomson referred to the above passage, with the express object of commending the simplicity with which a theory lately suggested by Professor Tait seems to explain all the facts referred to by Sir John Herschel. According to this theory the tail of a comet consists of a multitude of meteors, travelling in a sort of flat flight, like sea-birds; and the seemingly rapid extension of a comet's tail is not due to the rapid projection of matter in the direction from the sun, but merely to a shifting of our position with respect to the level of the meteoric flight. Precisely as a flight of birds, scarcely visible when its level is slanted, may become visible along its entire length when the level is turned edgewise towards the observer, so a change of the earth's position, bringing her near the level of a meteoric flight, might cause the whole length of the flight to become visible, and thus an appendage of the nature of a tail might seem to grow with inconceivable rapidity, although in reality it had existed with the same degree of extension before it became visible to us.

This theory—to which, says Professor Thomson, the name of "the sea-bird analogy" has been given—has not yet found a place in treatises on astronomy; and with all deference to its author, I would submit that astronomers are not to be blamed for rejecting it. Its simplicity is great, no doubt; but its adequacy to account for cometic phenomena may be more than questioned. It seems barely equal to account for the visibility of a comet's tail, account being had of the enormous number of meteors which would be required that the reflected light might be recognizable even when the flight was seen edgewise. But it offers no explanation whatever of the direction in which comet's tails are commonly seen—still less of the generally observed curvature of the tail. And if we take the special account from which Sir W. Thomson has drawn reasons for favorably commenting on Tait's theory, we shall certainly find much in Sir John Herschel's narrative to throw doubt on the "sea-bird" theory. For the tail of the comet (regarded as a real entity) swept round like a brandished

stick—so that either continually new flights of meteors were seen successively edgewise, the order of succession being such as to correspond to the changing position of the tail, *or else* the same flight—remaining throughout so placed as to be seen edgewise—swept round as described. Now the latter view may be dismissed at once. It is the essential point of Herschel's reasoning, and is clearly demonstrable according to the laws of motion, that no meteors which were behind the comet before its approach to the sun could be 90,000,000 miles in front of the comet only four days after that approach—in other words, no meteors forming the tail in the first position could have reached a position undoubtedly occupied by *some* meteors (on the supposition we are considering) four days afterwards. As for the former view, according to which the tail after the comet's passage by the sun was formed of other flights of meteors than had formed the tail before this passage, it must be rejected on account simply of its being utterly incredible. If the comet had been thus girt about by meteor systems, the sun himself would have been darkened as the comet swept past. And even if we admitted these multiple flights in this and other instances (for Newton's comet was not the only one which has exhibited the peculiarity), it still remains utterly unintelligible why the flights behind the comet should be visible while the comet was approaching, and those in front of the comet while the comet was passing away.

The actual facts respecting the seeming motions of a comet's tail are, indeed, not always adequately realized by students of astronomy. We so often hear a comet's tail described as a vast stream of light extending behind the comet—like the wake behind a swiftly-sailing ship—that we are apt to forget that in reality it is only while a comet is approaching the sun that the tail even approximates to this rearward position. So soon as the comet has commenced its journey away from the sun, the tail is carried in advance—more and more in advance as the comet gets farther and farther away—until at length the tail lies nearly on the track which the comet is about to follow. At this time the comet's head is moving almost as if it were about to rush into the body of the tail.

But it is noteworthy that the tail of a comet at no time agrees in position with

any part of the path of the comet. So that if we accept as strictly true the theory that certain meteor systems—as notably those which produce the August and November showers—follow *exactly* in the path of certain comets, we are bound to accept the conclusion that whatever the connection between the comet and meteor system may be, the meteor system is certainly not the comet's tail.

We are thus led to inquire into the circumstances which attend the formation of a comet's tail. We have seen how the tail behaves, and how its motions appear to suggest the idea of a force of some sort exerted repulsively by the sun. Let us inquire whether the telescopic scrutiny of the comet's head appears to confirm this idea.

No comet was ever studied so carefully with high telescopic powers as the splendid comet of 1858 already referred to. The remarks of Sir John Herschel on the subject of the drawings executed by Professor Bond,* of America, may still be quoted without a word of change; the series of engravings in which the comet is represented in every stage of its progress still “leaves far behind—in point of exquisite finish and beauty of delineation—everything hitherto done in that department of astronomy.”

Like all large comets, Donati's, when studied with powerful telescopic means, showed a capping or envelope of light around the bright central nucleus. This envelope was separated by a dark interval from the nucleus; but a connection could be traced between the two in the form of jets of light which seemed to issue from different parts of the nucleus, “giving rise,” says Sir John Herschel, “by their more or less oblique presentation to the eye, to exceedingly varied appearances—sometimes like the spokes of a wheel or the radial sticks of a fan, sometimes blotting by patches of irregular light, and sometimes interrupted by equally irregular blots of darkness.” A month and a half after the first appearance of the tail, the nucleus was seen to be surrounded by no less than three distinct envelopes, each of the two

* The telescope employed by Professor Bond, of America, was a fine refractor, 15 inches in aperture, similar in all respects to the celebrated Poulkova refractor, and to the fine telescope which is commonly called the Great Equatorial of the Greenwich Observatory.

outer being related to the next inner envelope in the same way that the innermost was related to the nucleus ; that is, there was a dark intervening space crossed by radial streaks of light. Professor Bond considered that these "had been thrown off in intermittent succession, as if the forces of ejection had been temporarily exhausted, and again and again resumed a phase of activity ; the peculiar action by which the matter of the envelopes was ultimately driven into the tail, taking place, not on the surface of the nucleus, but at successively higher levels." But Sir John Herschel, from whom the above account of Bond's ideas has been taken, considered rather that the matter forming the envelopes was, as it were, *sifted* "by solar action—the *levitating* portion of it being hurried off, the *gravitating* remaining behind in the form of a transparent, gaseous, non-reflective medium."

Only a few days after the formation of these three envelopes, a striking change took place in the telescopic aspect of the comet, or rather in the aspect which it presented when seen, even with the naked eye, in a clear atmosphere. A new tail made its appearance beside the main or primary tail. The new tail was perfectly straight, and very narrow, and, unlike the primary tail, was directed almost exactly from the sun. Soon after another tail, similar in its general appearance, but somewhat fainter, was discerned. This tail was seen on one or two subsequent nights ; but only when the atmospheric conditions were very favorable. "These appearances were presented," says Sir John Herschel, "from the 28th September (1858) to the 11th October. They are peculiarly instructive, as they clearly indicate *an analysis of the cometic matter by the sun's repulsive action*—the matter of the secondary tails being evidently darted off with incomparably greater velocity (indicating an incomparably greater intensity of repulsive energy) than that which went to form the primary one." Sir John Herschel does not notice the seeming connection between the appearance of these new tails and the formation of the additional envelopes. The three envelopes were first seen on the 24th September, and they remained visible until the 10th of October. The new tails were first noticed on the 28th September, as though some little time had been occupied in their formation from the matter

of the outer envelopes, and they continued visible till the 11th of October, or one day longer than the envelopes, as though some interval were required for their dissipation. This circumstance seems highly significant, more especially when it is considered in connection with the condition of the head during the continuance of the triple envelope. For during this interval, "and especially," says Herschel, "from the 7th to the 10th of October,—that is to say, when the full effect of the sun's perihelion action had been endured,—the nucleus offered every appearance of most violent and, so to speak, angry excitement, evidenced by the complicated structure and convolutions of the jets issuing from it." "From this time," he adds, "until the comet's final disappearance, the violence of action gradually calmed down, while the comet itself went southwards, and at length vanished from our horizon."

I would notice in passing that the circumstances here related seem to throw some light on a phenomenon which has hitherto proved most perplexing—the appearance of comets having multiple tails. The accounts which have been given of such comets seem utterly inexplicable, unless we adopt a theory resembling that which Sir John Herschel has touched on in the passages I have quoted. The comet of 1807 had two tails, neither of which agreed exactly with a line tending directly from the sun. The comet of 1823 had in like manner two tails ; but the position of one of these was wholly abnormal, since this tail was directed *towards*, instead of from the sun. This might perplex us, were it not for the observed fact that the repulsive energy by which (in whatever way) the sun seems to sweep from his neighborhood the matter of comets' tails, seems to struggle in the first place with a tendency in the matter of the comet's head to form one or more jets *towards* the sun. We may suppose that the tail directed towards the sun was simply a jet of this sort, able (owing to some exceptional feature in its constitution) to resist the sun's repulsive action. Side tails have been noticed in several instances,—a fact which seems readily explicable by Herschel's theory. Less intelligible at first sight is the account of the great comet of 1843 as seen at Chili ; for this comet is said to have had "a lateral tail issuing from the original one at a distance of ten

degrees from the head, and extending to a much greater length than the other." It seems reasonable to suppose that in this instance two sorts of matter had been entangled together, as it were, when first swept away from the head, a separation only taking place after they had already been carried together a considerable distance; thenceforth, it would seem, each kind of matter obeyed its own special law of retreat from the nucleus. We should, therefore, still have a process of sifting, complicated, so to speak, by the condition in which the repulsed matter left the head of the comet in the first instance.

But perhaps the comet which of all others seems to afford the most striking evidence of the justice of Herschel's theory is the remarkable comet of 1744. According to Chéseaux, this comet had no less than six tails spread in the manner of a fan. Now, in a case of this sort we must not forget to take special notice of the fact that a comet is not a flat object painted, so to speak, upon the surface of the celestial vault, but an object occupying a certain region of space. We are forbidden, therefore, to regard the six seeming tails of the comet of 1744 as being in reality six distinct tails, unless we are prepared with some explanation of their symmetrical adjustment. So far as I am aware, this circumstance has not hitherto been noticed adequately, or at all, in our treatises on astronomy. When we see a straight-tailed comet, like that of 1811, showing two well-marked and nearly parallel striations, which seem to extend from either side of the head, and enclose between them a space of comparative darkness, we are not led to regard these bounding streaks as two distinct tails. We accept, on the contrary, the explanation suggested by the aspect of the comet, and regard the tail as shaped like a hollow cone. This accords well, be it noted in passing, with Herschel's theory; for the envelope round the nucleus, if swept away by the sun's repulsive energy, would form a conical shell of matter behind the head, much as a vertical jet of water, caused to spread during its upward motion, descends in a hollow conical* shell

of spray beneath the level of the jet. But while we thus interpret the appearance of a straight-tailed comet, we are apt to apply a different and, in reality, inadmissible mode of interpretation to comets whose structure seems more complex. Now, if we extend to the six-tailed comet of 1744 the same principle of interpretation that we apply to the straight-tailed comet of 1811, we shall be led to regard the former as not in reality *six*-tailed, but *three*-tailed. Three conical shells of luminous matter, one inside the other, and separated from each other by dark spaces, would present an appearance resembling that of the multiple tail of the comet of 1744. Nor would the curvature actually seen in the tails of that comet render this interpretation less satisfactory, since this peculiarity corresponds precisely with what is observed in less complex cometic appendages. Now, in order to account for the existence of three tails, one inside the other, we need only conceive that the comet of 1744 had three envelopes, like those seen round the nucleus of Donati's comet, and that precisely as the matter of a single envelope swept away by solar repulsion produces a single tail, so the matter of these three envelopes similarly swept away produced three tails, the inner enveloped by the two outer. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to assume that the three tails thus formed successive shells; for each envelope of the head may have had its own distinct tail thrown off in its own distinct direction. Indeed, the aspect of the three tails of Donati's comet would seem to render this view the more probable, for the two fainter tails came from one side of the head, as though they severally formed but the halves of complete shell-formed tails, the other halves being, perhaps, hidden from our view by the primary tail.

It must not be forgotten that the theory which I have here employed as the basis of these several ideas was one which Sir John Herschel regarded as demonstrated by the evidence he obtained while observing Halley's comet in 1836. When Sir John Herschel spoke of a theory as demonstrated, one might fairly conclude that overwhelming evidence had been

*I have purposely avoided here the proper technical words for describing the shape of the spray-fall. The actual shape of any portion of the shell beneath a certain level is fairly described

as conical—that is, this portion of the shell corresponds in shape to a portion of a cone's surface.

obtained in its favor—for few surpassed him in scientific caution. Now the terms in which he spoke on this subject are undoubtedly most positive—far more so, I believe, than in any other passage which can be quoted from his works. I refer here specially to the words used at p. 406 of Herschel's great work, "The Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope." But his account of the comet, and of later comets, in his charming series of "Familiar Essays," leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that the great astronomer, after more than twenty years' further study of the subject, still retained his conviction. "The whole series of the phenomena presented by this comet has given us," he says, "more insight into the *interior economy of a comet*, and the forces developed in it by the sun's action, than anything before or since." And further on he remarks that clearly the tail of a comet is neither more nor less than the accumulation of a sort of luminous vapor, *darted off in the first instance towards the sun*, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded by the sun's heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled *from* the sun.

Nor does this account of the formation of a comet's tail seem otherwise than perfectly reconcilable with the observed association between meteors and comets. Indeed, it is well worthy of notice that in the great work already referred to, Sir John Herschel does, in the most distinct way, anticipate this remarkable discovery, besides supplying a partial interpretation of the association. "Supposing the approach of a comet to the sun," he says, "to be such as to enable the repulsive force to overcome the attractive in those portions of its tail remote from the nucleus, they would, of course, be driven off irrecoverably. The separation of a portion of the tail, here contemplated, could hardly be accomplished without carrying off some portion of the gravitating matter."

It happens singularly enough that one of the two comets which have alone as yet been fairly associated with meteoric systems was observed by Sir John Herschel,—“with septuagenarian eyes,” he mentions,—and that his remarks respecting its appearance bear in an interesting manner on the subject of the connection between comets and meteors. I refer to the great comet of 1862, which has been shown by Schiaparelli to travel in the same path, or very nearly so, as the August meteors. With Sir John Herschel's account of this comet I shall conclude this paper, already drawn out to a greater length than I had proposed. It will be noticed that the observed appearances serve to connect several of the facts already referred to. After noting the circumstances under which this comet came into view, Herschel remarks that “it passed us closely and swiftly, swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, it being only on very rare occasions that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it. In this instance, the pouring forth of the cometic matter from the singularly bright and highly condensed nucleus took place in a single compact stream, which, after attaining a short distance, equal to rather less than a diameter of the nucleus itself, was so suddenly broken up and dispersed as to give, on the first inspection, the impression of a double nucleus. The direction of this jet varied considerably from day to day, but always declined more or less from the exact direction from the sun.” It seems far from improbable that what was here witnessed represented the actual generation of new August meteors, and that at some more or less distant epoch portions of the matter thus swept away from the comet of 1862 may take their part in producing a display of falling stars.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Chambers's Journal.

THE PRISONERS OF NATURE.

THE more a fact varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed,

however contrary it may be to prevailing opinions, it is entitled to a place in the ranks of knowledge. The most obstinate scepticism cannot destroy its certainty,

and can only afford a proof of the presumption which leads us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind. They are such as have occurred in the course of reading, and have been collected in the hope that some one, whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them; and it will perhaps one day be a matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause. These phenomena are instances of living animals being found enclosed in solid bodies.

The first case on record occurred in 1683, when M. Blondel reported to the Academy, that at Toulon oysters fit to eat were frequently found enclosed in pieces of stone. Two years later, M. de Cassini mentions a similar fact, on the authority of M. Duraffe, ambassador at the Porte, who assured him that stones were frequently found there in which were enclosed little animals, called dactyles. Some workmen in a quarry at Boursire, in Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand. The toad was of a dark gray, its back a little speckled; the color of its belly was brighter. Its eyes, small and round, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them; they were of the color of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick, it closed its eyes, as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it on the back, it discharged some clear water, and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been enclosed in this stone, is a question that cannot be solved. M. le Prince, a celebrated sculptor, asserts in like manner that he saw, in 1756, in the house of M. de la Rivière, at Ecretteville, a living toad in the centre of a hard stone, with which it was, as it were, incrustated.

In 1764, some workmen employed in a

quarry in Lorraine informed M. Grignon that they had found a toad in a mass of stone forty-five feet below the surface of the earth. This eminent naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his treatise on the Fabrication of Iron, any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad. The creature that was shown him was of moderate size, of a gray color, and seemed to be in its natural state. The men informed M. Grignon that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. M. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy of more particular attention, and promised a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so enclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out. Six years after, a toad was brought to him enclosed in two hollow shells of stone, in which it was said to have been found; but on examining it closely, M. Grignon perceived that the cavity bore the impression of a shell-fish, and consequently concluded it to be apocryphal.

In 1771, however, another instance occurred, and was the subject of a curious paper, read by M. Guettard before the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The following are the circumstances, as related by that famous naturalist:—In pulling down a wall which was known to have existed upwards of a hundred years, a toad was found, without the smallest aperture being discovered by which it could have entered. Upon inspecting the animal, it was apparent that it had been dead but a very little time; and in this state it was presented to the Academy. This discovery induced M. Guettard to make repeated inquiries into this subject, the particulars of which may be read in the paper just cited.

These phenomena remind one of others of a similar nature. In the trunk of an elm, about the size of a man's body, three or four feet above the root, and exactly in the centre, was found, in 1719, a live toad, of a moderate size, but rather thin, and occupying but a very small space. As soon as the wood was cut it came out, and skipped away very alertly. No tree could be more sound, and no place could be discovered through which it was possible for the animal to have penetrated.

This led the recorder of the fact to suppose that the spawn from which it originated must, by some unaccountable accident, have been in the tree from the very first moment of its vegetation. The toad had lived in the tree without air, and, what is still more surprising, had subsisted on the substance of the wood, and had grown in proportion as the tree had grown. This fact was attested by M. Hebert, Professor of Philosophy at Caen.

In 1731, M. Seigne wrote to the Academy of Sciences at Paris an account of a phenomenon exactly similar to the preceding one, except that the tree was larger, and was an oak instead of an elm, which makes the instance more surprising. From the size of the oak, M. Seigne judged that the toad must have existed in it without air or any external nourishment for the space of eighty or a hundred years.

A third instance may be cited, which is related in a letter, dated 1780, and written from the neighborhood of St. Mascent. The writer states that, a few days previously, he ordered an oak tree of a tolerable size to be cut down, and converted into a beam, that was wanted for a building which he was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. The writer was present during the transaction. Great was his astonishment when he saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror. He instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. His surprise equalled theirs on seeing a toad about the size of an egg incrustated in a manner in the tree at the distance of four inches from the diameter, and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but still moved. He drew it with difficulty from its abode, or rather prison, which it filled so completely that it seemed to have been compressed. He placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepit. He afterwards examined the tree with the greatest care to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound.

These facts, but particularly the paper of M. Guettard, induced M. Herissan to make experiments calculated to ascertain

their certainty. In February, 1771, he enclosed three live toads in as many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick coating of plaster. In April, 1774, having removed the plaster, he opened the box and found the cases whole. On breaking the cases, he discovered that two of the toads were alive, but that the third had died a martyr to scientific investigation. The defunct toad was larger than the others, and had been more compressed in its case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it that the animals were so enclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and must have existed during this lapse of time without the least nourishment. The Academy prevailed on M. Herissan to repeat the experiment. He enclosed again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the secretary, that the Academy might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too deeply interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experiment; he made, therefore, the two following:—First, in April of the same year, he placed two live toads in a basin of plaster, which he covered with a plate of glass, that he might observe them frequently. In the following month, he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had given up the ghost on the preceding night. Secondly, on the same date as the first he enclosed another toad in a glass bottle which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he presented to the Academy at the same time as the other, was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle in which it was confined was shaken. It is to be lamented that the death of M. Herissan put a stop to these experiments, so interesting to savants, if not to toads.

The power which these animals appear to possess of supporting abstinence for so long a time, may result from a very slow digestion, and perhaps from the singular nourishment which they derive from themselves. M. Grignon observes that this animal sheds its skin several times in the course of a year, and that it always swallows it. He has known, he says, a large toad shed its skin six times in one winter.

In short, those which may be supposed, from the facts we have related, to have existed for many years without nourishment, have been in total inaction, in suspension of life, and in a temperature that has admitted of no dissolution; so that it was not necessary to supply any loss, the humidity of the surrounding matter preserving that of the animal, which needed only the component parts to be kept in a state of moisture to preserve it from destruction.

But toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. The instances of the oysters and dactyles mentioned at the beginning of this article may be advanced in proof of it; and there are other examples. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted probably on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. He asserts that he saw these two worms. A beetle of the species called *Capricorn*

was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Provence*, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

Misson, in his *Travels through Italy*, mentions a cray-fish that was found alive in the midst of a mass of marble in the environs of Tivoli. M. Peyssonel, king's physician at Guadeloupe, having ordered a pit to be dug at the back of his house, was told by the workmen that live frogs were found by them in beds of petrification. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rock and petrifications, and drew out green frogs, which were alive, and exactly similar to what we see every day.

If it is a difficult question to say how animals live in such a state of captivity, it is equally difficult to account for their getting into durance vile. Various theories have been advanced, but none of them so satisfactory, but that savants have still to discover the mystery connected with these Prisoners of Nature.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

CHAPTER I.X.

AT THE "BLADEBONE."

"I TELL you what, Dennis,"—Mrs. Fagg was on her knees on the hearth-rug, making her husband's toast, talking to him meanwhile over her right shoulder as he sat stretched out helplessly in a huge arm-chair,—“you say I do foolish things odd times, and you're right; but I did one wise thing when I got Miss Nuna over to Gray's Farm.”

“Why!” Dennis spoke with painful slowness; he had lost full command over his words; “I thought you said she were back again.”

“So she is, old man.” Mrs. Fagg turned the toast carefully on the fork. “She only stayed two days; but the change was

everything, bless you, she's grown quite sprack; she's as active again as she was, and she don't fret nothing near so much, neither.”

Here Mrs. Fagg had to retreat from the even red glow, which scorched her face.

“Do you think, Kitty,”—his dull eyes followed his wife with a painful look of uncertainty—“as she cares yet for Mr. Will?”

Mrs. Fagg had begun on a fresh slice of bread, but it fell off the fork as her husband spoke. Her face was very red as she picked it up again—but that might have been caused by the fire, or stooping.

“I'm surprised at you, Dennis, that I am. Why, Miss Nuna never did care for him; and she'd had plenty time to find out whether there was anything in him to

suit her, before she set eyes on Mr. Whitmore." She picked up the bread and fixed it carefully on the fork. "Not that I like Mr. Whitmore; I don't—there, I don't want to speak harsh of anybody, but Miss Nuna's as clean thrown away on him as if she'd been chucked in the dust-bin."

"Dear, dear!"—Dennis moved his head slowly against the back of his easy-chair, and tears stood in his eyes—"such a sweet young lady too!"

Mrs. Fagg got on her feet, and proceeded to butter her husband's toast, and then to feed him with it, and to give him his tea as if he had been a baby. She was distressed at her own want of tact.

"I say, old man, never mind;" she wiped his mouth, set the pillow straight in his high-backed chair, and then gave him a hearty kiss; "you mustn't take on about Miss Nuna; she'll do fast enough. You wanted your tea, dear, didn't you, just now? Yes, yes, she's coming in to sit a bit with you, she said, and you mustn't be downhearted with her, old man: she's as fond of Mr. Whitmore as I am of you; she is, you know, eh?"

She looked at poor Dennis's dull face to be sure he understood, and he nodded with a feeble smile.

Mrs. Fagg carried away the tea things.

"There's the making of a stout-hearted woman in Miss Nuna yet; she's but a child now," she said, and then she gave a little sigh. "Here have I been railing against that husband of hers, and maybe if she'd married so as to have no troubles, and hadn't been brought to think for herself, she'd have gone on a baby all her life through; and a gray-haired baby," said Mrs. Fagg, reflectively, "is like Punch at a funeral." She came back, swept up the crumbs, set a chair for the visitor, and then got out a duster to hem.

Nuna was not long in coming; and the poor infirm man was brightened by her sweet smile, and kindly ways with him. Her presence brought back former ideas to Dennis, and with them the mastery which he had formerly exercised in public over his wife.

"Make some fresh tea, Kitty," he said, reprovingly, "for Miss—" he looked at Nuna; "she don't ought to be kep' waiting."

"Oh, no, thank you, don't trouble," said Nuna. She had grown to look on Mrs. Fagg with reverence, and it was dismaying to hear her rebuked.

Mrs. Fagg smiled, and proceeded to obey her husband.

"Take a cup, Miss Nuna," she whispered, when she brought in the neat little tray with one of her best china cups and saucers; "he mustn't be fretted, poor dear, and a chat does him good."

Nuna sat wondering; it seemed to her that every fresh trouble laid on the landlady added to her affection for the helpless man she served.

"How she must love him," she sighed; "and yet Dennis never seemed a loving husband. He always appeared to snub his wife. Is it her own love that makes Mrs. Fagg happy, or does it really win his?"

It was strange to Nuna to feel drawn as she now did to Mrs. Fagg. As a child, she had shrunk from her sharp sayings.

She had just received a letter from Roger Westropp; it had been sent on to her from St. John street. Roger was ill again, and he hoped Mrs. Whitmore would excuse his wishing to see her. Nuna was puzzled; she thought she would take Mrs. Fagg into counsel about leaving her step-mother.

She sat with Dennis till it grew dark. She had spent the morning with Mrs. Beaufort, and the afternoon in taking a walk with her father, and in listening to his charitable plans for the coming winter; but she had not spoken of Roger's letter: it seemed to her best not to say she had seen him in London.

"It's getting dark, ma'am," said Mrs. Fagg. "Shall Ben follow you up to the Rectory gate? There's a nest of tramps camping down Carvingswood Lane."

"Will you come with me yourself, please," said Nuna shyly. "I don't mind tramps; but I want to talk to you."

It was a great relief to get this said. By a sort of instinct she knew Mrs. Fagg would be willing to help her.

She began as soon as they were out of the Bladebone—"I want to go to London; a sick person I know there wants to see me; and, besides, I might get news of Mr. Whitmore." She stopped, but Mrs. Fagg kept silence too.

It was much easier to Nuna to say what she wanted to say in the dark tree-shaded road.

"It seems to me"—she pressed her hands nervously together—"that something must have happened to him. I don't

think I ought to have taken this long silence so quietly. I have not heard for a whole month. Mrs. Fagg"—her voice shook, and she could not steady it—"if Dennis had gone away, and not written to you for a whole month, what should you have done?"

"There would not be a mossel of use in my tryin' to say, ma'am." Mrs. Fagg spoke briskly. "I couldn't take on me to know what I'd ha' done in such a case. Dennis always was a bad fist at writin', and maybe what I'd ha' done wouldn't be the fit thing for a lady like you to do, ma'am—" Mrs. Fagg stopped abruptly, as if she kept the rest of her thoughts to herself.

They had reached the Rectory gates.

Nuna put her hand on Mrs. Fagg's arm. "Come in a minute," she said, and Mrs. Fagg followed up the shaded gravelled walk. She forgot Dennis and everything in the interest she felt.

"You have something in your mind, you would like to tell me,"—Nuna put her arm round the surprised woman and kissed her; "try and advise me as if I were your sister or your child. Remember, I can't ask my poor dear father's advice. I can't distress him with my anxiety and sorrow. I have not a friend I should like to go to."

"Did Mr. Whitmore go by himself?" said the landlady—her heart was very hard against Paul at that moment. "What call had he," she thought, "to put this poor child to such a pass?"

"He went with a party of friends." Nuna was again glad of the darkness.

"What you're thinking of, Miss—" Mrs. Fagg might have been speaking to Dennis, she had the same fondling tenderness of voice—"is that Mr. Whitmore's fallen ill? very like to happen; and if so, of course you'd wish to be beside him." She heard a little choked sob, but she went on. "I dare say you know where the friends lives who went away with Mr. Whitmore, Miss, and perhaps some of 'em has left folks at home who could set your mind at rest."

Before the words were spoken a hope had come to Nuna—a sudden new idea. Roger Westropp might possibly give her the clue to his daughter's route. He had told her, when she saw him, that he knew more about the doings at the house in Park Lane than Patty guessed he did.

"And Patty may have written to him."

There was not a certainty in this hope, but it seemed to give a clue that she might follow.

"Thank you, very very much," she said warmly. "You have given me the help I wanted. I will go to London and try and see a person who may give me news. I can't see any risk in leaving Mrs. Beaufort now, she is so much better."

"Bother Mrs. Beaufort! I beg your pardon, ma'am; I didn't mean it, but she'll do fast enough."

Mrs. Fagg blushed at her own freedom. "Only it's a point I feels strongly upon; I mean, what a wife's bound to do for a husband; that's where I fall out with Miss Menella. Let a man be good or bad, kind or unkind, fretful or sweet, it don't matter; it's a woman's dooty to make him happy if she can. All we married ones has got to do is to make one man happy; and if a woman does her dooty, Miss Nuna, we know, don't us, there's One as 'ull make her way easy—some day."

CHAPTER LXI.

ROGER'S LEGACY.

"If a woman does her dooty, there's One as 'ull make her way easy—some day."

The words kept on sounding in Nuna's ears as she travelled back to London.

She felt sure there was more meaning in them than showed at first sight. She had often heard of women, and read of them—good, high-minded people, who went on always in the path of duty, and yet their lives were a constant succession of trial and trouble even to the end.

Her sister Mary's life, for instance. Before she had tasted the pleasures of her age, she had been forced into the cares of a full-grown woman; and the one little flower of her life—an attachment, which Nuna had gathered a fuller history of in this visit to Ashton than she had ever been permitted to hear in her own girlhood—had been first peremptorily checked by the advice of her grandfather, and then crushed by the early death of Mary's young lover; then had come her constant anxiety for her father's health, and for Nuna; then the unselfish severance from the young sister,—the only brightness in her monotonous life,—and then the sufferings of the months that went before her death.

"And yet Mary always looked cheerful and happy."

A truth was coming to Nuna—a truth which no words can teach from without; but a truth which, once grasped and realized, grows like the bean-stalk of the nursery tale, and, like it, forms a ladder to lift us, if we will, so far above these petty earthly trials and frets, that they seem, looked down on,—that which they really are,—only spots and freckles, which cannot penetrate, unless we will, below the surface of existence.

Nuna began to feel that Mary's happiness sprang from a deeper root than a mere sense of fulfilled duty. Love was working in Nuna; her very love for Paul taught her how bitter may be changed to sweet if it be borne for love to Him who gave life for Love.

She began to read Mrs. Fagg with this new key, and she wondered at her own blindness; while she had been fretting and murmuring at every cross laid on her, the wife of poor, ignorant, afflicted Dennis had taken all her sorrows gladly as from a loving Father's hand, and all had turned to blessing.

"And I thought I had a loving nature," she said. "I have loved myself, that's all. I see now, if love is true, it must conquer."

Nuna only called in St. John Street, and then she drove off to Bellamount Terrace. She felt strangely puzzled that she had not before thought of consulting Roger Westropp. She was surprised at her own calm when she reached his house.

The old woman opened the door.

"The master's not a-bed," she said; "but he's too weak to move about."

Roger lay on the faded green sofa. He was very white and ghastly; and the shadows in his face had that bluish tint which gives an awfulness to the expression.

On the table in the middle of the room were the two brass candlesticks that had once stood, as Nuna well remembered, on the mantel-shelf in Carvingswood Lane.

Roger smiled as Mrs. Whitmore took his wasted hand between hers.

A sense of comfort stole over the old man when she seated herself close beside him, and placed the pillow more easily under his shoulders.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am. I think I'm going this time; but there be no knowing; still it may happen suddenways, and there's

just a thing or two I'd like to put in charge o' you." He paused between his words.

"I shall be very glad to be of use, but"—she spoke cheerfully—"I don't think you seem so ill as when I saw you before, Roger. Your voice is so much stronger."

A faint flush came up in his face.

"That's maybe along of a parson as comes now and again and sees me. He says I live too low, so last night he sends in a small bottle o' port-wine. I s'pose he thinks I'm wanting food and such like."

He looked ashamed, but he indulged in a grim smile at the simplicity of the clergyman.

"Roger, why don't you say you are not poor?" Nuna was horrified at his coolness.

"Bless you, ma'am, the parson gives it, accordin' to what he says, more for the sake of his own soul than for my needs. Why should I balk him? it have done me no harm, and it maybe does him a sight of good."

Nuna wished Mrs. Fagg was present, she did not feel capable of rebuking Roger.

"You see, ma'am, these are the two things I want to speak about. I've a feeling I wouldn't like them"—he pointed to the candlesticks—"as my missus took such a pride in, to be sold, maybe, for a few pence to some drunken hussy or another. I'd be fain if you'd see they was put alongside of me,—that's first. The next's this"—he put his hand inside his waistcoat, fumbled a few minutes, and then drew out a creased, soiled paper. "I want you to be so good, ma'am, as to hand this to my daughter Martha; it's the letter as came from Watty with the news of the money. I'd like Patty to read it careful, and to take heed the words in it don't come true." He stopped, and lay looking at Nuna while she put the paper carefully away.

"If I'd lived to see her again," said Roger, "I meant to have told her a thing that's been on my mind. You think, ma'am, along of me taking that wine, that I'm not a stickler for truth—it ain't that; I knows parsons and the ways they gets in London; they're free-handed to the poor, and may God bless them for it, but they takes it out o' those they thinks have any to spare. If I was to go and let that good young gentleman know I'd ever so little put by, he'd be wanting me to subscribe to no end of new-fangled schemes he's got on hand, and he'd say it would be for my good

to do it. It's not that ; but, ma'am, the thing I'm meaning's this."—He raised himself a little while he spoke.—"I gave my countenance to a lie when Patty married, and now, as I'm lying here, it's heavy on my mind I did it. No wife ought to have a secret of her own to keep, and I'm afeard Patty's got too many."

"Could you write to her?"

Roger moved his head.

"She wouldn't heed my writing, but I'd like her to know it troubled me. She's far off now ; she mayn't be back afore winter."

Nuna could not restrain her eagerness any longer.

"Then you hear from her. Where are they now?"

There was again the same movement of his head.

"No, ma'am. I've an old letter from Miss Coppock, but there can't be any news in it you bean't acquainted with. It lies in that there table-drawer, ma'am"—he looked at a rickety table that stood beneath the window. Roger closed his eyes, exhausted ; he did not see how eagerly Nuna opened the letter, as if she could not read it quickly enough.

"DEAR MR. WESTROPP,

"I have intended to write to you more than once, but the extreme rapidity with which we have traversed this interesting country has hitherto prevented the accomplishment of my wishes. I am far from happy about Mrs. D—— ; she appears to treat her admirable husband with culpable neglect and indifference, and to devote herself to the amusement of a foolish young nobleman ; also, she bestows more attention on our other travelling companion, Mr. W——, than I think you would approve. He, however, left us some days ago ; he stayed at Clermont while we made this *détour* to Le Puy. I am not sure he will join us again, though he talks of a meeting at Montpellier. I think he is very injudicious ; he says he shall explore the country in his sketching expeditions, and I should not be surprised if he is attacked and robbed. I gave him a hint of my suspicions, but he seemed to think my advice unnecessary. He must take his chance. Serve him right, in my opinion, for leaving poor Mrs. Whitmore at home by herself."

Clermont—Montpellier. Nuna found

herself saying the words over and over as if she could never fix them in memory.

"May I keep this letter?" she said ; "there is something about their journey which I did not know."

"Yes, yes, surely ;" but Roger was half asleep.

Nuna knelt down beside the old man.

"Good-by, now," she said ; "I'll come again to-morrow if I can."

She closed the door, softly ; and then she went to the top of the kitchen stairs and called the old woman.

Her dirty, hag-like appearance distressed Nuna.

"Don't leave Mr. Westropp alone in the house," she said. "You shall be paid for your care. Go in and look at him every now and then. I will come or send to-morrow."

She tried to keep calm and collected, but it was hard work. Paul might be ill, dying, perhaps. He had said he would write when he came to a halt, and Miss Coppock's letter was dated a fortnight ago, and yet there was more hope than sorrow in Nuna's heart. She was going to Paul ; her long exile was ended ; her brain seemed to spin in the excitement that lay before her. But she mastered the impulsive wish to start at once in pursuit of her husband. There was yet time to write to her father, and to seek his advice about her journey ; for he had been, as Nuna knew, much of a traveller in early life.

She calculated that if her father answered her note at once, she should be able to start on her journey next evening.

Timid as she was, wholly unused to depend on herself for protection, still Nuna resolved to travel alone. She felt sure the journey would be expensive, and she thought an English maid would be a useless encumbrance. She could only think of Paul ; her mind saw only the end of her journey, and refused to take in any obstacles there might be in its accomplishment.

"I don't think there's much use in going to bed," she said ; "I feel as if rest would never come till I am fairly on my way."

To her surprise she slept soundly. She felt calm and refreshed next morning ; but there was still a long weary day to get through before her father's letter could reach her.

She finished her packing, and then she resolved to go and see Roger.

"I must try and persuade him to have a nurse," she thought.

The door opened, and there was Will Bright.

Nuna did not know how helpless she had really felt till she saw Will; she sprang forward and greeted him so heartily, that a flush of pleasure spread over his handsome face.

"You can guess why I'm here," he said; "I got to Ashton this morning just after your letter came. The rector was in a sad way about it; he can't stand your going alone at all. I don't believe he likes your going any way, only Mrs. Beaufort said it was the right thing for you to do—but it's all right now. You'll let me take care of you, won't you, and we'll start to-night."

He had held Nuna's hand while he spoke; his heart was just then as full of love for her as ever.

"You!"—Nuna pressed his hand affectionately, and then drew hers away—"you good, kind Will—oh, no; indeed, I could not take you away, just now, too, when you are so much wanted on the farm, and—"

"Confound the farm," said Will, stubbornly, "I'm going with you, Nuna, whether you like it or not. I told Mr. Beaufort I would."

He stood looking at her with both hands in his pockets, and a determined, rather surly expression in his eyes.

Nuna was puzzled; but she had learned how to manage Will in her childhood. A woman can usually manage the lover she does not love, however much she may fail with the man she loves herself.

"I must go alone, Will, for several reasons. Now, sit down and listen, won't you, like a good reasonable Will; all you want is to help me, isn't it? Well then, isn't it much kinder to help me in my way than in yours? If you will take me to Folkestone, and put me safe on board the steamer, you will do all I need; and then I want you to do something else, which will help me very much."

Will looked like a mastiff, unwilling to yield up a stick he has been told to guard.

"You know I can't refuse you anything," he said, at last, sadly.

"Will,"—there was a reproach in her voice, and he looked sheepish—"you won't tell even my father what I am going to tell you?"

He looked up hopefully; the idea of sharing a secret with Nuna was cheering to his dog-like faithfulness.

"It's about Roger Westropp. He is in London. I've seen him; he's ill, and he wants taking care of. Will you see after him while I am away? I can tell you what I want about him presently. Now, you really must have something to eat."

Will's curiosity was excited about Roger, but he was still unwilling to let Nuna travel without him.

Before they reached Folkestone she had convinced him that he must yield to her wishes.

"Good-by, Nuna," he said, when the ringing of the bell warned all outsiders to leave the steamer; "you have been harder on me to-day than you know. You don't know what it would have been to me to have watched over you to the end, you poor dear, lonely girl; now, don't look vexed; I may as well say my mind out this once; you've had your way, remember, but I'd like to be sure what that husband of yours is at; if he's not ill, Nuna, very ill, mind,—I should like to horsewhip him."

"Poor Will!" Nuna watched the tall, stalwart figure, till the boat glided out of the harbor. "Dear, faithful Will, how heartless I am! I don't seem to care a bit for him, or to think of all the trouble he has taken. Oh, my darling! my darling! am I really going to you at last?"

At last! and then came the doubt, should she find him?

CHAPTER LXII.

"SHALL I be able to move in a week?" an English voice said this in French to a small buttoned-up Frenchman, a man with a spectacled wizened face; there was a brown curly wig above the face, and a red silk handkerchief under it.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Ma foi," he smiled, "if you were my countryman I make answer, 'No;' you stay where you are a fortnight, what do I know, three weeks, perhaps; but you English are different, you have the strength of horses not of men; I say to you"—he stopped to take a large pinch of snuff and spilled some of it on the table, then blew his nose obstreperously in a red pocket-handkerchief nearly as big as himself—"I

say to you, Monsieur,"—he shook a dirty finger at his patient, "that a man who refuses to be bled for fever and yet recovers, is beyond my calculations; he may relapse, or get well at once, or die after all, what do I know? I have the honor to wish Monsieur good-day."

Doctor Gerder took his leave; he was very much huffed at his patient's strictures on the treatment to which he had refused to submit.

When the party of travellers reached Auvergne, Paul had been much struck with the wild grandeur of the extinct volcanoes, and he proposed to Lord Charles Seton to stay behind the others.

But Lord Charles's love of art and his great desire to sketch in Paul's company had, seemingly, cooled. "I am not particularly attracted by the Auvergne scenery," he said; "I would rather defer my sketching attempts till we reach the Spanish frontier."

Paul felt a secret relief, and yet he was chafed, too. Something in Mrs. Downes's manner towards himself irritated him profoundly; if he could credit such a belief, he could fancy that Patty tried in Lord Charles Seton's presence to patronize him; she and the young lord were inseparable companions. Strangely enough, the travelling companion from whom he had shrunk at the outset with positive dislike, had been the only one he was sorry to part from; he had grown first to pity and then to like Mr. Downes.

He had never seen a man evince such unwearying devotion to a woman, and Paul was too keen an observer not to see how carelessly it was repaid. There had been a look of trouble and sadness lately in Mr. Downes's face; Paul felt sure he was not happy with his wife.

He stopped behind at Clermont; then he went on to a little village some leagues distant, and there, after painting in the heat of the sun beside a pool of stagnant mud, he sickened with low typhoid fever.

He soon became delirious, but happily for him chiefly at night, so that he had been able to understand and to resist the doctor's wish to bleed him; the two poor women who kept the wretched little cabaret where he was lodged nursed him as carefully as they could—but care and kindness will not atone for dirt and other discomforts, and in his long, restless nights, Paul longed till his heart sickened

for Nuna's sweet face, for her voice, instead of the hoarse patois of the Frenchwomen; and, above all, he hungered for the love he had again grown to believe in. For lately, every hour had been teaching Paul his mistake; in Mr. Downes's tender devotion to his wife he had read his own condemnation—read how selfishly he had returned Nuna's love.

"I had it once," he said, sometimes; "if Patty had never come between us, I believe we should have been all right; but jealousy dwarfs a woman's mind completely. I'm afraid Nuna will never forgive me that concealment about the picture; and it was wrong altogether. I can see at this distance that husbands and wives shouldn't have secrets; she'll never trust me again. If she were a man it would be different."

He repented bitterly that he had not written.

"I cannot write now; it would be selfish and cowardly to ask her, so timid as she is, to come all this way just to nurse me. I couldn't bear her to be in such a place; and perhaps if she knew I was ill, she would come. No, I must take my chance."

It never occurred to him that all discomfort and privation would have been prized by Nuna, if borne for his sake. Some men know very little of the hearts of the women they call their own.

Paul felt restless when the doctor left him. He longed to attempt the journey, but the unsteadiness of his limbs and his brain warned him it was possible to meet with worse mischances than a prolonged stay in the dirty little cabaret.

Hitherto he had not realized the dangerous power of his illness. But to-day, as the hours passed by, it seemed to him that he was growing weaker—more feverish. Would it be better to send for Nuna?

"And who's to say what may happen; for she will come if I send for her,"—he had a painful pleasure in saying this over and over. "And she might take the fever and die of it."

And yet, as the hours of that weary day went by, and the sun grew hotter, and Paul's languor and depression bore him down to utter prostration, his pale, sunken eyes fixed more and more wistfully on the knapsack hanging against the bare deal walls of his room. There were writing materials in it.

How easy it would be to write and summon his wife.

Before morning came the power of writing was gone, the fever had returned; he was again delirious and unconscious.

The women of the house whispered together gravely; they knew too well the symptoms of the fatal disease, but they did not even know the name of their lodger, and the doctor Gerder had said he would die if the fever returned.

CHAPTER LXIII.

PATIENCE SPEAKS.

PATTY stood at a window in the largest bedroom of the Croix d'Or. She looked tired and worn, for the party had only just reached Bourges, after a long, hurried journey. The journey, too, had been dull. Mr. Downes had been almost always sullen and silent, and yet he was constantly beside her, so that she had not, during the last two days, had any of the long talks with Lord Charles Seton, which had become the chief amusement of the journey.

But it was not only weariness and fatigue that had altered Patty's looks and faded her loveliness. She was very pale; but anger, and fear too, were in her beautiful blue eyes,—a strange, abject fear, that seemed quite out of place on the sweet self-possessed face. She was looking down into the court-yard of the inn. It was empty, except just below the window. Her husband stood there with Patience Coppock. Mr. Downes seemed to be listening with impatience; he held a stick in his hand, and he struck this, as he stood, on the round shining stones of the court-yard; but still he was listening to his companion's talk, and Mrs. Downes could see how full of eager vehemence this talk was. Patience stood with her back towards the window; but her shoulders heaved, and her right hand enforced her words with quick, impulsive gesture, and Patty read on her husband's face, as on a mirror, the work that Miss Coppock's words were doing. Once she tried to get courage and go boldly down stairs and stop the tongue which she felt was blackening her in her husband's eyes; but fear, sick, helpless fear, was too strong. She grasped at the window-fastening as the thought came; she drew her breath deeply; her lips parted, and showed the small white teeth tightly closed.

"She's been so much more patient lately that I never believed she'd turn on me—the coward; she never so much as threatened. Well, if I come to grief, it's her doing, not mine; that's one comfort." The smooth contempt of her words did not match with the awful terror in her eyes.

She dared not open the window; she feared to attract notice; but she longed intensely to know what Patience was saying to her husband.

Miss Coppock had kept much out of sight of late, and Patty had grown to be less on her guard. She knew that her husband watched her, but she did not fear him.

This morning had brought a terrible awakening. They had slept at a small town about three hours' journey from Bourges. Miss Coppock had left the breakfast-table before the others; and when a few minutes later Mrs. Downes had entered her own bedroom with her usual gliding, quiet step, she found her companion there reading a note. Patty knew at once what had happened. In an instant she snatched the note from Miss Coppock. It was from Lord Charles Seton—a note of silly, boyish nonsense, but still of warmer nonsense than she would have liked Maurice to see addressed to her.

A sharp dispute ensued. Patience lost all self-control, and upbraided Mrs. Downes with her conduct during the journey.

"You can leave me," Patty said in a cold, contemptuous tone. "You can go as far as Bourges with us, and then I will pay you your wages."

Patience had not answered; she had only scowled; and Patty had decided that Miss Coppock was too much a woman of the world to let herself be turned adrift in the middle of France "without any character to speak of."

She had grown so used to the idea of Patience's entire dependence on her, that she tried to forget the quarrel and the misgivings it had roused.

But now she could do this no longer. On reaching the inn at Bourges, she had asked to be shown to her bedroom, and her first glance into the court-yard had shown her Patience and her husband in earnest talk. Patty felt as if the ground shook beneath her: how could she escape?

And yet she did not dream that Patience would wholly betray her. She only feared that her husband would ask to see Lord Charles Seton's note.

The court-yard was still empty; there was no one within hearing. Patience knew that there were no other English staying at the Croix d'Or; and she spoke loudly, and so fearlessly, that for a few moments Mr. Downes was kept dumb by surprise.

He had been very angry with his wife, with what seemed to him her unpardonable vanity in regard to Lord Charles Seton. He had shown his dislike to it openly, and he resolved to part company at the first opportunity; but he loved Patty as much as ever, and when Miss Coppock asked him to listen to her, and began to express her grave suspicion of his wife's misconduct, he stopped her angrily.

"Hush! Miss Coppock; I cannot listen. I don't know why I have listened at all. You have no right to speak against my wife. I suppose you have quarrelled with Mrs. Downes; but I cannot see that that gives you a right to speak against her in this way: it is most ungrateful and offensive. I am competent to manage my own affairs, and after the way in which you have thought fit to speak of Mrs. Downes, it will be pleasanter in all ways for you to leave us—such a thing is unpardonable."

He tried to press down his indignation, and his lip curled in the effort.

Miss Coppock's dull eyes kindled. As she stood there once more alone with Maurice Downes, it seemed as if that long-ago street scene was being acted out again: he was again thrusting her away from him.

The anger in her face made her look almost hideous. Mr. Downes shrank from her with disgust. She saw and understood all he felt.

"I'm going; you may be sure of that. I'd not sleep another night under the same roof with your wife"—a stinging emphasis on the words—"if you asked me to do it! There are reasons, though you've forgotten them, why I'd still do much for *you*; yes, I would."

She was getting beyond her fear of self-betrayal; his contempt goaded her out of herself. "Do you think it was for simple revenge on her that I've told you

of her doings with that young lord? Why, the best revenge I could have had would have been to let her go on to disgrace; but you care for her, and I care enough for you and your credit to know that you're much too good for her, and I'm sick of seeing you deceived through thick and thin. If you want to keep her, look after her."

Again Mr. Downes held his breath while he listened. What change had come over this silent, cowed woman!—a creature who had seemed always to be trying to shrink out of sight. What could she mean by this special interest in him? It seemed as if she pitied him; he began to think she was crazy.

"You may set your mind at rest"—his voice had softened a little. "I am quite satisfied with my wife, Miss Coppock, and I am not, as you imagine, blind to her faults; if she were faultless, she would be an angel, and I'm not aware any woman ever was an angel. You are angry now. You have said several very foolish, most unjustifiable things; but we won't talk about them. Now, be reasonable. Your interest for me shows itself in a strange way; I still think you had better leave us, but I should like you to beg Mrs. Downes's pardon, and get right with her, before you go away; it will be so much better, you know, for you to go on to Paris with us, and you can leave us there; I am sure, even if you have made Mrs. Downes angry, she will allow you to go on to Paris with us."

Mr. Downes shrank from a scandal, and he thought if Miss Coppock went off in her present overwrought excited state, she might do mischief.

Miss Coppock's smile was more ghastly than her anger had been; she had grown pale while Mr. Downes spoke—

"I said I'd do anything for you." She looked into his eyes with a starved hope that even yet he might recognize her; "but I'll not ask *her* pardon, even for you. Her pardon! if you only knew who and what she is!" She threw up her eyes, and clasped her hands with a violence that made Mr. Downes shrink away with disgust and dislike.

"The woman is either mad, or it is all acting and rodomontade," he thought; "Elinor has offended her, and she'll say anything to poison me against her; her very pretence of liking me when she has taken every opportunity she could find of

avoiding me, is enough to show that she'll say anything to serve her purpose."

"Miss Coppock, I must put an end to this," he said, firmly; "I should much prefer that you should control yourself, and stay until we reach Paris; but, of course, as you refuse to acknowledge yourself wrong, and persist in your offensive behavior, this cannot be. Now remember," there was severe warning in his voice, "I can't permit another word about Mrs. Downes. Tell me what there is due to you, or, if you prefer it, I will send a check to any address you like; then you can go. Don't attempt to see Mrs. Downes again. I can't permit it; she is not used to vehemence like yours."

"How do you know what she's used to? What do you know about her at all? I've known her as many years as you've known her months." He put up his hand in protest, but no power of his could stop Patience now; she was roused to fury. "Did she tell you how she made my acquaintance, Mr. Downes? Did she say I wanted a new apprentice to the dress-making, and her pretty face took my fancy as I passed by her father's cottage? Her father, too—ask him if you like, ask Roger Westropp if my story's true or false; he told me once if she wasn't a good wife to you he'd go up to Park Lane himself, and tell you the truth, for all he'd promised her not. Ask her lover, Mr. Whitmore—ah! yes, Mr. Whitmore's best of all—ask him, he can tell you plenty about her. When I think of the lies she must have told you, I've hardly patience to speak at all."

"Silence!" Mr. Downes had found voice at last, and the stern sound hushed her. He was shocked, stupefied; but still, his love rose against the strong suspicions her words awaked. "You won't leave me, so I leave you. I tell you once, and always, that I refuse to listen to anything you have to say about Mrs. Downes, and I don't believe a word of this—this trumped-up story."

He left her so suddenly that she could not stop him.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

PATIENCE COPPOCK stood looking after him. All decision had left her face; her passion had gained such mastery, that it swayed her out of any set purpose.

"Money, money; yes, money is the salve for everything, isn't it? he offered me money that time in London. No, Maurice, no money shall buy my revenge now."

She stood there, white and trembling.

After a little she grew quiet; she went back into that part of the court-yard appropriated to the rougher vehicles—a kind of open shed. She was out of sight here, and thought came back with the freedom from restraint.

"I'm glad he didn't listen. I'll be calm next time I tell that story. I'll tell it in Park Lane, too, when there are others by to hear—Mrs. Winchester and plenty more, and I'll have old Roger by, that I will. I believe he'd do that much, to punish Patty, when he finds it was her doing that took Mr. Whitmore away from his wife—and it was; I've listened and listened, and I'm sure of it; and she did it first from spite, for it's plain he don't care for her. No, I'll have my way; she shan't have everything, and me nothing."

She had spoken almost the same words at the news of Patty's marriage; but then they had been sorrowfully spoken; she said them now with hatred marked on her face.

Hatred had grown silently, until every thought had become subservient to the one resolve of revenging all her wrongs on Patty. Miss Coppock had watched quietly all through the journey for some pretext which would give her a right to speak to Mr. Downes, and now she had found it.

"I have ruined myself!" The despair in her voice seemed exaggerated. "I am thrown on the world again, and I've done her no harm. As to going away from her, it's like leaving hell; but for him to have sneered at me—and oh! it was worse than sneering." She hid her face in her hands; the disgust and dislike she had seen in Mr. Downes's face burned in her brain.

A man in a blouse came up to where she was standing; he looked curiously at her.

Patience recovered herself at once.

The luggage still stood in the court-yard.

"I want you to bring this trunk to the railway station," she said. "Come as fast as you can." She went out through the gray-arched entrance of the court-yard.

The man scratched his head, but he did not touch the trunk.

"Dame, what extraordinary people are these English! see this one, she arrive, and she depart, and all in half-an-hour; she is, perhaps, crazy."

He resolved to await further orders before he followed this very extraordinary Englishwoman.

Patience walked fast along the narrow street; she had no eyes for the quaint town with its Middle-age palaces of the wealthy burghers of Bourges. The rapid movement brought back all her passion.

"I wish I had struck her when she talked about my wages. She hasn't got the natural feelings of a woman; she's a smiling, sneering devil; she said her husband wouldn't listen, whatever I might say, and she was right. What a fool he is to love her! Well, he'll suffer for it by-and-by."

Again a torrent of rage and despair swept over her; she had suffered all this defeat and bitter mortification to leave Bourges in disgrace, and Patty victorious.

She soon reached the station. She asked for a train for Paris; but she heard that there would not be one for two hours. A train from Paris was due, and, as she stood on the platform blind to all that passed round her, it rolled slowly up amid the vociferations of the porters.

The noise roused Patience. Mechanically she watched the passengers alight; some of them were trying to gain information from the guard, as he passed rapidly along the line of carriages.

Miss Coppock started at the sound of an English voice.

"Is there no cross-road from here to Clermont?"

Miss Coppock turned round—it was Nuna Whitmore; she was still in the railway carriage, but she got out hastily when she recognized Patience. It seemed to her that she had found Paul, and that all her anxiety was over.

"My husband is here with you—is he not?"

Patience did not answer; here was her opportunity, her revenge need not be deferred; Nuna was just as good a witness as Roger Westropp, Mr. Downes *must* listen to Mrs. Whitmore.

"Is that all your luggage, Mrs. Whitmore?"—she pointed at the bag which Nuna had dragged out of the carriage. Nuna nodded.

"But is my husband here?" she repeated—

"Come along."

The firm tone reassured Nuna; habit helped the disorder of Miss Coppock's wits, she called a voiture, placed Nuna and her bag within it, and then she seated herself beside Mrs. Whitmore, and told the man to drive to the Croix d'Or.

"Is my husband there?—why don't you answer?"

She put her hand on Patience's arm and looked earnestly in the troubled face.

"No; but you will hear all about him from Mr. Downes; he is not likely to be still at Clermont, but you will be sure to find him."

This came in answer to the sudden sadness in the large dark eyes fixed so wistfully on her face.

Nuna's heart sank—like lead in water.

"I don't understand; I thought you would be all together; how was it you came to the station to meet me? did you know I was coming? who told you to come?"

Patience had grown quiet; she was thinking how she could best make use of this strange chance; she smiled.

"I'll tell you that another time; I want to say several things to you before we get to the inn."

Spite of the confusion in her brain, Miss Coppock was too wary, too much controlled by the pure, truthful face that looked so trustingly into hers, to tell Nuna at once the purpose for which she had interrupted her journey; she went off into a rambling narrative of Patty's conduct with Lord Charles Seton, and the deceit she had practised on Mr. Downes. Nuna begged her to keep silence.

"I can't listen to you if you talk in this way."

"You're mighty merciful!"—they had just rattled into the inn court-yard,—“yet I don't think *you've* much to thank Mrs. Downes for, somehow."

Nuna shuddered, and shrank from the bitterness with which she spoke; where was Paul? she asked herself, and how was her journey going to end?

CHAPTER LXV.

A HARD FIGHT.

PATTY knew that her husband would come to her when Patience left him; she knew, too, that she must have a hard bat-

tle to retain her hold on his love ; but even then her self-reliance did not desert her. She saw Mr. Downes leave Patience abruptly, she thought angrily ; and the terror which had mastered her vanished. Surely she was a match for Maurice. She smoothed the frown on her forehead, and went up to the looking-glass. She soon removed the look of fatigue from her hair and complexion, and then she gazed earnestly at the reflection of her fair face.

"Who can look at Patience, and then at me, and doubt which of us speaks the truth ?" There was triumph in her voice ; but still she was not quite at ease. Patience had been gone some time. Why did not Maurice come upstairs ?

"The thing I have got to guard against is fear," Patty said, thoughtfully. "It hasn't often come to me in my life, but when it has I know I am the worst of cowards. If I go giving way to it, and pretending to be fond of Maurice and so on, he'll suspect directly, and then he'll never believe me again. I must be the injured person. I shan't forget that time when he told me he'd written to an artist of the name of Whitmore to paint my picture. Maurice looked quite puzzled at the fright I was in."

At last she heard steps coming slowly along the gallery.

"Now for it !" An uncontrollable spasm passed over her, and then she was outwardly calm. She sat down on the sofa just opposite the door.

Mr. Downes came in ; he thought he was quite composed outwardly ; but Patty saw that his face twitched.

"Elinor !" — she made room for him beside her, but he stood erect ; — "perhaps you saw who was talking to me just now in the court-yard ? I may as well say at once that you have chosen a most unfortunate time to quarrel with your companion. I don't say you are altogether to blame, for she certainly is a most violent woman ; but I cannot imagine what has occurred to cause such a disturbance."

He had looked sternly at his wife as he began, but he seemed unable to sustain the frank, fearless glance of her blue eyes ; but Patty trembled, spite of her unconscious looks. Maurice would not speak in that stern voice, with his eyes on the ground, if he had not something much more unpleasant still to say.

Her knees began to shake as she sat.

"If I don't do something desperate it's all over with me." She threw back her head with the old saucy toss.

"Well, I don't know, Maurice. I had been thinking, while I looked out of the window and saw how long you listened to Miss Coppock, that I had cause for complaint."

"I don't understand you, Elinor ;" he looked at her in evident surprise.

"I don't see how you can understand till you know what has happened ;" — Patty looked indignant — "that woman was very insolent just now, and I gave her her discharge. When she left me, she said she would have her revenge. As to quarrelling with her, really, Maurice, if you knew all I've had to bear, you would be quite vexed with me for submitting so long to her ill-temper." Her husband had given her her cue when he spoke of Patience's violence — "she said she could make Mr. Downes believe what she liked, and she muttered something that a woman who had no relatives to vouch for her might find it hard to contradict what was said : she did indeed, Maurice" — her husband was looking at her steadily now, and she affected to think he was taking Miss Coppock's part — "surely when a woman hints in that dreadful way, and then goes and talks privately to you for ever so long, I may feel hurt and shocked to see you listening. I shall be very glad to know what she really has been telling you."

She had talked tears into her eyes : she wiped them away as if she scorned to show them.

"If you watched me, Elinor, I'm sure you must have seen I listened against my will, and that I was very much displeased : certainly I will tell you ; I never have kept anything from you, and I will be quite frank now. Miss Coppock spoke of a note from Lord Charles Seton to you."

Patty's eyes drooped, spite of her efforts.

"I'm ready to own to you," she said, "that I was very much annoyed about that note. I knew nothing about it till I found Miss Coppock reading it this morning before she started. I sent it back to Lord Charles at once ; I thought it would be the best way to stop such boyish folly ; but, Maurice, I meant to tell you this myself ; surely there was no need for me to confess to Miss Coppock when she took

upon herself to accuse me of all sorts of things. I dare say I was impulsive and foolish—I know I felt very angry, but the woman disgusted me by her low suspicions; you can't think what dreadful things she said, and I told her she must go. Her conduct grew outrageous then, such falsehoods I never listened to——"

Mr. Downes's face had cleared, but he looked uneasy still.

"Do you care to hear what else she said?" and as he looked at his wife, Miss Coppock's words seemed so wild and improbable that he felt ashamed to repeat them.

Patty put her hand on his arm.

"I dare say you think, Maurice, because I've none of the wheedling ways of some women about me, that I don't care for you. I never can show my feelings. Why, when I saw that woman with you—strong as I felt in my own innocence—I trembled, yes indeed, I did tremble after her threats. Who have I to stand up for me in the world but you? There's the French schoolmistress, of course, and my foster-father; but now old Mr. Parkins is dead, I have no one creditable witness to bring forward. Ah, Maurice, I little thought I should ever want justifying to you."

Her eyes were dry now, but she clasped her hands in mute appeal, and it seemed to her husband there was an unutterable sweetness in those soft heavy-lidded eyes.

He hesitated between his wish to believe his wife and a haunting memory of Miss Coppock's words. He had stood before Patty all this while—now he left her, and walked to the window.

A voiture was driving into the court-yard of the Croix d'Or; but Mr. Downes had not remarked it till one of its occupants stepped on to the round paving-stones of the yard. It was Miss Coppock.

Mr. Downes started back. "Here again!" he said, and a cold chill of unbelief came over him.

Patty was beside him instantly. She looked down into the court-yard, and her eyes met those of Patience.

Mrs. Downes saw a determination fully equal to her own—and then she saw Nuna.

"Maurice!" she grasped his arm so convulsively that he looked at her in alarm—"keep that woman Patience away from me; I can't tell you how I feel now

that I know she has tried to poison you against me. Let her say what she will, falsehood can harm no one, only keep her away from me; you don't know who she has brought with her; that's Mr. Whitmore's dear little wife—bring her to me, dear, at once; I have a message to her from her husband."

Mr. Downes was appeased.

Patty could not have appealed more effectually to her husband. His wife's manner towards the artist had often annoyed him at the outset of the journey; it was like a revelation to guess now that those long talks had been about Mr. Whitmore's wife—a wife too, who, from the glimpses he had caught of her, seemed attractive enough for any husband.

He kissed Patty.

"I'll keep Miss Coppock away, and send Mrs. Whitmore to you here."

CHAPTER LXVI.

"ONLY AN OLD LOVE-LETTER."

MR. DOWNES met Nuna on the stairs. "I believe you are Mrs. Whitmore. My wife has a message to you from your husband."

Nuna forgot Patty's letter, her conduct and all. She almost ran along the gallery till she reached the door to which Mr. Downes pointed.

Patty meantime had a sharp, brief struggle. She had seen this trial far off, and now it had really come.

"I can't dare them both," she said, "I'm too hemmed in. I'd rather die than knock under to Patience; surely I can coax this weak, simple girl to stand by me if I only show her she needn't be jealous. She is a lady, simpleton as she is."

Nuna went straight up to Patty, her eyes full of question.

"You have a message for me from my husband. Do you know where he is?"

For just an instant the selfish heart stirred with pity, and then self swept away every feeling but intense desire for help. She looked at Nuna with keen, searching eyes.

"Mr. Downes misunderstood me. I have something to say about your husband, but I can only guess where he is. We will help you to find him, you may be sure we will, but I want you to help me first, Mrs. Whitmore."

A look of pitiful distress came into Nuna's face; it seemed as if she must

break down ; but she strove hard not to yield up her courage.

"First," said Patty, and a bright flush of real shame tinged her cheeks, "I can tell you what no one else can. You may quite trust your husband. I have tried him on this journey, and I don't believe a man would have been so indifferent if he had not dearly loved his wife."

She was forced to droop her eyes under Nuna's indignant glance.

"You're annoyed ; well, you don't understand me ; you don't seem to see how much it costs a vain woman like me to own that she can't charm a man who did admire her once."

Again Nuna's face warned her.

"What I want to know is whether you will forgive me for trying to make your husband flirt, or whether you mean to bear me a grudge for it?"

Nuna's resentment faded ; it seemed to her that only Patty Westropp could so speak, and she excused her, she held out her hand, and Patty kept it in a soft, warm clasp.

"Thank you, I'm in great, dreadful trouble, and only you can help me. Hush ! what's that?" Such a change came in her face that Nuna was startled. The lovely color faded. Patty grew whiter every moment, her lips were trembling, and her eyes had a scared terror in them.

"Sit down," said Nuna ; she thought Mrs. Downes would faint where she stood.

"No." Patty shook her head. "Don't be frightened, I haven't got feeling enough to faint." She laughed at the look of distress in Nuna's face. "You needn't be sorry for me, either. I don't want pity, I hate it, and I'm sure women get along much easier if they haven't too much heart. I dare say you suffer for every one's troubles as much as for your own. Well, I don't want you to be sorry for me, only help me. I don't profess to care for any one except myself. I know that woman Patience has been telling you all sorts of lies. Do you know why she brought you here?" She looked keenly into the agitated face before her. "No, of course you don't, you only came to see your husband." There was a touch of scorn in her voice, for Nuna's unconsciousness. "Miss Coppock brought you here to tell Mr. Downes all about me. She wants him to know I was Patty Wes-

tropp, her apprentice, a village girl at Ashton, everything—I saw it in her face just now. Mrs. Whitmore," Patty's voice grew passionate, "when you've worn out a gown you throw it aside, don't you, you don't keep it by you forever? That's what I've done. I've done with the old life, why should I tease my husband with it? You'll stand by me, won't you? you'll keep silent about your knowledge of me, you will, I know. I'm sure you will."

Patty had meant to speak quite differently, to be calm and reasonable, and to treat of this as a mere matter of worldly wisdom ; but nervous terror and excitement conquered, she took Nuna's hand in both hers, and pressed it, while her face was full of convulsive agitation.

"I can't tell a falsehood." Nuna spoke hesitatingly, and Patty's courage rose. It seemed to her, her strong will must conquer this timid, irresolute nature.

"I've not told you all yet. My husband's a proud man ; he thinks low birth and vulgarity as bad as murder and stealing. He thinks I have always been Miss Latimer, a gentleman's child, brought up abroad. If he finds out he has been deceived he'll never forgive me, he'll cast me off. Look here, Mrs. Whitmore," she went on, vehemently, "I'm not a good woman like you, I find no comfort in church and prayers as you do ; if my husband casts me off I can't be left alone in the world, I must go to some one else ; I can't live without society and amusement, I must be worshipped in one way or another."

"Oh, hush ! pray don't think of anything so dreadful."

Nuna laid her hand on Patty's arm, but Patty broke from her passionately.

"It's all very well for you to call it dreadful, but if I do it, remember you will have driven me to it, Nuna Beaufort—yes, you only, you are driving me to shame and destruction, and you're doing it to revenge yourself on me because you think I tried to steal your husband's love from you, and you set up for being good and religious ! If I had got him away from you you would have had more right ; but when I tell you I failed, what's all your goodness worth? You are as bad as I am, after all."

She stopped, exhausted panting ; her words had poured out so rapidly that

Nuna could not have been heard if she had spoken.

"Don't talk so madly; I will do anything I can to help you, indeed I will." There was a loving earnestness in her voice, which reached even through the passionate tumult that distracted Patty, "but, Mrs. Downes, you can help yourself best of all; there is only one thing for you to do"—Patty's eyes filled in an instant with despairing hope—"tell the truth; go to your husband, tell him your whole story, and ask him to forgive your deceit. I'm sure he loves you very dearly, and he will forgive you. Love will forgive everything." She looked pleadingly at Patty. A dark sullen look came over the beautiful face.

"You say that because you love and you could forgive; if I could love my husband I might have a chance of his forgiving me. But I don't love him—I can't, I can't; I almost despise him. Could you be forgiven by a man you despise—a man who you feel you can do as you like with? I can only love what I fear: I can't be forgiven—taken into favor like a disgraced servant—by a man I've no respect for. Why, I should be watched at every turn, and never believed again. I know my husband—he would be ashamed of me for the rest of his life: and just because he'd never have had the wit to find it out for himself, once he knows it, he'll be finding out lowness and vulgar ways in all I do and all I say. I'd rather hang myself up to that pole, Mrs. Whitmore,"—she pointed to the bed—"than live with him on those terms. No, it's your doing now. Take your choice: I won't speak again till you've made it—whether I'm to go on Mrs. Downes to the end, or whether I'm to go off in an hour's time with some one else."

Nuna stood shocked and silent. Her shrinking from Patty was stronger than ever, and yet a spring of loving compassion was rising up in her heart for this wretched, despairing woman.

Patty's eyes were devouring in their impatient expression, but Nuna still stood silent.

"If your husband questions me I must tell the truth," she said at last; "but surely I need not see Mr. Downes again. I tell you that your only chance for real happiness lies in openness to him. Oh, Mrs. Downes, what is it: just a little pain and humiliation soon over, and all that

painful, shameful load of concealment gone forever. Why,"—her large dark eyes grew so earnest that Patty quailed before them—"you can't die deceiving your husband. You could not—you must tell him: then why not give yourself happiness now? Ah, you don't know what happiness it is to love your husband! it is much happier to love than to be loved one's self." She had got Patty's hand in both her own.

Mr. Downes came in abruptly: he heard Nuna's last words, and he looked at her: he glanced on to his wife, but she drooped her head, sullenly silent.

"Mrs. Whitmore"—there was more sorrow than anger in his voice—"did you ever know Mrs. Downes as a girl called Patty Westropp?"

Neither of them saw Patty as she stood blanched, shaking with terror. Nuna looked frankly at Mr. Downes.

"If I did, what of it? I knew no harm of her—nothing that a man need be ashamed of in his wife: and how hard she must have striven to fit herself to be your wife. I am sure she is bitterly sorry for having kept her name from you: the concealment has brought its own punishment. Oh, Mr. Downes, we all make great mistakes in our lives: tell her you forgive her." There was almost a fervor of earnestness in Nuna's voice. She turned again to Patty, put her arm round her, and kissed her.

But Patty stood sullen, regardless of either Nuna or her husband.

Mr. Downes did not answer: he had kept stern and still while Nuna spoke; now he walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. The silence was unbroken: the two women stood still while he walked up and down; Nuna wondered what would be the end.

He stopped short at last, and spoke to Nuna.

"Mrs. Whitmore, you are a noble woman; you have taught me a lesson to-day. If all I've been told is true, you have as much to forgive my wife as I have." Then he turned with a look of sudden appeal to Patty.

"Elinor, why don't you speak—why don't you make it easier for both of us? I am ready to forgive you if you will ask me: in return, I ask you to try to love me."

"I don't want to be forgiven," she said haughtily.

The door was quietly opened, but they were all too overwrought to notice it then.

"Don't harden yourself," he said. He looked at Nuna: he seemed to find hope and counsel too in those deep, trusting eyes. "Elinor, why not trust me? Do you suppose I want to keep you with me except to make your life a happy one? I don't ask for any words: just give me your hand, and I will take the rest on trust."

Even then she hesitated; but Nuna gently took the trembling, clammy fingers, and drew them towards her husband's hand.

The door shut suddenly—it seemed to break the spell that had held them.

"You do not want me any more?" Nuna looked at Mr. Downes. "I am on my way to my husband."

"You will never find him by yourself." He put his hand to his head and thought. "You must let me send my courier with you—indeed you must: he knows where the village is to which your husband was going when he left us;" then, seeing her unwillingness, he whispered, "surely after what you have done for me to-day, you will let me help you if I can; you don't know how much you have helped me."

To his worldly notions it seemed marvellous that Nuna could so easily forgive his wife.

A thought came to Nuna while he spoke.

"Shall I take Miss Coppock with me, Mr. Downes? Your wife ought not to see her again."

Mr. Downes pressed her hand.

"Yes, a good plan. Thank you very much. I'll find her for you."

Mr. Downes went to look, but Patience was no longer in the court-yard: the garçon was coming down stairs.

"Where is the English lady?" said Mr. Downes.

The man looked surprised.

"She followed you up-stairs, Monsieur. I thought she was with you."

Mr. Downes was very angry with Patience Coppock: just then he would like to have inflicted any punishment on her.

"Some one went up to the second story just now," said the garçon, "it is

possible to have been Mademoiselle. No. 7 is the room of Mademoiselle; shall I tell her that Monsieur is waiting?"

"No." Mr. Downes gave his instructions to the courier about Nuna, and then hurried up-stairs; he thought he should save time by going himself to Miss Coppock; he was very unhappy; it seemed to him that his wife was in a dangerous, reckless temper; he did not want to lose sight of her till she softened.

No. 7 stood at the end of the gallery; he knocked sharply, but there was no answer.

"I have no time for ceremony," he said angrily; he opened the door and went in. Miss Coppock was lying on her bed.

"Miss Coppock, I"—but the words stopped, and he stood still paralyzed.

An awful Presence filled the room, and drew his eyes to the upturned face lying there so dreadful in its stillness.

At first this Presence filled his eyes, his mind, so that he could not grasp objects distinctly, and then he saw a phial still held in one lifeless hand; close beside this hand was a paper,—it looked like a letter.

Mr. Downes made a great effort to overcome his horror, he stretched out his hand and took this letter from the bed.

It was an old letter, soiled and much worn by folding and refolding; it was written in a boyish, crabbed hand—in it was a lock of chestnut hair.

"My darling Patience," was at the top.

"Only an old love-letter;—poor creature," and then he looked on to the signature—"Maurice Downes."

"Oh, my God!" he fell on his knees, his head nearly touching the dead woman. Who shall describe the utter horror and confusion of thought that came upon him in those awful moments, while he knelt beside the dead body of his old love?

All the bitter upbraidings he had given way to during these last weeks, while he had watched the smiles and looks he most coveted denied to himself and lavished on others, seemed to fall on his heart like stripes; punishment dealt justly to him in retribution.

He rose feebly from his knees and staggered to a chair. Clearly, as before the mental sight of one drowning, was the memory of that unexpected return to his father's house and his meeting with Patience Clayton—he shuddered as her

fresh young beauty came in one vivid glance ; and then more slowly, because harder to the belief of the world-hardened conscience, came back those hours of boyish love, of mornings spent in a sort of hungering longing and unrest till he was sure of finding her alone in her little school-room.

How vehemently he had resented his stepmother's conduct ; he knew without looking at it again, that the crumpled letter, so carefully treasured, was full of passionate love and trust ; in it he had vowed to be always true to Patience.

Why was all this so terribly real and present now, and why had it all been so vague and far off and lost out of memory, when he saw her again a friendless girl in London ? For a moment it seemed to Maurice Downes, in the terrible remorse that makes any effort, however unreal, possible and needful, that if he had married the girl whose love he had won, it would have been just and righteous. She loved him truly ; had any woman ever loved him so well, with so little requital ?

And then came back those words spoken to him in the court-yard so short a while ago—words which he had despised her for uttering, because he disbelieved in them. "There are reasons why I'd still do much for you." And she, with all her wrongs, despised, neglected, had loved him to the end—had lived beside him all these months and seen his love lavished on Patty.

A feeling of deep indignation rose against his wife.

"She must hear it all. If I confess to her, it may bend her pride."

He got up and forced himself to take one long, fixed look at the poor pale face ; then he went down-stairs slowly and heavily to the room where he had left Patty.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A CONFESSION.

PATTY kept aloof from Nuna in sullen, determined silence, and Nuna judged it better to leave her to her husband than to try any outward means of softening this miserable mood. Only while she stood seemingly bent on watching the courier's movements in the court-yard below, as he hurried the stableman's operations, Nuna's lips moved in silent prayer, that Patty

might be saved from the fate she seemed to be tempting.

How long Mr. Downes was away ! would he never come ? He came at last, came slowly and heavily, and Nuna started at the sight of his face—it was so white and rigid.

"You must not wait any longer, Mrs. Whitmore." Then he whispered, "Will you start now, and will you say good-by to me here ? I don't want to leave my wife alone ; I have told Louis everything, and he will go on with you till you are with Mr. Whitmore. God bless you." He wrung Nuna's hand hard, and his eyes filled with tears ; Mr. Downes resolved that she should know nothing of the awful story that had acted itself out so near them all ; it was among the few unselfish acts of his life towards any one but Patty.

Nuna looked at Patty, but there was no movement.

"Good-by," she said shyly.

Patty gave one hurried, scared look at her : "Good-by," but she turned away as Nuna made a forward movement.

"I had best go," Nuna whispered to Mr. Downes ; "good-by."

Mr. Downes looked after her as she went down the gallery. Till now he had been too much absorbed to realize Nuna's trouble, but it took a new, serious aspect.

"Poor thing ; I hope she will find her husband, but who can say ? he may fall ill and die ; and be buried next day in one of those out-of-the-way Cévénol villages, and none of us any the wiser. Poor thing, I wish I could have gone on with her."

He went back into the room. Patty still stood where he had left her ; defiant and gloomy.

"Come upstairs with me, Elinor," he said, "only for a few minutes."

His love for her guided him rightly so far ; nothing but strength of will could have kept her from an outbreak of passion.

He took her hand and kept it firmly clasped while they went upstairs together ; and as he felt how unwillingly it rested in his, his heart grew heavier, and sterner thoughts mingled with his desire to keep his wife beside him. But he was too merciful to let her go into the room without a warning.

"Stay a minute, I want to tell you something, Elinor." He did not look at

her while he spoke. "I had a most awful shock when I left you just now. Some years ago, a young man and a girl were in love with each other; he forgot his love and the promises he had made to keep true to it—worse than that, he was rich and the girl poor, and when he met her afterwards alone in London, he broke away from her with a few cold words and an offer of money instead of love." Patty raised her head at last and began to listen. "I was that youth, Elinor, but the girl loved on to the end." He stopped. Patty's eyes were fixed on him; something in the solemnity of his tone and look frightened her. "Elinor, all this time she has been living with us, and I never once recognized her."

"Was it Patience?" she whispered, and then she drew away from the door. Instinct and the look in his face told her he was seeking to prepare her for something from which she should shrink.

But he drew her on; they went in hand-in-hand—these two sinners; for it is sin, though the world may not call it so, to win affection, and then to leave it to wither unrequited—both gazing on the awful wreck of passion lying there so still.

For an instant Patty stood white and dumb; then she shrieked out in loud terror, and clung to her husband.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, have mercy! Take me away—for God's sake, take me, or I shall die—I shall die." She laid her face on his shoulder, but he made no answer; it was only fear, he thought—not love—that had worked this sudden change.

She shivered and left off screaming; then she glanced up in his face, and the fixed, rigid look she saw there awed her as much as her fear.

"Elinor,"—he spoke so coldly, so sadly, that all passion seemed hushed at the sound—"we have both helped to do this, to drive her to madness; but it is easier for me than for you to know how she suffered—from loving so well, so truly."

He stopped. Patty's bosom heaved tumultuously; with a sudden cry, she flung herself at his feet and clasped her arms round him.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice! for God's sake forgive me—if you can."

It seemed to Nuna as if that weary day would never end, and yet, as if she would

give much to lengthen it. It was getting dusk when they at length reached the village to which the courier said he had directed the English gentleman when they parted at Clermont. Louis had shrugged his shoulders at the notion of still finding Mr. Whitmore there; but he agreed that it was the only way of getting a clew to his further movements.

He left Nuna sitting in the jolting vehicle in which they had come out from Clermont, while he got down to make inquiries at the cabaret. A dirty woman came to the door; Nuna bent forward to listen, but the patois sounded unintelligible.

The look of sudden concern in the courier's face startled her; she scrambled out of the high, clumsy carriage.

"What is it?" she asked; "have you heard anything?"

The man looked frightened. "What is it?" said Nuna to the woman; "has an English gentleman been here? tell me—I'm his wife."

The courier had recovered his wits.

"Madame, the gentleman has been here; he is first very ill and then he gets better—but before he is recovered he again falls into the same malady, and, Madame, he will perhaps not recover."

A superhuman strength seemed to come to Nuna while she listened.

"He will recover when he sees me; take me where he is," she said to the woman.

The woman stared, but she understood the lady's looks better than her words.

Nuna followed her through the dirty mud-floored kitchen, where a wretched animal, more like a jackal than a dog, and some tall lean fowls were feeding together. At the back of this came a close, dirty passage, with a door on each side. One of the doors had a glass top, and this gave light to the passage. The woman opened this door and went in; the glass was so smeared that Nuna could not distinguish anything; she held her breath and listened. She looked so pale and worn, standing there—this last blow had been worse than all—but suddenly light sparkled in her eyes, a glow rose in her cheeks, her whole nature seemed kindling with a glory of hope. It was Paul's voice. Nuna fell on her knees in the dirty little passage.

"Oh! spare him to me," she prayed,

and then such an outspring of thanksgiving that tears came along with it.

She rose up and went gently into the room. Paul lay on a wretched little bed, so pale, so haggard, so unlike her own darling husband, that Nuna's heart swelled in anguish; but the eyes were there unchanged, the eyes that sought hers with a wistful, longing tenderness she had never till now seen in them, and that drew her swiftly on till her arms were round him and her tears falling fast on the pillow on which he lay.

The woman stared a minute and went away. She thought this husband and wife a strange pair; after so long a parting, not to have one word for each other. She listened outside the door, but she heard only some half-stifled sobs and a murmur of kisses.

"A dumb people these English," she said; "she never asks him how he finds himself."

She came in again later on with some broth, and to tell the lady that the courier would stay, as it was too late to get back to Bourges that night.

"*Comment, Madame,*" she said; and she looked in amazement at her patient. He was lying propped up, with a look of comfort and rest in his face that she had not seen there before.

"You shall speak when you've drunk this," said Nuna smiling; and she kissed the hand she had been holding. "You don't know how I've been practising nursing, darling; you shall be well in a week," and she held the spoon to his lips.

Paul looked and listened in wonder. It seemed to him this could not be the careless, impulsive girl he had left in St. John street. There was a subdued womanliness, mingled with such a glow of tenderness, it was as if Nuna's timid, shrinking love had suddenly blossomed into a full and perfect flower.

"My darling," he said presently, resting his head on her shoulder, with a blissful trust in his eyes that made Nuna's heart almost too full for happiness, "I didn't deserve ever to see you again. Do you really want me to get well?" He smiled into the tearful eyes.

That long look seemed to tell Nuna something had gone away out of her love forever. No more trying to find out what would please or displease her husband. She was in his heart, and she knew for

evermore every thought and every wish of the life bound up in her own.

A radiance like sunshine filled her eyes.

"I suppose, if I were quite to tell the truth," she smiled mischievously, "I would like to keep you always as you are now; you are obliged to be good and obedient, and I'm not going to let you speak another word to-night."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

TIME has been merciful to Dennis Fagg. Only a year since we saw him helpless; now he can limp about without crutches, and his words come easily.

"Kitty," he calls, "come out in the garden, do, old woman, and leave Bobby to fry his supper himself."

Bobby is a good-sized school-boy now, with redder hair than ever. He has been out catching fish, and objects to trust his precious victims to any cookery but his mother's.

"Well"—Mrs. Fagg looks lovingly at her greedy darling; his holidays are so near ended that it is necessary he should have his own way in all things—"perhaps, Bob, dear, you've had as many of them perch as is wholesome at a sittin'; so I'll go to father." Then turning a sharp look towards the kitchen as she washes her hands, "Have a care, Bob, you don't go asking Anne to cook 'em, it 'ud be like whippin' a dead horse. Why, child, she'd as like as not fry 'em scales and all."

Mrs. Fagg finds Dennis smoking, as he limped up and down the walk, between the espaliers, laden with their red and brown fruit.

"Kitty,"—he takes his pipe out of his mouth when she joins him,—“since you came back from London, I've heered nought of Miss Nuna's baby; all your talk has runned on Mr. Whitmore. I mind when he usen't to be such a favorite."

"A favorite! not he; he's not one of my sort, Dennis; he keeps his talk too much to himself—not but what he's a deal altered for the better. I'm real pleased, that I am, to see the care he takes of Miss Nuna, and the store he sets by her; she deserves it every bit—but then we don't always get what we deserve, whether for praise or blame—do us, old man?"

Mr. Fagg had gone on smoking. He takes his pipe out again, and gives a

little dry cough, shy of what he is going to say.

"You're right, Kitty; but listen here. Don't you mind you never liked me to think well of Patty Westropp?" Mrs. Fagg turns her head and makes a sudden swoop with her apron on the jackdaw pecking at the fast-ripening apples.

"Well, Dennis,"—she sets her apron straight—"of course I didn't like it; it weren't in nature that I should."

Mr. Fagg had raised his fat forefinger as he began, and he holds it so raised during his wife's interruption. He brings it down emphatically on her arm.

"The day after Mr. Whitmore sends for you, Kitty, Mrs. Bright, she drives over to see Bobby; that's how she got the news of Miss Nuna's baby so soon. Between ourselves, Kitty, she were a bit huffed she warn't sent for in your place, that she were; no, no—Mr. Whitmore knew what he was about, I'm thinking"—Mrs. Fagg's lips twitched with impatience, but she held her tongue,—“and, says she,—mind you, Kitty, it mustn't be mentioned to a soul, Mrs. Bright let it out quite unawares,—but Patty have done well, after all; she have gone and married some grand gentleman up in Scotland."

A movement in Mrs. Fagg, as if her cap and the rest of her apparel bristled like the crest of an angry dog.

"Who told Mrs. Bright?"

Dennis sniggers most ungratefully at her sharp question.

"Don't excite yourself, old woman, there's no mistake. Mr. Will found out Roger in London, that time he went to take care of Miss Nuna, and the old man told him all about Patty. Roger died quite lately, so Mrs. Bright says, and he's left all he's got to Miss Nuna."

"And did you hear the name of the gentleman as have married *that* girl?"

"No;"—Dennis looks disappointed—"she don't know it. Mr. Will won't tell, she says; any way, Patty's a grand lady, and lives in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Well,"—Mrs. Fagg gives a little gasp; "I'm glad to hear she's so far off, and I hope she's got some conduct along with her grandeur. Poor soul," she goes on presently, "she won't come to much, let her be where she will; Patty Westropp ain't one as 'ud ever like to be guided: she'd bite against any curb but her own will."

Maurice Downes has taken his wife to his home in Scotland; his hope is that, severed from all outward temptations to frivolity, Patty may be brought to love him truly; but it is for him a weary waiting, and at times he feels how doubtful is the end.

It is past sunset; soft wreaths of mist float up to the terrace of a gray, old-fashioned dwelling, float up till the pine-trees in the steep valley below loom through it like gray phantoms. Before the mist rose there had been the glimmer of a tarn among the monotonous blue verdure; but that is veiled by the soft wreaths rising higher and higher towards the granite mountain beyond.

Its summit is reddened with a faint glow of sunset, and between this and the wreathing mist, the rugged granite is awful in dark, stupendous grandeur.

Patty paces up and down the long terrace; the glow does not reach her face; it is pale and sad. Her black velvet gown trails as she walks, and she has drawn her black lace shawl over her head, for the air grows chill.

"How will it end?" she says,—her under-lip droops more heavily than it did three years ago. "Maurice says good people are always happy. I'm sure trying to be what he calls good makes me miserable."

Courage, Patty; the glow is on the summit of the mountain—the troubled mists, the rugged cliffs, come first—but, these once past—there is the soft, warm light above!

Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN ENGLAND.

By THOMAS WRIGHT (THE "JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER").

To those who understand its true significance, and see how wide and important are its bearings, it must be evident that the subject of the condition of the

working classes is in this country fast becoming an Aaron's rod among the questions of the day. Its tendency is to swallow up the rest, for the complexion to

which most others come at last is—How will they affect the working classes? It is a subject that in one way or another commands a good deal of attention, and gives rise to a considerable amount of theorizing, debating, and spasmodic action in the application of supposed panaceas for the remedy or removal of some particular evil, the consequences of which, after being long borne by those first concerned, are at length affecting other classes. But the degree of notice bestowed upon it, great as it undoubtedly is, is by no means commensurate with either its absolute or relative importance, nor is it of that minute and constantly watchful kind necessary to give a thorough understanding of the matter. So far as the constitutional powers that be are concerned, such notice as they give to it is almost invariably forced upon them, and that only after years of urging, and when there are symptoms of a dangerous impatience upon the part of those who have had to urge so long in vain. The working classes have been distinctly told in words, as well as by acts, that, at all events, where they are concerned, the function of Government is not paternal. When artisans, who through no fault of their own had been out of work so long that they and their wives and children were starving, petitioned Government to assist them to emigrate, they were told that Government had no money for such a purpose, that it would be unfair to ratepayers to apply any portion of their money in that way. Yet there were items of expenditure in the financial returns of that year which we fancy most ratepayers would have regarded as far less justifiable or judicious than would have been a grant to enable starving workpeople to emigrate to home colonies where there was good reason for believing they could earn a comfortable livelihood. A sensitive mind might easily have imagined that insult was added to injury in the refusal of the assistance asked for. In discussing the matter one noble lord—unconscious, we are quite willing to believe, that he was practically repeating the piece of grim mockery embodied in the saw: “Live, old horse, and you’ll get grass”—said, “Let us keep them [the petitioning workmen] at home; we shall need them when trade revives.”

Though only one voice spoke so openly to this effect, workmen, not only those

immediately interested, but the class generally, believe that this was substantially the meaning and motive of the refusal. Trade, they said, in effect, among themselves, and the interests of the “we’s” of the governing and capital possessing classes, are to be considered before our sufferings. We and our wives and children must linger on half-starved, and wholly miserable, till the revival of trade, no matter how long that may be, because we shall be wanted when it does come—be wanted to help to keep down wages to the hand-to-mouth level that prevents all but a fortunate few among us, those who, by reason of their good fortune in finding constant employment, stand less in need of it, from making any adequate provision either for tiding over a time of want of work, in something like decency and independence, or removing to countries in which labor is more highly paid, and want of work does not recur with the pauperizing frequency and severity that it does in England. Such was the tenor of the remarks of working men upon the words of “the noble lord” when they were published in the parliamentary debates. They read, marked, and learned the words at that time, and have since been inwardly digesting them.

In a manufacturing country in which reckless speculation has eliminated the element of steadiness from business, and brought trade to be an alternation between “flushes” and “crashes,” with long “spells” of slack time intervening,—in a country in this condition it *may* be sound political economy, and good statescraft, to look upon unemployed workmen merely as a description of manufacturing “plant,” and aim at keeping them on hand, their sufferings here and prospects of doing better elsewhere notwithstanding. But it cannot be a matter for surprise that the working classes should be of opinion that such a national principle deals hard measure to them. They do believe that it is both hard and harsh, and, though it may be presumptuous, some of them even go so far as to argue that it is *not* good policy. So firm is their impression that the transfer to another country of English labor and artisan talent enriches that country, that they take it as understood that it would be a piece of stupidly unjust expectation to ask the State to assist workmen to emigrate to any other than

British possessions. Their idea is that our colonies could be made to comfortably absorb the overflow of the home labor market, with benefit alike to the emigrating workmen and the colonies, and by consequence—and no very indirect consequence—the mother-country, whose working classes, being relieved of some of their superabundant members, would have better chances of *regular* employment, and whose market for her manufactures would be widened by the necessarily increased demands of the colonies. Though patriotism is now a good deal out of fashion, there *was* in this idea of working men a feeling of patriotism mingling with the other considerations prompting the idea. They would have liked to feel that while bettering themselves they were still contributing to England's greatness in helping to make her colonies great; and that, though thousands of miles away, they were still bound to her, and virtually part of her. But statesmen, as we know, did not take the same view of the matter. They declined to assist the "unemployed" to emigrate to our colonies, and the feeling of the working classes has undergone a change, so far as the patriotic sentiment is concerned. They say, speaking in bitterness of spirit, "Our country has shown that it has no true national regard for us; and that being the case, we don't see that we are called upon to any longer cherish a regard for her." Whatever they may become, the British colonies are not the best *ready-made* markets for English artisan labor. English mechanics who emigrate at their own expense mostly go to foreign countries—the greater number of them to America; and any person who had the same opportunities as the present writer of seeing letters from such emigrated workmen to friends and mates in England, would be forced to the same conclusion with him, namely, that the Irish emigrants were not the only ones that looked back to England with feelings the reverse of respectful and affectionate. Not that the sentiments of English workmen who have sought homes in the great Transatlantic republic are for a moment to be confounded with Fenianism. They have no desire to make war upon England, and their sympathies would be with her if any other country made war upon her, but socially they "crack up" the country of their adoption as in contrast to England.

They say that the position and chances of the workingman are substantially better there than here, and workingmen more thought of. They speak evil of dignities, and scoff at institutions that English workmen are called upon to honor, and are conventionally supposed to delight to honor. They refer to "the old country" contemptuously, and use "old" in the sense of effete, antiquated, and worn out; and they advise all who can to leave it, and go to a land in which there is really a prospect of "wealth for honest labor." In some of these letters there is probably a too hasty generalization from isolated facts, and others lie open to a suspicion of being what is vulgarly called "bounceable," but there can be no doubt that the spirit that prompts their general tone is unfavorable to England, and one that has been engendered *in* England. "England's greatness" has been ascribed to a variety of causes: to her constitution, to her rank, to her talent, and, according to a popular pictorial treatment of the subject, to her liberal distribution of the Bible. But, as a matter of fact, few we think will dispute that much of her greatness has been due to the muscle, skill, and patriotic goodwill of her working class. Taking this to be the case, it may be truly said that her greatness is departing—chiefly because Government has failed to give a just degree and wise manner of attention to the condition of the working classes.

On the question of Commons Preservation—the importance of which to the working class will be manifest as we come to speak further of their condition—Government takes the side of the enclosing individuals rather than of the people, though the almost invariable decisions of judges go to show that law as well as right is upon the side of the latter. The domestic legislation needed to give something of "sweetness and light," and which *could* give sweetness and light, to the homes of working classes, has yet to be inaugurated. In short, we think that more than enough has been said, to show that so far as Government is concerned the subject of the condition of the working classes does not receive anything like the attention to which its importance entitles it, and which it would be well, both for those classes and the country at large, it should have. So large a subject is it, that only Government could hope to deal with it in ade-

quate fashion. The efforts of private and amateur reformers to grapple with it—for it is generally with an admitted necessity for reform in it that it is noticed—are scarcely ever of a comprehensive character, generally being confined to an attempt to establish some supposed cure-all—teetotalism, co-operation, Sunday observance, or the like.

If the condition of the working classes was as carefully watched and thoroughly understood as it should be, there would be no room for doubt on the point of its being a most hard and unsatisfactory one, and one moreover tending to bring about a collapse of the country's greatness. At present there is both doubt and dispute upon it. Many persons, and among them some whose utterances carry weight on the ground that they *ought* to have knowledge on such subjects, assert—though generally more by implication than directly—that the condition of the working classes is as satisfactory as the circumstances of the case will admit of its being; that it is upon the whole so admirable as to be a matter for national congratulation; and that those who say to the contrary are ingrates, croakers, and maligners of the working classes. It need scarcely be said that the working classes themselves are not of those who hold this comforting view, and as little need it be mentioned that those who do entertain it have facts and figures to offer in support of it. What view is there now-a-days on behalf of which facts and figures cannot be offered? But there are facts and facts. "False facts," says Dr. Darwin in his *Descent of Man*, "are highly injurious to the progress of science;" and we think it may be safely said that they are still more injurious to the progress of truth and knowledge in regard to social problems, and the facts by which it is sought to demonstrate the accuracy of the view we speak of are of the false-fact, or perhaps we had better say the half-fact, order. They are units of a series of facts that can only be fairly applied as a series, and when used isolatedly they become practically false, though still verbally true. Working men when they complain of their lot—and indeed very often when they do not complain of it—are told that the times are, and for generations have been, progressive; and that the working classes have of necessity participated in the beneficial results of

such progress, and must consequently be in a better position than they could have been in before such results had been achieved. They are told to bear in mind how wonderfully steam and machinery have economized labor, and increased the range and capabilities of manufacturing production; and how railways and ocean steamers have facilitated travelling, and the export and import of all manner of food and goods. They are reminded that they possess a cheap press, cheap literature, and cheap education, and enjoy the advantages of many important concessions in things political; and as a sort of stock climax, they are bidden to consider that the working classes in the present time have as every-day comforts and conveniences things which even as luxuries were beyond the reach of the Plantagenet kings. This line of argument is now somewhat antiquated, and it has been subjected to a good deal of scornful ridicule; but it still flourishes, and is constantly in the mouths of those well-meaning "friends of the working man," who yet talk believingly of the good fortune of being born "a happy English child," and "the happy homes of England," and who regard working men as being in point of intellect and understanding mere overgrown children, and in addressing them talk down to what they conceive to be their level. The fallacy of the deduction made from these arguments by those who use them has been frequently exposed, and the matter is merely dwelt upon here because it affords a good illustration of the false-fact system of dealing with the question of the condition of the working classes. The facts taken singly are literally true, and their general tendency to improve the condition of the laboring classes incontestable *as far as it goes*. Their falsifying effect arises from the attempt to make the inferences from them go too far—from, as we have said, taking them out of the series of which they form a part, and the other portions of which neutralize the conclusions attached to them, in the fashion under consideration. That for centuries past the times have been continuously progressive in the development of physical science, and the practical application of it to purposes of every-day life, is most true. It is equally true that the working classes, as part of society at large, have shared in the advantages of this progress,

and enjoy means of comfort and physical happiness that were beyond the reach of any class in former generations. No one denies this. But it does not follow from it, as those who resort to this line of argument would wish to be inferred, as a self-evident corollary, that the present condition of the working classes is a good one. This mode of arguing on the subject is simply evasive. Where difference of opinion exists respecting the condition of the working classes, the questions raised are not whether this age is "progressive," the nineteenth century "enlightened," and the existing generation "highly civilized;" but whether the state of the laboring population is not absolutely bad, a disgrace to our boasted-of enlightenment, and a satire upon our much talked-of progress; and secondly, whether, while all else has been progressing, the working classes as regards their material well-being have really made anything like a proportionate progress. To the first of these questions the *whole* facts of the case emphatically answer—It is bad. Only on the second point is there the slightest room for doubt, and even the most favorable consideration of the circumstances bearing upon it must, we think, lead to the answer—Proportionate progress? No. Indeed, those best qualified by investigation to give judgment upon the point are uniformly of opinion that the present condition of the working classes shows an *absolute* decline when put in comparison with the state of things obtaining in the middle ages. Mr. Thornton, in his work on *Over-Population and its Remedy*, goes very carefully and elaborately into this question. He gives numerous wage-tables and other statistical details, which leave no room for any other conclusion than the one he draws from them, namely, that the condition of the English laboring population during the centuries immediately following the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom was substantially superior to what it is at the present day. After commenting on the ignorance of those who, in the face of such information as he adduces, gravely argue "That the English peasantry of the Middle Ages were less comfortably situated than their living descendants, because they used barley instead of wheaten bread, ate off wooden platters, never knew the luxury of a cotton shirt, or of a cup of tea, and slept on straw pallets within walls

of wattled plaster"—after commenting on this he winds up by saying:—"Although ruder means were employed to supply the wants of nature, every want was abundantly satisfied, which is far indeed from being the case at present."

Professor Thorold Rogers, in his *History of Agriculture and Prices in England*, comes, after very diligent research and comparison, to the same conclusion, and the reviewer of that book in the *Athenæum* remarks:—"In so far as Mr. Rogers demonstrates that the working men of the fourteenth century were upon the whole far better paid and fed than laborers of modern England, he merely supports a view which in these latter years has been generally accepted by historical students." Mr. Mill takes a similar view, and Hallam and Froude in their histories incidentally confirm it. The Middle Ages rather than "the enlightened nineteenth century" would appear to have been the real golden age of the English working classes, though even then things were not constantly in the golden state. There were "spells" of hard times,—times when, through the failure of crops or the operations of capitalists, the price of provisions was so enhanced that in the language of an Act of Henry VIII. (quoted in the first chapter of Froude's *England*) intended to restrain the action of some capitalists whose proceedings were supposed to have this injurious effect, many poor persons in the realm were "so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fell daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully died of hunger." But deductions have been made for these drawbacks in arriving at the conclusion that the workmen of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were upon the whole better off than those of the present generation. Hallam, who goes into the subject at considerable length (in the second part of the ninth chapter of *The Middle Ages*) and with an avowed desire to think the best of modern times that a sense of impartiality will admit, says:—"But after every allowance of this kind (bad harvests and the like) I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion that, however the laborer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in ability to support a family than were his ancestors four centuries ago."

To occupy space in showing that, however we may have progressed in other matters, there has during a period of four centuries been—to say the least of it—no tangible and decisive improvement in the condition of the working classes, will to those who have a proper acquaintance with the subject seem a work of supererogation; and yet it may not be altogether so, seeing how many of those who wish working men to accept them as teachers and advisers are, so to speak, triumphantly ignorant of the fact. In any case, however, we have gone over this ground less with a view to demonstrating the fact itself, than to showing that working men are acquainted with it. Pastors, and masters, patrons of mechanics' institutions, and others whom working men may not safely contradict, or who address them from positions that put contradiction out of the question, tell them differently, and the men listen, and under the influence of "speechifying," perhaps applaud, but in their cooler moments they "larf, they du," among themselves, at the notion that they are infinitely better off than previous generations of their class. The better educated among them are up in the evidence of the case, and the general body of them have a single argument which is conclusive to their mind, despite any amount of talk about the unprecedented glories of "the age we live in." They know but too well the present condition of their class, and they reason from that knowledge that the class could not have been much worse off at *any* time, or the members of it would not have been able to keep body and soul together. And if there has been no absolute improvement in the condition of the working classes, there has certainly been no improvement in it relatively to other grades of society. Never was the contrast between rich and poor so great, and to the poor so stinging, as it is at the present time. We have been making vast and continuous material progress for centuries past, but it is the rich who have reaped the fruits of it; the direction of it has been such that the rich have generation after generation grown richer, and the poor by contrast poorer.

To many this matter of the comparative condition of the working classes of this age, and past ages, may appear a simple controversial question; but it has one important practical bearing—the one

we have had in view in going into it—namely, the opinion upon it of the working classes. If they could believe that, however hard their lot might be, it was still better than that of those who had gone before them; that they had participated in, as well as contributed to, the material improvements of the age, and were in common with other persons and things of the age in a progressively improving way—if they could believe this they could be, and would be, patient and hopeful under present evils. But they know that it is not so—that the contrary is the case; and the knowledge makes them impatient, and it may be unjust, puts bitterness and hatred towards society in their hearts.

But whether the working classes as a body are or are not better off than their ancestors who lived in the Middle Ages, is, after all, a question of very secondary importance compared with this: Is their existing condition a good, or even a tolerable one? Let us look at this point. In the first place, what would be a fairly good condition of the working classes? We think this. That every man who was willing and able to work should be able to obtain employment at such wages and with such a degree of constancy as would enable him, by judicious management, to secure for himself and those depending upon him a sufficiency of plain food, and clothing, and a dwelling with—say the same sanitary conveniences and air-space per person as a model prison cell; and to make provision during a working life of from forty to five-and-forty years for passing the remainder of his days without the necessity of hard work—not so much with a view to his mere personal ease, as to the contingency of his being no longer able to find a market for his labor, by reason of the physical deterioration that age and so many years of wear and tear must bring.

The above is not, we think, an unreasonably high standard; and yet, compared with the existing state of affairs, it sounds quite Utopian. Such a condition would satisfy the working classes, and make them a contented race. It would make life more than barely tolerable to all, while it would still leave room for men of more than average ability and perseverance to rise to higher social standards. That their general body cannot attain to

it, the working classes hold to be a grievance and a wrong. They believe (whether rightly or wrongly is of course an open question) that there is nothing in the *natural* order of things that makes their present so much lower standard of condition inevitable, or the better one necessarily unattainable. Though the suffering falls upon them, the blame, in their opinion, attaches to an unjust constitution of society, and those who benefit by its injustice; and while they suffer, they brood and "feed fat a grudge" against society—a grudge that may some day break out in most disastrous action.

It is making a liberal allowance on the favorable side of the matter, to say that not more than one in twenty of the working classes get within the standard of comfort we have sketched—who have always a sufficiency of food and clothing, and a decent and healthy home; and who, when too old to find employment in a market in which employers have a choice of younger men, can maintain themselves without having to seek public charity, or becoming dependent upon relatives who, being themselves in straitened circumstances, generally regard such dependence as a burden, and make it very bitter. There is room for a certain number of the class to achieve such a position, and some do achieve it; but no individual workman can, at the outset of his career, be sure that, by the utmost exertion and willingness upon his part, he will win to such a position—all platitudes about the success, commanding powers of industry and perseverance, notwithstanding. Chance, as well as character and qualifications, has a part in deciding who shall be the fortunates of the working classes, and this uncertainty is, in itself, an evil—an ever-standing anxiety to the more steady and thoughtful, and a cause of recklessness in others. Mr. Mayhew, the author of *London Labor and London Poor*, treating of the subject of low wages, says:—"It is calculated by those who have the best means of knowing, that out of 5,000,000 operatives in this country, one-third only are fully employed or occupy their whole time; one-third partially employed, or occupied but half their time; and the remaining third unemployed, or obtaining a day's work or job occasionally through the illness or absence of others." This, of course, could only have been a proximate

calculation, and it may be that it was an overestimate on the dark side; but, apart from any citation of figures, working men know from practical experience that a large proportion of their class can only be employed in a more or less casual manner. In manufacturing establishments there is, as a rule, a set of hands who are virtually regarded as a staff, and who, so long as the works are kept open, will be retained in employment. As a rough estimate, these may be set down as ten per cent. of the number of workmen the place is capable of employing, and in very slack times* they will be all who are in work, the other ninety per cent. being unemployed. This is the extreme case of slackness, and the state of affairs varies from that up to the "full-handed" standard characteristic of a "flush" of trade. The calculations of observant working men—which, though founded upon experience, are, of course, only broadly proximate—are that a "flush" of trade, and the slack time that has been found to follow it with an invariableness that practically amounts to a law of reaction, occur within a period of seven years; that the gradual rise from the average to the flush condition occupies a year, and the flush lasts six months; and that the decline down to slackness also takes a year, and the slack lasts six months. During the other four out of the seven years, things will be in the average state, which is from ten to twenty per cent. below the "full-handed" condition; for even in ordinary times there are considerable fluctuations, hands being habitually discharged or "shopped" as the passing exigencies of work may require. Taking it that during a flush *all* working men were employed—and that is certainly allowing too much—there still remains the consideration that at all other times there must be some greater or lesser number of

* Such times for instance as those which befell the Thames shipbuilding districts in 1866-7, when after some years of unparalleled briskness, the shipbuilding trade in those quarters came to a standstill. Yard after yard was closed, and thousands of workmen thrown out of employment. In the long-continued dulness that ensued savings were spent—as the post-office savings bank officials could testify—and those gone, clothing and household furniture had to be parted with to keep the wolf from the door; so that many who up to that time had made considerable progress in laying aside a provision for old age had to commence life afresh again in that respect when they once more got into work.

men out of work. In this floating or extra working population a man, from no fault of his own, may have to remain all his life, and some in it suffer far more of its evils than others. That a manufacturing country should be in a position to contract and extend its operations, is necessary and beneficial; but unless, at the same time, the pay of the operatives is such as to enable them as a body to provide for the times of enforced idleness consequent upon this condition, the general benefit to the country is gained at the expense of suffering and privation to them, as is the case in England at present. The country does progress in a certain sense. Wealth accumulates, but men decay; and there are many who are not at all given to taking poetical views in such matters, who hold with Goldsmith, that "Ill fares the land" in which such is the case; that, increasing revenue returns notwithstanding, it is "to hast'ning ills a prey." What we have been saying with regard to irregularity of employment, applies only to the artisan class and the unskilled assistants *directly* associated with them. The remaining portions of the working classes are in a still worse position, both as regards the rate of payment when in work and the frequency with which they are out of work. The general result of this is that the condition of the working classes, as a body, is of a most unsatisfactory and, rightly considered, alarming character, and shows an appalling amount of misery—misery going down through all its bitter degrees, to the last and bitterest of all; for, despite all our physical means and appliances, our nineteenth century enlightenment, our Christianity, and our nominal law that no man shall perish from want—despite all this, men still "pitifully die from hunger and cold." According to a recent parliamentary return, one hundred and forty verdicts of death by starvation, or death accelerated by privation, were recorded by coroners' juries in the Metropolitan district alone in the course of the years 1868, 1869, and 1870. While during the first two months of 1871, twenty-one more such verdicts were given in the "eastern district of Middlesex." This would be bad enough, even if we could in some measure console ourselves by thinking that it showed the worst, and comprehended the whole of this part of the case. But any person having the least knowl-

edge of how the poor among us live and die, will know that the instances that form the subjects of coroners' inquests are a mere fraction of the deaths that are actually, though perhaps not technically, the result of starvation. The real total of such deaths cannot be known, but some idea of it may be formed from the circumstance that in presenting the returns of mortality for 1868, the Registrar-General, in language that left no room for doubt as to the popular meaning of the professional phraseology, drew attention to the fact that in that year there "perished in London, of atrophy and debility, 3,794 persons." The Registrar-General's return, large as it was, probably missed many who had died this death, and it must be borne in mind that his figures referred only to the Metropolis. Occasionally it happens that one who has come to die thus "pitifully" has fallen from some comparatively high estate; but for all practical purposes of judging of social conditions, it may be safely concluded that the victims belong to the laboring classes, for certain it is that neither the criminal nor professional pauper class will starve. But even such grim facts as these, and the "graphic" descriptions we sometimes get of such poor quarters as Bethnal Green, or the almost ceaseless labors for starvation earnings of some particular kind of unfortunate workers, fail to convey an adequate idea of the mass and variety of misery existing among the working classes, or the extent to which it penetrates upwards towards the least miserable portion of them.

The home life of a vast number of the working classes is something simply horrible—"a thing to shudder at, not to see." It is a life that puts decency, morality, and religion, as well as physical health and comfort, out of the question; that so degrades and brutalizes those condemned to it that they live as well as die like the beasts that perish. Indeed, as a literal fact, the poorer members of the working classes often fare worse than the beasts of the field. In every requisite of health their dwellings are inferior to most stables; we have seen piggeries in comparison with which the same might be said of them; and any master of fox-hounds would be indignant if he were asked to kennel his hounds in such foul dens for a single night; while any master of hounds or owner of

horses who fed his animals as scantily as some of the poor are fed would be in danger of prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In a dozen parts of London, and in some one or more "low" quarter of all our large manufacturing towns, there are hundreds of houses in which

Packed in one reeking chamber, man,
Maid, mother, and little ones lie.

Each apartment being tenanted by a family—a family not unfrequently consisting of as many as nine children. Nor is this state of things—in the Metropolis, at any rate—confined to what are usually classed as the "low" districts. Misery has increased until it has overflowed its ancient receptacles. There are numbers of comparatively roomy, respectable, and cleanly-looking streets—many of them quite new streets—in which the same overcrowding prevails, though any person unacquainted with the outward signs and tokens characteristic of over-inhabited dwellings might pass through them without at all suspecting that such was the case. Those who occupy the houses in these streets, in preference to residing in courts and slums in which poverty has the doubtful advantage of not being at the trouble of attempting to veil itself in any way, are those who still fight against their poverty and strive to make the best of it. In many instances they have within the working class range seen better days, and carry the habits of those days with them into the lower grades of poverty. Though they may be without a chair to sit upon, and their bedding may consist of a pile of rags, they will have a curtain for their window, they will keep their ragged children out of sight as much as possible, and they will endure the direst hardship rather than seek aid from the hand of charity. Having nothing else to be thankful for, they will thank the Lord that in all their distress they have never troubled the parish. They feel that the bread of charity would be bitter, and they pay for their moral sensitiveness in physical suffering. Except in so far as their sense of independence may be a compensation to them, they are a degree worse off than the more reckless, more shameless, more pauper-spirited poor; to distinguish them from whom we may, for want of a better term, style them the respectable poor. It is

mostly members of this division of the working-class poor that "perish of atrophy and debility," and furnish the cases of "death by starvation" and "death accelerated by starvation." In the day-time a person might, as we have just said, pass through a street inhabited by the respectable poor without gathering from exterior appearances that he was in the midst of poverty as great or greater as that to be found in courts and alleys in which everything that meets the eye tells of the want and squalor reigning among the inhabitants. It is at night that the signs of the overcrowding of dwellings that indicates the extremest degrees of poverty, show themselves. The lights in every window, and the numerous shadows that may be seen fitting about, tell of each room having its family; and in the hot summer time the wide open doors and windows reveal the scantiness of furniture, while the little crowd seated round each doorway or lying about on the pavement in front of the houses, give some idea of the number crowded into a single dwelling. Many of the inhabitants will be found thus camping out, as it were; until well on in the small hours of the morning, to avoid as long as possible the stifling atmosphere and plague of vermin in their rooms.

This unhealthy and demoralizing overcrowding does not always stop even at a room per family. We know parts in London where not only houses, but even single rooms are sub-let, so that when families fall out—as under such circumstances very often happens—they tell each other to keep not their own room, but their own corner. Decency and cleanliness cannot be maintained among the respectable poor; among the reckless poor there is no attempt to maintain them. When in the summer evenings the latter class lounge and loaf about outside their vermin-infested dwellings, "chaff" of the most ribald and blasphemous character is freely bawled out, regardless of the presence of the ragged children who are playing about, and who are picking up the language of their elders, often as their first instruction in the art of speech. The bringing up of the children is perhaps the most horrible feature of all in this matter. The sexes mingle together promiscuously; and as not only are they not taught anything of morality, but immorality both in word and deed is openly practised before them, the

result is that many—very many of them are physically as well as morally corrupted while yet mere children. Of the slop-shop seamstresses, and other women working for their own hand, in such quarters as we are now speaking of, those only are considered really *unfortunate* whom age or personal appearance prevents from adding to their scanty earnings by means of prostitution; while parents are pleased to profit by—and provided they *do* profit by, will willingly connive at, or if need be actively encourage—what higher grades of society rightly hold to be “a daughter’s shame.” If a girl has got on in the world of prostitution, and can visit the parental slum dressed in gaudy finery and with money in her pocket, she will be received with pride by her relatives, flattered by the neighbors generally, and envied by the girls of about her own age, who, without fear of rebuke, will openly express their wish that they could go and do likewise. In such neighborhoods disease and death are rife, and it need scarcely be said that there is very little in the shape of religion to be found in them. So far as religious belief or creed exists among not only the extremely poor, but the working classes generally, it may be summed up in two ideas. First, that it *ought* to be hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. That verily the rich do have their good things in this life, and the poor evil things, and that therefore as a principle of justice the poor ought to be considered first in the distribution of the life to come. Secondly, that if there is any truth in the doctrine of eternal damnation, then it would have been well for the poor had they never been born, the life of many of them being even in this existence little better than a hell upon earth.

The poverty among the working classes is spreading rather than abating. Among the better-off sections of them the increasing uncertainty as to regularity of employment, and the difficulty, yearly becoming greater, of “placing” children as they reach the age for going to work, is deepening the feeling of anxiety and discontent. Numbers of artisans who, so far as they are individually concerned, are well placed, who have saved money and are in constant and well-paid employment, are emigrating on account of their families, for whom they can see no opening here. In this way we lose many of the best of our

artisans, the skilfullest workers, and thriftiest, most thoughtful men. Others of this stamp are only kept from emigration by a belief that they are too old to start afresh in a new country; but though they remain, the burden of their song to those of their male children who have reached or are approaching manhood is:—Get away from this old country as soon as you can, there is not room for you to make a decent living here. Whatever may be thought in other ranks of society, the working classes are certainly not of opinion that blessed is the man who has his quiver full of children. On the contrary, children are regarded as burdens, not blessings; and in families in which there are already one or two children, the discovery that the wife is “in a way to become a mother” is received with feelings the reverse of joyful, each succeeding child being regarded as an addition to a weight which tends to sink the family towards the lower depths of poverty. Resulting from this is one evil of which few are probably aware. While we send missionaries to “the heathen clime,” we are approaching them on the point which more than all others is held to mark them as barbarians and degraded. We speak from personal knowledge in saying that abortion is practised to a considerable extent among the working classes, and is a growing evil—not among the extremely poor, who having no further fall to fear are reckless, but among those who, while still above the lowest depth, are yet so near to it that the expenses attending the birth and bringing up of a child may perhaps drive them into it, and will certainly drive them a step towards it. Of course in such a matter “things are managed quietly.” Even in the circles in which the practice is resorted to it is rather understood than talked about, and referred to—if at all—euphemistically; but opinion with regard to it is condonatory, not condemnatory. It is regarded as a hard necessity arising out of the fact that there is no longer “room enough for all;” not as a legal or moral crime; or at any rate not so far as the individuals are concerned, any blame there may be being held to lie with the time, and society.

In touching upon this point we can only repeat that our knowledge on the subject fully justifies our assertion. The worst features of the condition of the working classes are unpleasant to have even to al-

lude to ; and the minuter details of it cannot be entered into in the pages of a magazine ; but neither, we think, should they be slurred over without mention, when the general subject is being discussed. To ignore them is worse than whitening a sepulchre ; it is shutting the eyes to the signs that tell that a social volcano is seething in our midst—a volcano of which French communism, English working-class republicanism, and the Workmen's International Association, are open craters. Traced to their sources, they all mean one thing—that the condition of the masses is becoming unbearable, both in itself and by contrast with that of the rich ; and that it is making men desperate and devilish.

We have spoken of the false-fact system of dealing with the question of the condition of the working classes, with a view to making it appear that that condition is not so unsatisfactory as the class themselves allege to be the case ; and before concluding this article, we think it right to point out the falsity of one very specious and popular mode of it, which has the weight of respectable authority, and the arguments of which are used as a reproach against the working classes. It is said that those classes as a body are not poor, or that if they are, their poverty is their own fault ; the result of their dissipation and extravagance. When the members, who in Parliament opposed the motion for voting a "provision" for Prince Arthur, urged among other reasons for not further burdening the country, the great poverty existing in the working-class grades of society, Mr. Disraeli rose in his place, and exclaimed that it was an insult to the working classes to speak of them as though they were paupers (no one had spoken of them as though they had been paupers) ; that the fact was they were the richest class of society, having the largest income, and their accumulations being counted by millions. Mr. Disraeli, we are informed, spoke with all appearance of seriousness, and even of virtuous indignation upon behalf of the working classes ; but being a "smart" man, he discreetly confined himself to generalities. A few weeks later, the *Christian World*, in an article entitled "Wealth of the Working Classes," was imprudent enough to go into figures. A comparison of their figures with the deductions made from them will

conclusively show that the doctrine of the "Wealth of the Working Classes" is a false-fact one. "Much," says the *Christian World*, "has been written on the poverty of the multitude. But are the working classes really poor?" it asks, "and are they unfortunately without the pecuniary means of providing for themselves?" Answering its own question, it goes on, "We very much doubt it. A careful investigation of the matter will reveal some noteworthy facts. The laborers connected with farming operations and similar pursuits number 2,957,000. Those who are in the second class of skilled workers number 4,009,000, and the highest order of artisans amount to 1,178,000. These figures apply only to England and Wales. Now what is the computed income of the men, women, and children, comprised in the statistics we have given? It amounts to two hundred and sixty-seven millions a year!" With such a yearly income as this, the *Christian World* is of opinion "John Bull's family, however large and hungry, should not be a poor one. They should build houses and plant vineyards, grow flowers and recline on sofas, buy libraries and insure their lives, live well and die happy." That the working classes do not do this is but too notorious, and the *Christian World* accounts for it on the ground that, "To them sensuality is life ;" that "a beef-steak, a flagon of porter, a pipe, and a sporting newspaper, form their chief joys." Now two hundred and sixty-seven millions is a tremendous yearly income, so tremendous as to be apt to dazzle the imagination ; but let us analyze and apply the statistics given, and see how matters really stand. Added together, the three classes of workers make a total of 8,144,000, and taking it that the degree of dependence upon the wage-earners only doubled the number to be supported out of the wages, that gives a divisor of 16,288,000 to the dividend of 267,000,000, and shows a quotient of £16 7s. 10d. per year, per head, for the working classes taken through and through ; or, to come to round numbers (and give the *Christian World* theory the benefit of fractions), let us say an income of fifty pounds a year to support a man, wife, and child. If it came in uninterruptedly, and was managed with economy, such an income would support a family of three in a certain degree of comfort and decency.

The total income of the working classes, however, is not divided in this manner. Many of them have incomes out of which they *do* build houses, and put by savings that in the aggregate *do* amount to millions, but far larger numbers, and notably those "connected with farming operations and similar pursuits," are condemned to exist upon incomes much below what an average division would give—incomes which, as we have already incidentally pointed out, are insufficient for the requirements of ordinary decency and comfort, and in conjunction with which the idea even of revelling on beefsteaks and porter, let alone the building of houses, is a bitter mockery. The mode of the computation by which the above total income of the working classes is arrived at is not given in detail. We take it, however, that it has been entered into with a view to showing that the working classes are a wealthy body, and in that case we do not think we shall be doing the calculators an injustice in surmising that they have made their total by taking the whole number of workers as being employed all the year round at the average rate of wages of their respective classes. If they *have* done this, then their figures are misleading, are an over-estimate of at least twenty per cent. Their figures, as they stand, however, enable us to make a comparison between the income of the working classes and that of the classes above them in point of income. In the same debate in which he spoke of the wealth of the working classes, Mr. Disraeli, referring to the fact that there were eight hundred traders paying income-tax on incomes of from ten to fifty thousand a year, significantly observed that returns to income-tax commissioners were certainly not exaggerated in amount. But even according to these returns, the yearly income of the income-tax-paying class would appear to be three hundred and sixty millions, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates a penny in the pound income-tax to yield a million and a half. A few of the best-off members of the working classes are fortunate enough to be liable for income-tax, but a deduction of three millions from the total working class income will, we think, be a fair allowance on that score; so that the income-tax-paying classes, who cannot be more and who are probably not so much as a third of the number of the working

classes, are in receipt of a total income of ninety millions more than the total income of the working classes, even supposing that the working class income is as great as it is computed to be by those whose purpose it is to show the body as a wealthy one, and the income of the others no greater than they state it to be to income-tax commissioners.

To working men it seems a ghastly joke to have to demonstrate that the working classes are not a wealthy body, but the demonstration cannot be deemed altogether unnecessary when we find the reverse openly asserted in the House of Commons by the acknowledged guide and authority of one of the great parties in that House—a man who has been, and again wants to be and may be Prime Minister of England; and when moreover we find "Christian" journals alleging (and Christian men accepting the allegation with unquestioning belief) that it is the fault of the working classes themselves that their condition is not something very much in the nature of an earthly paradise.

The causes of the present condition of the working classes, and the future prospects of those classes in relation to their social state, might well be discussed in connection with those parts of the general question with which we have been dealing, but a proper treatment of the subject would require more space than our present limits will allow. We have therefore stuck pretty closely to our text, the existing condition of the working classes. Of that condition we emphatically repeat that is as bad and dangerous as it well can be. It is a condition which, if it cannot be amended, must be taken as telling of a nation not ripening, but rotting to a fall. It is bad for the working classes themselves, dangerous to society at large, threatening its peace and even its existence.

Those classes think that what they are asked to believe is, the science of government is, in fact, merely a game of party politics, the real meaning of which is a struggle for the possession of power and patronage, *not* the study and practice of the noble art of doing the greatest good for the greatest number. They think they see this plainly, despite all the subterfuges resorted to for concealing it; they suffer by it, and they will scarce stand by *quietly* and see it go on much longer.

Spectator.

IN THE WOOD.

If it be true I cannot tell
 That spirits in the forest dwell,
 But, walking in the wood to-day,
 A vision fell across my way ;
 Not such as once, beneath the green
 O'erhanging boughs, I should have seen ;
 But in the tranquil noon-tide hour,
 And in the crimson Campion flower,
 And in the grass I felt a power ;
 And every leaf of herb and tree
 Seemed like a voice that greeted me,
 Saying, "Not to ourselves alone
 We live and die making no moan.
 The sunshine and the summer showers,
 And the soft dews of night are ours ;
 We ask no more than what is given ;
 Our praise and prayer is leaf and bloom,
 And day and night our sweet perfume
 Like incense rises up to heaven ;
 Thus our sweet lives we live alone,
 We come and go and make no moan."
 And so out of the wood I went,
 Thinking, I too will be content
 With day and night, with good and ill,
 Submissive to the heavenly will.
 The power which gives to plant and tree
 Its bound and limit, gave to me
 Just so much love and so much life ;
 And whatsoever peace, or strife,
 Or sin, or sorrow, may be mine,
 Is bounded by a law divine.
 I cannot do the things I would,
 I cannot take the boundless good
 Which love might bring or heart desire,
 And though to heaven my thoughts aspire,
 'Tis only given me to behold,
 Far off, its spheres of living gold.
 The little orb on which I ride
 Around the sun in circuit wide,
 Is all an unknown land to me
 And waters of an unknown sea.
 The narrow bourne wherein I move,
 This little home of hate and love,
 Within whose set diurnal round
 By strongest fate my feet are bound,
 Has light upon it from afar,
 As when a dungeon's iron bar
 Crosses the splendor of a star !
 This world of memory and care,
 This cave of thought, this cell of prayer,
 This House of Life in which I dwell,
 Is vast as heaven and deep as hell,
 And what it is I cannot tell.
 Of this alone my mind is sure,—

That in my place I must endure
 To work and wait, and, like the flower
 That takes the sunshine and the shower,
 To bide in peace the passing hour ;
 To know the world is sweet and fair,
 Though life be rooted fast in care ;
 To watch the far-off light of heaven,
 Yet ask no more than what is given,
 Content to take what nature brings
 Of all inexplicable things,
 Content to know what I have known,
 And live and die and make no moan.

H. H.

 London Society.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

To a little octagonal writing-table in Victor Hugo's house in Guernsey, which we visited a few summers ago, there are affixed four inkstands of simple and ordinary construction. In the table beneath each of these is a little drawer which when opened discloses an autograph letter. The four inkstands were used respectively by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Georges Sand ; and the letter from M. Dumas runs as follows :—" I certify that this is the inkstand with which I have written my fifteen or twenty last volumes. ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Paris, 10th April, 1860." The entire arrangement was a pretty conceit carried out by the late Madame Victor Hugo.

What we would specially call attention to is the seemingly-studied carelessness of manner in which M. Dumas alludes to his works—"my fifteen or twenty last volumes ;" as if, forsooth, novel-writing were meant to be looked upon as mere child's-play to him, and the composition of a score of volumes as matter of scarcely more moment than the scribbling of a pack of unimportant letters. But we do not imagine M. Dumas in this instance to have been guilty of affectation. The enormous array of his published volumes is something positively bewildering. Were we to take them, after his own example, in fiftens, and count them cribbage-fashion, "fifteen-two, fifteen-four, etc.," we should find that the pegs were a long way down the board when we had finished.

Princes, and guardsmen, and courtesans, and mysterious exiles, and intriguers, and millionnaires, and diplomatists, and generals, and impossible sailor counts, and be-

witching women,—plotting, loving, revenging ; all these we have, and crowds besides of painted characters that form a vast procession through these volumes like the pageant of an Eastern king.

Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterêts, the 24th July, 1802, and his full name is Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie. His grandfather was a wealthy Frenchman, for many years governor of St. Domingo, the Marquis Marie Alexandre Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie ; and his grandmother, who was either married or not married, was a negress called either Louise Cessette or Maria Tesselte or Tiennette Dumas ;—accounts differ as to her Christian name.

When the Marquis de la Pailleterie returned to France, he took with him his son, a young mulatto of lively temper, graceful form, and some chivalrous accomplishments. The youth is said to have been of enormous physical strength, and to have had hands and feet like a woman's. At the time of his father's second marriage his allowance was stopped, and he enlisted in the army as a private soldier, under the name of his dead mother. He distinguished himself in the French ranks and rose rapidly, attaining the grade of general of division. This was in 1792. Suffering disgrace under the empire, he resigned his post, and died at Villers-Cotterêts in 1806, leaving a widow, and one son,—the young Alexandre. Dumas is careful to inform us that Villers-Cotterêts is two leagues from the birthplace of Racine, and seven leagues from the birthplace of La Fontaine : he thus expects in turn, we presume, that

whenever we speak of the places of their birth we shall describe them as so many leagues from the birthplace of Dumas.

He describes the house where he was born, and says that it has come into the possession of a friend of his, who will let him have it one day in order that he may die in the chamber where he was born, and "return in the night of the future to the same place whence he stepped from the night of the past." He did not die there, however, but at Puys, near Dieppe, on the 5th December, 1870.

Poor fellow! he is one of those to whom most things have had to be a contest. Even his aristocratic name is denied him, which he thinks rather hard, as he did not put it forward obtrusively, only appending it to the name Dumas in official documents. So, in proof of his right to bear it, he furnishes a copy of his baptismal register with witnesses and all possible detail, wherein he is shown to be the son of General Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, and Marie Louise Elizabeth Labouret, his wife. He humorously says that had he been a bastard, he would have accepted the "bar," as have done bastards more celebrated than he should have been; but that it will be necessary for the public, like himself, to become resigned to his legitimacy. The name of Pailleterie was abandoned for a time by his father, who, on the old marquis' second marriage, found himself without allowance, and under these circumstances, after a quarrel, decided upon entering the army, into the lower ranks of which the marquis would not allow him to drag the haughty surname.

So Dumas, only, became the cognomen of the future general; and Alexandre, although baptized under his grandfather's name—his father also having been known as the Comte de la Pailleterie—yet elected, when the matter came before him for choice, to take the name under which he had known and loved his father, rather than that of his grandfather the marquis, whom he had never seen. Dumas' definition of himself as a child is worth quoting as in the highest degree characteristic of him. We translate from his own words: "I made," says he, "a pretty enough child: I had long curled hair which fell over my shoulders, and which only became frizzled on the day when I attained my fifteenth year; large blue eyes which I possess still,

and which constitute the best feature of my face; a straight nose, small and well made; great lips, red and sympathetic; teeth white, set moderately badly. Besides, in fine, a complexion of a brilliant whiteness, and which only turned to brown at the time when my hair went frizzy." Here he would seem to make out that the quadroon characteristics only came out with youth: he never avoided, however, the subject of his descent, but treated impertinent inquirers with some jocular scorn. We all know the story of his being interrogated by some simpleton as to his lineage. "Who was your father?" asked his questioner. "A half-caste," answered M. Dumas. "And your grandfather?" "A black." "And your great-grandfather?" "A baboon, sir,—my pedigree begins at the point where yours terminates." There was, however, a strange apprehension in his mother's mind before his birth lest he should turn out a black. She had been some little time before to see a play, and the polichinelle who was acting, being habited in black with a scarlet tongue and tail, had excited her imagination, and she trembled lest the coming infant should bear the like fantastic figure. A slight accident which attended the child's birth fostered her hallucination for a time. The boy, however, turned out to be of a proper color, and cried moreover with a natural voice, and not with the diabolical grunting of which she had been afraid.

The general dying in 1806, the widow was left not in the most flourishing of circumstances. The boy had adored his father, who had been notorious for beauty and accomplishments, and, on hearing of his death, he immediately took up a gun, and said he was going to heaven. "What for?" asked the tearful widow. "To kill the good god who has killed my father," shouted the boy.

As adventures are to the adventurous, so all sorts of fantastic, romantic, and ludicrous incidents seem to cling about young Dumas' life; and all these with a sensational and highly entertaining garrulity he seems to take a pleasure in narrating in his most lengthy memoirs of himself. These are in twenty-two volumes, and have not been translated into English. They are considerably more interesting than his novels, and would be well worth being rendered into our language, were it

not that Dumas' simplicity leads him to descriptions of details of his life of so realistic and minute a nature as would occasionally shock our Anglican sense of propriety. Of a nature pleasure-loving, careless, and vain, and with so rich a fund of life and so little reserve or natural delicacy that he cares little whether he is being admired or laughed at so long as he is but the centre of attraction and the observed of mankind, Dumas gives us by turn the struggles, the pleasures, and the heroic aspects of his life.

Over the whole of his memoirs an air of comedy is thrown. He seems always to be brimful of life and humor, and everything that comes before him partakes of his drollery. When quite a child his governess comes to him to borrow a book. He lends her a little volume containing one only of the "Arabian Nights" series of stories—that of the "Wonderful Lamp." When she comes for another book he lends her the same volume over again, and so on, until she has read the identical volume fifty-two times over. At last he inquires of her, "Does 'The Thousand and One Nights' amuse you, mademoiselle?"—"Prodigiously, my little friend," she answered; "but you, who are so wise, perhaps you can tell me one little thing—why are the men all called Aladdin?"

When about ten years old he is destined by his mother for a seminarist. Prevailed upon by her continued entreaties, he at length consents. Collecting his small baggage, he finds that he is short of an inkstand, which would above all things be necessary to a collegian. His mother gives him twelve sous and sends him to buy one. At the shop he meets with a romping girl—cousin of his, who congratulates him upon his prospects, and promises him that when ordained he shall be her spiritual director. This raillery is too much for young Dumas; he flings the inkstand at the shopkeeper's nose, declares he will not go to the seminary, and puts the twelve sous in his pocket again. With these he buys a sausage and some bread, and goes to find Boudoux. Boudoux is a bird-snarer and poacher, a man who could eat "the portion of forty dogs" at a meal, who is a trifle more ugly than Quasimodo, and who, with the strength of an elephant, has the gentleness of a lamb. With Boudoux he remains three days, after which, thinking his mother would have

been sufficiently terrified to be reasonable, he arranges a dramatic return after the fashion of the prodigal son. All the mother's wrath fell upon Boudoux, who, however, gets five francs from her the next time she sees him, and the boy is forgiven without a question as to the seminary. The more that children are prodigals, says Dumas, the better are they received. "When the veritable Prodigal Son returned to his father after three years, they killed a calf; had he not returned until after six years' absence, they would have killed an ox."

Thus one great danger was escaped—Dumas was saved from being either seminarist or curé. Had he been such, the religious tendencies which he had at all times in his soul, he says, would have been developed, and he would have become a great preacher instead of a poor poet.

After this he commences to study with a certain Abbé Gringoire. The boy evinces no disposition for Latin, less for mathematics, but is passionately fond of all out-door sports—poaching, snaring birds and rabbits, pistol-shooting, and the like.

Everything connected with him points to that excess of vitality, that exuberance of animal life, which is always his most noticeable characteristic, and which actually constitutes the foundation of his literary faculty. He always has a fund of vitality to spare, and with this he can not only invest dry historical bones with flesh and reality, but clothe them also with gorgeous apparel, give them the charm of youth, and make them pass before us in the midst of a sumptuous magnificence which is as fascinating as an unrealized dream.

Both Dumas and his son, it seems, objected to having their biographies written; they prefer, we presume, painting themselves with their own colors. M. Jacquot, who has drawn a hundred contemporary portraits, and is better known under his pseudonym of Eugène de Mirecourt, complains bitterly of them both. We translate his lamentations on the subject:—"Do you think," he says, "that certain heroes of these little books—Alexandre Dumas the elder and Louis-Jésuite, for example—bring a marvellous good-will towards letting themselves be painted? Don't for a moment imagine such a thing. Our announcement of their biography as forthcoming is sufficient to make them ex-

deavor to render it impossible." He reproaches Dumas the younger for "troubling the biographical source," and the biographer seems to be compelled to extract facts from his subject in as violent a manner as if they were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle. Perhaps M. Jacquot has not reduced "interviewing" to a science; let him go and learn concerning it of our transatlantic cousins.

He appears to have had some quarrel with M. Dumas; for in writing his biography he makes us see everything under an exaggerated color and a ludicrous aspect.

Young Dumas, we learn, entered as junior clerk in the office of a notary at Villers-Cotterêts. In this little town was a family of Leuven, one of the members of which seems to have taken a fancy to our young hero. Dumas manifesting a "violent desire of arriving at fortune," Adolphe de Leuven counselled him to try dramatic authorship and offered his collaboration. Alexandre tried, wrote three pieces, which were submitted to the Parisian theatrical managers, but everywhere rejected. Then, says M. Jacquot, in an heroic strain, "The son of the general is in no degree cast down." His friend Adolphe had gone to Paris, and the young Alexandre is tormented by an irresistible desire to know the actors then in vogue—a very sensible ambition for a would-be dramatic author. He decides to make the journey with the head clerk of the notary in whose office he is employed. They start on their way with purseless fob and guns under their arms, or, rather, with one gun between them, and a horse. They kill, as they are journeying, quantities of hares and partridges, sell them to the poulterers along their route, and so are enabled to reach Paris. Adolphe receives his young companion with open arms, gives him a ticket to go and see Talma; more than that, he enables him to get behind the scenes, and presents him to the celebrated tragedian between the acts. Talma receives him affectionately, studies his eyes and forehead, discovers the manifest marks of genius, and delivers an exordium as follows. We shall doubtless smile at his words, but every incident in Dumas' life seems to partake of the mock-heroic:—"Alexandre Dumas, I baptize thee poet in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller. Return to the provinces, re-enter thy study,

and the angel of poesy will know well how to find thee wherever thou shalt be, to raise thee up by the hair like the prophet Habakkuk, and to carry thee where thou shalt have somewhat to do."

M. Jacquot indulges in a little sarcasm with regard to this episode—"Failing an angel," says he, "a devil hostile to literature tarried not, in fact, to take by the hair Habakkuk Dumas, and to transport him definitely to Paris, to be the greatest of misfortunes to modern writers."

The misfortune of which he complains is that Dumas degraded the standard of literature, causing people to mistake glitter for gold, and brilliant but false depictions of life and luxury for truth. That he also taught men of letters to be sordid, and to manufacture gaudy rubbish in order to catch the lowest popular taste, rather than to endeavor to raise the standard by the promulgation of their highest efforts. That he, in fact, introduced a low literary ideal, and by his vast popularity crushed the aspirations of a vast number of writers of higher worth than himself. These allegations are not without force, but the literary characteristics of a period do not depend wholly upon one individual. Power will have its way, be it of whatever description; and Dumas, though his nobility may be questioned, cannot be denied the possession of this attribute.

If only we could have a selection rendered into English from the voluminous and wonderful memoirs! Dumas has so marvellous an art of calling to life past scenes, however unimportant, that we are constrained to sympathize with the actors whom he brings before us. These recitals are more interesting than a romance; we are never quite sure how much of them is romance and how much reality, but, doubtless, there is a general foundation of truth, above which, M. Dumas' flowery faculties have thrown out their variegated and tropical growths. Much that is most amusing is recounted of his life at Villers-Cotterêts while quite a youth, and before his entering upon the wide world of Paris. We are told in the most charmingly candid manner about his first dance. How he then began to think that dress might be of importance, and how jealous he was of an exquisite who was escorting a lady, into whose charge he had been given. How he endeavored to excite the fair lady's admiration, by leaping over a four-

teen-feet ditch and ha-ha, which exploit he thought her partner would be unable to achieve. How he fell and burst the knees of his trousers, and escaping before she had discovered the mishap, ran all the way home and got them mended by his mother. How, returning to the lady, and begging for a dance, he was delicately reminded that he was without gloves. How he managed to borrow a pair from a friend who had come provided with two pairs, lest one should crack in the drawing on; and how such a habit opened to the juvenile Dumas unknown horizons of prodigality. How, by watching the leading couples, he managed to catch all the fashionable novelties of the dance, and by so doing, considerably impressed his partner with his capabilities. How his waltzing earned outspoken praise from a young Spaniard, and he replied that he felt indeed complimented, for his only previous partners had been chairs; since the good abbé had forbidden him to waltz with girls, and in that manner only had he been able to learn the art "without sin." How the lady nearly expires with laughter on hearing this naïve confession; and how she tells him that he is a droll boy, and that she likes him very much. How they waltz again, and Dumas tells her she is heavenly, compared with a chair. How the lady with whom he had executed the square dance claims him for a waltz also, but the fair Andalusian refuses to give him up for anything but a square dance. How the young Dumas is in a rapture of excitement and cannot sleep when the ball is over. How he becomes a man in spirit that day, and ever afterwards a "frenetic dancer"; are not all these things to be found in the most amusing memoirs ever written?

Once in Paris, Dumas endeavors to make use of some letters of recommendation to some of the old generals of the empire, which he had obtained from the magnates of his department, but for a long time is unsuccessful in finding a patron. At length, on the score of his elegant caligraphy—his handwriting is more clerkly and less erratic than we should have supposed from a knowledge of his character—he is introduced by General Foy to a subordinate situation in the bureau of the Duke of Orleans. He is said to have uttered the following prophecy to his benefactor:—"I am going

to live by my writing; but I promise you one day to live by my pen." The young man studies hard, and in time his plays begin to be accepted. Afterwards his progress becomes marvellously rapid. And with his change of fortune, as we might have prognosticated, his habits grow into an extravagance befitting that ideal character, half hero, half sensualist, which fills his books, and which is himself. "As if stunned by his sudden passage from obscurity to glory, M. Dumas," we are told, "plunges with ardor into exaggerations of luxury; he wears fantastic coats, dazzling waistcoats, an oppressive amount of gold chain; gives dinners like Sardanapalus, knocks up a great number of horses, and loves a great number of women."

He married an actress, and the pair lived together for a while in imperial style. During this time he is said to have called himself marquis and to have retaken possession of the family name. But the magnificent couple spent more money than they could afford in maintaining their nobility; they were obliged to separate.

Dumas' life was an attempt to realize in our dull and prosaic world that land of enchantment in which all the glories and grandeurs that an extravagant imagination can conceive come into existence at the magician's bidding. He revelled in the superb and the *bizarre*, the gaudy and grotesque.

One thing Dumas has certainly not escaped—charges of plagiarism. He is said by hostile critics to have borrowed, in his "Henri III.," from Schiller, in another place from Ugo Foscolo, in another from Thierry, in another from Chateaubriand. Not only this, but he is accused of having employed a whole staff of writers to compose romances under his name. The wholesale manner in which he is accused of buying novels and plays is perfectly absurd. He is said to owe most of his "Napoleon" to Cordelier-Delanoue, of his "Charles VII." to Gerard de Nerval and Théophile Gautier, of his "Antony" to Emile Souvestre, of his "Marion Delorme" to Victor Hugo; besides which a host of instances are given of novels written to his order by authors of obscure name. Doubtless there is some exaggeration; but it was our hero himself who remarked once, with regard to such appropriation of others' work: "The man

of genius does not steal; he conquers." Any way he must have had a marvellous mind if he only arranged and ordered the labors of his subordinates, for his works possess a certain harmony, which marks the direction of a single mind.

Some of his thefts he was not ashamed of acknowledging. "It is men who invent—not a man," said he. So it is, without doubt, in the case of his novels, say his critics. Another excuse of his is also wittily retorted. Dumas pleads that those from whom he borrows were so obscure that no one knows their names; and he considers himself as bestowing a boon upon society in bringing to light undiscovered scenic beauties. He alleges, too, that when a stupid critic accused Shakespeare of having borrowed an entire scene from some contemporary author, Shakespeare rejoined:—"It is a girl whom I have taken out of bad to introduce her into good society." In reply to this, M. Dumas' critics retort that he has inverted Shakespeare's excuse: it is from good society that he takes a girl, to make her enter into bad.

Curious incidents, it is said, arose out of this system of employing subordinates in the manufacture of romance. A certain Hyppolyte Auger, one of his workmen, finding his pay for such journeyman's toil inadequate, went to seek his fortune in Russia. A French journal was published in Russia, in which at the time in question was appearing one of the so-called Dumas novels. Hyppolyte calls upon the editor of this periodical, and recommending himself to him as the author of the novel "Olympe," which is just coming out, offers his services for the future in similar work. The editor begs his pardon, but is not familiar either with his name or the title of the work to which he refers. "Right!" says Hyppolyte; "M. Dumas signs my book, and has changed the name of 'Olympe' to that of 'Fernande.'" The editor, still incredulous, is shown a letter from M. Dumas asking for the concluding sheets of the work, in order that its publication may be proceeded with without delay.

Sixty volumes are said to have been brought out with the signature of Dumas in 1845. The quickest romancist cannot produce more than fifteen original volumes per annum; and on the preternatural rapidity of M. Dumas is based a calcula-

tion which proves him to have had either Satanic or human assistants at his command. The most dexterous copyist, toiling for twelve hours a day, will, we are told, produce with difficulty 3,900 letters per hour, which amounts to 46,800 letters per day, or sixteen ordinary pages of a novel. This will come to five averaged-sized volumes a month, or sixty a year—the exact number which appeared in 1845. Be this calculation accurate, M. Dumas must indeed have been industrious, or his subordinates must have worked like their patron ought to have done, *i.e.*, M. Jacquot suggests, "like a nigger;" but we think the rate of 3,900 letters per hour allows but for a slow-fingered copyist. Dumas earned enormous sums by his works, and spent his money, as he thought, magnificently. In one year, "by stealing from the ancients and buying from the moderns," he is said to have made 200,000 francs.

Quarrelling with theatrical magnates, and finding their theatres inadequate to the proper display of his productions, he manages to get a building erected especially for their representation.

In his gorgeous villa of Monte-Christo, at St. Germain, which Arabs, brought from Algeria for the purpose and decorated, there is on one festival-day a special dramatic performance. The piece is expressly composed for the occasion, and the title of it is "Shakespeare and Dumas."

In Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," there are some remarks upon the characteristics, and speculations upon the future of the Negro race, which appear to possess a certain measure of insight. We may quote them here appropriately:—"The Negro is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries in the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful—a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race." This description corresponds much more closely to what we should expect of the black race than Mrs. Stowe's portraiture of the "moral miracle," Uncle Tom. However, in another part of the book Uncle Tom is shown in his more sensuous moods:—"He was in a beautiful place—a consideration to which his sensitive race are never indifferent—and he did enjoy with a quiet joy the birds, the flowers, the fountains,

the perfume, and light, and beauty of the court, the silken hangings, and pictures, and lustres, and statuettes, and gilding, that made the parlors within a kind of Aladdin's palace to him." Mrs. Stowe, with reference to this scene, proceeds to enter upon the following speculations:—"If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race—and come it must some time her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement—life will awake there with a gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold western tribes faintly have conceived. In that far-off mystic land of gold and gems and spices and waving palms and wondrous flowers and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the Negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will, perhaps, show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life."

M. Dumas has surely forestalled these magnificent revelations of the future. Scarcely can any one be found, we should imagine, more *outré* and extravagant than he was, or with a greater passion for magnificence and very delirium of color and ornament. Scarcely, also, will there be found any nature manifested in such fashion, possessing more real power than underlies the revel and riot of his imagination. He may, in sooth, be taken for a type. M. Dumas is at the moral antipodes of obscurantism. Virtue and vice, grandeur and folly, are alike to him, and are woven together into the gorgeous jumble of pageantry that his volumes present to us. We do not object to the presentment of a full and complete picture of life; but M. Dumas does not give us real life. His characters lead an enchanted existence, in which there is always the glitter of romance and the seductive hue which is given by the southern temperament of the author. Dumas is a splendid exotic, full of burning color, of fragrance, of passionate thirst for the sun; he is not a flower such as we meet with in our gardens or fields. Life as exhibited by him is not that of the world but of the hot-house. He makes some attempt to give reasons for the portrayal of so much that is objectionable, which we would rather he had omitted. They occur in the first number of his Journal:—"You continue these memoirs, then?" "Yes." "You are wrong." "Why so?"

"Because they reveal a crowd of things which you would do as well to leave hidden." "To my thinking, nothing ought to remain concealed. Good things ought to emerge from the shade in order to be applauded; bad things ought to be dragged into daylight in order to be hooted and hissed." We do not object to this position as a general rule; but Dumas did not merely drag into the daylight. He added a fictitious daylight of his own, he heightened, he embellished. The light is so strong that one cannot see the cracks in the gilding.

The redeeming point in his character is his complete candor. He is vain to a degree; but he confesses his weakness with becoming simplicity. It is a part of his character: we must take him as he is. "My pride," he says in one place, "did not require to be encouraged to come out of the vase where it was enclosed, and to swell out like the genie in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

From such a rich, unctuous nature as his, both insults and anxieties seem to glide away like water-drops. His may not be an exalted nature, but it is pre-eminently a happy one; no annoyance can reach it.

In small things as well as great, Dumas was passionately fond of creating a sensation. In his preface to "The Three Musketeers," an historical manuscript is so accurately described with name, title, date, and its place and number in the Royal Library, that it has been fruitlessly sought for by individuals who had not learned how well imagination could counterfeit even the most minute reality. "There was," it is said, "much running up and down the library stairs, much mounting upon step-ladders and tumbling of paper and parchment, much grumbling of puzzled librarians and disappointed applicants, until, at last, the most obstinate became convinced that the aforesaid manuscript had no existence save in the imagination of M. Dumas." It is this same craving for notoriety which led him to wear conspicuous garments and an exaggeration of jewelled ornaments. He lives to be pointed at, and he cares not whether the finger be raised in astonishment, admiration, or mockery, so long as it is he that commands attention.

Whatever may be our opinion of Dumas, we must look upon him as an original

product—a nature-born, and not a manufactured force. He is full of affectations ; but those affectations are a real portion of the man—belong to a character in which life is more abundant than control, foliage than fibre. He deserves contemplation—a power grown of the tropical soil of the earth, unrestrained, untouched by the pruning-knife ; he is worthy of our attention and wonder, even though his manifestations be but a gush of gaudy color and a luxuriance of vegetation which approaches rankness. He is no more difficult to comprehend or to place in the system of the universe than is a mighty flower of the great forests of the torrid zone, overladen with unrestrained revel of blossom, and giving out at one time fragrance, at another miasma. He may not be fitted to be the instructor of youth ; but his vagaries may afford wise men a

smile, and if the construction of magnificent castles in the air be not a frivolous and empty pursuit, he is worthy of praise as the prince of architects of such fantastic and splendid dreams.

Dumas, as an artist, follows in the wake of Byron, not of Goethe. He is no tranquil mirror in which are reflected the passing colors and forms of the world ; but, like Byron, he lives in his heroes. Every incident that comes before Dumas is impregnated with the Dumas life and luxuriance and color. All his books, so to speak, reek with their author. And though he may not be great, he is far from being commonplace. He may be placed by the side of Falstaff, and the two would make a pretty pair of characters, very different, indeed, but equally original, equally entertaining, and equally heroic.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS.

BY EDMUND W. GOSSE.

AMONG the thousands who throng to the Continent for refreshment and adventure, how few leave the great southward-streaming mass, and seek the desolate grandeur of those countries which lie north of our own land ! Of those who do diverge, the great majority are sportsmen, bent on pitiless raids against salmon and grouse. It is strange that the noblest coast-scenery in Europe should be practically unknown to so ubiquitous a people as we are : but so it is ; and as long as the thirst for summer climates remains in us, the world's winter-garden will be little visited. It is the old story : the Northmen yearn after the Nibelungen treasure in the South.

Doubtless, for us who are supposed to shiver in perennial fog, this tropical idolatry is right and wise. With all the passion of Rosicrucian philosophers we worship the unfamiliar Sun-god, and transport ourselves to Italy or Egypt to find him. But what if he have a hyperborean shrine—a place of fleeting visit in the far North, where for a while he never forsakes the heavens, but in serene beauty gathers his cloud-robcs hourly about him, and is lord of midnight as of mid-day ? Shall we not seek him there, and be rewarded perchance by such epiphanies of violet and scarlet

and dim green, of scathing white light and deepest purple shadow, as his languorous votaries of the South know nothing of ?

With such persuasive hints I would lead the reader to the subject of this paper. I imagine to most minds the Lofoden Islands are associated with little except school-book legends of the Maelström, and, perhaps, the undesirable savor of cod-liver oil. With some they have a shadowy suggestion of iron-bound rocks, full of danger and horror, repulsive and sterile, and past the limit of civilization. So little has been written about them, and that little is so inadequate, that I cannot wonder at the indifference to their existence which prevails. With the exception of a valuable paper by Mr. Bonney, that appeared some time back in the *Alpine Journal*, I know of no contribution to geographical literature which treats of the group in any detail ; and that paper, both from the narrow circulation of the periodical, and also from the limited district of which it treats, cannot have had that influence which its merit and the subject deserve.

The Lofoden Islands, which I visited this summer, are an archipelago lying off the Arctic coast of Norway. Although in the same latitude as Central Greenland, Siberia, and Boothia Felix, they enjoy, in

common with all the outer coast of Scandinavia, a comparatively mild climate: even in the severest winters their harbors are not frozen. The group extends at an acute angle to the mainland for about 140 miles, north-east and south-west. In shape they seem on the map like a great wedge thrust out into the Atlantic, the point being the desolate rock of Röst, the most southerly of the islands: but this wedge is not solid; the centre is occupied by a sea-lake, which communicates by many channels with the ocean. As all the Islands are mountainous, and of most fantastic forms, it can be imagined that this peculiar conformation leads to an endless panorama of singular and eccentric views. The largest of the Lofodens is Hindøe, which forms the base of the wedge; north of this runs the long oval isle of Andøe; to the west lies Langøe, whose rugged coast has been torn and fretted by the ocean into the most intricate confusion of outline; the central lake has for its centre Ulvøe—thus the heart of the whole group; and from the south of Hindøe run in succession towards the south-west, Ost Vaagøe, Vest Vaagøe, Flakstadøe, Moskenæsøe, Værøe, and little ultimate Röst. All these, and several minor satellites also, are inhabited by scattered families of fishermen. There is no town, scarcely a village; it is but a scanty population so barren and wild a land will support.

But, quiet and noiseless as the shores are when the traveller sees them in their summer rest, they are busy enough, and full of all energy and animation, in the months of March and April. As soon as the tedious sunless winter has passed away, the peculiar Norwegian boats, standing high in the water, with prow and stern alike curved upwards, begin to crowd into the Lofoden harbors from all parts of the vast Scandinavian coast. It is the never-failing harvest of codfish that they seek. Year after year, in the early spring, usually about February, the waters around these islands are darkened with innumerable multitudes of cod. They are unaccountably local in these visitations. I was assured they had been never known to extend farther south than Værøe, at the extremity of the group. The number of boats collected has been estimated at 3,000; and as each contains on an average five men, the population of the

Lofodens in March must be very considerable. Unfortunately for these "toilers of the sea," the early spring is a season of stormy weather and tumultuous seas; when the wind is blowing from the north-west or from the south-west, they are especially exposed to danger; when in the former quarter the sudden gusts down the narrow channels are overwhelming, and when in the latter the waves are beaten against the violent current always rushing down the Vest Fjord from its narrow apex. The centre of the busy trade in fish is Henningsvær, a little collection of huts perched on the rocks under the precipitous flanks of Vaagekallen, the great mountain of Ost Vaagøe. I was told that in April, when the fish is all brought to the shore, and the operations of gutting and cleaning begin, the scene on the shore becomes more strange than delightful. The disgusting labors which complete the great herring-season in our own Hebrides are utterly outdone by the Norsk cod-fishers. Men, women, and children cluster on the shore, busily engaged in their filthy work, and steeped to the eyes in blood and scales and entrails: at last the rocks themselves are slippery with the reeking refuse; one can scarcely walk among it; and such a smell arises as it would defy the rest of Europe to equal. The fish is then spread on the rocks to dry, and eventually piled in stacks along the shore: in this state it is known as klip-fish. Some is split and fastened by pegs to long rods, and allowed to flap in the wind till it dries to the consistence of leather: it is then called stock-fish. Before midsummer, flotillas of the swift boats called yagts gather again to the Lofodens, and bear away for exportation to Spain and Italy the dried results of the spring labor. Bergen is the great emporium for this trade. The other industry of the islands is the extraction of "cod-liver oil:" the livers of all kinds of fishes supply this medicine, those of sharks being peculiarly esteemed. Along the low rocks, and around the houses, one finds great caldrons in which these painfully odorous livers are being slowly stewed; a heavy steam arises, and the oily smell spreads far and wide. But this is not a feature peculiar to the Lofodens: all over the coast of Finmark the shores reek with this flavor of cod-liver oil.

It is a matter of regret to me, in my

function of apologist for these islands, that truth obliges me to raze to the ground with ruthless hand the romantic fabric of fable that has surrounded one of them from time immemorial. The Maelström, the terrific whirlpool, that

Whirled to death the roaring whale,

that sucked the largest ships into its monstrous vortex, and thundered so loudly that, as Purchas tells us in his veracious *Pilgrimage*, the rings on the doors of houses ten miles off shook at the sound of it—this wonder of the world must, alas ! retire to that Limbo where the myths of old credulity gather, in a motley and fantastic array. There is no such whirlpool as Pontoppidan and Purchas describe : the site of the fabulous Maelström is put by the former writer between Moskenæsøe and the lofty isolated rock of Mosken. This passage is at the present day called Moskoström, and is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force in one direction, that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it, a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have myself seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This was in the calmest of weather ; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon occurring during a storm, or when the sea was violently disturbed, would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and might even suddenly swamp them. Some such disaster, observed from the shore, and exaggerated by the terror of the beholder, doubtless gave rise to the prodigious legends of the Maelström. Such a catastrophe took place, I was informed, not long since, on the Salten Fjord, where there is an eddy more deserving the name of whirlpool than any in the Lofodens.

Until lately the topography of the islands was in a very unsettled state. The name of the group begins to appear on maps of North Europe about the year 1600 ; but for a century and a half there is no sign to show that geographers were at all aware of the real position of the islands. In Pontoppidan's map the right point on the coast is at last fixed, but the oval smooth pieces of land at a great distance from one another which adorn the

coast of Finmark on his chart are a sadly inaccurate realization of these firmly-compacted and fantastically-shaped Lofodens. Only within the last few years has the patient survey of the Norwegian Admiralty presented us with a minute and exact chart of the coast, and the sea-line may now be considered as accurately laid down. But with the interior of the islands it is not so : they consist of inaccessible crags, dreary morasses, and impenetrable snow-fields. The Lofoden islander prizes the sea-shore, for it feeds and enriches him ; the fringe of rich pasture which smiles along it, for it preserves his cattle ; but the land which lies behind these is an unknown wilderness to him : if he penetrates it, it is to destroy the insolent eagles that snap up stray lambs, or to seek some idle kid that has strayed beyond the flock. Hence it is very difficult to find names for the peaks that bristle on the horizon or tower above the valleys ; in many cases they have no names, in many more these names have found their way into no printed maps. It was an object with me to fix on the true appellations of these magnificent mountains ; and I was in many cases enabled, through the courtesy of the people and through patient collation of reports, to increase the amount of information in this respect. It must be remembered that many of the names given were taken down from oral statement, and that the spelling must in some cases be phonetic.

The only key to this enchanted palace of the Oceanides is, for ordinary travellers, the weekly steamer from Trondhjem. This invaluable vessel brings one, after a somewhat weary journey through an endless multitude of low, slippery, gray islets and tame hills, to the Arctic Circle. Another day through scenery which at that point becomes highly eccentric and interesting, and, in some places, grand, to Bodø. This depressing village is the London and Liverpool in one for the inhabitants of our islands : every luxury, from a watch to a piano, from a box of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits to a pig, must be brought from Bodø. After a long stoppage here, the steamer passes on up the coast some twenty miles to a strange place called Grytøe, a labyrinth of slimy rocks just high enough to hide the horizon. From this the boat emerges through a tortuous and perilous sound, and is at once in the great Vest Fjord. Forty

miles ahead in one unbroken line rise the sharp mountains of the Lofodens, and without swerving a point, the good ship glides west-north-west into the very centre of the great wall. If the traveller visit the islands in summer, and make the passage across the Vest Fjord at midnight, as he is almost sure to do, the scene, provided the air be clear and dry, will be gorgeous. In the weird Arctic midnight, with a calm sea shimmering before the bows, and all things clothed in that cold yellow lustre, deepening to amber and gold behind the great blue mountains, which is so strange a characteristic of the sun at midnight, the scene is wonderfully impressive. As the steamer glides on, making for Balstad on the south-west corner of Vest Vaagøe, Flakstadøe and Moskenæsøe lie somewhat to our left; and perchance, if the eye is very keen, far away in the same direction it may detect the little solitary rock of Værø, and still farther Röst itself, our *ultima Thule*. The southern range of the Lofodens has been compared to a vertebrated skeleton, and the simile is vastly well chosen; for the isles taper off to a minute tail, and the channels that run between them are so narrow and fit the outline so exactly that they appear like joints. Seen from the Vest Fjord the whole looks like one vast land, undivided. Higher and higher on the primrose-colored sky the dark peaks rise as we approach our haven. And now the hills of Moskenæsøe assume definite shape; the two central points rising side by side are Guldind and Reinebring, the former being the southern one. For an account, the only one I know, of Moskenæsøe, I can refer the reader to the *Reise durch Norwegen* of Herr C. F. Lessing, published, in 1831, at Berlin; a scarce book, I believe. Herr Lessing was an enterprising naturalist, who visited Værø, Moskenæsøe, and Vest Vaagøe, and wrote an entertaining chapter about them in his excellent little book. The mountains of Moskenæsøe are not very lofty, but the island is very inaccessible, the shores being so steep and the outline so indented by the sea that it is necessary to take a boat from haven to haven: one cannot go by land. The highest mountain of Flakstadøe, the precipitous Napstind, is on the northern extremity of that island, and hidden from us by the projecting promontories of Vaagøe; but the lofty hills very

slightly to our left belong to this island. Even while we speak, see, we glide between half-submerged rocks and rounded islets crowded with sea-birds into the bay of Balstad, and the Lofodens are around us! The hour is that one of glamour in these Arctic summers when the day is yet but a few hours old, and the golden sheen of midnight has given way to the strong chiaroscuro of sunrise. Above our heads rises the mountain Skottind, and we perceive how strange is the land we have arrived in; no longer the rounded hills of the mainland, no more any conventional mountain forms or shapes in any wise familiar. Skottind soars into the clouds one vast cliff of dark rock split across now and then with a sharp crevasse, above which rises another wall of cliff, and so on to the summit, where thin spires and sharp pinnacles, clear-cut against the sky, complete the mighty peak. This is characteristic of all the mountains of this southern and grandest range: especially unique and perplexing is the thin look of the extreme summit; apparently the ridge is as sharp and narrow as a notched razor; one can see no marks of the receding of the edge. All these points are inaccessible on one side; from the interior it might be possible to reach the top of some of them, and sublime would be the view so gained. At present, this chilly July morning, Skottind rises a wall of darkest indigo blue between the sun and our faces; about its horns the heavy tissue of clouds is smitten and shot through with brilliant white light of sunrise, and the fainter wreaths of vapor, delicately tinged with rose-color and orange, pause before they rise and flee away over the awakened heavens. As for Balstad itself, it is a cluster of wooden houses painted gray and green, and some deeply stained with red ochre, scattered about on a frightfully rugged platform of rocks, so uneven that I cannot think a square yard of earth or tolerably flat rock could be found anywhere. Some of the houses are built on the outlying islets, treacherous low reefs on which the gray sea creeps and shows his ominous white teeth. Such places seem to promise certain destruction in the first storm, but the cottages survive, and the bay certainly is very sheltered.

Leaving Balstad the steamer coasts along the shores of Vest Vaagøe. The twin peaks that appeared from the middle

of Vest Fjord as the highest land in this island lie on the northern coast, and are now far out of sight; they are known under the collective name of Himmelstinder—a poetic and suggestive title. It may be well to point out that *tind* is equivalent to needle, spitz, and is descriptive of the pinnacle-character of the mountain. Himmelstind was ascended by Herr Lessing, who crossed over to it from Buxnæs, and bravely ascended in spite of pouring rain and the derisive remarks of the natives: his account of the adventure is highly humorous. We pursue our voyage through an infinite multitude of sterile rocks and under fine stormy crags till we reach the mouth of the broad Gimsöeström, the gulf that divides us from Ost Vaagöe. Here the colossal precipices of Vaagekallen come into sight, the sublimest, though not the loftiest, of all the Lofoden mountains. This stupendous mass occupies the south-west extremity of Ost Vaagöe, and is almost always shrouded in cloud; the snow lies in patches about its ravines, but most of its summit is too sheer for snow to rest on or any herb to grow. Vaagekallen is the beacon towards which the fisher, laden with finny spoils, wearily steers at fall of day; for under its spurs, on a group of islets in the sound, is built the village of Henningsvær, the most important of all the fishing stations, and a flourishing little place. It has a lighthouse also, the largest on this coast. A little farther on we pass the quaint church of Vaagen, Kirkevaag, as the inhabitants call it, built, like all Northern churches, of wood, and painted dark brown. Here we find the only trace of historic importance that Lofoden can boast, I believe; for it was from Kirkevaag that that enthusiast Hans Egede, led by Christian love for the souls of men, went in 1721 to preach the Gospel to the desolate savages of Greenland. We pass on through crowds of eider-ducks and terns and cormorants to Svolvær, a prominent station on Ost Vaagöe. The entrance to this harbor is through a maze of black, cruel rocks, round which the sea tumbles and glides ominously; at last, after an intricate half-hour of steering, through passages where no path seemed possible, a large village is reached, built like a lacustrine town on piles above the water. Svolvær is thrown about on a heap of islets and promontories here a house

and there a house, on a site even wilder than that of Balstad. The mountain rising sheer behind it is the Svolvær Fjeld. Tolerable accommodation may be got at this place, though the house of entertainment is, according to Mr. Bonney, very inconveniently situated. Leaving Svolvær, the Östnæs Fjord, gloomy, narrow, and terrible as that gate which Dante saw in Hell, looms on our left; enormous mountains hem it in. On the west side, eminent above the rest, is a peak called, I believe, the Jomfrutind; it is a sombre and sinister water-glen, on whose shores it would be a dismal thing to live.

But now, straight before us, we perceive three islands, not belonging to the general range, but standing at right angles to it, running far out into the Vest Fjord; and between them we see glimpses of the mainland, now not very distant. These islands are circular, and not indented by the sea; but a shelf of rock, covered with rough pasturage, runs round each of them, and then a mountain soars suddenly into the skies. Stor Molla, the one largest and nearest to Ost Vaagöe, is a double peak of quite exceptional grandeur; and Lille Molla and Skraaven, though less lofty, are scarcely tamer in their forms. It is difficult to form a due conception of this peculiarly masculine scenery; there is nothing pretty or charming about it, but it is extremely impressive. Compared with the rest of Norwegian sea-scenery, with that south of the Arctic Circle especially, it differs from it as an American backwoodsman differs from a London counter-jumper. I would here protest a little, in wonder, at the compliments paid to the coast scenery of South and Central Norway: saving that terrible sound which runs between Bremangerland and the main, under the awful cliffs of Hornelen, there is nothing from Torghatten to the Naze to call forth the slightest enthusiasm. There is much finer country in the Hebrides. To return to Lille Molla. This island and its congeners are all inhabited, and not two hours' sail from Svolvær; on Stor Molla accommodation of some sort might probably be found, and I think this little group would be well worth investigation. They have just that amount of geographical independence which often suffices to produce a difference in flora and fauna. Between the two Mollas we steam, noticing the rough sæters on the shores,

the rows of stockfish flapping in the wind, and the caldrons of stewing livers, faintly odorous from the steamer's deck. The Ökellesund (for so the northern passage between Stor Molla and Vaagöe appears to be called) is too narrow to admit the steamer, but turning north as we leave the Möldoren, we enter the celebrated Raftsund.

The Raftsund, which has won the hearty admiration of every traveller who has seen it, is a narrow channel, fifteen miles long, running north-east between Vaagöe and Hindöe. It is of various width, narrowest towards the north; on each side mountains of the most vigorous and eccentric forms rise in precipices and lose themselves in pinnacles and sharp edges that cut the clouds. As this is the one part of the Lofodens that has been somewhat minutely described, I need not linger in painting it. A few of the peaks, however, I can name. All the loftiest and boldest are on the Vaagöe side. Perhaps the strangest is Iistind, a gigantic mass with a tower-like cairn on the summit; Mahomet's Tomb we nicknamed it, till a native obligingly gave its true title. This is at the middle of the sund, where an island breaks the current, and several small fjords push into the land. Another very noble cluster of aiguilles is Ruttind, on Vaagöe, but much to the south of Iistind. These peaks are mostly wreathed with foamy cloud, that on a fine day daintily rises and lays bare their dark beauty, and as airily closes round them again. About the summits the rifts and joints are full of snow all the summer, and from every bed, leaping over rocks and sliding over the smooth slabs of granite, a narrow line of water, white as the parent snow, falls in a long cataract to the sea. On the Hindöe side, Kongstind, which lies north-east of Iistind, is the most striking mass. On both sides near the water the ground is covered with deep grass, of a bright green color, and flowers bloom in beautiful abundance. In one place the harebells were so thick on the hillside that they gleamed, an azure patch, half a mile away. Flocks of sheep and goats luxuriate in this lush herbage; here and there ferns are in the ascendency, *Polypodium phlegopteris* and *dryopteris* being everywhere abundant.

Leaving the Raftsund, we suddenly enter that sea-lake which, as I said above,

holds the centre of the archipelago. We are now at the heart of the weird land, and the sight before us is one of the loveliest that can be conceived. The bristling character of the southern coast gives place to a calmer, more placid scenery. Here there are no subtle rocks, no frightful reefs; all is simple, serene, and stately. I cannot do better than give my remembrance of the first time I saw this scene, on a calm sunlit morning in July. Leaving the Raftsund, we bore due north. As we steamed through quiet shimmering water gently down on Ulvöe, at our back the ghostly mountains lay, a semi-cirque of purple shadow; down their sides the clear snow-patches, muffling the vast crevasses, shone, dead white, or stretched in glaciers almost to the water's edge. In sweet contrast to their grandeur, sunny Ulvöe rose before us, with the little kirk of Hassel nestling in a bright green valley; in its heart one violet peak arose, and hid its dim head in the mystery of the vaporous air above. The sea had all the silence and the restfulness of dreamland: not a ripple broke the sheeny floor, save where a flock of ducklings followed in a fluttering arc the mother-bird, or where the cormorant hurl-ed himself on some quivering fish. Round the eastern promontory of the lovely isle we drifted; peak by peak the pleasant hills of Langöe gathered on our right, while to the left of us, and ever growing dimmer in the distance, the prodigious aiguilles of Vaagöe, in their clear majestic color, soared unapproachable above the lower foreground of Ulvöe. Behind us now was Hindöe, less grand perhaps than Vaagöe, but displaying two central mountains of immense height, Fisketind and Mosadlen, the latter reported to attain a greater elevation than any in the group.

Langöe lies very close on the right when we enter the Boröesund and make for Stokmarknæs. Boröe itself lies in the strait between Ulvöe and Langöe. The pretty hamlet on its shores was the centre of the investigations of Dr. George Berna and his friends, as related by Herr Carl Vogt in his interesting *Nordfahrt*. On the northern shore of Ulvöe, at the mouth of a small valley, lies the large village of Stokmarknæs. It is almost a town, containing perhaps 120 houses; it may be the most populous place in the Lofodens, though I am told that the discovery of coal in Andöe has greatly increased the village-

port of Dvergberg in that island. Stokmarknæs looks very pretty from the sea, with its clean painted houses of deal wood, and bright tiled roofs. Ulvøe is the richest, most fertile, and most populous of the islands. It stands in the sea like a hat, having a central mountain mass, and a broad rim of very flat and fertile land. To compare great things with mean, it is in shape extremely like that unpleasant island, Lunga, in the Hebrides, facetiously known as the Dutchman's Hat. Ulvøe culminates in a single peak, by name Sæterheid, which rises close behind Stokmarknæs. This mountain, whose sides are principally covered by a thick jungle of birch underwood, slopes gradually away into a rocky ridge running across the island, and falls in steep precipitous cliffs to the flat lands that form the external rim. These flats were originally, I suppose, morasses, but have been in great part reclaimed, though on the eastern side of Sæterheid there are still great bogs, and two little tarns, full of trout. At Stokmarknæs (which is quite a place of importance, and had this summer a bazaar for the sick and wounded French) good accommodation can be had; Herr Halls, the landhandler, being in a condition to make visitors very comfortable at a moderate charge, and it is a good station to leave the steamer at. Herr Halls also supplies karjols, and a very pleasant excursion can be made on one of those arm-chairs-on-wheels to the south of the island. There is one road in Ulvøe, running from Stokmarknæs round the eastern coast to Melbo, a gaard or farmstead opposite Vaagøe. It is a very good road, more like a carriage-drive through a gentleman's park than a public thoroughfare. It is about ten miles from Stokmarknæs to Melbo. On the way one passes Hassel Church, at the eastern extremity of the island, an odd octagonal building of wood, painted red, with a high conical roof. Norwegian churches have an excessively undignified look; some are like pigeon houses, some like pocket-telescopes. Hassel reminded me irresistibly of a mustard-pot. Yet it is a structure of high ecclesiastical dignity, for not only all Ulvøe, but parts of Langøe and Hindøe, and the whole north of Vaagøe, depend upon it for pastoral care. A very pretty sight it is on a summer Sunday morning to see the boats gathering from all parts to it, full of

the simple devout people in their holiday dress.

To judge from the number of redshank and curlew that wheel above the traveller, or flutter wailing before him, the bogs beside the road must teem with wild-fowl. The north side of the island is thickly dotted with farms and fishermen's huts, but after leaving Hassel and the adjoining hamlet of Steilo these diminish in number, till at Melbo the road itself disappears, and the flat land becomes a wild peat bog, with only a few huts near the sea. Melbo is simply a large farm, owned by Fru Coldevin, a lady who opens her house in the summer for the accommodation of sportsmen and those few travellers that wander to this far end of the earth. A cluster of islets off the coast here is a part of her property. She preserves these rocks for the sea-birds, which flock to them in extraordinary numbers. Little kennels of turf and stone are built to shelter the nests, and here the eider ducks strip themselves of their exquisite down for the sake of their offspring, and in due time see it appropriated by Fru Coldevin.

From Melbo the lovely range of snowy points in Vaagøe is seen on a fine day bewitchingly. Mr. Bonney, who unhappily seems to have had execrable weather in the Lofodens, sighed pathetically at these peaks from Melbo. He gives Alpine names to the two highest, supposing apparently that they were nameless in the native tongue: they are not so neglected, however. The foremost mountain, which from Ulvøe seems the highest, is Higraven, "the tomb or monument of the wild beast;" and the other, really the loftiest peak in Vaagøe, is Blaamanden. My friend Mr. W. S. Green, to whom I am much indebted for his help in the preparation of these notes, accomplished this summer the ascent of Higraven, and kindly permits me to transcribe from his journal the story of his adventure. Mr. Green's familiarity with Swiss Alpine scenery would tend to make him a severe critic of mountain effects, and that he can write thus enthusiastically of the Lofodens is no small proof of their wonderful beauty.

Mr. Green started from Melbo on a fine July morning, at 10 A.M., the clouds, *taage*, masses of opaque white fleece on the sides of all the peaks, promised very ill for the expedition; but soon these rolled away, and left the snowy rocks clear-

cut against an azure sun-lit sky. "The face of the sea was as smooth as glass, and over it rose the long line of snow-capped peaks, softening from rugged purple crags to emerald-green slopes as they approached the sea, looking about a mile off, though in fact the nearest of them was seven. I had determined beforehand which peak I should climb: it seemed to be the highest in Ost Vaagöe, and lay at the head of the Stover Fjord. My boatmen were pleasant fellows, and as I lay luxuriously in the stern, steering, I conversed with them in bad Norse; my questions had reference principally to the sea-birds. A pretty little sort of guillemot with red legs they call *testhe*; this bird is very common: another common bird, the hen-eider I think, is called *æ*. We passed many of these with a train of young ones after them. As the boat skimmed along we passed many beautiful jelly-fish: one sort of *bolina* about the size of a goose-egg was particularly common. At last, after winding through many islets, we enter the Stover Fjord: the only thing I can compare it to is the Bay of Uri, which I think it surpasses in beauty, and the Aiguille de Dru is rivalled by these snow-seamed pinnacles. But it was 12 o'clock, and I jumped ashore at a sort of elbow where the fjord forks. I put some provisions into my pocket; then, with my sketching materials slung upon my back and my alpen-stock in my hand, I commenced the ascent. I first scrambled over boulders covered with fern, bushes, and wild flowers; these soon became very steep, and slinging myself up hand over hand through the bushes was very warm work. I took off my coat and hung it in the strap on my back; after a sharp climb over steep rocks I got on to a slope of snow that filled the gorge. In about an hour and a half I reached a col that I had aimed at all through. I could see the boat, a speck below, so I jodeled at the top of my voice, and soon heard a faint answer. The place I had come up was very steep, and the thought of descending it again not very pleasant. I took the precaution, however, of fixing bits of white paper on the rocks and bushes where I had met with difficulty, to serve as guides in my descent. There was a glorious view from where I stood, and the day was perfection. After another hour of steep climbing I reached a cornice of snow, but

was able to turn off to the right and cross a level plateau of snow, from the other side of which rose up my peak. I now encountered very steep snow-slopes and rocks, and just before the snow rounded off into the dom, forming a summit, it became so hard that my feet could get no hold. I had to resort to step-cutting; about a dozen steps sufficed to land me on the dom; an easy incline then led to the summit, on which I stood at 4.30 P.M. I wished for an aneroid; but from the time I took to ascend, and from other circumstances, I should think the height to be over 4,000, and possibly 5,000 feet. Now for the view. I have yet to see the Alpine view that surpasses this in its extreme beauty: the mountain chain of the mainland was in sight for, I suppose, a hundred miles; then came the Vest Fjord, studded with islands. The mountains around me were of the wildest and most fantastic form, not drawn out in a long chain, but grouped together, and embosoming lovely little tarns and lakes. The inner arm of the Stover Fjord, over which I seemed to hang, was of a deep dark blue, except where it became shallow, where it was of a bright pea-green. This latter color may be accounted for by the fact that the rocks below low-water-mark are white, with pure white nullipore and *balani*; there is no *laminaria* or sea-weed of any sort in these narrow fjords, except *Fucus vesiculosus*, and this grows only between tide-marks. Looking away to the north came Ulvöe, with its fringe of islets; then Langöe, with its sea of peaks; these do not appear, however, to be so high or rugged as the peaks of Hindöe, that come next to the sight. Here Mosadlen stands up with his lovely crest of snow; far away, in an opposite direction, lies Vest Vaagöe, where I remarked another peak that seemed to be of a respectable height. The view was perfection: one drop of bitterness was in my cup, and that was that a neighboring peak was evidently higher than the one I had climbed. It was connected with my peak by a very sharp rock arête, just below which was a flattish plateau of crevassed névé; it was too far to think of trying it, and it looked very difficult; an attempt upon it would be more likely to succeed if made from the south-east. Having made a sketch and built a cairn of stones, I looked about for the easiest way to descend, and found

that a long slope of snow led into a valley connected with the north arm of the Fjord ; this I determined to try. I climbed down the steps I had cut, with my face to the snow ; then sitting down and steering with my alpen-stock, I made the finest glissade I ever enjoyed. As I neared the bottom it was necessary to go lightly, as a torrent was roaring along under the snow. I soon had to take to the moraine, which was of a most trying character. I now got down to a charming little lake, in which islands of snow floated, and in which the peaks were mirrored to their summits. Skirting along this, and descending by the edge of a stream that led out of it, I came to another lovely tarn, on which were a couple of water-fowl. From this I clambered down through bushes at the side of a waterfall, and arrived on the strand of the fjord all safe. At 6.30 P.M. I was sitting in the boat, and in two hours arrived in Melbo."

The superior peak that dashed Mr. Green's happiness was Blaamanden, which must now be considered the highest point out of Hindöe. Vaagekallen is certainly lower even than Higraven.

Of the northern islands of the Lofoden group space fails me to speak much ; they are but little known. Langöe was skirted by the German expedition whose story is "erzählt von Carl Vogt," but his notes on this part of the tour are unfortunately very scanty. The northern peninsula would seem to be the finest part of Langöe. I hear of a splendid mountain, Klotind, which fills this tongue of land with its spurs. Andöe, the most northerly of the archipelago, is the tamest of all : the interior of it has been surveyed with such minute care, that it is impossible to suppose its mountains can be very rugged. For the sake of any one desirous of visiting Andöe, I may remark that a little steamer has been started this year in connection with the large boat, which meets the latter at Harstadhavn in Hindöe, skirts the north of that island, calls at Dvergberg and Andenæs in Andöe, and after a visit to the north of Senjen, returns the same way to Harstad. The same steamer calls off the coast of Grytö, a mountainous Lofoden, whose vast central peak of Fussen one admires in the distance from the Vaags Fjord.

In ordinary years the snow disappears from the low ground in these islands be-

fore May, and the rapid summer brings their scanty harvest soon to perfection. A few years ago, however, the snow lay on the cultivated lands till June, and a famine ensued. These poor people live a precarious life, exposed to the attacks of a singularly peevish climate. A whim of the cod-fish, a hurricane in the April sky, or a cold spring, is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty. Yet for all this they are an honest and well-to-do population ; for, being thrifty and laborious, they guard with much foresight against the severities of nature. In winter the aurora scintillates over their solemn mountains, and illuminates the snow and wan gray sea ; they sit at their cottage-doors and spin by the gleam of it ; in summer the sun never sets, and they have the advantage of endless light to husband their hardly-won crops. Remote as they are, too, they can all read and write : it is strange to find how much intelligent interest they take in the struggles of great peoples who never heard of Lofoden. It is a fact, too, not over-flattering to our boasted civilization, that the education of children in the hamlets of this remote cluster of islands in the Polar Sea is higher than that of towns within a small distance of our capital-city ; ay, higher even, proportionally, than that of London itself.

I would fain linger over the delicious memories that the name of these wild islands brings with it ; would fain take the reader to the pine-covered slopes of Sandtorv, the brilliant meadow of little Kjöen, so refreshing in this savage land ; to the Tjeldæsund, as I saw it on a certain midnight, when the lustrous sun-light lay in irregular golden bars across the blue spectral mountains, and tinged the snow peaks daintily with rose-red. But space is wanting ; and being forced to choose, I will wind up with a faint description of the last sight I had of the islands, on a calm sunny night in summer.

All day we had been winding among the tortuous tributaries of the Ofoten Fjord, and as evening drew on slipped down to Tranö, a station on the mainland side of the Vest Fjord, near the head of that gulf. It had been a cloudless day of excessive heat, and the comparative coolness of night was refreshing ; the light, too, ceased to be garish, but flooded all the air with mellow lustre. From Tranö we saw the Lofodens rising all along the

sky, a gigantic wall of irregular peaks, pale blue on an horizon of

The surface of the fjord was broken into little tossing waves, murmuring faintly, were the only augurs that broke the sweet silence ;

of the ripple shone with the burnished bronze, relieved by thestral gray of the sea-hollows.

and we slipped across the fjord west to the mouth of the Raft. The sun lay like a great harvest-edding its cold yellow light down on over Hindöe, till, as we glided

more under the shadow of the sun disappeared behind the mountain.

11.30 P.M. we lost him thus, but

while after a ravine in Hindöe of a common depth again revealed

a portion of his disk shone for a moment like a luminous point or burning

side of a peak. About mid-

came abreast of Aarstenen, and

rose the double peak of Lille

a black-blue color, very solemn

and ; Skraaven was behind, and

swathed lightly in wreaths and

of rose-tinged mist. There was

on the waters here ; the entrance

and was unbroken by any wave

unillumined by any light of sun-

rise, but a sombre reflex of the

blue heaven above. As we

the same strange utter noiseless-

hour when evening and morn-

up the Raftsund itself, inclosed

by the vast slopes of Hindöe and the keen aiguilles of Vaagöe, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and over-

awed by it, and the eyes could scarcely fulfil their function. Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden color, arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct ap-

peal to the emotions. At each side the fjord reflected each elbow, each ledge, each cataract, and even the flowers and

herbs of the base, with a precision so ab-

solute that it was hard to tell where moun-

tain ended and sea began. The centre

of the sund, where it spreads into several

small arms, was the climax of loveliness ;

for here the harmonious vista was broaden-

ed and deepened, and here rose listind

towering into the unclouded heavens, and

showing by the rays of golden splendor

that lit up its topmost snows that it could

see the sun, whose magical fingers, work-

ing unseen of us, had woven for the world

this tissue of variegated beauty. When I

remember the Lofodens, I recall this mo-

ment, and think, O wonderful white sun,

who dost bathe our bodies in healing

waves of light, filling our eyes with the

loveliness of the color of life and our ears

with the subtle melodies of dumb things

that grow and ripen in thy sight, how little

men consider the greatness of thy work

for us, and what a beautiful and mystical

creation thou art thyself !

The Spectator.

AN OPEN POLAR OCEAN.

TERMANN, the eminent German explorer, has just announced a very interesting discovery. It will be in the

eyes of most of our readers that in the last two or three years, Ger-

manish, and American explorers

have engaged in a series of attempts

to reach the North Pole of the earth ; or

were perhaps more just to say

they have sought a less barren suc-

cess, that the ostensible purpose of

the voyage has been to determine the

location of those almost unknown

regions which lie north of the 80th paral-

l-ude. Apart altogether from the

relating to the question whether

the North Pole of the earth can be reached,

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there is much to encourage Arctic research. The flora and fauna of Arctic regions are well worthy of study ; and even more interesting are the glacial phenomena presented amid that dismal domain.

The student of the earth's magnetism cannot but look with interest to those regions towards which the magnetic needle seems to direct him. Within the Arctic regions

also lie the poles of cold ; there the winds complete their circuit ; and there, if a

modern theory be correct, lies the main-spring of the whole system of oceanic cir-

culation. But lastly, material interests are involved in Arctic voyaging ; since the

whale fishery forms no unimportant branch of industry, and its success depends in

large measure on the discovery of all the regions where the whales do chiefly congregate.

The discovery just announced by Dr. Petermann bears as closely on this question of the whale fishery as upon those problems respecting the Polar regions which had perplexed men of science.

Among the expeditions which had sailed during the spring of the present year, there was one, under the command of the German Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht, which had sought the almost unvisited seas lying between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. In a Norwegian sloop they penetrated into these seas; and now we have news of their complete success in attaining a very high northerly latitude,—the highest, we believe, ever attained in that direction. In latitude 78° north they found open water, extending in longitude from 42° to 60° (east), and abounding in whales; and they believe that under favorable conditions this sea would afford an open way to the pole.

It is to be remarked in passing that one of our scientific contemporaries has been somewhat hasty, as we judge, in regarding this result—full of interest as it undoubtedly is—as “the discovery of the open Arctic sea which has been so long searched for.” The question whether there is an open sea extending to the pole of the earth itself is as far from solution as it ever was. It has long since been known that open water lies beyond the icebound seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia. It is to this open water, not actually seen, but as actually discovered as though it had been seen, by Wrangel and his fellow-voyagers, that the name *Polynia* was first assigned. It has also been shown that there is open water to the north of portions of the American continent; while within the angle between North Greenland, and the prolongation of the western shore of Kennedy's Channel, open water “rolling with the swell of a boundless ocean,” has been seen to extend “as far as the eye could reach” towards the north. It is also well known that close by the very region where Payer and Weyprecht found open water, our countryman Henry Hudson, sailing in one of the clumsy tubs called ships in the days of Queen Elizabeth, reached a far-higher northerly latitude than the German voyagers. He did not,

however, pursue the same course, since whereas they have penetrated between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, he sailed round the north-western shores of the former island. Sir Ed. Parry, in 1827, reached yet farther north, and although his voyage—on a due northerly course from Spitzbergen—was not a sea journey, but prosecuted by means of boats and sledges over the ice-covered seas, yet the manner in which his progress towards the pole was finally stopped shows clearly that the seas on which the ice-fields lay were both wide and deep. His party were already well advanced on their course over what they supposed to be a solid ice-field, extending perhaps to within but a short distance of the pole; or beyond it. They were harassed by the difficulties and dangers which they had to encounter, and several of their number were rendered half blind by the glare of the snow-fields; but they still plodded steadily onwards, upheld by the hope of achieving that enterprise which so many had attempted in vain. At length, constant winds from the north began to try their spirit. It seemed as though the guardian genius of the Arctic regions had commissioned these winds to oppose the efforts of the intruders. The men pushed on, despite the winds, but their efforts were as the labors of Sisyphus; as fast as they journeyed northward the winds carried southward the whole of the ice-fields on which they were voyaging. The ice-field was not fixed, as they had supposed, but, vast as was its extent and thickness, it was floating on the Arctic seas. No surer evidence could have been given of the existence of the open Arctic water farther north. When Parry led his men homewards there must have been open water all along the northern edge of the great ice-field, and extending to a distance of at least two hundred miles towards the pole. Such an extent of water, at the very least, must have been left open by the mere southerly drift of the great ice-field.

But the discovery just announced, although it affords no new evidence of importance respecting the open Polar sea, is yet of great interest, in showing how the open water surrounding northern Spitzbergen may be reached along a new course. The voyage past the north-westerly shore of Spitzbergen is full of dangers. It has been attempted again and again without

success, while too often the result of such attempts has been not merely failure, but disaster. The route followed by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht had been thought far less promising. It lies nearer to the Siberian pole of cold, and the seas, being narrower, seemed more likely to remain ice-bound, even at midsummer. Now that it has been successfully traversed, other voyagers will probably attempt it. The fact that the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla abounds with whales will no doubt induce many hardy whalers to explore the route, and possibly to voyage far to the north on the open sea in their search for these creatures. Certainly, if Arctic travellers can succeed in reaching this open water earlier in the year than those who have discovered it, they will not return without being able to tell us whether the sea really does extend far towards the North Pole. It requires only a glance at a good map of the Arctic seas (not the monstrosities on Mercator's Projection), to see that in all probability the open water discovered by Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht communicates freely not only with the seas on which Hudson sailed, but also with the open water reached by Drs. Kane and Hayes through Kennedy's Channel. Should this be so, we may not only hope to hear before long that the North Pole has been reached, but also that something has been learned respecting the deep seas to the north of Spitzbergen, and respecting the hitherto unvisited northern shores of the island (we suppose) of Greenland. It is even possible that a voyage along the course now discovered may supply the best means of ascertaining the configuration of the northern shores of that strange archipelago lying to the north of the American continent. Indeed, it is

difficult to say how otherwise those shores can ever be reached. All the attempts hitherto made by the seekers after a North-Western passage have failed in enabling the voyagers to find a course outside the North-American Arctic archipelago; and, as our readers are doubtless aware, the problem of the North-Western Passage was at length solved, not by sailing round this archipelago, but by penetrating through it to a spot subsequently reached by voyagers who had passed through Behring's Straits. It would be strange, indeed, but not altogether unexpected, if voyagers from the seas lying to north of Spitzbergen should be able to reach Behring's Straits by an open sea course. We say "not wholly unexpected," because the late Captain Lambert proposed to reach the North Pole—or to attempt to reach it—from the side of Behring's Straits; and since others have believed that the pole could be reached from the direction of Spitzbergen, we might infer, by combining the two theories, that an open-sea communication exists between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits. Should this prove to be the case, the discovery would certainly not be the least interesting result of the successful voyage of Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht. Of course, the voyage between Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far too dangerous for any save exploring expeditions; but it is a fact worthy of mention, that should such a voyage be possible, the journey from England to the Chinese seas by Spitzbergen and Behring's Straits would be far shorter, so far as mere distance is concerned, not only than the course thither round the Cape of Good Hope, but even than the famous North-Westerly passage, the search for which has cost so many valuable lives.

St. Paul's.

FEMALE CULTURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MRS. GARRETT-ANDERSON, in urging the other day that men and women should be taught the same things, said that she wondered men had not prescribed a different diet to women from that which they prescribed to themselves. It might be answered that women have, in fact, of their own accord, practised habits of eating and drinking which have the effect of

a diet unlike that of men. But the reader may be amused to see by the side of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson's illustration one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's upon the same subject. It occurs in a letter, dated March 6th, 1753, to her daughter, the Countess of Bute; to whom, as is well known, she addressed some of the most sensible counsels upon the education of

the young that have ever come from human pen—though they have all the hardness and narrowness of the time. The lady says, first:—"The same characters are formed by the same lessons." This, however, could only be true if the recipient of the lessons were "a constant quantity." "This," she proceeds, "inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no difference of capacity"—[? ?]—"though, I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses (as Doctor Swift has supposed), it would be an established maxim among them that a mare could *not* be taught to pace."

Not criticising this, let us, just by the way, pick out another passage from the same letter:—"The unjust custom of debarring our sex from the advantage of learning" [arises in part from] "the men fancying that the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with the more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. *Fools* are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the ill consequences of detection. . . . Earl Stanhope used to say during his ministry that he always imposed upon the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth; when, as they thought it impossible that that should come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them." I have seen the maxim here in question attributed to Franklin; but it is older than even Earl Stanhope. Probably a hundred people have hit upon it without concert or derivation.

Turning the page in search of another passage about the education of women, which is, I find, too long to quote, I alight upon the following striking touch—which, however, has only an indirect bearing on the culture of the times:—"I return many thanks to Lord Bute for the china, which I am sure I shall be very fond of, though I have not yet seen it. I wish for three of Pinchbec's watches, shagreen cases and enamelled dial-plates. When I left England they were five guineas each. You may imagine they are for presents; one for my doctor, who is exactly Parson Adams in another profession; the others

for two priests, to whom I have some obligations." These letters, the reader will remember, are dated from Louvère.

Turning now to the periodical literature for ladies of the same date, or a little later, we find exactly the same kind of claims made in behalf of women—claims, that is, for equality of faculty and position, and similarity of culture. The same kind of complaints as we have nowadays of the ordinary boarding-school culture. The same kind of proposals for an enlarged curriculum. The same kind of demands that girls should be taught cooking, dress-making, and household economy. The same kind of criticism of certain small practices, such as "giving veils to servants;" and similar proposals for the training of skilled nurses. We also find a striking resemblance, in minor matters, to the modern lady's magazine. Of course there are the fashions; but there are also the correspondents, who want recipes for "flushing," red hands, the removal of superfluous hairs, the renewal of hair, the removal of what are stupidly called "worms" in the face, and all the rest of it. The papers on medical topics and the nursing of children are, apparently, much fuller than we see in our times, and the treatment of measles is very amply discussed. But not even "Liebig's Malted Food Extract" for children is new, for we find a physician prescribing a sort of "panada," with small beer in it. Then there are, just as nowadays, riddles of various kinds. There is an "enigmatical list of young lady's (*sic*) at Horsham, Sussex;" and "an enigmatical list of gentlemen residing at Dartford, in Kent." The use of the rod in education is one of the topics introduced; and it is unequivocally condemned—with regard to boys. The question of its use in bringing up girls is not raised, as it has been under our own very eyes of late.

There is in these magazines more coarseness of speech than we use in these times, and there is no distinction in this respect in favor of the ladies' magazines as distinguished from the gentlemen's—at least, I cannot discover anything of the kind. However, the moral tone generally is high. A lady who writes to inquire if she may safely marry a man who has hitherto kept a mistress, is advised by the Minerva of the magazine that such a man is not worth marrying. There is a plea

"for making divorces more easy and general." The point of the following lies, of course, in the closing sentences about dress :—

" TO THE MATRON.

" DEAR MADAM—I have no patience with the men. I must, therefore, make an application to you. I have been talked to, admired, and complimented for my beauty these five years; but though I am just arrived to the age of nineteen, see not the smallest prospect of being settled—I declare I have almost lost all hopes, and am monstrously afraid I shall increase the catalogue of old maids. What a horrid idea! To make the matter a thousand times worse, I have had the galling mortification to see above half a dozen of my most intimate friends, the ugliest girls you can conceive, settled perfectly to their satisfaction.—I begin, indeed, to think there is nothing at all in beauty. What a deal of pains have I taken to improve my face and my shape! But if you cannot put me in a way to make something of myself after all, I will actually unfrizzle my hair, throw my rouge into the fire, stuff a cushion with my bustle, press down my handkerchief to my bosom, and, in short, appear exactly as nature has made me: I am absolutely weary of taking so much trouble for nothing.—I wait for your answer with impatience—I am always in a hurry, but

" Your very humble servant,

" HARRIOTT HASTY."

In our own day we have heard of fine ladies who conceal large coarse ears with artificial hair, and wear small ones of gutta percha, but " Harriott Hasty" does not appear to have got quite so far as that. There is a case reported in these magazines of a lady who was killed by over-painting, or enamelling; *i. e.*, from the constant choking up of the pores.

One peculiarity of this ladies' literature is the freedom with which men's persons and their dress are criticised. The following is a mild specimen :—

" THE STUDIOUS SLOVEN.

" Philo, though young, to musing much inclin'd,
A shameless sloven, in his gown had din'd;
From table sneaking with a sheepish face,
Before the circle was dismiss'd with grace,
And smoaking now, his desk with books o'erspread,
Thick clouds of incense roll around his head;
His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,
His woollen cap long since scratched off, was bare:
His beard, three days had grown, of golden hue,
Black was his shirt, unseemly to the view;
Cross-legged he sate, and his ungarter'd hose,
Each meagre limb, half hide, and half expose:
His cheek he lean'd upon his hand, below
His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe."

The ladies seem to have been especially offended by the exposure of the men's knees from the sliding up of the breeches above the stocking.

The musical pieces that are occasionally given are, as might be expected, very poor. But the news of the day, including the parliamentary intelligence, is most fully reported. The political references would be unintelligible to half the women of the present day. One is struck by the very large space occupied by the drama. Plays are given at full length. In other cases we have a long account of the "new piece," with the prologue and epilogue, and the full "cast" of the characters. But private theatricals at a boarding-school are severely denounced, as likely to demoralize the young ladies.

The Girl of *that* Period—to adopt a slang expression—seems to have been not very unlike the Girl of *the* Period; at least, the following occurs in the "Lady's Intelligencer" department :—

"We are positively assured from the best authority, that a number of females of strict virtue, and unblemished reputation, have formed themselves into a committee in order to find out ways and means to stop the alarming progress of licentiousness in the female world, and to make all those fair ones ashamed of their conduct, who are not afraid, so great is their intrepidity, to expose themselves in the most public manner by the looseness of their behavior: not only deviating widely from the line of decorum, but throwing themselves into the most indiscreet situations."

Nor, to employ another slang word, do women appear to have been less fond of "the sensational" then than they are now. See the following

" ADVERTISEMENT.

"For the entertainment of those ladies who are passionately fond of the terrible graces, and are particularly attached to those situations which put sensibility upon the rack, will be speedily published, in one volume Folio,

"A Collection of the most barbarous, bloody, and inhuman Murders—(Rapes included)—that ever were committed in any part of the known world: printed with red ink, that the pages may have a sanguinary appearance, and adorned with Cuts, in the most striking style; by the greatest masters, in their boldest manner:—published by Samuel Slaughter, near Butcher row."

Who can withhold a smile at the inno-

cent syntax which *includes* "rapes" among "murders" ?

Most of the literary matter appears to be contributed gratis, and the editor flatters and begs of his correspondents in the most abject manner. When the Lord George Gordon riots occur he is almost dignified, for once, in the notices

"TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"We think it incumbent on us to declare, that the unsettled state of the metropolis during the late scenes of riot and anarchy, and the anxiety which our numerous correspondents in the country might feel for the safety of their friends in this capital, has obliged us to postpone the favors of several of our patronesses, which, though delayed, are decreed to be inserted. Permit us to add, that the matter pouring in upon us from all quarters relative to the late commotions will enable us to give a more explicit and more authentic detail of the legal proceedings against the rioters, either with respect to their commitments or their trials, than are, or can be given, in any other. We have not been at liberty, amidst the late numerous conflagrations, and scenes of devastation, to find out the particular month or year when the late Dr. Cook's *receipt for preventing the growth of superfluous hair*, was published; but, if E. G. will give us longer grace, we intend to satisfy her."

A very large quantity of the matter is translated from the French; Rousseau, Voltaire, and, above all, Madame de Genlis, and the author (Berquin?) of "*L'Ami des Enfants*," being laid under contribution:—

"We must beg leave to inform our friendly correspondent, *Henrietta R*—that our store is entirely exhausted, and request her to send us a recruit early in the month.

"The translator of *Rousseau's Emilie* [*sic*] will excuse us for taking the liberty of desiring either an immediate supply, an apology for the *suspension*, or leave to continue the remainder of the work ourselves, as it was always our principle to *gratify*, not to *torture* curiosity."

The following is noticeable, but it will convey a very feeble impression to the reader who does not happen to know the sort of advertisement that in those times did actually find its way into periodicals:—

"Our *Friend and good Customer*, will be pleased to advert, that the advertisements complained of are never inserted even in a *corner* of the Magazine: though sometimes a proposal in that line is stitched up with the Magazine, which may easily be taken out and

destroyed (by the purchaser) if not agreeable."

In spite of the place which some of the contributors claimed for cookery in female education, the editor is terribly indignant at being asked a question about melted butter:—

"With respect to the frequent requests received from *Bessy Bluitt* on the *important* subject of *melting butter without flour*, &c., we must refer her either to her *own cook*, or to those which are employed in the genteel houses and taverns of her own place of residence or those of the *hotels* in the metropolis: but in answer to her menace of troubling us with a letter every *week*, tho' our Magazine is published only once a *month*, we will favor her with an extract which we have received on account of her importunities, and which, were it not for her threatenings, we intended to have suppressed. The author, after expressing her surprise on the *Queries respecting melted butter*, proceeds thus—'I was angry, and thought it an affront even to ask such a question. Did the lady suppose you made *cooking* your study? She need not wait a month for an answer; I suppose any good cook would have informed her. Her last letter, pardon me, does her and her sex no honor. With respect to her child, had she applied to any physician, he could have told her how far *melted butter* might effect her or her child, etc.'"

One peculiarity of this literature remains to be noticed. Love-correspondence, with scarcely any disguise as to names, was freely admitted, in the form of verse. The following is a very mild sample in point:—

"TO MR. P——.

"On his neglecting a very amiable young Lady for the Author.

"Why thus ungenerously disown
That —, the fairest girl in town,
Can't fix your roving heart;
That heart which she so justly claims,
For which she burns with mutual flames,
And you've returned in part.

"If fame says true, there's none so fair,
Possess of charms to banish care,
In virtue's garb array'd,
Minerva deigns her handmaid be,
Reason approves her wise decree,
Nor can a fault descry.

"If you this female disregard,
Think not another takes your word,
Nor dare presume to hope
That every fair who lends an ear
To what the fickle P—— declares
Will not that faithless doubt.

"ANNA L—— G——."

In numerous cases the addresses of the persons concerned are given, with only the suppression of a few letters.

I have reserved to the last what I think the tit-bit of my little collection—which could, of course, be made much larger. Before me lies

“A short treatise upon arts and sciences, in French and English, by Question and Answer. The ninth edition, revised and carefully corrected. A Work very useful to those who desire to improve themselves in the *French Tongue*, and containing a great Variety of Subjects. By John Palairer, French Master to their Royal Highness the Duke, the Princess Mary, and the Princess Louisa. London, printed for F. Wingrave, successor to Mr. Nourse, in the Strand. MDCCXCII.”

When this tutor of royal princesses comes to treat of poetry he surpasses himself. The following is his specimen of the sonnet:—

“SONNET.

“As Phillis, undress'd, in a sweet summer's night,
Was walking alone, and the meadow adorning,
All nature, amaz'd at so pleasing a sight,
Took her for Aurora, and thought it was morn-
ing.

“The earth pour'd out flowers to delight the fair
queen,
To salute her, the birds in a concert conspire,
And the stars, her bright eyes when once they had
seen,
O'ercome by their lustre, began to retire.

“Phœbus, resolving these faults to amend,
New harness'd his horses, new painted each ray,
But when he survey'd her, asham'd to contend,
To Thetis return'd, and left her to give day.”

The Tutor closes the subject by putting into the mouth of the royal catechumen the following stupendous dictum:—

“Q. *Is poetry a useful study?*

“A. Everybody likes it, it is true, and the greatest wits have always given their mind entirely up to it. But notwithstanding that, it is, in my opinion, the most unprofitable of all the studies, and the fittest to render incapable of any other study those that apply themselves to it.”

Waiter, clear away! An analysis of the dominant ideas in the culture of those times would occupy many pages—and the reader must be allowed time to digest this truly “royal” answer.

HENRY HOLBEACH.

Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO HOMES.

To a young English lady in a Military Hospital at Carlsruhe. Sept., 1870.

WHAT do the dark eyes of the dying find
To waken dream or memory, seeing you?
In your sweet eyes what other eyes are blue,
And in your hair what gold hair on the wind
Floats of the days gone almost out of mind?
In deep green valleys of the Fatherland
He may remember girls with locks like thine;
May guess how, where the waiting angels stand,
Some lost love's eyes grow dim before they shine
With welcome:—so past homes, or homes to be,
He sees a moment, ere, a moment blind,
He crosses Death's inhospitable sea,
And with brief passage of those barren lands
Comes to the home that is not made with hands.

A. I.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

WITH the opening number for the New Year we present our readers with two fine steel engravings of a character and value not often found in the pages of a popular magazine. Both of these engravings have been executed specially for

the *ECLECTIC*, both of them are fine examples of the art which they illustrate, and both are taken from well-known paintings of high and deserved reputation.

“Washington Irving and His Friends” shows the interior of the cheerful library at Sunnyside, and gives admirable portraits of its genial owner, of Hawthorne, Pres-

cott, Halleck, Bancroft, and all the other literary celebrities who were his contemporaries. These portraits were for the most part taken from life and may be relied upon as accurate.

"Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham" is from the celebrated historic picture by John Gilbert now in the gallery of the British Institution. It illustrates the bitter feud between "the great Cardinal" and the Duke of Buckingham, which readers of the history of England of the time of Henry the Eighth will no doubt call to mind. The scene of the picture is supposed to be Wolsey Hall in Hampton Court, and is based on that passage in the first act of Shake-

speare's *Henry VIII.*, in which the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham are interrupted in the midst of discontented discourse by the appearance of Cardinal Wolsey preceded and surrounded by his state. This was at the time when the Cardinal was in the zenith of his power, before his "high-blown pride had at length brake under him," and he frowns haughtily on Buckingham,—who retorts with scorn and defiance. The scene is a very impressive one, and both these pictures will, we think, be an acceptable addition to the long gallery of engravings with which the *ECLECTIC* furnishes its subscribers from month to month.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Morton House. By the author of "*Valerie Aylmer.*" New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

THE author of "*Valerie Aylmer*," or "*Christian Reid*," as she announced herself on the title-page of that volume, has very many reasons to feel encouraged at the success which she has met in entering the field of literature. Her first work was hailed by the press at the South as "the best Southern novel yet written," the Northern critics suspended the "traditional hostility" which they are supposed to feel toward Southern writers, and spoke many cordial words, and it elicited highly complimentary letters from men like Alexander H. Stephens, who, it may be presumed, do not usually read novels. "*Morton House*," too, has been greeted with almost equal favor as it appeared from week to week in *Appleton's Journal*, and will not on the whole detract from her reputation; so "*Christian Reid*," although her earliest work is scarcely a year old, has fairly taken rank among those promising writers who so often awaken public expectation only to disappoint it.

For ourself we heartily hope that she may do something that shall not prove wholly ephemeral. She is young yet, so we understand; she exhibits a practical good sense which is not likely to let her degenerate into sloppy sentimentalism; she has the genuine dramatic perceptions which are indispensable to whoever would depict human character; and she is possessed of a literary style which is rarely found except in conjunction with other and higher mental qualities. In natural, easy, and graceful dialogue, we do not know a single living writer who surpasses her, and this faculty alone will impart a certain pleasant flavor to anything she may have to say. She has also fine artistic intuitions, and a genuine love of nature and natural beauty of all kinds.

These are admirable gifts, and very favorable ones for a young writer whose experience and discipline are all to come; yet along with these there are radical faults which we regret to say have been characteristic of every Southern novel writer. We do not mean to rank the "author of *Valerie Aylmer*" in the same category with Miss Evans,—

we think, in fact, that the most hopeful feature of her books is the reaction which they indicate in the South itself against the unspeakable stupidity and silliness of the Evans school; but in both her stories, and in *Morton House* more than in *Valerie Aylmer*, she displays the same faults that would have made Miss Evans's novels worthless without the ignorance and crudeness and bombast which are peculiar to Miss Evans herself. Chief among these,—for it seems in the nature of things for the average young ladies' hero to be an irritating prig,—is the incapacity or deliberate refusal to depict life as it is. No novel of the slightest value was ever written which was not a more or less accurate picture of actual life,—none ever will be written; yet there is not a single novelist among the many able writers of the South who has not erected a purely ideal state of society and offered it to the world as a reflex of Southern life and character. This ideal, moreover, has fairly become traditional with them, and whether the scenes are laid "under the shadow of Lookout Mountain," or in a North Carolina village, and whether the character to be depicted is a "little girl who chants the grandest of David's psalms" as she comes up from the spring with a pail of water on her head, or the "last scion of the house of Morton," there is the same preposterous posturing, the same purely imaginary atmosphere of romance, and the same persistent effort to surround "Southern chivalry," in its most tawdry aspect, with such social and physical circumstances as the writer may happen to consider in keeping with the "fitness of things."

To those, for instance, who are acquainted with Baltimore, it must have been very amusing to read of the brilliant round of gayeties and dissipations which constituted the life of Valerie Aylmer in that pleasant and respectable but rather dull city. But after all, Baltimore is a city, and it is only when the same artificial conditions and flaring scenery are conveyed to the narrow stage of a village like Lagrange that their absurd unreality and fictitiousness become palpable. It is not difficult even for those who have never experienced

to conceive what life must be in a small country village, and what are likely to be the characteristics of its society. It is still less difficult for one who has been familiar with it, to pronounce the gorgeous pageantry and display which Miss Reid gathers around Morton House and Lagrange as a specimen of Southern life twenty years ago, as hollow a sham as was ever evolved from an imagination undisciplined by experience and observation.

The truth is, that life at the South among the wealthy classes, in the days before the late convulsion, was a solid and substantial life; it was genuinely luxurious to a degree never equalled probably elsewhere in America; and it was refined in a certain severe and rigid way. But, though abounding in the kindly virtues of hospitality and friendship, it was a cold, self-contained, and quiet life,—as far removed as possible from the flimsy, showy, pinchbeck Paradise which Southern novel writers are fond of portraying.

Of course, no natural men and women could be looked for in the midst of such artificial social conditions, and it is hard to say whether the male or female personages of Miss Reid's books are farthest removed from actual life. "Katherine Tresham" is but a reproduction of the impression which Jane Eyre on the stage under the glare of gaslights would make upon a young lady's imagination; and Morton Annesley, the hero of "Morton House," whom Miss Reid evidently believes to be, like Hamlet, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the rose and expectancy of the fair state," is a priggish, conceited, and bathetic young fellow who in real life would have been sneered or kicked out of Lagrange, —for Southern gentlemen, whatever else they may have been, were not sentimental and effeminate. All the other characters in "Morton House" are equally flimsy and unreal. Everybody is on exhibition, and is conscious of it. All that was genuinely characteristic of Southern society, all that made it unique and picturesque, romantic even, to the outside world, is entirely absent, or appears only in masquerade. The nearest we come to plantation life in either of her books is when, on the night of a Christmas ball, in one of the pauses of a theatrical outburst of sentiment, we are made to hear the distant trombones and banjo of a negro entertainment. Nature herself partakes of the general artificiality, and though, as we have said, the author describes natural scenery with the perception and enthusiasm of an artist, one can scarcely help feeling that the sun goes to his setting and the "purple gloaming" steals over the landscape for the special purpose of serving as a background for the figure of young Annesley—"another Paladin," as Miss Reid calls him—galloping picturesquely along a picturesque road.

We will not find further fault with our author by insisting upon the mild sectarianism which she sometimes introduces into her stories, nor the neat remarks which she indulges in occasionally about "the new school of moralists,"—she herself belonging evidently to the *old* school, the *very* old one, dating from the time probably when average people first acquired language enough to express "smart," but crude and unconsidered opinions. We desire to be just to Miss Reid, and notwithstanding the criticisms we have made, we regard her as a very talented and promising writer. Vol-

taire said once, that no literary style was hopeless except the dull, and it is due the "author of Valerie Aylmer" to say that her books are interesting from beginning to end, that there are few pages which the most inveterate novel-reader will feel disposed to "skip."

Atlantic Essays. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Castilian Days. By JOHN HAY. (The Same.)

THE title of Mr. Higginson's volume, "Atlantic Essays," was suggested, doubtless, by the fact of the essays having appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*; but independent of that it is specially appropriate, for there is no other of its contributors who so completely as Mr. Higginson represents the literary character and flavor peculiar to the famous Boston periodical. There is an ease and finish about all his compositions, a certain polished and scholarly air, which makes it very pleasant to read whatever he writes, and those who have enjoyed his papers as they appeared at long interval in the pages of the *Atlantic* will doubtless be glad to read them again in their present collected and somewhat consecutive shape,—the more especially as his present relations to a great social and political movement are not likely to leave him leisure, even if they leave him the disposition, for the production of many more of the same kind.

The volume contains a round dozen papers which have appeared at various times, from 1858 down to the present year. They are chiefly on literary topics, with a mild mixture of the historical; and several of them, like "The Greek Goddesses," "Sappho," and the fine essay "On an Old Latin Text-Book," have been published so recently that they are familiar probably to the minds of most readers. It is an excellent quality of Mr. Higginson's writings however, that they improve on a second perusal, and we have derived more pleasure from reading over again "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as An Art," and "Americanism in Literature," than we experienced on reading them originally several years ago. As to the "Letter to a Young Contributor," which never before came under our notice, it contains the concentrated wisdom of all the good advice that has ever been given to aspirants for literary honors, and this wisdom is communicated in a manner which is itself a lesson in the art of composition.

Reading over these Essays, enjoying their scholarly fragrance, and calling to mind how nearly we had forgotten their contents, it is difficult to think without regret of the vast mass of fine literature which is consigned to oblivion, or to the most ephemeral of lives, in the pages of any really good magazine.

That the best survives, however, is proved by these Essays themselves, and by this other volume of "Castilian Days," which also appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and were among the most entertaining and valuable of its contents during the past year. Mr. Hay was connected with our embassy at Madrid until its *personnel* was changed by the appointment of General Sickles, and he has shown himself to have been a keen and impartial observer of Spanish politics and society during all the eventful period of his stay in that

country. We are not acquainted with any book which gives us so clear a conception of the character, customs, amusements, and inner life of the Spaniards as Mr. Hay's, and he is possessed of a singularly clear and effective literary style. One might search a long while before finding a more vivid and forcible piece of writing than his chapter on "Tauromachy," or bull-fighting, and this is certainly not the best portion of his book.

The Earth. A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe. By ELISÉE RECLUS. Translated by the late B. B. WOODWARD, M.A. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1871.

It is not easy to write without enthusiasm of a work like M. Reclus's, nor are we sure that in the present case enthusiasm would be misplaced. No work so comprehensive in design has ever been undertaken by any other scientific writer,—it is nothing less, in fact, than an attempt to give a complete history of our Earth in its astronomical, planetary, geological, and historical aspects, and to concentrate in one book the physical knowledge of the whole world and of every age. Failure in such a scheme might be predicted with almost perfect assurance; but though faults have been pointed out here and there, and objections made to this point and to that, yet it is conceded on all hands that M. Reclus has succeeded astonishingly well, and that he has made a contribution of immeasurable value to the literature of popular science. We say to popular science, for the book is not written for savants and scholars only, but is designed to be read by the people. Its expositions are clear and simple and untechnical, there are few portions that cannot be readily understood, and while nothing essential is omitted, there is none of that elaboration of details which so wearies the patience.

In its mechanical features, too, the book is a model of beauty and good taste. There are no less than twenty-three full-page maps printed in colors, and besides these there are two hundred and thirty smaller ones inserted in the text. All of these are of a quality and artistic finish seldom found except in the most expensive works, and the text itself is in a type which makes it a pleasure to read. Whoever does read it, we may add, will be likely to learn something unknown to him before about the world we live on.

The History of English Literature. By H. A. TAINE. Translated by H. VAN LAUN. New York: *Holt & Williams.* 1871.

IN the next number of the *ECLECTIC* there will be an extended review which will do something like justice to this remarkable work, so we shall confine ourself here to calling attention to the fact that the first volume has just been published in this country. We may add our own, however, to the general testimony that the "History of English Literature" is one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to that literature for many years. It seems strange that the task of writing the standard account of the origin, growth, and characteristics of English literature should be performed by a Frenchman, but there is certainly no book in the language on the same subject which can compare in research, com-

prehensiveness, and critical insight with that of M. Taine. In it the author proves himself not less able a commentator on literature than he had previously proved himself to be on art, and he does much to vindicate the soundness of the philosophical theories which he applies to Art, by showing that they are equally lucid, equally efficient, and equally satisfactory when applied to the kindred subject, Literature.

The style in which Messrs. Holt & Williams have published the work is worthy of the author and highly creditable to their house. There are two thick 8vo volumes, printed in clear large type on the choicest of paper.

Cues from All Quarters. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 1871.

THE alternative title of this entertaining little volume is "The Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse," and its author is understood in England to be the Rev. Francis Jacox, whose name is not unfamiliar perhaps to readers of our past volumes of a year or two ago. Mr. Jacox is one of those men who is a student by nature as well as habit, whose whole life has evidently been spent in a library or among books, and whose memory, or common-place book, or perhaps both together, is comprehensive enough to retain everything that has once passed under his reading. His method is to collect together all the poetical quotations he can find on any particular "cue" or topic, and link them to each other with such a running commentary as will give them something like consecutiveness and harmony, and best serve to bring out their meaning. These quotations alone would prove not uninteresting nor unprofitable reading, but we think that justice has hardly been done to the good taste and skill with which the author connects them together and weaves them as it were into the web of his dominant fancy. It is not creative work, nor work of any very high order, but it is more difficult and much more rarely performed than some other kinds of writing which win frequent applause. It is very pleasing moreover, in our day, when everybody reads not to enjoy but to criticise, to come now and then upon a man of scholarship and culture who is content to admire the beauties of all kinds which he finds along the pathway of his readings, and who has the art to gather them for us into the pleasantest of bouquets without thereby despoiling them of their fascination.

There is a choice variety of "cues" in the present volume, and to all who read it we can promise entertainment of a suggestive and purely literary character.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE books for the Holidays are so tardy in making their appearance this year that we can only speak of most of them from the publishers' announcements, and are compelled to omit the extended notice which we usually bestow upon them. They are also very few, so few that it would seem as if that were really true which has been suspected for several years: namely, that the practice of using books for presents is on the decline. This explanation, however, we are loath to accept. A handsome book is in our opinion the very choicest of gifts—the most suggestive and the most convenient. Like the "quality of mercy"

(to paraphrase Portia) it is twice a compliment, a compliment to the good taste and intelligence alike of the giver and receiver.

Of the Holiday books issued this season in New York, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. publish "*The Story of the Fountain*," by Wm. Cullen Bryant which will take rank among the handsomest illustrated books issued in America. It is published as a companion volume to "*The Song of the Sower*," by the same poet, which appeared last year, has a finely-engraved woodcut on every page, from drawings by Harry Fenn, Winslow Homer, Fredericks, Hows, and others, and is superbly printed and tastefully bound.

The same house publishes a "*Red-Line Edition of Bryant*," containing all his poems, collected and arranged by the author, together with twenty-four illustrations and a portrait of Bryant on steel.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. (New York) publish "*Songs of the Heart*," containing poems selected from many sources, and uniform with "*Songs of Home*," and "*Songs of Life*," previously published. It is a choice volume, copiously and elegantly illustrated,

Messrs. Harper & Bros. (New York) contribute their share to the amusement of the young folks in the shape of a delightful volume entitled "*Dogs and Their Doings*," by the Rev. F. O. Morris. It contains all the anecdotes about dogs, old and new, and is beautifully illustrated with engravings taken chiefly from the paintings of Sir Edwin Landseer, and Harrison Weir.

The list of Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. (Boston) is the longest and the most attractive, we think, announced by any publishers. We have seen none of the books except the beautiful little volume "*Child Life*," being a collection of poetry for the young, selected and arranged by Whittier, with an introductory essay. Sixty engravings embellish this volume, and there can be little doubt that it will become the standard in its special field.

The other books yet to come, are a new edition of "*Longfellow's Poems*," illustrated with upwards of 250 engravings; "*Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters*," containing thirteen pictorial illustrations of his characters in tragedy and comedy, drawn in costume by Hennessy and engraved by Linton, with a biographical and critical sketch of the actor by William Winter; a sumptuously illustrated edition of "*The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches*," by Bret Harte; a Red-Line edition of the same author's "*Poems*," complete, with numerous illustrations; "*My Summer in a Garden*," by Charles Dudley Warner; Mrs. Stowe's "*Oldtown Fireside Stories*;" and the charming story, "*Their Wedding Journey*," by W. D. Howells.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. (Boston) publish *Falstaff and His Companions*, containing twenty designs in silhouette by Paul Konewka. This is the third volume illustrated in this way that Roberts Bros. have issued, and they are all very attractive and thoroughly unique. They also publish *The Unknown River: An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton, the well-known writer on art; Miss Christina Rossetti's nursery rhyme-book, *Sing-Song*; *The New Year's Bargain*;

Mother's Book of Poetry; World, or Play and Earnest; Arabesques, by Mrs. Greenough, and several others for children.

Besides these they import elegant editions of *Outlines of Shakespeare*, designed and engraved by Moritz Retzsch; *The Sermon on the Mount*, illuminated by chromo-lithography from designs by Charles Rolf; Lord Houghton's poem, *Good Night and Good Morning*; *The Coast of Norway*; and *Carl Werner's Nile-Sketches*.

SCIENCE.

Sericulture.—The general adoption this past year throughout the silk-growing districts of France, Italy, and Austria, of the "selection" system introduced by M. Pasteur has been attended with the most marked success. The quantity of cocoons produced from one ounce of the silkworms' eggs has been raised from thirty to as many as fifty, or in some cases even sixty kilogrammes; the total number produced this year by M. Pasteur's method reaching no less a number than three million kilogrammes, represented in currency by eighteen or twenty million francs during the present low price of the raw cocoons, or from twenty-five to twenty-six millions under ordinary conditions. The great saving effected by the selection system is likely shortly to render the European silk-growers entirely independent of the accustomed supply of eggs from Japan and China.—*Comptes rendus*, Sept. 25, 1871.

Change in the Habits of a Bird.—A writer in *Nature* for October 19 records a remarkable instance of the entire change of habits in one of the native birds of New Zealand since the colonization of the island by Europeans. The Kea (*Nestor notabilis*) is a member of the family of Trichoglossinæ, or brush-tongued parrots, feeding naturally on the nectar of various indigenous flowers, or occasionally on insects found in the crevices of rocks or beneath the bark of trees. For several years past the sheep in the Otago district have been afflicted with what was thought to be a new kind of disease, first manifesting itself in a patch of raw flesh on the loin, the wool gradually coming completely off the side, and death being often the result. It was discovered that this was caused by the attacks of the Kea, or mountain-parrot, which threatens to become exceedingly destructive to the flocks. It is supposed that the taste for this kind of food was first developed from the parrots being induced in the winter season, when their proper food was scarce, to attack the "meat-gallows" on which the carcasses of sheep were hung to dry the skins.

The Origin of Insects.—Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., read a paper before the Linnean Society, on November 2, on this subject, which has always presented one of the most difficult problems to the Darwinian theory. There is great difficulty in conceiving by what natural process an insect with a suctorial mouth like that of a gnat or butterfly (Diptera or Lepidoptera) could be developed from a powerful mandibulate type like the Orthoptera, or even the Neuroptera. M. Brauer has recently suggested that the interesting genus *Cambodea* is, of all known existing forms, that which most nearly resembles the parent insect-stock, from which are descended not only the most

closely allied *Collembola* and *Thysanura*, but all the other great orders of insects. In these insects we have a type of animal closely resembling certain larvæ, which occurs both in the mandibulate and suctorial series of insects, and which possesses a mouth neither distinctly mandibulate nor distinctly suctorial, but constituted on a peculiar type capable of modification in either direction by gradual changes, without loss of utility. The complete metamorphosis of the *Lepidoptera*, *Coleoptera*, and *Diptera*, will then be the result of adaptive changes brought about through a long series of generations.

The Solar Protuberances.—In the *Revue scientifique* for October 21, M. Rayet, of the Paris Observatory, gives an abstract of P. Secchi's papers, published in the *Atti dell' Accademia pontificia de nuovi Lincei*. The conclusions at which he has arrived are summed up thus:—(1) The southern hemisphere of the sun is at present richer in protuberances than the northern hemisphere. (2) In general terms, the protuberances are numerous in those regions where the faculæ are numerous. (3) The protuberances are highest in the regions where they are most numerous.

Substitute for Mahogany.—The difficulty of procuring mahogany and other precious woods, and consequent exorbitant prices demanded for the ordinary articles of family convenience, has occasioned the art of the chemist to be applied to a subject peculiarly calculated to promote domestic embellishment at a trifling expense. It has been contrived to render any species of wood of a close grain, so nearly to resemble mahogany in the texture, density, and polish that tolerably good judges are incapable of distinguishing between this happy imitation and the native product. The first operation, as now practised in France, is to plane the surface, so as to render it perfectly smooth; the wood is then to be rubbed with diluted nitrous acid, which preserves it for the materials subsequently to be applied. Afterwards, one ounce and a half of dragon's blood, dissolved in a pint of spirits of wine, and one-third of that quantity of carbonate of soda, are to be mixed together and filtered; and the liquid in this state is to be rubbed, or rather laid upon the wood with a soft brush. This process is repeated with very little alteration, and in a short interval afterwards the wood possesses the external appearance of mahogany. When this application has been properly made, the surface will resemble an artificial mirror; but if the polish becomes less brilliant, by rubbing it with a little cold-drawn linseed-oil the wood will be restored to its former brilliancy.

Sound.—Would some one acquainted with the subject say what progress has been made towards what may be called "sound recording"? It is a well-known fact that sound may be made to produce a visible mechanical effect, which is capable of being retained and interpreted after the sound has ceased. An example of this is the position taken by fine sand or powder on a surface capable of vibrating. I am sanguine enough to hope that we shall be able, by-and-by, to make public speeches, for instance, "do their own reporting," the delicate agitations of the air produced by the human voice affecting an apparatus sensitive enough to show symbols as the result, that will be

perfectly intelligible and readable. A more simple case is that of song. Suppose some one with a strong voice to stand opposite to a series of piano-strings, and sing deliberately something slow—e.g., "The National Anthem," stopping after each note. Would it be possible to produce the melody on paper, in some such way as this? Let each string as it responded to its notes, and vibrating, as it would, more widely than its neighbors, cause an electric current to be made (directly or indirectly through its vibrations), which, through a magnet, would affect a pencil. Let a damper stop the vibrations before each successive note. I mention this simply as explaining the direction of scientific effort I referred to. Perhaps the ultimate achievement is to be thought, on scientific grounds, utterly Utopian. I should be glad to have this demonstrated, if it is so; but I wish to know, at least, to what extent or degree of delicacy science is at present able to make the effects of sound permanently visible. Some of our correspondents will, perhaps, kindly throw light on the subject.

How We See.—This is a vexed metaphysical question. There is no question but that the image on the retina is inverted. Yet we do not see objects inverted. Why? Physiologists answer that we see objects in the *direction* from which the rays of light come to our retina. Thus, a ray of light from a high object falls upon the lower part of the retina. We pronounce the object to lie *above*, because the ray comes from that direction. But then, again, it is equally certain that we do not see objects themselves, but that the brain is affected through the optic nerve by the image formed on the retina. The brain then, 'tis said, performs the "correction" spoken of, and hence we see things in their true position.

To Prevent Pitting in Small-Pox.—Dr. I. H. Bird, according to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, uses an ointment made of charcoal and lard to prevent pitting in small-pox. This is applied freely over the surface of the face, neck, and hands, as soon as the disease is distinguished, and continued until all symptoms of suppurative fever have ceased. The application allays the itching, and seems to shorten the duration of the disease, and leaves the patient without a blemish, the eruption protected by the ointment not even showing signs of pustulation; the charcoal preventing the action of light, and lard that of air.

International Exhibition in Austria.—The desire for International Exhibitions is spreading. Austria is to hold one in 1873, under direction of a Commission which has just been appointed by the Emperor. As is well known, Austria figured handsomely in the Great Exhibitions held in London and Paris, and now that she invites a rivalry on her own soil, she will no doubt show to better advantage than ever. Austrian artists and artificers are proverbially clever and ingenious, and are rivals not easily to be excelled. Judging from the published programme, there is scarcely anything in art, science, or industry which may not be exhibited; and an arrangement is contemplated by which "the treasured collections of the various museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Lyons, Munich, Stuttgart, and other cities, will appear in simultaneous position; and it is further intended

to present a history of inventions, a history of prices, a history of industry; and a history of natural productions;” which will afford an admirable means of test and comparison among different nationalities. To such an undertaking as this we heartily wish success. The site of the Exhibition is to be the Prater, that well-known park, easy of access; and considering Vienna itself will well repay the cost and trouble of the journey, visitors in 1873 should be very numerous.

A New Lightning-Conductor.—A means for increasing the inductive effect of a lightning-conductor has been introduced in the United States. It is called the *Equilibrium Disk*, and consists of a cast-iron star about forty pounds weight, which has seventy-two horizontal and vertical rays or discharging points. This disk must be buried in the ground at a depth usually of six feet where constant moisture may be anticipated. The conducting rod being then fixed in the central hole by a copper ring or wedges, the instrument is ready for use, and, by reason of the number of discharging points in the disk, is believed to be more efficient than the ordinary conductor.

Weather Signs.—The systematic meteorological observations now carried on in different countries afford facilities for test and comparison, of which observers are not slow to avail themselves. From one of these comparisons, an American observer finds the presumption strengthened, that in the Atlantic States, signs of fair weather may be most confidently trusted during the ten days preceding full moon, the signs of rain during the eight days following. He finds also that the heaviest rainfalls at Lisbon, and the lightest at Philadelphia, occur in the autumn and winter six months, and the reverse in the spring and summer six months. These are steps towards a complete knowledge of the meteorology of the globe.

Influence of the Moon on Rainfall.—Mr. Pengelly mentioned at the late meeting of the British Association that he had made an analysis of the daily rainfall at Torquay, with a view to determine the influence of the moon on the rainfall, and he was of opinion that he had detected that influence. From the first day before the full moon to the first day before the first quarter, dry weather may be expected: on the contrary, if wet weather occurs, it will be from the beginning of the first quarter to the second day before full moon. In treating this subject, it should always be remembered that the English Astronomer-royal showed, twenty years ago, that the changes of the moon had nothing to do with changes of the wind, as was and is believed by seamen. He made it clear, from seven years’ observations at Greenwich, that there is no relation between any age of the moon and any direction of wind. But there is one influence of the moon which may be taken as demonstrated—namely, that full moon dissipates cloud. Hence it is that nights are clear as the moon approaches and recedes from the full.

Tornado at the South.—Professor Whitfield, of the University of Alabama, who has, to quote his own words, “enjoyed” opportunities of witnessing the formation and course of a tornado, says that, in the Southern States, the course of tornadoes is always from a point south of west to a point north of east, the gyration always from

right to left, and that the gyratory velocity is commonly one hundred and twenty or one hundred and sixty miles an hour. This explains why trees, houses, and everything in the path of the tornado are thrown down or swept away. The professor once saw “a pine tree, sixteen inches in diameter, and sixty feet long, float out from the black vortex of a tornado, at the height of a quarter of a mile, and sail round, to all appearance, as light as a feather.”

The Transit of Venus.—Among the preliminaries for observation of the transit of Venus, it has been arranged that photography shall be employed, as well as the eyes of observers. This is satisfactory, for many astronomers and students of physical science are now agreed that photography offers advantages in the observation of celestial phenomena which can be attained in no other way. Especially in observations of contact, whether during a transit, or an eclipse of the sun, the photographic process may be depended on for results. In some instances, the eye observations may be corrected by the photographic pictures, which can be studied at leisure, months after the event. Of course, all methods are liable to error: it will, therefore, be necessary that the errors which may occur in a photographic observation of a contact should be carefully studied beforehand. That this will be done may be regarded as certain; and thus we have another example of the important service which chemistry may render to astronomy.

A Powerful Electric Coil.—Mr. Ritchie, of Boston, has constructed an electric coil containing forty-four and a half miles of wire, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, which, with but three cells of a battery, will give sparks twenty-one inches in length. Much of this effect is due to the manner in which the wire is wound in a series of spirals on the core, and by the introduction of layers of paraffine paper at regular intervals to give additional insulation. When in full work, the sparks from this coil will pierce glass three inches thick.

Geology of the Alps.—The French geologists have collected, and exhibited in Paris, specimens of the different rocks pierced by the great tunnel through the Alps, under Mont Fréjus. Generally they are similar in character, limestone and schist; and as was stated at a meeting of the Académie des Sciences, the mass “is part of a single enormous formation, in spite of a few special differences.” In the excavation of some of the English tunnels, the principal difficulty has been to stop out the water; but in the Alpine tunnel one spring only was met with, and that yields not more than seven gallons a minute. Water for the workmen and the works had to be brought from a distance. It is said that Signor Sismonda, an Italian geologist, published twenty years ago a treatise with a map descriptive of the strata through which the great tunnel is pierced; and that his description proves to be as accurate as if he had been able to see through the whole thickness of the mountain.

Artificial Indigo.—A discovery, of great importance, has been made by chemists in Germany: it is, that indigo can be produced artificially. As yet the process is by far too elaborate and costly for practical use, but the fact remains that an

operator working in his laboratory can now produce a coloring matter for which we have hitherto been indebted to Nature and careful cultivation. Great things have been achieved by the discovery of artificial dyes in recent years, and this of artificial indigo will some day lead on to greater.

Two New Patents.—Among recent patents and improvements, we notice one for making ordinary tallow candles which require no snuffing. Hence consumers of "dips" may now lay aside their snuffers, and avoid some of the risks and inconveniences which their use involves.—A method of refining oil introduced in France seems based on the Bessemer process for making steel. The oil is heated; slender jets of sulphuric acid are mingled therewith, and air is driven in with force, whereby the whole mass is made to bubble vehemently. The effect is soon seen in the thick scum, which must be removed as often as it collects on the surface. The blowing in of air is continued until the oil is sufficiently clarified; it is then subject to a course of steaming, after which it is so pure that a wick burned therein for some days is said to remain perfectly clean, and to show no signs of the black crust so often seen on lamp-wicks.

ART.

Modern Architecture.—If the reports which we hear are correct, although the ground-plan and general design of our future Law Courts may be regarded as settled at last, questions of style and ornamentation are left as yet open. If so, it may, even at this eleventh hour, be worth while—though we fear it is but talking to the air—to enter a feeble protest against the "ornate Gothic" with which we are threatened on all hands. Gothic, we are told, must be highly charged with ornament, or it is merely dull and barbarous. And the special examples for imitation which seem now to find favor with the changeable race of tasteful men—a few years ago they were regarded as simply grotesque—are the townhalls of the north of Europe, especially of Belgium. Now, far be it from us to enter on that barren field of controversy, or to profess any opinion as to whether the Parthenon of Athens and the Pantheon of Rome are or are not really nobler models than the Stadthuys of a mediæval Batavian or Belgian town. We speak, of course, as to beauty only; as to convenience, the mediæval model and the classical are perhaps the one as monstrously unadapted as the other for the practical purposes of justice of the nineteenth century. But to talk of the law of convenience either to men with heads full of æsthetic enthusiasm, or to Chancellors of the Exchequer anxious only to keep down the estimates, would be hopeless. We accept—as we can do no better—the principles of beauty and economy such as our guides and masters lay them down, though conscious that neither is what we really want for public purposes. But then we must protest in favor of a third principle—that of permanency. Now if any one truth in practical art has been demonstrated over and over again, until the subject becomes tedious, it is this: that highly ornamented architecture has under London skies no chance of durability. Mr. Street's Gothic fronts would be in ten years a mere fretwork, marred in undeciph-

erable clots of soot. This is not probable, but certain. It is just as certain as that London chimneys will continue to smoke and Thames fogs to rise. . . . Why do we persist in the same stolidly pertinacious course, though shrugging our shoulders all the while at the obvious and admitted absurdities which we are perpetrating? The reasons are really not far to seek. The matter is nobody's business—or rather it is the business only of the architect and a few good-natured and frivolous people who constitute themselves his controllers. To the architect the style of high ornament is captivating; it enables him to exhibit his skill in the manipulation of stonework, his sense of what passes for beauty; it insures him admiration, or at all events the certainty of being talked about for a few years to come, while his performance remains visible. And what may follow matters little to him, except that, should he be still capable of employment, the prevalent dissatisfaction at the degraded condition to which the monument of his genius will by that time be reduced in the course of nature may engender new works and new expenses. And as for public opinion, which ought to keep architectural vagaries in order, it never looks twenty years ahead. A good many of us take a pretty lively interest in the probable success of an experiment in art which is to come off under our own eyes. No one, or next to no one, thinks or cares how London is to look in the eyes of the next generation, or to what expense our children may be put to repair our decayed surfaces or to replace them with other perishable novelties.

It is in truth a subject for somewhat uneasy reflection, and one which meets us at many different turns in political and social speculation—How far ought one generation really to concern itself in taking charge of the interests of those which are to follow after, and how far does such concern habitually extend? If the answer were to be framed in accordance with ordinary usage, one might be tempted to answer, Not at all. . . . Immediate interests, as in such matters as those to which we have last alluded; immediate pleasure and fancy, in matters of mere enjoyment, such as the architecture which is to decorate our streets; these are the prevailing motives which govern society, and which it seems almost hopeless to counteract by mere argument, addressed either to policy or to taste. Yet something, if not enough, may be done to counteract these evil tendencies through a little quiet resolution on the part of Governments and the growth of an educated public opinion among ourselves. A department of the future, which should be charged with protecting the interests of the as yet unborn public, would be an institution worthy of the Chinese Empire, such as Voltaire and his fellow-philosophers imagined it. Unhappily, the idea of it is little adapted to the propensities of modern Europe, and still less of America.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

York Minster.—For some time past it has been noticed that part of the walls of York Minster seem to be in a bad state. Mr. Street has been consulted, and has found on examination that the north and south transepts are constructed with walls pierced with passages, windows, etc., in all directions. The groining of the roof is of oak, it rises far above the top of the walls, its weight is considerable, and the thrust very great. The con-

sequence is, that the south transept walls, above half way between the ground and the wall plate, are all thrust outwards at the top, and a perpendicular rent has gradually been made quite through the wall near the south end. Mr. Street reported on this matter, and it is resolved that the clearstory walls shall be taken down and rebuilt, stone for stone, and the main piers are to be strengthened as much as possible without affecting the appearance of the work; flying buttresses will be placed under the steep roofs of the aisles, where they will be quite out of sight, of course. At the same time the stone work of the south transept front will be repaired, "carefully" it is stated, the pinnacles restored, and the south doorway restored to its old state: it was altered for the sake of introducing a clock. And what is perhaps of greater importance, the magnificent plinth, which has now disappeared, but of which a small portion remains in a perfect state inside the Registry, on the west side of the transept, will be completely replaced. The roof which is now covered with very heavy slates, will be stripped and covered with lead. There does not seem to be anything to complain of in such a programme as this. The operations are necessary for the preservation of the Minster. The south doorway alone seems a place where an architect may lose sight of that very fine line which distinguishes reparation from the "restoration." Millions of money have been not merely wasted, but ignorantly and wickedly employed in depriving us of nearly all that was artistically precious in Gothic antiquities. Except some few out-of-the-way German cathedrals, hardly any works of this style and size remain out of Spain and Portugal, which have not been "restored." The peninsula itself has not quite escaped. The cases in France and England are lamentable and disgraceful to all concerned. This is a matter which has presented many curious phases: it was positively proposed at one time to remove the royal effigies from Fontevault to Westminster, and to treat the latter abbey as if it were a museum of antiquities, not a church filled with tombs, the difference between such buildings being apparently imperceptible to our *dilettanti* and antiquaries. The ecclesiastical and the artistic aspects of those matters, which were originally paramount, are coolly ignored in operations such as those which were so fortunately stopped at Westminster.—*Athenæum*.

Mr. T. S. Judd, of Shelbyville, Tenn., sends us some stereoscopic pictures taken by himself, and illustrative of scenery at and in the vicinity of the University of the South. The mountainous portions of East Tennessee, and in fact of the whole State, have always been famous for the variety and grandeur of their scenery; and judging from these pictures we should say that the University of the South must be a very attractive spot for those who while seeking such knowledge as books can give, would also "commune with Nature" through the most glorious of her visible forms. Many of Mr. Judd's views are exceedingly striking and picturesque, and in point of execution they are quite as artistic and skilful as those which have given other artists a high and deserved reputation.

Some Paris fishermen lately raked up from the mud of the Seine what proves to be an antique

vase of the purest style. It is of an ovoid form, and the embossing represents a dance of satyrs and bacchantes beautifully executed. The material of which the work is composed is the Corinth bronze, the secret of which has been lost, and which, in Seneca's time, was already worth several times its weight in gold. The valuable object just found is supposed to date from the occupation of Lutetia by the legions of Cæsar and Labienus.

The plan ultimately decided upon for the reconstruction of the Hôtel de Ville is to rebuild it as it was. As to the Tuileries, the case is different. The Pavillon Delorme and the two small wings of the old palace will alone be retained. A sort of gallery, formed of lofty columns, will unite the buildings of the Quai and the Rue de Rivoli with the central structure. The railings in the Place de Carrousel will probably be removed, and the Pavillon de Flore will most likely be appropriated to one of the Ministers.

Amongst the pictures which have now been brought back to the Louvre, some have been injured by their journey to Brest, and of these the most injured are reported to be Lesneur's masterpiece, "Saint Paul Preaching at Ephesus," and the large paintings by Lebrun, "The Entry of Alexander into Babylon," and the "Passage of the Granicus."

Sarony's Photographs.—Any one who glances at the life-like portraits of W. C. Bryant, H. Greeley, H. W. Beecher, Dr. Prime, and Dr. McCosh in past numbers of the *ECLECTIC*, engraved from photographs by Sarony, 680 Broadway, New York, will be satisfied with the finished and artistic skill with which Sarony executes his work.

After many refusals permission has at length been granted to photograph the principal pictures in the Imperial Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. Eighteen large folio photographs of the Holbein series have been completed, and are said to be highly artistic in execution.

VARIETIES.

Something About Teeth.—Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of last century Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America and wrote sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and comes to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, etc., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way, that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tic-douloureux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Catlin scolds the human race generally

for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and respires through his nostrils. Among the virtues attributed to him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Death.—It may interest our readers to know what some of our English poets have said upon the subject of Death :

“Death’s a black veil, covering a beauteous face,
Fear’d afar off
By erring Nature ; a mistaken phantom !
A harmless, lambent fire ! She kisses cold,
But kind and soft, and sweet as my Cleora !
(Dryden—“Cleom.”)

Shakespeare, in common with almost every other eminent thinker, thought that—

“Cowards die many times before their death ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.”
(Shakespeare—“Julius Cæsar.”)

Again—
“Many are the shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave ; all dismal ! yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.”
(Milton.)

Dr. Garth says—
“’Tis to the vulgar Death too harsh appears ;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar ;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, ’tis o’er.”
“One Who Fears Death” can therefore take consolation.
“Death is not dreadful to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and convulsions, and discolor’d faces,
Friends weeping round us ; blacks and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing : The pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.”
(Lee—“L. J. Brut.”)

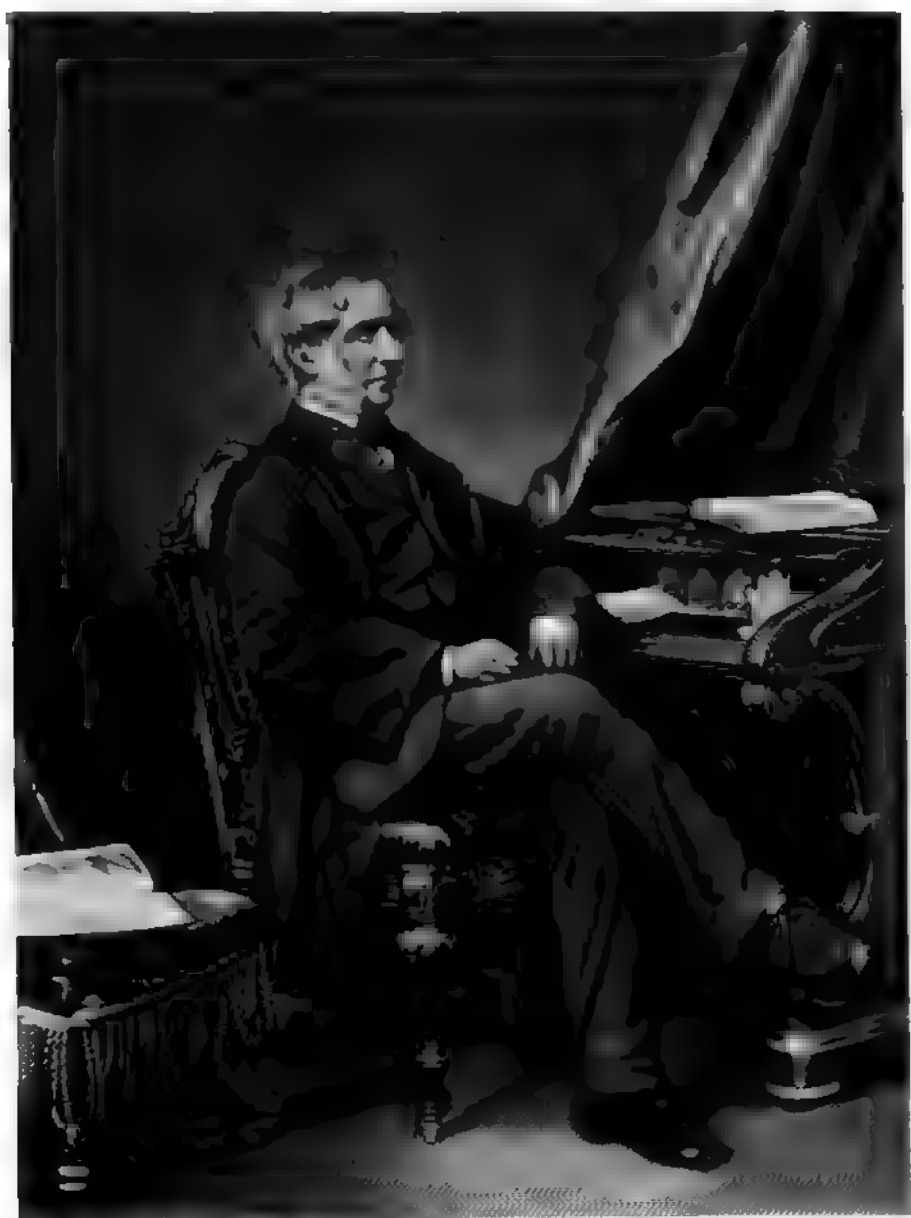
Another writer says—
“Death’s dark shades
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror ;
At near approach, the monsters formed by fear,
Are vanish’d all, and leave the prospect clear.”
(Row—“Tamer.”)

Iron Venetian Blinds.—From time to time we receive queries asking for information on the repainting of the ordinary wooden Venetian blinds. We now direct attention to a new window blind which never needs painting at all, and has other advantages to recommend it. The specimens sent to us by Messrs. Hodkinson & Clarke, of Birmingham, are manufactured in thin sheet iron with the edges and holes folded over to prevent friction on the tapes and cords. The laths are corrugated, and the colors, which can be varied to suit the purchaser, are deposited on the surface of the metal at a temperature of 170 degrees, thus producing an enamel which has a perfectly hard face, and yet is of a sufficiently flexible nature not to blister or chip under the rays of the sun. The metallic blind has an elegant appearance, can be fitted in half the space required by the ordinary wooden lath blind, and is fireproof.—*English Mechanic*.

A VALLEY SCENE.

A WOOD’S dark border with black, blurring line
Bars out the view behind ; before, there lies
A valley-slope gay in the evening shine,
Hedge-crossed and homestead-dotted, English wise.
Slow from its guardian belt of elm or oak,
Betokening some neat housewife on the move,
Each scattered home sends up its curl of smoke,
Emblem of immemorial peace and love.
Far down the vale a white road winding climbs
Up past a hamlet or a church-crowned hill,
And on o’er higher heights. A row of limes
Fringes the ridge beyond ; while farther still,
Low down across an opening in the vale,
A strip of sea lies flecked with many a sail.

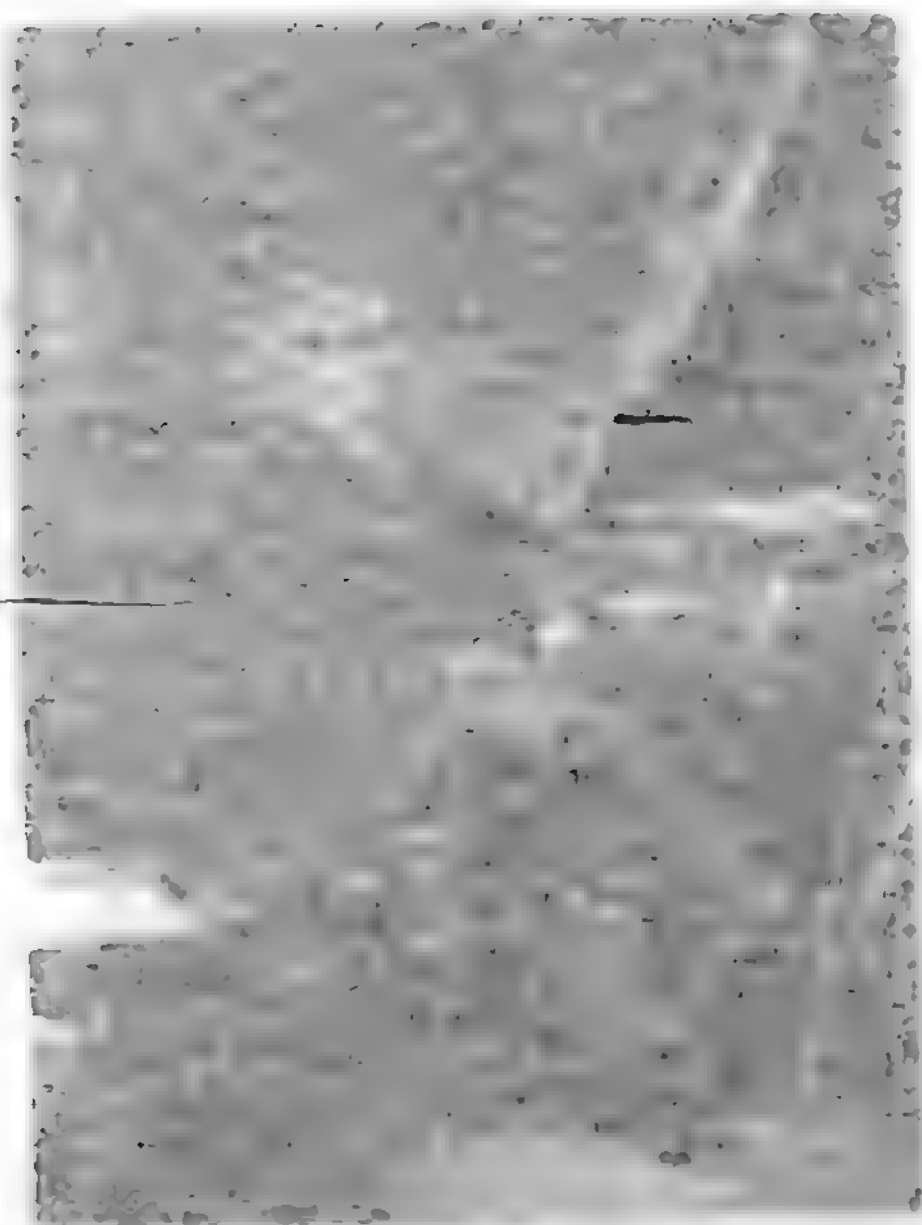
Animals and the Faculty of Reason.—So many facts have been recorded in various works showing that animals possess some degree of reason, that I will here give only two or three instances, authenticated by Rengger, and relating to American monkeys, which stand low in their order. He states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys they smashed them and thus lost much of their contents ; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper, and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung ; after this had once happened they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by anything that I could add. Nevertheless I will give one case with respect to dogs, as it rests on two distinct observers, and can hardly depend on the modification of any instinct. Mr. Colquhoun winged two ducks, which fell on the opposite side of a stream ; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed ; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Col. Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded ; the latter ran away and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird ; “she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and, after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterward brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever having wilfully injured any game.” Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first, and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks. The muleteers in South America say, “I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la mas racional*—the one that reasons best ; and Humboldt adds, “This popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines better, perhaps, than all the arguments of speculative philosophy.”
—*The Descent of Man*, by C. Darwin.

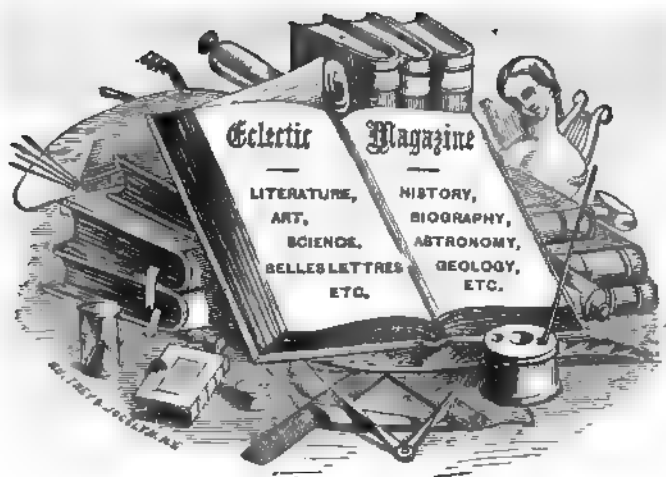


Portrait of the Hon. Mr. J. C. Smith

Portrait of the Hon. Mr. J. C. Smith

1855





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CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

No one would have ventured to predict five-and-twenty years ago that religious liberty would within that period be as fully established in Italy as in England. Yet this great change in the condition of the Italian people is to-day an accomplished fact. In both countries civil disabilities on account of religious opinions have been swept away; in both this has been effected despite the opposition of the majority of the clergy, who have been forced to yield to the more tolerant and Christian views of the nation at large. And if in England and Italy there still exists a special connection between the State and one particular Church, so barring the way to that complete religious equality enjoyed by the people of Ireland, Canada, and the United States, it is nevertheless true that, as in Great Britain, so throughout the Italian peninsula, perfect toleration and freedom are accorded to all denominations. This happy result forms to-day a bright contrast to the intolerance and persecutions

which have left so deep a stain upon the past history of both countries. Nor can it be forgotten that in both the chief abettors of such wrong-doing have been the priests who, to whatever outward Church they belonged, have habitually made use of the temporal power to inflict disabilities, and often penalties, upon those who differed from them in religious opinion, thereby flying in the face of that plain precept of Christ, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It is the object of the present article to show—first, by what means Italy has been transformed from a land of religious intolerance into a land of religious liberty; and, secondly, to give some account of the actual relations of Church and State as established by the law of the Papal Guarantees, passed last May by the legislature of the Italian kingdom.

The origin of the liberties actually enjoyed by Italy is to be found in the Statuto,

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or constitution, granted in March, 1848, to the kingdom of Piedmont by her then reigning sovereign, Charles Albert. It was not by any means the only constitution given to the people of Italy about that time. On the contrary, the Austrian Government of Lombardy and Venetia, the rulers also of Tuscany, the Roman States, and Naples, all granted similar liberties of a constitutional kind; but each one of these governments got rid of those liberties as soon as they had power to do so. Nor did they hesitate to enforce the arbitrary rule which they substituted for free institutions, by calling to their aid foreign bayonets. In Piedmont alone the constitution was maintained in all its integrity from the date of its first promulgation. While all other Italian rulers proved false to their people's freedom, King Victor Emmanuel, the son and successor of Charles Albert, remained true to the constitution granted by his father and sworn to by himself. In vain were promises and threats alike employed to turn him from his plighted word. This fidelity to the liberties of his people won for him the title of *Il Re Galantuomo*—the honest king. It was, moreover, the reason which led each portion of the Italian people, as opportunity offered, to place themselves under his rule. He had been tried, and found faithful; the other Italian rulers had been tried, and found faithless. These unfaithful ones and their abettors feared the effect which would be produced by the spectacle of an Italian people (the Piedmontese) living under a free constitution, and their fear was largely mingled with hatred. Nor did this alarm exist without good reason, for the liberty of Piedmont soon became the guiding star to whose light all other Italians turned. As for the hatred, it was but natural, for dishonesty ever hates uprightness, slavery freedom, and darkness light.

The first article in the constitution granted to Piedmont in March, 1848, runs thus: "The Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion is the only religion of the State. The other forms of worship now existing are tolerated in conformity with the laws." That there might be no mistake as to the interpretation of this article, it was at once proposed and carried by both houses of the Piedmontese parliament that no man's religious belief, whatever it might be, should prevent his holding

any civil or political office. Thus Piedmont took up at once the position of a country acknowledging a State Church, but admitting, at the same time, every citizen to every public office, without regard to his creed. The members of both houses had, upon taking their seats, a promise of loyalty to the king and constitution read to them, to which each one replied, as his name was called out, "I swear it." This little Italian State was then, in 1848, ahead of England herself in the matter of religious liberty, for no form of oath precluded Jews from sitting in the parliament of Piedmont. If it be urged that the use of the word "swear" would be objected to by members of the Society of Friends, it is sufficient to reply that such an objection not having been urged by any one when taking his seat, the question was never brought under the consideration of the legislature. Had such a case arisen, the Piedmontese would doubtless have found an easy mode of meeting it, by substituting the word "promise" for the word "swear" in the case of the deputy who objected conscientiously to the latter expression. Nor would King Victor Emmanuel have hesitated, more than Queen Victoria, to receive among his counsellors a member of that excellent Christian body, the Society of Friends. In this matter these Italians merely showed that practical good sense which is satisfied with meeting every case that actually occurs, or is really likely to occur among themselves. Such a good example has not been lost upon the rest of Italy, for when she became free she wisely preferred adopting a constitution which gave, in fact, all reasonable liberty, to the very difficult, if not impossible, task of drawing up a new scheme whose logical exactness and ideal perfection aimed at providing for every possible contingency which the ingenuity of man might imagine.

Having then established religious freedom on a broad basis, the Piedmontese Government proceeded to suppress the ecclesiastical tribunals, which alone had the power to try offences committed by ecclesiastics. This measure, and others of a like kind, abolishing special privileges hitherto accorded to priests, were known as the Siccardine Laws, from Count Siccardi, the member of the Marquis d'Azeglio's cabinet who proposed and carried them in 1850. They were

warmly supported by Count Cavour, at whose instigation, indeed, they had been proposed. He truly said, "The Church cannot, in a community governed on principles of liberty, preserve the privileges to which it was entitled in a state of society in which privilege constituted law." For privilege he wished to substitute liberty—liberty alike to the State and the Church. Such was his idea then, and such it continued to be to the end of his life. The clergy strongly opposed all these reforms, whose object it was to treat priests exactly as all other citizens were treated, subjecting them to the same laws and the same tribunals. In the month of August of that year one of the ministers, Santa Rosa, died, but as he declined to disavow in any way the adherence he had given to the Siccardine laws, the last sacraments were refused him. This was one of the early episodes of the struggle in Italy between those who were determined to have civil and religious freedom, and a Church as determined to oppose that freedom—a Church whose chief, some years later, in December, 1864, distinctly condemned in his Encyclical Letter of that date, "liberty of conscience and of worship as the right of every man." Nor has the Papal Church hesitated to employ not only spiritual arms but also foreign bayonets, to uphold a policy directly opposed to Italian freedom, both national, civil, and religious. The result, however, of this treatment of Santa Rosa is instructive, for it roused so strong a public feeling in Piedmont, that in compliance with it the Marquis d'Azeglio gave the vacant seat in the cabinet to Cavour himself. Such was the fruit of this early clerical opposition to the cause of freedom in Italy. What fruit it has borne since that time is best seen by comparing the condition of that country in 1850 with its condition at the present time.

It was in 1855 that Signor Ratazzi, a member of Count Cavour's government, brought forward a law relative to ecclesiastical property whose object was to suppress gradually certain religious communities, and to apply their property to improving the incomes of the inferior secular clergy. Other stipulations of less importance were included in the measure. Instantly the government was assailed with a violent opposition from the clerical party. Invectives, denunciations, accusations of sacrilege were poured forth. Cal-

umnies were spread amongst the people, intrigues were set on foot in the court. Just at this time, the Queen-mother, the Queen, and the Duke of Genoa, King Victor Emmanuel's brother, died within a short period of each other. The clergy pointed eagerly to these facts as sure signs of God's wrath and displeasure. The King was enjoined and entreated no longer to resist the Divine will thus plainly manifested. The ministers were denounced as the cause of these afflictions which had fallen on their royal master and the country. But despite all the efforts of the clericals and their friends, the measure touching ecclesiastical property became law. While the struggle was at its height, Count Cavour, remembering the way in which his friend Santa Rosa had been treated, sent for a confessor of his acquaintance, Frate Giacomo, who said to him, "The day on which you are on your death-bed, you may rely on me; I shall not refuse to administer to you the last sacraments." Within a few years (June, 1861) the worthy Frate was making his way through sorrow-stricken crowds to fulfil his promise to the dying statesman and patriot. By so doing Frate Giacomo incurred the severe displeasure of his ecclesiastical superiors.

While the Piedmontese Government, under the direction of Cavour, carried out faithfully the principles of religious freedom, it diligently furthered every policy and every scheme for advancing the moral and material progress of the country. Extreme reactionists and extreme radicals banded together to thwart, each for their own ends, the statesmanship of Cavour; the diplomacy of the then tyrant Court of Vienna, and of the petty Italian despots whom its arms and counsels upheld, pursued him with unrelenting opposition; but the Piedmontese statesman held steadily on his way, strong in the support of his own people, in the approval of the vast majority of Italians, and in the confidence of "the honest king." Yet, even so, Cavour's was no easy task. He had in Austria, as she then was, a powerful and vigilant enemy, strongly supported by the priests, with all the influence of Rome to back them. These allies sought to crush that free constitution which Piedmont, alone of Italian States, retained to the benefit of her people, and to the lasting honor of her sovereign. Happily, however, Cavour showed no less talent in the

conduct of foreign than of home affairs. With a policy as far-sighted as it was bold, he threw his country into the alliance of the Western Powers, and won for her a high position in the councils of Europe. That position he used for the benefit of Italy at the Congress of Paris in 1856. It was but the prelude to yet greater things. The alliance with France and the war against Austria in 1859, began that work of emancipation in Italy which has ended in making her a united and free State, wholly delivered from foreign bayonets. It is only just to acknowledge how great a share France and her imperial government had in bringing about this consummation. Doubtless the policy of Napoleon III. was often faulty and hesitating after the peace of Villafranca ; unquestionably he demanded and received payment, in the shape of two provinces, for the material aid he afforded to Piedmont ; assuredly he wished the liberation of Italy to be limited to the formation of a northern Italian kingdom ; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that the victories of Magenta and Solferino enabled the Italians to begin, under the leadership of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, that great work of giving national freedom to the whole of Italy, which has now resulted in delivering her from foreign occupation and placing her destinies in her own hands. It is only just, then, while condemning the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, the Mexican expedition, and the declaration of war against Prussia in July, 1870, to praise the Emperor Napoleon's policy in the Italian war of 1859. That policy ought to have been countenanced by England and Prussia, instead of being thwarted by them. The peace of Villafranca hastily brought the war to a conclusion, though happily without arresting the progress of Italian freedom.

By the close of 1860, the masterly statesmanship of Cavour and the daring patriotism of Garibaldi had united the greater part of Italy under the sceptre of King Victor Emmanuel. Venetia indeed was still held down by the bayonets of Austria, while those of France maintained the temporal power of the Pope in that portion of the old Papal States called the patrimony of St. Peter. In February, 1861, the first Italian parliament assembled at Turin, and the kingdom of Italy was officially proclaimed. Throughout its

whole extent was at once secured by law that religious as well as civil freedom, which Piedmont had been enjoying during the past ten years or more. The triumph of that freedom was completed when first Venetia and then Rome became united to Italy. Her crowning work it has been to make the Eternal City the capital of the Italian kingdom.

But there is this difference in the position of Italy and all other European countries—she is the land in which the head of the Roman Catholic Church has for centuries resided. Nor do Italians wish that he should cease to do so. They have had, therefore, to solve the problem of preserving to the Pope his residence in Rome, with the free exercise of his spiritual powers, while giving to Italy exclusive possession of her own temporal government, whose very foundation is that civil and religious freedom, now so happily extended to the whole country. It was no easy task to solve such a problem in the teeth of the unrelenting opposition of the Papal Court and of the priestly party throughout Europe. Their policy was simply to obstruct, and if possible crush out, Italian freedom by any and every means ; so maintaining the temporal power of the Pope. The Italians, on the contrary, while perfectly willing to acknowledge his spiritual headship, were determined to do all they could to get rid of that Papal temporal power, which had been for years upheld by the arms of Austria and France, to the annihilation of Italy's national independence. All sorts of ingenious devices and propositions were put forward as compromises, but they failed to content either the Pope or the Italians. Cavour's policy was as usual bold and clear—Rome to become the capital of the Italian kingdom, the Pope to continue to reside there, certain guarantees to be given to him for the security of his spiritual independence as head of the Church. The Italian parliament accordingly proclaimed Rome the capital of Italy, and always refused to go back upon that vote passed in the spring of 1861. Cavour pressed his policy upon France and the Vatican. What might have been the result, arising from his genius and from the commanding position he now occupied in the world, none can say ; for he died, after a few days' illness, early in June of that year. Baron Ricasoli, who now be-

came prime minister, endeavored in vain to get either the Court of Paris or the Vatican to agree to the plans of his great predecessor. The policy of the Papal Court was summed up by the words *non possumus*. Nothing would satisfy it but the restitution of all the temporal possessions of the Holy See as they existed before 1859. The Romagna, Umbria, and the Marches, must all be restored to the temporal dominion of the Pope. Nor did the Vatican conceal its desire for the restoration of the Bourbons to Naples, the Grand Duke to Tuscany, as well as the other ducal families to Parma and Modena. Austria was still in possession of Venetia; the Roman Court would have been only too glad to have seen her again in possession of Lombardy. As for Victor Emmanuel, the Vatican would indeed have rejoiced at his being relegated to the possession of his original kingdom of Piedmont, as the least that ought to have been inflicted on him for having risked life and crown in the cause of Italian freedom, despite the anathemas of Pope and priests. This *non possumus* policy of the Holy See has been maintained to the very last. It has been one of the best things that could have happened to Italy. In the first place, it made clear to Italians who was the unrelenting foe of their national independence. In the next place, it rendered hopeless all the illusory compromises of imperial France and other such counselors. The Convention of September, 1864, the removal of the capital to Florence, the campaign of Mentana, the return of the French to Rome—these and many other events, with all their attendant negotiations, intrigues, compromises, and failures took place; but the *non possumus* of the Vatican happily remained immovable. At length came 1870, with its giant conflict between France and Germany. Curiously enough, none encouraged the French emperor in his fatal and wicked declaration of hostilities more than the clerical party in France. These pious folks preached war with all the fury of religious hate. They little dreamed that one of that war's most remarkable results would be the entrance of the Italians into Rome. More significant still was the fact that not one Roman Catholic power entered even a diplomatic protest against the Italian Government taking possession of Rome, and making it the

capital of the kingdom. Austria, when asked to do so by the Papal Nuncio, refused; while Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, and Bavaria, some with approbation, some with reserve, acknowledged the right of Italy to Rome, and more than one of these powers counselled the Pope to give up his *non possumus*.

The Italians, once in possession of Rome, made it the capital of the kingdom, and applied there, as in every other part of the country, that constitution which has given civil and religious freedom to the whole of Italy. The Italian parliament then proceeded to discuss and draw up an Act which should define the position of the Sovereign Pontiff in relation to the kingdom of Italy. The labors of the parliament resulted in the law of the Papal Guarantees, which after long and full discussion finally passed both houses, and received the royal assent on 13th May, 1871.

Its provisions run as follows:—

PART I.

Prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the Holy See.

ART. I.—The person of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacred and inviolable.

ART. II.—An attack (*attentato*) directed against the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, and any instigation to commit such attack, is punishable by the same penalties as those established in the case of an attack directed against the person of the King, or any instigation to commit such an attack. Offences and public insults committed directly against the person of the Pontiff by discourses, acts, or by the means indicated in the 1st article of the law on the press, are punishable by the penalties established by the 19th article of the same law. These crimes are liable to public action and are within the jurisdiction of the court of assizes.

The discussion of religious subjects is completely free.

ART. III.—The Italian Government renders throughout the territory of the kingdom royal honors to the Sovereign Pontiff, and maintains that pre-eminence of honor recognized as belonging to him by catholic princes. The Sovereign Pontiff has power to keep up the usual number of guards attached to his person, and to the custody of the palaces, without prejudice to the obligations and duties resulting to such guards from the actual laws of the kingdom.

ART. IV.—The endowment of 3,225,000 francs (*lire italiane*) of yearly rental is retained in favor of the Holy See. With this

sum, which is equal to that inscribed in the Roman balance-sheet under the title, "Sacred Apostolic Palaces, Sacred College, Ecclesiastical Congregations, Secretary of State, and Foreign Diplomatic Office," it is intended to provide for the maintenance of the Sovereign Pontiff, and for the various ecclesiastical wants of the Holy See for ordinary and extraordinary maintenance, and for the keeping of the apostolic palaces and their dependencies; for the pay, gratifications, and pensions of the guards of whom mention is made in the preceding article, and for those attached to the Pontifical Court and for eventual expenses; also for the ordinary maintenance and care of the annexed museums and library, and for the pay, stipends, and pensions of those employed for that purpose.

The endowment mentioned above shall be inscribed in the Great Book of the Public Debt, in form of perpetual and inalienable revenue, in the name of the Holy See; and during the time that the See is vacant, it shall continue to be paid, in order to meet all the needs of the Roman Church during that interval of time. The endowment shall remain exempt from any species of government, communal, or provincial tax; and it cannot be diminished in future, even in the case of the Italian Government resolving ultimately itself to assume the expenses of the museums and library.

ART. V.—The Sovereign Pontiff, besides the endowment established in the preceding article, will continue to have the use of the apostolic palaces of the Vatican and Lateran, with all the edifices, gardens, and grounds annexed to and dependent on them, as well as the Villa of Castel Gondolfo, with all its belongings and dependencies. The said palaces, villa, and annexes, like the museums, the library, and the art and archæological collections there existing, are inalienable, are exempt from every tax or impost, and from all expropriation on the ground of public utility.

ART. VI.—During the time in which the Holy See is vacant, no judiciary or political authority shall be able for any reason whatever to place any impediment or limit to the personal liberty of the cardinals.

The Government provides that the meetings of the Conclave and of the Œcumenical Councils shall not be disturbed by any external violence.

ART. VII.—No official of the public authority, nor agent of the public forces, can in the exercise of his peculiar office enter into the palaces or localities of habitual residence or temporary stay of the Sovereign Pontiff, or in those in which are assembled a Conclave or Œcumenical Council, unless authorized by the Sovereign Pontiff, by the Conclave, or by the Council.

ART. VIII.—It is forbidden to proceed with visits, perquisitions, or seizures of papers, documents, books, or registers in the offices and pontifical congregations invested with purely spiritual functions.

ART. IX.—The Sovereign Pontiff is completely free to fulfil all the functions of his spiritual ministry, and to have affixed to the doors of the basilicas and churches of Rome all the acts of the above-mentioned ministry.

ART. X.—The ecclesiastics who, by reason of their office, participate in Rome in the sending forth of the acts of the spiritual ministry of the Holy See, are not subject on account of those acts to any molestation, investigation, or act of magistracy, on the part of the public authorities. Every stranger invested with ecclesiastical office in Rome enjoys the personal guarantees belonging to Italian citizens in virtue of the laws of the kingdom.

ART. XI.—The envoys of foreign governments to the Holy See enjoy in the kingdom all the prerogatives and immunities which belong to diplomatic agents, according to international right. To offences against them are extended the penalties inflicted for offences against the envoys of foreign powers accredited to the Italian Government. To the envoys of the Holy See to foreign governments are assured throughout the territory of the kingdom the accustomed prerogatives and immunities, according to the same (international) right, in going to and from the place of their mission.

ART. XII.—The Supreme Pontiff corresponds freely with the Episcopate and with all the Catholic world without any interference whatever on the part of the Italian Government. To such end he has the faculty of establishing in the Vatican, or in any other of his residences, postal and telegraphic offices worked by clerks of his own appointment. The Pontifical post-office will be able to correspond directly, by means of sealed packets, with the post-offices of foreign administrations, or remit its own correspondence to the Italian post-offices. In both cases the transport of despatches or correspondence furnished with the official Pontifical stamp will be exempt from every tax or expense as regards Italian territory. The couriers sent out in the name of the Supreme Pontiff are placed on the same footing in the kingdom as the cabinet couriers or those of foreign governments. The Pontifical telegraphic office will be placed in communication with the network of telegraphic lines of the kingdom, at the expense of the State. Telegrams transmitted by the said office with the authorized designation of "Pontifical" will be received and transmitted with the privileges established for telegrams of State, and with exemption in the kingdom from every

tax. The same advantages will be enjoyed by the telegrams of the Sovereign Pontiff or those which, signed by his order and furnished with the stamp of the Holy See, shall be presented to any telegraphic office in the kingdom. Telegrams directed to the Sovereign Pontiff shall be exempt from charges upon those who send them.

ART. XIII.—In the city of Rome and in the six suburban sees the seminaries, academies, colleges, and other Catholic institutions founded for the education and culture of ecclesiastics, shall continue to depend only on the Holy See, without any interference of the scholastic authorities of the kingdom.

PART II.

Relations of the State with the Church.

ART. XIV.—Every special restriction of the exercise of the right of meeting on the part of the members of the Catholic clergy is abolished.

ART. XV.—The Government renounces its right of apostolic legateship (*legazia apostolica*) in Sicily, and also its right, throughout the kingdom, of nomination or presentation in the collation of the greater benefices. The bishops shall not be required to make oath of allegiance to the King. The greater and lesser benefices cannot be conferred except on the citizens of the kingdom, save in the case of the city of Rome, and of the suburban sees. No innovation is made touching the presentation to benefices under royal patronage.

ART. XVI.—The royal “*exequatur*” and “*placet*,” and every other form of government assent for the publication and execution of acts of ecclesiastical authority, are abolished. However, until such time as it may be otherwise provided in the special law of which Art. XVIII. speaks, the acts of these (ecclesiastical) authorities which concern the destination of ecclesiastical property and the provisions of the major and minor benefices, excepting those of the City of Rome and the suburban sees, remain subject to the royal “*exequatur*” and “*placet*.” The enactments of the civil law with regard to the creation and to the modes of existence of ecclesiastical institutions and of their property remain unaltered.

ART. XVII.—In matters spiritual and of spiritual discipline, no appeal is admitted against the acts of the ecclesiastical authorities, nor is any aid on the part of the civil authority, recognized as due to such acts, nor is it accorded to them.

The recognizing of the judicial effects, in these as in every other act of these (ecclesiastical) authorities, rests with the civil jurisdiction. However, such acts are with-

out effect if contrary to the laws of the State, or to public order, or if damaging to private rights, and are subjected to the penal laws if they constitute a crime.

ART. XVIII.—An ulterior law will provide for the reorganization, the preservation, and the administration of the ecclesiastical property of the kingdom.

ART. XIX.—As regards all matters which form part of the present law, everything now existing, in so far as it may be contrary to this law, ceases to have effect.

The object of this law was to carry out still further than had yet been done the principle of a “free Church in a free State,” by giving the Church unfettered power in all spiritual matters, while placing all temporal power in the hands of the State. The freedom of the latter consists in the complete civil and religious liberty bestowed upon the subjects of the State, so that none are rendered incapable of filling any political or civic office on account of their creed; while to all denominations alike perfect freedom is allowed for the performance of divine worship, or for meetings in behalf of other religious objects. Although the Government of the Italian kingdom permits (Art. XVII.) spiritual authorities to punish spiritual offences with spiritual inflictions, it refuses, by the same article, to aid in any way in the carrying out of such punishment. If, for instance, a pastor of the Waldensian Church, or a priest of the Roman, be held guilty of heretical teaching by the Church to which he belongs, that Church can suspend him from his spiritual office, or declare him to be cut off from the body of the faithful; but the State refuses to take any part in the matter in the one case as in the other. Should, however, the acts of these Church authorities go outside the domain of spiritual censure and deprivation, by interfering with the personal liberties or rights of the alleged heretic, the State would not allow any such temporal punishment to be inflicted by the spiritual authorities of any Church whatever. To the civil judges is reserved the power of deciding whether ecclesiastics have in their acts trespassed upon the rights of the civil power. Thus the State refuses to inflict, or to allow any Church to inflict, temporal penalties on any citizen, thereby preventing all religious persecution, and leaving all its subjects free to submit, according to their re-

religious convictions, to the authority or censures of the Church (whatever it may be) to which they belong. The State claims the exclusive power of inflicting temporal punishment; but it does not interfere in case of any person voluntarily submitting even to temporal inflictions, because he wishes, in accordance with his own conscientious convictions, to submit to such punishment; as, for instance, penance, fasting, and the like. But in this case the act of submission must be wholly voluntary on the part of the individual: then, and then only, does the State remain neutral.

By this law of the Papal Guarantees the consent of the Crown in the appointment of bishops, known as the royal "exequatur" and "placet," is given up. Thus the Pope can now appoint whom he will to Italian sees, without any control being exercised by the State. The nomination of bishops and the exercise of their spiritual functions is therefore freed from any interference whatever on the part of the civil power throughout the Italian kingdom. Nor are the bishops any longer required to take an oath of allegiance to the King. Such full liberty is not accorded to the Roman Church either by Spain, France, Bavaria, or Austria; for in these countries the "exequatur" and "placet" are still retained. So, too, in these latter countries the government has a right to prohibit the publication of Papal bulls, briefs, etc.; whereas in Italy all such rights have now been renounced by the civil power. But as regards temporalities, Article XVI. of the law of the Papal Guarantees provides that in "the destination of ecclesiastical property, and the provision of the major and minor benefices," the royal "exequatur" and "placet" is to remain in force "until such time as it may be otherwise provided in the special law of which Article XVIII. speaks." In Italy the State, then, still retains certain powers over Church temporalities, while giving up all power over matters purely spiritual. Still, as Article XVIII. clearly points out, further legislation may be expected in the matter of these temporalities. It will be interesting to watch what will be the future course of the Italian Government with regard to them. That course will doubtless be in the direction of freeing the State still more from interference

with matters ecclesiastical. There are many in Italy who would like to see the State renounce all control over Church temporalities, and hand over the power it still retains as regards them to the municipal and communal authorities, so that they, within the limits of their jurisdiction, should have charge of Church temporalities, and attend to their management and payment. Such a course, it is thought, would free the State from ecclesiastical affairs, while giving the laity the means of protecting itself against tyranny and encroachment on the part of clerical authorities, so carrying out yet more fully the principle of "a free Church in a free State." But without going into future questions, it is clear that the new law makes a great advance in the application of that principle. In place of the old union of the temporal and spiritual powers, their separation is becoming very clearly defined. The spiritual liberty accorded to the Roman and other Churches in Italy is complete, while the temporal power of the head of the Roman Church has been reduced to a minimum. That minimum consists in handing over to the Pope the palaces of the Vatican and Lateran, the villa of Castel Gondolfo, and all the gardens, buildings, etc., which belong to them. To the Sovereign Pontiff, as he is styled, royal honors are accorded. His representatives to foreign courts, and their representatives to the Vatican, are placed upon the same footing as the representatives of foreign powers accredited to the Government of the kingdom of Italy. Absolute freedom of communication between the Pope and all the rest of the world is secured. An annual sum, equal to that inscribed in the old Roman budget as forming the Papal civil list, is assured to him by the Italian Government. Such, then, is the temporal position accorded to the Roman Pontiff; while in spiritual matters he has perfect freedom. No longer in the Italian kingdom do "exequaturs," "placets," or "concordats" place any restrictions, as in France, Bavaria, and Austria, on the appointment of bishops by the Pope, on the publishing of his bulls, allocutions, and briefs, or on any other of his spiritual acts.

It is obvious, then, that as matters now stand Italy cannot be reckoned among those countries which have completely severed—as in Ireland and the United

States—all connection between Church and State. The first article of the constitution still remains, declaring that the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion is the only religion of the State. The Italian Government, moreover, accords a special position, and special rights of a temporal kind, to the Holy See ; and while giving complete freedom to the spiritual authority of that see, the Government still retains a hold over ecclesiastical temporalities. But though all connection between the State and the Church has not been given up, Italy may fairly claim to have carried out, at least to a very great extent, the principle of freedom in both Church and State—to a greater extent, indeed, than some of her best friends deem wise, though the writer cannot agree in that opinion. For in Italy assuredly the State is now free, if indeed the possession of a civil and religious liberty as nearly as possible identical with that of Great Britain constitutes freedom ; to say nothing of Italian soil being at last delivered from the presence of foreign bayonets. Again, the Roman Church is free in the exercise of all her spiritual functions, which is more than can be said of her condition elsewhere ; while other Churches, such as the Waldensian and Evangelical, possess no less liberty in Italy than that enjoyed by Nonconformist Churches in England. Whatever, then, logic may urge from its own point of view, practical common sense, at any rate, will admit that Italy has now very fully realized in her practice the maxim of a free Church in a free State.

In the meanwhile the Pope denounces all that has been done, and declares himself a prisoner in the Vatican. He is neither more nor less so than the Protestant Primate of the Irish Episcopal Church would be, if he chose to shut himself up in his palace, because the parliament of the United Kingdom has deprived him and his Church of their former temporal power. As it is, both these prelates can leave their residences or countries, or remain in them, just as they please. The only difference is, that if the Protestant bishop appears in public no special attention is paid to him ; but whenever the Bishop of Rome chooses so to do, the soldiers of the Italian army have orders to present arms, and royal honors are prescribed as due to him by law. But all this, with palaces, a civil list, and the freest exer-

cise of his spiritual authority, are as nothing, according to some ardent supporters of the Vatican, unless once again 3,000,000 of Italians be replaced under the Pope's temporal government—a government opposed alike to constitutional rule and to religious freedom ; but by no means opposed to the use of foreign bayonets for the suppression of such rule and freedom. Nor must it be forgotten that Rome's ecclesiastical authorities were just as bitter in 1850 against those wise and moderate reforms in Piedmont, called the Siccardine laws, as against the establishment of a temporal government in Rome based upon civil and religious liberty. The refusal of the last sacraments to Santa Rosa for his adherence to those laws, was but a proof of the Roman Church's unalterable opposition to just and equal legislation in matters ecclesiastical. Thus early did she fight against the cause of toleration and liberty in Italy. As it was then, so it was later, when Pius IX., in his Encyclical Letter of December, 1864, roundly termed "delirium" the opinion that "liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man," and condemned those who affirm "that the best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is not compelled to inflict the penalties of the law upon violators of the Catholic religion, unless required by considerations of public safety." There are fervid supporters of the Papacy who have recently maintained the right of the Church to call in the arm of the civil power to protect and uphold her teaching. Were this, by no means new, development of priestly law put in practice, the Church would once again have obtained the power of persecuting her opponents, and would once again do unto others what she would *not* that others should do to her. With such teaching set forth by high authorities of the Roman Church it is easy to understand why no European government put forward so much as a diplomatic protest last year against the overthrow of her temporal power. None of them, indeed, could have done so with any consistency ; for they all maintain by law the "freedom of conscience and worship as the right of every man," which the chief of that temporal power distinctly condemns. Among the nations of Europe there are none who have more boldly and successfully repudiated that condemnation

than the people and statesmen of Italy. Nor are there any who strive to carry out more faithfully the great principles of liberty, both national and individual, civil and religious. But yesterday their coun-

try was the victim of foreign occupation and priestly intolerance, to-day she has her place among the free nations of the earth.

J. W. PROBYN.

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE position of Coleridge in English literature is one of the most interesting and remarkable that can be imagined. To apportion him his place, and to justify the importance of it, are things which are easy to that true instinct which is above all criticism, but become difficult from the moment that we attempt to explain and give the reason why. The poetic priesthood, simple and austere, of Wordsworth—the wonderful mightiness and fulness of invention, and the splendid personal history of Scott—open to each of these great figures his appropriate pedestal, with a distinctness and simplicity which ease the critic from one of his most difficult labors. But Coleridge, in essence and soul more entirely a poet than either of them, dwelling more among the subjects and in the atmosphere of poetry than any man of his generation, is beyond all parallel the most perplexing figure in the literary history of his time. His soul is one of those which, like Milton's, yet even more emphatically than Milton's, dwells apart. His life belongs to this world solely by the necessities of flesh and blood, which bind him whether he wills or no; but in reality he has no more connection with the common soil than the bonds of gravitation compel. Speaking not in a religious sense, but with the humanly spiritual meaning which may be applied to the words, we find no phrase so apt to express his habit and character as those words of St. Paul, "Our conversation is in heaven." In heaven, yet not in paradise—in an intermediate unknown region where Truth dwells, and all the lofty souls of things—was Coleridge's abode; a sublimer Limbo, not below, but above humanity—such a limbo as might have been placed, had it entered into the conception of a still greater poet, on the edge of the Purgatorio instead of the Inferno—with great souls and poets dwelling in it, like those on the other side, who "without hope live in desire;" but on this, with de-

sire and hope mingled, tracing afar off the angel forms that stand around the throne, and enduring only the splendid torment of that longing to mount higher and ever higher, which is the form of their purgation. He is like a mountain with head ever held high over the common ways of earth, sometimes enveloped in clouds and mists, but sometimes towering high above them into the blue serene which lies beyond. By such metaphors alone can we give an idea of the nature of the man who, being man, was often blamable, and often seems to have forgotten that though his head was among the stars, his feet were bound to trace the lawful ways of earthly living, taking no excuse from the height of spiritual existence to which his other part was elevated. This view of him must be considered in its turn; but his first aspect is as nearly that of sheer spirit, scarcely conscious of the necessity of embodiment—a being composed of intellect, soul, and heart, without any fleshly element—as it is possible for the imagination to conceive.

This spirituality of his nature—we use the word not in a religious sense, though Coleridge's nature was at the same time deeply religious—gives a certain effect and power to all that proceeds from him, which much surpasses its material importance. His acknowledged greatness as a poet is built perhaps upon the very smallest matter-of-fact foundation that ever fame had. His so-called poems, good and bad, everything he has done in rhyme, occupy but one small volume, in which there is included much that is of no particular importance, and some things which are not poetry at all; while his three real and great poems, the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Love," would not do more than make up among them a tiny *brochure*. Two of these are, in scope and construction, very far from intelligible to the common understanding. They contain none of the elements of ordinary pop-

ularity; they do not appeal to the primitive emotions, nor gain any fictitious interest from that power of association which often carries a homely verse straight to the heart. Yet their power is so unquestionable that the world has acknowledged it in its own despite, in a tremor of wonder and perplexity and curiosity, not comprehending but feeling, and bowing down before its natural king. Though we hear of adverse criticism, and though his first great poem, being published with them, naturally shared the fate of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, yet we find no trace of the determined opposition against which Wordsworth had to fight his way to greatness, in the case of the companion whose vivid imaginations were above criticism. "The sweet, soft, still breath of praise," says Professor Wilson, in one of his own most beautiful and poetical essays, "rose from many a secret place where genius and simplicity abided; and Coleridge, amid the simpers of the silly, and the laughter of the light, and the scorn of the callous, and the abuse of the brutal, received the laurel crown woven by the hands of all the best of his brother bards." His poetry was not to be questioned; it was strange, wild, original, like nothing else in earth or heaven; but it thrilled every competent spectator with consciousness of a new power, a new light revealing the unseen. His images and metaphors are all drawn from that spiritual Debatable Land in which he dwelt. They are the utterance of one who sees what we cannot see, and hears what we do not hear. His whole mind and soul are uplifted to the magic hill-top on which he chants his song, with his singing-garments round him and his head among the stars. Thus the strains, so few in number, so strange in character, affect the mind more powerfully than even the avowedly great poems which are written under more ordinary conditions. It is as if an angel sang to us; yet not an angel,—a great, powerful, wandering, wayward spirit, more deeply sympathetic with earth and its anguishes than with the realm of celestial bliss—aware of a thousand occult forces unknown to us, strange beings, good and bad, whom he does not imagine, but sees with those larger other eyes than ours, which are his by right of his nature. The ship that drifts against the sunset with its weird players; the beautiful angel who

looks the knight in the face, and whom he knows to be a fiend; the loathly yet lovely lady, "beautiful exceedingly," who throws her magic over Christabel,—all these are apparitions from another world, from a world spiritual, unseen, between heaven and earth, unknown except in so far as the seer chooses to reveal them, yet haunting our visible life in a mysterious neighborhood, weaving themselves in with our affairs, accounting for a thousand mysteries. The power which his knowledge of them and of the invisible gives him affects us more suddenly, more certainly, more vividly, than any other kind of poetry. It impresses not so much the understanding as a kindred imagination which is latent in every one of us, and which is more rapid and potent than even the intellect. Thus hosts of people who could give no explanation of the Ancient Mariner, or of its effect upon their minds—no more than the wedding-guest could, who is the first great example of this influence—have been moved by it as all the lofty musings and fine philosophy of the "Excursion" could never move them. We do not pause here to say how profoundly this influence was felt by all who listened to the magical monologue of the poet in those days when he had ceased to put his thoughts into verse. Our object now is simply to point out that his nature,—the predominance of spirit in him, his position as an almost entirely intellectual and spiritual being,—is the very essence of his poetry, and has carried it straight to that innermost region of feeling which is one of the highest possessions of humanity—a thing at once deeper and wider than intellect. Thus he who has written less, and less intelligibly (so to speak), than any of his great contemporaries—whose productions are to those of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Shelley, even of Keats, as a drop is to an ocean—holds a position unsurpassed by any of them, and greater in actual power and influence than most. The others have labored incomparably more, but they have attained no higher a result so far as fame is concerned. For in all of the others there are coarser elements—the visible prose of art as well as its higher inspiration—the scaffolding and tools and preparations which are necessary to every mortal structure, and betray when and how it was made. But Coleridge needs no scaffoldings, no implements. His is

pure poetry, as his nature is all spirit. "The body that does us grievous wrong" is never visible, scarce necessary except for the mere voice, its most ethereal part. It has no active power in the matter. The song comes forth to us chanted softly, with now and then a rising swell of inspiration, out of the undiscovered world between earth and heaven. There is not even any effort of thought or invention, any strain of discovery. "What we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears"—in this is the great secret of his fame.

Coleridge was born in 1772, in the little town of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. His father was vicar of the parish, and master of the grammar-school, a man of learning and piety, who died, as it seems to be almost necessary that a poet's father should die, when his son was very young. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest of ten children. His elder brothers and sisters seem to have belonged altogether to an antecedent generation, and from those more near to him he seems to have been very soon and very completely detached; though his early recollections of the visionary time, when he was the plaything and pet of the family, and specially of his father, who was already an old man at his birth, and whose delight he was—are pathetically clear and vivid. The child, however, was only nine years old when he lost this pious and tender father, whom all his life long he laments as his one irremediable loss. A year afterwards the little fellow was sent to Christ's Hospital, a presentation to which had been secured to him by Judge Buller, once one of his father's pupils. From this time his mother's house, his family and home, seemed to disappear altogether from about him. We hear absolutely no more of them. Whether the subsequent advancement of the race in the world is due to their own qualities entirely, or is in any degree owing to the fame of the poet, for whom neither they nor the world did much, is beyond our power of judging; but certainly the parson's family of Ottery St. Mary seems to have lent little moral backing or affectionate support to its gifted child. He describes himself, in the second hard chapter of his life, after the childish petting which the youngest son had received at home, as "depressed, moping, friendless, poor orphan, half starved;" and piteous is the tale that fol-

lows—the sketch of Christ's Hospital its then condition, and of the lonely boy, with genius swelling in heart, and an unsatisfied boy's appetite making his cheeks hollow, and his days ravenous. The following affecting narrative, written in Coleridge's person by the tender-hearted Elia, gives the best possible of this scanty and suffering mement of life. At that time, it be premised, the dietary of Christ's Hospital was of the lowest: breakfast consisting of a "quarter of penny loaf, mixed with attenuated small beer in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leather jack it was poured from;" and the weekly rule giving "three banyan-days to meat days."

"I was a poor friendless boy; my parents and those who should have cared for me were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, whom they could reckon upon, were kind to me in the great city, after a little notice, which they had the grace to give of me on my first arrival in town, soon tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to recur too often, though I thought them few enough. One after another all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. Oh the cruel separating a poor lad from his early friends! The yearnings which I used to feel towards it in those unfledged years! In my dreams would my native town come back (far in the west), with its churches, trees and faces! . . . The long days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole days' leave*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were taken out for the livelong day, upon our own, whether we had friends to go to or not. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River which Lamb recalls with so much relish, better, I think, than he can, for I was a home-seeking lad, and did not care much for such water-parties. How we ran sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanted to be young dace in the streams, getting up for the noon; which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust since exhausted) had not the means of enjoying—while the cattle and the birds and fishes were at feed about us, and with nothing to satisfy our cravings; the beauty of the day and the exercise a pastime, and the sense of liberty set a keener edge upon them! How faintly languid, finally, we would return at nightfall to our desired morsel, half rejected, half reluctant, that the hours of uneasy liberty had expired!

"It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless, shivering at cold windows of printshops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit (where our individual faces would be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the lions in the Tower, to whose *levée*, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive right of admission."

This melancholy and harsh life was, however, ameliorated by some curious personal incidents. Once, for example, the solitary boy, moving along the crowded streets, fancied, in the strange vividness of his waking dream, that he was Leander swimming across the Hellespont. His hand "came in contact with a gentleman's pocket" as he pursued this visionary amusement, and for two or three minutes Coleridge was in danger of being taken into custody as a pickpocket. On finding out how matters really stood, however, this stranger—genial, nameless soul—immediately gave to the strange boy the advantage of a subscription to a library close by, thus setting him up, as it were, in life. On another occasion, one of the higher boys, a "deputy-Grecian," found him seated in a corner reading Virgil. "Are you studying your lesson?" he asked. "No; I am reading for pleasure," said the boy, who was not sufficiently advanced to read Virgil in school. This introduced him to the favorable notice of the headmaster Bowyer, and made of the elder scholar, Middleton by name, a steady friend and counsellor for years. Yet at this time Coleridge was considered by the lower master, under whom he was, "a dull and inept scholar, who could not be made to repeat a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way." The life, however, of this great school, with all its injudicious liberties and confinements, must have been anything but a healthy one. Starved and solitary, careless of play as play, and already full of that consuming spiritual curiosity which never left him, Coleridge's devotion to the indiscriminate stores of the circulating library gave the last aggravation to all the unwholesome particulars of his life. "Conceive what I must have been at fourteen," he exclaims. "I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and

read, read, read; fancy myself on Robinson Crusoe's island finding a mountain of plum-cake, and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of tables and chairs—hunger, and fancy!" At the same time he adds, "My talents and superiority made me forever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so—without a spark of ambition; and as to emulation, it had no meaning for me; but the difference between me and my form-fellows, in our lessons and exercises, bore no proportion to the measureless difference between me and them in the wide, wild wilderness of useless unarranged book-knowledge and book-thoughts." A droll incident occurred about this period of his life, which shows how true was this absolute want of ambition. The friendless boy had made acquaintance with a shoemaker and his wife, who had a shop near the school, and who were kind to him; and thereupon he conceived the extraordinary idea of getting himself apprenticed to his friend, whom he persuaded to go to the headmaster to make this wonderful proposal. "Od's my life, man, what d'y'e mean?" cried the master, with not unnatural indignation mingling with his amazement; and notwithstanding Coleridge's support of the application, the shoemaker was turned out of the place, and the would-be apprentice chosen, "against my will," he says, "as one of those destined for the university." The same irascible yet excellent master flogged the boy severely on hearing that he boasted of being an infidel. It is odd and amusing, however, to realize what might have been Coleridge's fate had he been allowed his boyish will. We doubt much whether the conditions of his life would have been half so much changed as would appear at the first glance had it been spent on the cobbler's bench. There, as elsewhere, he would have been the oracle of a circle. He would have talked over his shoemaking as he talked all through his literature, gathering around him a little throng of worshippers, less learned, no doubt, but not less enthusiastic. Of all the men of genius we know, he is the one who would have suffered least from such a metamorphosis. Imagination indeed has little difficulty in picturing this wonderful phase of the might-have-been. How he would have talked in the queer little dingy shop; how his

big forehead and dreamy eyes would have shown in the obscurity; how quaintly his strange knowledge, his weird wisdom, the depth and intensity of his vision, would have illuminated the place about him; and what a novel and wonderful effect would that illumination have had upon the intense reality of lowly life! Coleridge, as a cobbler, is one of the quaintest and most tempting suggestions which fancy ever had. It opens up to us an entire new world.

This, however, was not to be. His next stage in life was not a shoemaker's shop in Newgate Street, but Jesus College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1791 at the age of nineteen—the object of many high prophecies and hopes on the part of his school and schoolfellows, who had unanimously determined that he was to be great and do them honor. The first thing he did, however, was, alas! too common an incident: he got into debt, though not, it would appear, for an overwhelming sum, or in any discreditable way. So long as his friend of Christ's Hospital, Middleton, remained in Cambridge, Coleridge pursued his studies with a great deal of regularity, and in his first year won the prize for a Greek ode. But after a while his industry slackened, and a kind of dreamy idleness—implying no languor of the soul or common reluctance to mental work, but rather, it would seem, a disinclination to work in the usual grooves, and do what was expected of him—took possession of the young scholar. "He was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious," writes a fellow-student. "He was ready at any time to unshed his mind in conversation, and for the sake of this his rooms were a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. What evenings have I spent in these rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed; when *Æschylus* and *Plato* and *Thucydides* were pushed aside with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of *Burke*. There was no need of having the book before us; Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*." It was while he was at the university that the French Revolution occurred; but, strangely enough, this great event made no such

impression on the visionary as it did Wordsworth's steadier mind—the root of this however being, no doubt, that it was much less closely thrown in contact with it. His college life was interrupted by a curious and whimsical accident which it does not seem to deserve a more famous name. He had failed to win a university scholarship, his friend Middleton had left Cambridge, and other circumstances combined to dishearten him. One authority informs us that he was tormented by his creditors, and another that he had been refused by a young lady to whom he had given his heart. Deeply cast down and despondent, he left Cambridge and went to London, where he strayed through the streets all night in the first outbreak of that strange dreamy self-abandonment and rebellion against life's ordinary order which recurred so often in his troubled existence. This was the first; and there is in it something of the boy's incoherence and wayward but deep despair, which makes the reader smile even while he is most deeply touched by the lad's sorrowful wandering and foolish misery. He had thrown away everything he had in his pocket, and was wandering among the beggars whom he met with during his confused nocturnal ramble, and in the morning woke up from his dream to the sight of a bill on the wall which invited "smart lads" to enlist in the 15th, or 16th, or 17th, or 18th, or 19th, or 20th, or 21st, or 22nd, or 23rd, or 24th, or 25th, or 26th, or 27th, or 28th, or 29th, or 30th, or 31st, or 32nd, or 33rd, or 34th, or 35th, or 36th, or 37th, or 38th, or 39th, or 40th, or 41st, or 42nd, or 43rd, or 44th, or 45th, or 46th, or 47th, or 48th, or 49th, or 50th, or 51st, or 52nd, or 53rd, or 54th, or 55th, or 56th, or 57th, or 58th, or 59th, or 60th, or 61st, or 62nd, or 63rd, or 64th, or 65th, or 66th, or 67th, or 68th, or 69th, or 70th, or 71st, or 72nd, or 73rd, or 74th, or 75th, or 76th, or 77th, or 78th, or 79th, or 80th, or 81st, or 82nd, or 83rd, or 84th, or 85th, or 86th, or 87th, or 88th, or 89th, or 90th, or 91st, or 92nd, or 93rd, or 94th, or 95th, or 96th, 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countrements for him, and relieving him from the daily drudgery of the barracks. He was discovered, one account tells us, in consequence of having interposed to correct a Greek translation which one officer made to another in his hearing—a very wonderful incident, surely, since we doubt whether young dragoon officers are much more in the way of quoting Euripides than young troopers are of setting them right. Another and more likely story is, that he was met in the streets by a fellow-student, who informed his friends of his whereabouts, and was thus the means of delivering him from the new coil of circumstances which doubtless by this time had lost their attraction of novelty. He went back, accordingly, to his college after this odd adventure, which does not seem to have made any particular impression on his mind, though it furnishes a quaint chapter to his life.

We are not informed who the "friends" were who thus restored Coleridge to his natural sphere, and supported him at college. Indeed it has never been our fate to encounter a life more lost in mystifications, or less easy to disentangle from the mists of statement and counterstatement which have grown about it. This is chiefly owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were many things in it which the natural feeling of relations and descendants would fain have concealed. Concealment, however, in the case of such a man, is even more hopeless than it is in respect to ordinary persons; and it would have been much better not only for the world, in the contemplation of a most pathetic life, but to the family and good fame of Coleridge, had some one ventured to tell the sad story plainly and fully. As it is, we have to make our way as we can through Gilman's unfinished and flattering fragment of biography—through the more satisfactory yet too reticent and also unfinished sketch appended by his nephew to the "*Biographia Literaria*," on one side; and through Cottle's maundering and self-sufficient Recollections, and the elegant indiscretions of De Quincey, on the other. The attempt to smooth over on one hand, gives the inclination to clear up on the other a spiteful and ill-tempered aspect; and we find ourselves lost at last in a flood of mysterious gossip, no man venturing to speak plainly. We hope to be able, out of this muddle, to disentangle

the sad and checkered thread of the poet's life, so far as it concerns our present subject; but it is no easy task. His faults were great and grievous, no doubt; and they were thrown into fuller light by the success and the virtues of his two friends, Wordsworth and Southey, both of whom, with not much advantage over him in the outset of life, managed, nevertheless, to live and thrive without compromising their poetic character, and to secure comfort and good reputation as men, besides their fame. But it is often the fallen and failing to whom the heart turns most tenderly; and a true record of Coleridge's weaknesses, temptations, and miseries would, we cannot doubt, be found his best plea for human pardon.

After this escapade of soldiering he returned to college, but only for a short time, his habits having been broken and his mind unsettled, no doubt, by so strange a break in his academic life. He had also by this time adopted, or supposed himself to have adopted, the doctrines of the Unitarians—doctrines which he afterwards condemned with all the eloquence and vehemence of which he was master. His temporary adoption of them seems to have meant little more than the general disorder and unsettlement of a young man's religious views. "I always told the Unitarians," he said afterwards, "that their interpretations of Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbor as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then, plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could counterbalance that. 'What care I,' I said, 'for the Platonisms of John or the Rabbinisms of Paul? My conscience revolts!' That was the ground of my Unitarianism."

At the end of his college course he made acquaintance with Southey—an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into the warmest friendship, and which, in 1794, led him to Bristol—where he fell in love, and, as was natural enough, fell also into one of those vaguely splendid plans of Paradise revived, and a new Utopia, which are so delightful to the imagination

of youth. A great deal more than is at all necessary seems to have been made of this plan by the foolish loquacity of the bookseller Cottle, who suddenly found himself in the delightful position of patron and assisting providence to a cluster of young men of genius, and whose sense of practical superiority to all their ravings evidently intoxicated him. The plan itself, called Pantisocracy, was one of the most charming and foolish ever invented by babe, lover, or poet. The chief originators of it—Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell—were respectively engaged to Sara, Mary, and Edith Fricker, young women who have left but few traces of their own individuality upon the world, yet whose fortune was remarkable enough. What more congenial to the three young pairs, full of hope and enthusiasm, than the new life, under new and strange conditions delightfully unusual, novel, unlike anything to be found elsewhere, which this dream set before them? The bridegrooms were allied to each other by the half-adoring bond of poetic friendship and mutual admiration; the brides were sisters; an ideal group, combining all that each wanted—love, friendship, mutual aid, and a ready-made and perfectly sympathetic society. In the present day the youthful brain, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, has grown less susceptible; but a great many of us still can remember the time when such a vision would have set our whole being aflame. The colony was to be planted on the banks of the Susquehanna, chiefly because that river possessed a soft and liquid name! and was to support itself as Adam and Eve did, by that delving and spinning which are the primitive arts of mankind. No doubt this plan afforded an infinite deal of talk to the lovers, and to all their friends. It was discussed with all that mock seriousness and profound solemnity to which youth is prone; and was intended to be carried out, no doubt, so long as the craze lasted, by help of that glorious haphazard which we all trust in more or less in the beginning of life. There is no trace, however, of any actual step being taken in the matter, though good Mr. Cottle accepted everything *au pied de la lettre*, and makes the most of the divine folly without any consciousness of the necessity of effervescence which existed in these young brains. By the beginning of 1795,

Coleridge had shaken himself free of university without even taking his degree. He would seem at the same time, as any further indication is given, to have shaken himself free of his friends, whom he had no doubt disappointed and exasperated, and to have thrown himself upon the world, in which he was forward to fight a painful battle for himself, without either aid from or reference to his kith and kin. "He returned Southey to Bristol," says his nephew, "a commenced man."

Up to this moment, so far as we can make out, he had published nothing and had not written much. His friend probably destined him for the Church, which of course had become impracticable from his Unitarian principles; but it is evident that no kind of professional training had ever been his. He was penniless, but his mind was full and overflowing with a thousand schemes: he had nothing as yet to compromise himself with the world, and he impressed upon one who saw him a conviction of his exceeding genius. At the same time it can be fully understood, that his actual poverty was rendered so much greater by the fact that he had not even, like so many penniless geniuses, a manuscript in his pocket with which to conquer fate. He had neither money nor money's worth. Mr. liberal Cottle had offered him thirty guineas for a volume of poems not yet written, and had afterwards added to this by promising "to give him one guinea and a shilling for every hundred lines he might produce to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." On this substantial provision the young man married! replying to some one who asked what his means were with the intimation that "Mr. Cottle had offered him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on the subject." This, Heaven help him, was his way of "commencing man." He was but twenty-three, still in all the vigour of youthful fancies, with an unsteady veering about like the wind, and that fatal mixture of hope, self-confidence, and readiness to embrace every new plan suggested to him, which contains all the elements of ruin. No doubt it was his immense knowledge and wonderful versatility which made him so open to every suggestion, since of a hundred subjects on which to write as easy and as natural to him as a poet. He had begun his life in Bristol.

did also Southey) by delivering lectures, which apparently paid sufficiently well to keep him afloat for the time. But now more serious and steady work for a livelihood was necessary. It is a curious indication of the intellectual excitement of the age, that not Coleridge only, but Cottle and other practical men, seem to have felt it quite possible for the young poet to earn his bread by the new tide of verse which made his honeymoon musical. He himself, for the moment at least, was nothing loath. He took his bride to a cottage at Clevedon, on the shores of the Bristol Channel; and here for a short but beautiful moment made visible his imprudent happiness. The solitary had become two—there was no time as yet for the entrance of heavy disquietude. His Sara had still all the complacency of a bride, all the admiration for his powers of a young woman in love; and he could admire and adore and sing litanies to the woman he loved, without being compelled to ask himself whether she understood or cared for them. Here are the first breathings of the poet's content:—

"Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.

And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hushed,
And the soul listens !"

And again—

"My pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmine, and the broad-leaved
myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Spine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field ! and the world so
hushed !"

For a few years this Arcadian strain is heard at intervals, indicating the pleasant changes of the gentle domestic story. At

one time the poet thanks God who has given him "Peace and this cot, and thee, heart-honored maid"—at another, he answers the question how he felt when his first child, born in his absence, was presented to him. At first "my slow heart was only sad," he says:—

"But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Beet o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

When he is absent, there is still the same refrain of love. In the "Day-Dream" he gives us a little picture of his still lover-like sentiments:—

"If thou wert here these tears were tears of light ;
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made those eyes grow idly bright.
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness did linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

Across my breast there lay a weight so warm
As if some bird had taken shelter there,
And lo ! I seemed to see a woman's form,
Thine, Sara, thine ! Oh joy, if thine it were.
I gazed with stifled breath and feared to stir it,
No sweeter trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit.

And now when I seemed sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home,
There came an elfish laugh and wakened me ;
'Twas Frederic who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping ;
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping."

When this first note of joy begins to die on the ear, the children come in, or at least the eldest child, the babe who is cradled at the young father's feet, when he sits up at his work after all else are at rest in his cottage. Nothing can be more warm, more tender, than those outpourings of his love and happiness. There is no mistaking the reality and fervor, the truth and purity, of the sweet domestic idyll—so long as it lasts.

But unfortunately this was not long. There are circumstances in which poverty is gentle and almost pleasant—at least to the spectator—when she can be at least supposed to be the handmaid of goodness, restraining self-indulgence, and making many temptations impossible; and there are circumstances in which she is noble, enduring the evils she cannot mitigate.

But for once that poverty can exhibit these attractive features, there are a hundred in which she can be nothing but hideous—when her physical sufferings are as nothing to the little meannesses, the greedy aspect, the ravenous demand she makes, whether with her will or not. Of all terrible things in the world, this hungering penury is the most terrible. It compels a man to a hundred humiliations, it forces him to shifts and importunities he loathes, it makes him despicable to himself and others, and finally it ruins his character, and converts him in reality into the sorry, shift, greedy, shameless wretch which he has been forced to appear. This awful power was seated on the very springs of Coleridge's life; his own fault, it is true—for everything connected with his start in life had been alike foolish—but still there it was. It put its grip upon him in the very commencement of this poetic happiness. How were those gentle strains of melodious verse to provide for the terrible prose necessities which the foolish lad had never dreamed of? The young poet worked with what heart he could at "Religious Musings," and other vague prelections in blank verse, to make up that thirty guineas already all eaten and consumed, and to cover the poor little table, which, alas! had an ever-recurring need of being re-covered, such as no poetical imagination ever conceived. Thirty guineas, for instance, though a stupendous sum, was nothing when set against the still more stupendous daily continual return of breakfast, dinner, supper, all needing to be provided for, and yet again to be provided for day after day. It is this horrible persistence of necessity which crushes the unfortunate idealist. Coleridge had made a brilliant conception of life in the general, but he was appalled by it in the particular. His mind could embrace the grandeur but not the pettiness; and all the miseries which naturally attend the man without money and without practical energy came upon him like a flood.

After a short time he moved from Clevedon back to Bristol, and there projected and commenced the curious little magazine-newspaper called the "Watchman," which he began with great vigor and hope, having obtained, by means of a tour in search of them, canvassing for orders, the large number of 2,000 subscribers. The publication, however, failed, and died at

its tenth number. A great many and whimsical incidents are recorded in this short-lived organ of opinion. The young poet visited Birmingham, Worcester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Derby, Liverpool, and a great many other places to recommend his forthcoming work, with a confidence which was, no doubt, heightened by a characteristic satisfaction in seeing new faces, and having it in his power to talk to an ever-varying line of listeners. Various sorts of adventures met him on his wanderings. At Derby he met Dr. Darwin, the author of another not less famous philosophy, who embellishes our own age, who had entered into the subject of religion, and "boasted that he had never read one line in favor of such stuff." "I heard no arguments," says the wandering philosopher, with a certain youthful grace, "and told him it was infinitely condescending to me to find that the arguments of a great man adduced against the existence of a God, and the evidences of revelation in religion, were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the objects of my smile at twenty." The Christian apologist who took this lofty ground was at the time it must be remembered, a professed Unitarian, and as such preached several times during this expedition in Unitarian churches. "in a blue coat and white waistcoat, showing his superiority to everything that was conventional! At Derby he was invited to settle in that place, and opened a day-school, by which it was supposed he might make a modest fortune, working but four hours a day. To this suggestion as to most others, Coleridge lent a ready ear, really thinking of doing it, as he appeared, until he had forgotten all about it! At Birmingham something more important happened, as he there made acquaintance with Charles Lloyd, a poet and high-minded hypochondriac, who afterwards went to live with the poet, and helped the poor little household through its first troubles.

Thus he wandered on his way, leaving wherever he went a luminous track behind him, and impressing on the minds of a wide circle of people upon whom he glanced in passing, such an impression of genius as the common intelligence receives. In this particular Coleridge did himself justice, for talk was his natural way of making himself known. He gives in his letters some an

anonymous criticisms upon his strange little periodical, one of which is worth quoting:—

"Sir, I detest your principles. Your prose I think very so-so; but your poetry is so beautiful that I take in your 'Watchman' solely on account of it. In justice, therefore, to me and some others of my stamp, I entreat you to give us more verses and less democratic scurrility.

"Your admirer—not esteemer."

Notwithstanding, however, its 2,000 subscribers and its many admirers, the "Watchman" was suppressed in its tenth number, dying of sheer starvation; and Coleridge was again upon the world. "It is not pleasant, Thomas Poole," he says, in one of his letters, "to have worked fourteen weeks for nothing—for nothing; nay, to have given to the public in addition to that toil £45." And then he plunges into the plans which, on the failure of this undertaking, were all he had left him. One was to go to Germany to perfect himself in the language, the expenses being paid by a translation of "all the works of Schiller, which would make a portly quarto;" while there he was to study chemistry and anatomy, and bringing over with him "the works of Semler and Michaelis, the German theologians, and of Kant, the great German metaphysician," was incontinently to commence a school for eight young men at £105 each." The course of studies was to be as follows:—

"1. Man as an animal; including the complete knowledge of anatomy, chemistry, mechanics, and optics. 2. Man as an intellectual being; including the ancient metaphysics, the systems of Locke and Hartley, of the Scotch philosophers, and the new Kantian system. 3. Man as a religious being, including a historic summary of all religions, and of the arguments for and against natural and revealed religion. Then, proceeding from the individual to the aggregate of individuals, and disregarding all chronology except that of mind, I should perfect them—1. In the history of savage tribes; 2. Of semi-barbarous nations; 3. Of nations emerging from semi-barbarism; 4. Of civilized states; 5. Of luxurious states; 6. Of revolutionary states; 7. Of colonies. During their studies I should intermix the knowledge of languages, and instruct my scholars in *belles lettres*, and the principles of composition.

"Now, seriously, do you think that one of my scholars thus perfected would not make a better senator than perhaps any one mem-

ber in either of our Houses? Gracious heavens! that a scheme so big with advantage to this kingdom—therefore to Europe—therefore to the world—should be demolishable by one monosyllable from a bookseller's mouth!"

"The second plan," he adds, however, with perfect philosophy, after this brilliant outburst, "is to become a Dissenting minister, and abjure politics and casual literature." At this time he was four-and-twenty, with a wife and child to maintain, and without a penny in the world—a poor, starving, confused, tumultuous young soul, with his imagination weaving so many splendid webs about him, building dream-palaces all ready for habitation, mapping out upon the clouds the most impossible magnificent pathways,—but ever the clog at his feet, the impossibility of the first step which was to open everything—though after that first step all was so plain!

After this the young poet removed to Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he lived as "under the shade of one impervious oak," in a cottage near the house of his friend Poole. His residence here brought a little lull in his life. Charles Lloyd, to whom he addressed the beautiful verses, "To a Young Friend, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author," had by this time become a member of his family, and, no doubt, furnished to a considerable extent the means for its support. He had his friend Poole close at hand, and, as he says, with a certain splendid absurdity, "To live in a beautiful country, and to inure myself as much as possible to the labors of the field, have been for this year past my dream of the day, my sigh at midnight." How far he was enabled to inure himself to the labors of the field there is no record, but he lived at Nether Stowey nearly three years—years which were the most tranquil, and probably the happiest, of his life. Here he himself informs us—"I provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper." These poems, no doubt, included the Ode to "France;" the wonderful "War Eclogue," called "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter;" and the "Devil's Walk." Nothing can exceed the fierce power and vehemence of the second of these poems, unless, indeed, it were the essay on Pitt, which appeared some years later in the "Morning Post," one of the

most trenchant pieces of personal criticism ever written. Coleridge's political feelings were warm, but they never took the first place in his mind, and it is only two or three times that he gave them full expression; though when he did so, the product was such as might well make the objects of his satire tremble. Pleasanter associations, however, are connected with the cottage in which he found a temporary refuge. A few months after Coleridge went to Nether Stowey, Wordsworth and his sister, chiefly moved by the desire to be near their new friend, took the house of Allfoxden, within three miles of that village; and, as long as they remained there, the intercourse between the two poets was unbroken. They walked together, made excursions, talked, mused, and speculated, exciting and encouraging each other, as only such intercourse can do. While they traversed the oak-woods, or rested on the grassy combs, they discussed the uses of poetry,—“the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature—and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colors of imagination.” With their eyes upon the beautiful landscape below—the “woods, smooth downs, valleys, with small brooks running down them through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedges, but scattered over with trees,” which Miss Wordsworth describes—they noted all the changes of light and color, which are as a soul to the still beauty of nature, and that perpetual variation and rhythmic succession of changes gave a new scope to their thoughts. “The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunlight diffused over a familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining” both the poetic powers which they had been discussing. “These,” says Coleridge, in his lofty monologue, “are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; . . . for the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.” Up to this time Coleridge had evidenced no special inclination towards the supernatural. His poems had been, like his friend's, descriptive, with an element

of sentiment added to them; but not of the weird or wonderful. If he tended thereto, it had as yet never taken the faculty; and there is every reason to suppose that it was Wordsworth's natural bent towards the “subjects from ordinary life” which decided the friend to take up the other, and would have made him equally willing to take any other subject, whatever it have been. To his many-sidedness it mattered little. He was as ready to plunge into science, had that been the other side of the antithesis; but as the supernatural was the thing to be done, the supernatural he plunged accordingly with a humility of soul which was matched by the overflowing wealth of genius which made this arbitrarily-contrived style the very style of all others to top his powers. In this curiously-accidental way did he find out his real strength. The story is like that of a man groping in the darkness for his tools, and finding, by Heaven's guidance, not his own. A certain youthful levity of confidence mingles with the real strength which made him willing to take whatever subject might fall to him, the true humility, unselfishness, and enthusiasm which is also mingled with that levity, merited the overflowing which they found.

In pursuance of this plan the “*A Mariner*” was written, or, to speak appropriately, was composed, on the very breezy heights of Quantock, where the poet roamed about them with his friend. It is thus that Wordsworth recollected his birth:—

“Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart
Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Mariner
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.”

Never had poem a more pleasant origin. With “happy heart”—with no pressure upon him of those hard and sordid necessities which dwelt in the village but with nothing but the blue sky and the hills, the indulgent summer, the entire poet-society, the delightful emulation of one minstrel with another—this weird song came forth on some stormy day of its own, some chant such as belongs to poetry, not music, but cadenced and antique. Had Duty and Mr. Cottle

forth the song, it might have gained another kind of interest, and a meaning sadder and in some respects more lofty; but nature sympathizes, after all, with the sweet air, the youthful freedom, the spontaneous and causeless flight of genius. Poor Coleridge, Heaven knows, had struggle enough in the body and out of it; and though one cannot help but give a pitiful thought to the poor little wife at home, once sung to the echo, but now left—poor Sara!—to be as pensive as she pleased without much note of it,—yet there is something in the poet's holiday, and in the freedom of pleasure, and leisure, and sweet forgetfulness of care, with which we sympathize also, in spite of ourselves. But if poor Mrs. Coleridge was cross of nights, she was not, perhaps, without excuse.

The "Ancient Mariner" began the volume of "Lyrical Ballads," which was published in 1798. It was the only poem by Coleridge included in that wonderful volume; and few literary conjunctions ever have been more curious than that of this powerful and extraordinary poem with the "Idiot Boy" and its homely band. If these productions represented the gleams of light in the landscape, thrown now upon one insignificant knoll or clump of trees and now upon other, according to the beautiful fantastic theory quoted above, this first great offspring of Coleridge's genius must have been like the majestic progress of the storm over the broad champaign—pillars of cloud and arrows of fire, great sweeping shadows and floods, and tender gleams of glory between. But the contrast was still more perfect than even that which exists between the elemental influences in calm and in tempest. Wild and weird and full of majesty is the very first note of that great song, chanted into the air of common day, and startling and charming the listener into sudden interest. Whether or not the poet meant it—and genius does many a thing, as it were, "by chance," which is really the exquisitest skill and cunning—the very form of this poem is an emblem of its meaning and effect. The life of every day is going on gayly, the wedding-guests are close to the door of the festal house, when Mystery and Wonder, in the form of the old Mariner, comes suddenly upon them. He selects the one who can hear him with uner-

ring instinct. He holds him fast, notwithstanding all his struggles; and, interrupted continually by the sounds of the other existence going on so near—interrupted by the struggles and remonstrances of the listener—the wild tale proceeds without a break. It is an unconscious allegory, suggested not by any artificial plan, but that poetic judgment which works by instinct. What the poet himself was in the world, his Mariner is in the poem. Life calls, and pleasure, and even a certain duty; but the power of the invisible has come in, and caught the soul out of the real, out of the palpable. Here are a hundred things not dreamt of in any philosophy; good and evil, cursing and blessing, close to, brushing against your commonest strain of existence. In the marketplace, at the bridegroom's door, in the midst of your busiest occupations, your social engagements, at a moment's notice the Interpreter may stand before you, and your mind be hurried away to the Unseen. This is the first lesson it bears, unsuspected, unfathomed for the moment; for that sudden revelation perplexes the soul, as the Mariner's story does the wedding-guest. "Wherefore stopp'st thou me? Hold off; unhand me, graybeard loon!" cries the fascinated but unwilling listener. Thus the form of the poem throws its deeper meaning into a bold and simple parable; it discriminates between the shining surface and the depths below, and shows that whatever may be the smiling face of things—the merry minstrelsy sounding out from the hall, or even that glad vision of the bride in her blushes, crossing within sight of us—events strange and wonderful, sad and awful, are going on elsewhere, the powers of good and evil carrying on their everlasting struggle, and a hundred tiny germs of spiritual power springing into life about us. "*There is more of the invisible than of the visible in the world around us*"—"plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate," is the poet's motto; and strangely, splendidly, with a picturesque force of form which equals its wondrous soul of meaning, does he enforce his text. "There was a ship, quoth he." It is perhaps the most vivid realization ever put into words of that large life of the world which embraces the tiny fragmentary life of the individual. The ship sails in upon the changed scene under the wondering gazer's unwilling

eyes. Its shadow comes between him and the board which he knows is spread so near, the procession which he can see passing, shadowy, across those shadowy seas. Which is the real? which the vision? The mind grows giddy, the imagination trembles and wavers. Our senses become confused, unable to identify what we see from what we hear; and finally, triumphantly, the unseen sweeps in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see.

This was what Coleridge meant, when, seated on the breezy hillside, with shadow and sun-gleam pursuing each other over the broad fair country at his feet, there came into his mind the first vision of a poetry which should deal with the supernatural and invisible, "yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." This was his meaning: but it was, we feel convinced—believing, as we do, that the poet, like the prophet, does half his work unconsciously—a happy accident and no coldly-fashioned plan which made the whole framework of his tale so symbolical, repeating by a divine instinct in flesh and blood the spiritual situation. We might go a step further, and say that there could be few repetitions of that leading idea at once more fortuitous and more touching than the very circumstances under which the wondrous tale had birth—circumstances which have framed in a lovely picture of greenness and summer beauty, indulgent skies and youthful delights, one of the gravest, profoundest, and most lofty utterances of poetry—a song which was "chanted with happy heart," with pleasant breaks of young laughter and eager discussion, with glad gazings upon sun and shadow, with playful interruption and criticism, out of the heart of as sad a life as ever enacted itself in tragic pain and darkness before the eyes of man.

And what a tale it is! When the struggle between the actual and the invisible is over, and the Mariner is triumphant, what a silence, as of the great deep, falls upon the strain! The sun came up out of the sea and went down into it—grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon

the noiseless, boundless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most oppressive reality—all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm and the mist and snow, the f vision of the albatross, the specter against the sunset, the voices of the dead, all heighten the weird effect of the one human centre, driven before the tempestuous wind, or motionless upon the more terrible calm. The meaning centres in the man who sees and suffers, and to whose fate everything refers. Our interest in him, our self-identification with him, is never allowed for a moment to waver. All humanity is there, shut within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sear. The trance of silence in which his being is—silence and awe and pain, and a mysterious, enduring, unconquerable force—descends upon us, and takes possession of us. No loud bassoon, no festal procession can break the charm of that intense yet soothing consciousness. We grow silent with him, "with throat unslaked, with lips baked" in a sympathy which reaches its very climax of pleasurable pain. Then what touches of tenderness are there which surprise us in that numbness and trance of awful solitude!

"Oh, happy living things, what tongue
Their beauty might declare!
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint had pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware."

Or this other, which comes in after the horror of the reanimated bodies and the ghastly crew of dead alive:—

"For when it dawned they dropped their voices,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
Which makes the heavens be mute.

When the tale has reached its limit of mystery and emotion, a change ensues; gradually the greater spell is reversed, the spirits depart, the strain softens; with a weird yet gentle progression the ship comes "slowly and smoothly," without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As it approaches a conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities come in once more: there is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, "like a meadow gale in spring"—then the blessed vision of the lighthouse-top, the hill, the kirk, all those well-known realities which gradually loosen the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favor his slow return to ordinary daylight. And then comes the ineffable, half childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. After all, the poet seems to say, after this weird excursion into the very deepest awful heart of nature and the seas, here is your child's moral, a tender little half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

What Coleridge meant by this conclusion it would be hard to tell. It brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and gentle quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we remember in poetry. The effect is one of those which only supreme genius could produce—genius which dares to sink from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. It is over, this visionary voyage—we are back again on the mortal soil from whence we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and invisible have to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have crossed the borders of the unseen.

It was thus that Coleridge carried out his first great poetical theory—the theory suggested to him in some celestial way by the flitting of the shadows and gleams of light over the Somersetshire valleys as seen from the heights of Quantock. There is nothing which the poetic eye more

loves to watch than that mystic voiceless rhythm of nature; but never eye yet watched it to such purpose, and never has its still solemnity, its wayward lights, the pathos and splendor of shade and sunshine, been more wonderfully reflected in verse.

We need not pause to remark upon the minor productions of this brief summer of the poet's life. His tragedy of "Remorse" was not a minor production to him, but something much more important than the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—so wonderfully is ignorance mixed with insight even in the most clear-sighted. He let his great poem go lightly into the doomed volume which critics were to maul and booksellers despise; but it was a great and sore mortification to him that his tragedy was not performed, or even noticed, by the theatrical deities to whom it was submitted. We presume that of the myriads who honor Coleridge now, not one in a thousand knows this same tragedy, or would dream of reading it except under compulsion. Wordsworth's "Borderers," produced about the same time, has shared a similar fate; but at that moment the two young poets thought very magnificently of their tragedies, and trusted in them, though still not unwilling to dispose of them for the invariable sum of thirty guineas each, had the judicious Cottle thought fit—which, wisely, he did not. Wordsworth, however, had his thirty guineas for the "Lyrical Ballads." There is no record that Coleridge had anything at all for the "Ancient Mariner"—perhaps, most likely, it had been paid for and eaten months before, as was the habit of the thriftless poet.

However, the same period which produced the "Ancient Mariner" brought into being at least the first part of the never-completed tale of "Christabel." This wonderful poem has a more distinct character than its predecessor. The first was, as it were, introductory—the uplifting of the veil, the revelation of a vast unseen world, full of struggles and mysteries. The second is the distinct identification of a mystery of evil, an unseen harm and bane, working secretly in the dark places of the earth against white innocence, purity, and truth. The poet does not stop to tell us why this should be. Philosopher as he is to the depth of his soul, he is yet so much more poet as to see that any theory of

spiritual hate against the happiness of earth would confuse the unity of his strain, and probably transfer, as it has done in "Paradise Lost," our interest to the despairing demon, whose envy and enmity arise out of that hopeless majesty of wretchedness, great enough to be sublime, which devours his own soul. Coleridge has avoided this danger. He has assigned no cause for the hideous and terrible persecution of which his lovely lady Christabel, symbolical even in name, is the object. The poem is a romance of Christianity, a legend of sainthood. The heroine is not only the lovely but the holy Christabel. For no fault of hers, but rather for her virtues, are the powers of evil raised against her; and one of the most subtle and wonderful touches of truth in the tale is the ignorance of her innocence—her want of any knowledge or experience which can explain to her what the evil is, or how to deal with it. The witch Geraldine has all the foul wisdom of her wickedness to help her—her sorceries, her supernatural knowledge, her spells and cunning. But Christabel has nothing but her purity, and stands defenceless as a lamb, not even knowing where the danger is to come from; exposed at every point in her simplicity, and paralyzed, not instructed, by the first gleam of bewildering acquaintance with evil. Never was there a higher or more beautiful conception. It is finer in its indefiniteness than even the contrast of Una and Duessa—the pure and impure, the false and true of a more elaborate allegory. Spenser, who lived in a more downright age, keeps himself within a narrower circle, and is compelled by his story to direct action; but his very distinctness limits his power. The sorceress or lovely demon of Coleridge does not attempt to ruin her victim in such an uncompromising way. What she does is to throw boundless confusion into the gentle soul, to fill its limpid depths with fear and horror, and distrust of all fair appearances, and of itself—a still more appalling doubt; to undermine the secret foundations of all that love and honor in which Christabel's very name is enshrined; and to establish herself a subtle enemy, an antagonist power of evil, at the pure creature's side, turning all her existence into chaos. Una is a foully-slandered and innocent maid; but Christabel is a martyr-soul, suffering for her race without knowing it—strug-

gling in a dumb consternation, yet ance, against the evil that holds her bound. And all the more pathetic, more enthralling, is the picture, that Christ-maiden is entirely human young, too childlike, too simple, to understand the high mission which dropped upon her from the skies; knows nothing, neither her own position—a sight for angels to watch all that depends upon her steadfast adherence to her white banner of re faith and purity; but her antagonist everything, and has an armory of perilous weapons at her disposal. "Maria, shield her well!" for she is at odds.

And once again the poet fits all accessories, all his scenery, into accordance with the soul of his meaning. The storm strikes in the middle of the night, the serious life in the stillness. The dawn awakes the crowing cock; the mastiff answers in answer to the chimes. There is no audible except this thrill of unrest in the dumb creatures, who are bound by all human communication by their nature. Why do they stir and move in the silence? because the very air is full of harm unseen. They are aware of evil approaching with that sense of supernatural danger which lower creatures (so called) possess in a higher degree than ourselves. The "thin gray cloud," which covers but does not hide the sky; the moon, which, at the full, looks "both small and round"—betray the same consciousness. The creation feels it with a pang of sympathy, fear and pain, unable to warn or save the only being who is unconscious of the danger, innocent and fearless sufferer. And she has an instinctive knowledge of the election to endure for them, to stand as spiritual representative in the mysterious conflict. And the dumb inexpressible support of the material world—whereby some silent awful way is affected, which we know not how, by every struggle in the mastery between good and evil—helps her; and the minstrel's instinctive sympathy, and the listener's confused sympathy—these and no others. Such is the picture the poet sets before painting the scene, the struggle, and the beautiful fated creature who is the centre of the whole, with such a tender and exquisite touch, and with such mys-

reality, that we catch our very breath as we gaze. Christabel is no allegorical martyr, and yet she is something other than a bewitched maiden. The very world seems to hang with a suspense beyond words upon the issue of her fiery trial.

And the very vagueness of the horror helps its supreme effect. Had we known what the fatal mark was which she saw on Geraldine's side, half our consternation and dismay would have been dissipated. And then, too, the incompleteness of the tale, that broken thread of story which has tantalized so many readers, increases the power of the poem. Completion could scarcely have failed to lessen its reality, for the reader could not have endured, neither could the poet's own theory have endured, the sacrifice of Christabel, the triumph of evil over good; and had she triumphed, there is a vulgar well-being in victory which has nothing to do with such a strain. It was indolence, no doubt, that left the tale half told—indolence and misery—and a poetic instinct higher than all the better impulses of industry and virtuous gain. The subject by its very nature was incomplete; it had to be left, a lovely, weird suggestion—a vision for every eye that could see.

We have said nothing of the poetry itself in which this vision is clothed, for language and music are both subservient to the noble conception of the poem. And perhaps it is unnecessary to quote what everybody knows or ought to know; but was there ever any ideal picture more exquisite and delicate than this opening scene, which presents the holy maiden to us in her saintly unconsciousness, before thought of evil has come near her? With what sweet trust and fearless gentleness she accosts her supernatural enemy!

"She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low;
And nought was grown upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe;
She kneels beside the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady springs up suddenly,
The lovely lady Christabel!
It moaned as near as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell;
On the other side, it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted old oak-tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare:
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?

There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.

Mary, mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel.) And who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.
Stretch forth thy hand and have no fear,
Said Christabel; how cam'st thou here?"

But when the fatal charm is upon her—when her very consciousness of right in herself is disturbed, and her faith shaken, even in the duties and kindnesses of life—how piteous is the change! The full measure of pain would not be filled up without the cloud of suspicion on her father's face, his pained wonder at her, and her still more agonized doubt of herself:—

"Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!
One moment—and the sight was fled;
But Christabel, in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees, no sight but one,
 The maid devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how in fearful wise,
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind ;
 And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate !
 And thus she stood in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced, unconscious sympathy,
 Full before her father's view—
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue !
 And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed.
 Then falling at the Baron's feet—
 ' By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away !'
 She said, and more she could not say,
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline ? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild,
 The same for whom thy lady died !
 Oh, by the pangs of her dear mother,
 Think thou no evil of thy child ;
 For her and thee and for no other
 She prayed the moment ere she died :
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline !
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain,
 If thoughts like these had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
 Dishonored thus in his old age ;
 Dishonored by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the wronged daughter of his friend :
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end.

And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the lady Geraldine."

We are tempted to but one quotation more, which sums up the entire *motif* of the strain, and with its heavenly confidence of victory in the end, gives a certain relief to the mystery and the horror.

" It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak-tree,
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows ;

Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast ;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face, oh call it fair, not pale—
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me !)
 Asleep and dreaming fearfully—
 Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is—
 O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree ?
 And lo ! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
 Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !
 Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !
 And see ! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance ;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light !
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere ?
 What if she knew her mother near ?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call :
 For the blue sky bends over all !"

Such is the unfinished and unfinished tale of Christabel—a poem which, despite its broken notes and over-brevity, has raised its author to the highest rank of poets, and which in itself is at once one of the sweetest, loftiest, and most spiritual utterances that has ever been framed in English words. We know of no existing poem in any language to which we can compare it. It stands by itself, exquisite, celestial, ethereal—a song of the spheres—yet full of such pathos and tenderness and sorrowful beauty as only humanity can give.

It is difficult to make out from the confused and chaotic record of Coleridge's life when the poem called indifferent "The Dark Ladie," "Genevieve," or

"Love"—the latter being the name by which it is known in all the existing editions of his works—was completed; but its beginning at least belongs to this beautiful and overflowing summer of his life. "To all those who are imaginative in their happiness," says Professor Wilson, "to whom delight cannot be delusive—where in poetry is there such another lay of love as 'Genevieve'?" For our own part, we are afraid to say all that we think of its perfection, lest our words should seem inflated and unreal. The very first verse transports us into a world such as exists only in a lover's dream; but as all exalted visions are true to the higher possibilities of human feeling, so is this true to the elevation, the purity, the visionary beatitude of that one chapter in life which affects us most profoundly, and moves the soul to the most exquisite sense of happiness.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed its holy flame."

Every word in these four lines breathes across the heart even in its age and stillness like a breeze from the old rose-gardens, the primrose-paths, the violet-banks of youth. With what a magic touch is everything that is of the earth and earthy eliminated from the "holy flame!" Pure as Christabel herself, and as fearless in her innocence, is Genevieve. How bright, how sweet, how tender is this briefest, most perfect picture of maidenhood! having "few sorrows of her own," loving to hear "the tales that make her grieve," following the wondrous ditty with all the natural ebb and flow of emotion, herself a harp giving forth low symphonies of perfect response to all the witching influences around her, all the "impulses of soul and sense," "the music and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve"—every word is music, every thought imbued with a chastened and purified passion. For it is not passion caught at the moment of its outburst, but softly, adoringly dwelt upon when that climax is past. In the after-glow of delicious reflection, the love itself is lovely to the lover as well as the object of his love. He looks back upon that supreme moment with an exquisite still delight, more calm and as beautiful as were the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long,

with which he looked forward to it. There is the faintest touch of sadness indeed in that this crown of existence *has been*; but it is so near and present still, that the very sadness is but an additional element in the perfection of the joy. It is a wonderful instance of the poet's power over us, and of the atmosphere and charmed circle in which he has placed us, that the curious construction, the tale within a tale, of this poem does not impair our interest or loosen the spell upon us. The contrast of "the cruel scorn which crazed that bold and lovely knight," does not somehow (though by all rules of poetic art it should) distract us from the sweeter strain which floods the "doleful tale" about, and runs across its very current. Even the wonderful glance aside into the mysterious yet familiar regions of the unseen—

"There came and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
That miserable knight!"—

appears to the reader, in the state of exaltation which the poet has wrought him into, but an additional glory. For is not everything that tended to bring about that hour of life's purest triumph to be remembered and glorified forever—"the statue of the armed man," the tale of the rejected knight—everything that had to do with it? They are all written on the lover's memory, a portion of the "thoughts" and "delights" which "feed love's holy flame." And in the mystic tale itself there is all the mysterious anguish of baffled love to contrast with the love that is satisfied and victorious. The craze of melancholy passion, the penitence too late of the scornful lady, throws into sweetest relief that harmony of love responsive which is breathing from the minstrel's harp, and from the maiden's "flitting blush," her "downcast eyes and modest grace." Thus, beyond rule and in spite of art, by sheer inspiration and natural divinity, this twisted and tangled strain, with its two stories, comes out perfect from the poet's hands, a golden gossamer web of loveliest completeness, jewelled and shining all over with the diamonds of sunshine and dew.

On these three poems we are well content to rest Coleridge's fame. Many other beautiful verses and tender apparitions, seen as with "the half-shut eye," are to be found among his works. But everything else is of secondary excellence, while these are of the highest. As we have said, there is perhaps no poet in the language whose fame rests on a material foundation so limited; while there is not one (the great Master of English song alone but always excepted) who stands on a higher elevation; and in his own sphere he is unapproachable. He is the lord of that mystic region which lies between heaven and earth. Its wild spiritual forces, its weird dangers and delights—the primal struggle between light and darkness, order and chaos—the everlasting warfare between the spirits of earth and hell and that feeble and ignorant humanity which yet is panoplied and sheathed in invulnerable defences by the protection and inspiration of God—are familiar to him as the air he breathes; these are his themes, the burden of his lofty, historic, prophetic song—and in this wondrous sphere he is at once supreme and alone.

It is not for us here and now to enter upon any discussion of the fatal mists in which so much of Coleridge's after-life was lost. He was but twenty-five when this splendid climax of poetry burst forth a glory around his path. It is like the sudden gleam of ineffable sunshine before a storm. For a moment the whole wide country is visible, with its lovely woodland ways, its cottages and roses, as well as its high mountain-sides, and the ominous masses of cloud that gather on its horizon. And then the light departs, the clouds rush together, and through the gloom there are but sounds of rending and thundering, and lightning arrows of distorting light. So completely and so suddenly is the poet lost to us in the gloom and conflict of powers infernal. We turn with a sick heart from the miserable discussion whether he had recourse to opium to soothe his bodily pain, or whether his ill-health was produced by that fatal indulgence. That his friends should have labored to prove the one thing is very natural; and perhaps it is not unnatural that the friends who had to bear so many of his burdens should have been so far mastered by that moral indignation which so often accompanies a long course of benefits, as to consider it worth their

while to assert the other. Nothing ever, could be more painful than the controversy; and while the mind to sympathize with a man who abated to a great degree his natural duties, his heart cannot but mourn over the beautiful and splendid life, so full of all tender pathies and susceptibilities, which sank and was lost so near its beginning. The time may yet come, and we will come, when some competent shall unfold that life itself, fully and with all its misery and forlorn grandeur—a very epic of tragic defeat—an effort of despair which is as common to humanity, and, Heaven knows, might be of more enthralling interest than the conflict which ends in crowns of laurel and hymns of praise. We cannot but feel that in itself this despairing struggle, in which evil conquers everything but the consent of the soul, is a subject as profound and instructive as it is terrible. That humanity shrinks from the acknowledgment of defeat; and it is hard for flesh and blood to allow that a father, a friend, a relative, has occupied so sad a position and has been vanquished in the battle.

After this poetical climax of his life, the silence which we have just described Coleridge went abroad, by the kind assistance of his friends the Wedgewoods; a few years after led a desultory and trifling life, chiefly dependent upon the kindness of others—living now here, now there, fighting in mystery and darkness his private and ever unsuccessful battle. The floods of divine philosophy which flowed from him amid all his wanderings attracted the tresses—the fascination which he exercised upon all who approached him, his wisdom and beauty and power of teaching, with its intermixture of weakness—are not for us to record. All this he was still a poet; and though he sat at his feet and listened to the inspired monologue which only the necessities of human weakness ever really interrupt, were under the impression as much of the improvisatore as of the philosopher. But still the strain was altered—his garland and singing had been put aside; and he who could sing "with happy heart" on the sunny cliffs of Quantock, had suffered many cares ere he became the inmate of the prison-chamber at Highgate. It is most to be remembered that he went there, and

himself under voluntary restraint, in order to overcome the fatal habit which had enslaved him. Upon that last sphere, however, with its peacefulness tinged by melancholy, its conflict softened down by calming influences of age and care, we will not attempt to enter. He died there, so far as is apparent, at peace with all, mourned by the children to whom he had fulfilled few of the duties of a father, and defended in his grave by the relatives who had done little to aid his life. The Sara of his youth, whatever had been her wrongs, uttered no word of complaint before the

world : and a second Sara, beautiful and gifted as became the child of a poet, appeared out of the privacy of life only to hold up a shield of love and reverence over her father's name. Thus, let us thank Heaven, after his many sins and censures, he received as a man better than he deserved at last from the relentings of natural love. But as a poet it would be difficult to allot him more than he deserves. No English minstrel has ever merited a higher or more perfect place among the thrones of our poetic heaven.

Cornhill Magazine.

A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

EVERYBODY has this last autumn been either seeing the Ammergau Passion Play or hearing about it ; and to find any one who has seen it and not been deeply interested and moved by it, is very rare. The peasants of the neighboring country, the great and fashionable world, the ordinary tourist, were all at Ammergau, and were all delighted ; but what is said to have been especially remarkable was the affluence there of ministers of religion of all kinds. That Catholic peasants, whose religion has accustomed them to show and spectacle, should be attracted by an admirable scenic representation of the great moments in the history of their religion, was natural ; that tourists and the fashionable world should be attracted by what was at once the fashion and a new sensation of a powerful sort, was natural ; that many of the ecclesiastics there present should be attracted there, was natural too. Roman Catholic priests mustered strong, of course. The Protestantism of a great number of the Anglican clergy is supposed to be but languid, and Anglican ministers at Ammergau were sympathizers to be expected. But Protestant ministers of the most unimpeachable sort, Protestant Dissenting ministers, were there, too, and showing favor and sympathy ; and this, to any one who remembers the almost universal feeling of Protestant Dissenters in this country, not many years ago, towards Rome and her religion,—the sheer abhorrence of Papists and all their practices,—could not but be striking. It agrees with what is seen also in literature, in the writings of Dissenters of the younger and

more progressive sort, who show a disposition for regarding the Church of Rome historically rather than polemically, a wish to do justice to the undoubted grandeur of certain institutions and men produced by that Church, quite novel, and quite alien to the simple belief of earlier times, that between Protestants and Rome there was a measureless gulf fixed. Something of this may, no doubt, be due to that keen eye for Nonconformist business in which our great bodies of Protestant Dissenters, to do them justice, are never wanting ; to a perception that the case against the Church of England may be yet further improved by contrasting her with the genuine article in her own ecclesiastical line, by pointing out that she is neither one thing nor the other to much purpose, by dilating on the magnitude, reach, and impressiveness, on the great place in history, of her rival, as compared with anything she can herself pretend to. Something of this there is, no doubt, in some of the modern Protestant sympathy for things Catholic ; but in general that sympathy springs, in Churchmen and Dissenters alike, from another and a better cause,—from the spread of larger conceptions of religion, of man, and of history, than were current formerly. We have seen lately in the newspapers, that a clergyman, who in a popular lecture gave an account of the Passion Play at Ammergau, and enlarged on its impressiveness, was admonished by certain remonstrants, who told him it was his business, instead of occupying himself with these sensuous shows, to learn to walk by faith, not by sight, and to teach

his fellow-men to do the same. But this severity seems to have excited wonder rather than praise ; so far had those wider notions about religion and about the range of our interest in religion, of which I have just spoken, conducted us. To this interest I propose to appeal in what I am going to relate. For the Passion Play at Ammergau, with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately ; something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else. This product of the remote East I wish to exhibit while the remembrance of what has been seen at Ammergau is still fresh ; and we will see whether that bringing together of strangers and enemies who once seemed to be as far as the poles asunder, which Ammergau in such a remarkable way effected, does not hold good and find a parallel even in Persia.

Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France at Teheran and at Athens, published, a few years ago, an interesting book on the present state of religion and philosophy in Central Asia. He is favorably known also by his studies in ethnology. His accomplishments and intelligence deserve all respect, and in his book on religion and philosophy in Central Asia he has the great advantage of writing about things which he has followed with his own observation and inquiry in the countries where they happened. The chief purpose of his book is to give a history of the career of Mirza Ali Mahommed, a Persian religious reformer, the original *Bâb*, and the founder of *Bâbism*, of which most people in England have at least heard the name. *Bâb* means *gate*, the door or gate of life ; and in the ferment which now works in the Mahometan East, Mirza Ali Mahommed, —who seems to have been made acquainted by Protestant missionaries with our Scriptures and by the Jews of Shiraz with Jewish traditions, to have studied, besides, the religion of the Ghebers, the old national religion of Persia, and to have made a sort of amalgam of the whole with Ma-

hometanism,—presented himself, five and-twenty years ago, as *the* *gate* of life ; found disciples, set writings, and finally became the cause of disturbances which led to his being executed, on the 19th of July, 1849, in the citadel of Tabriz. The *Bâb's* doctrines are a theme on which might be said ; but I pass them by, for one incident in the *Bâb's* life I will notice. Like all religious Mahometans, he made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and his meditations at that centre of religion first suggested his mission. But soon after his return to Bagdad he made another pilgrimage ; and it was during this pilgrimage that his mission became clear to him, and that his life was "He desired"—I will give an abridgement of Count Gobineau's own words to complete his impressions by going to that place that he might visit the ruined city where Ali was assassinated, and where the place of his murder is still shown. He passed several days there in meditation. The place appears to have made a deep impression on him ; he was entering on a course which might and must lead to some such catastrophe as had happened on the very spot where he stood, where his mind's eye showed him Imam Ali lying at his feet, with his head pierced and bleeding. His followers were so few that he then passed through a moral agony which put an end to all hesitations of the natural man with himself. It is certain that when he arrived at Mecca on his return, he was a changed man, and that doubts troubled him any more : he had penetrated and persuaded ; his path was taken."

This Ali also, at whose tomb the pilgrim went through the spiritual crisis he has recorded, is a familiar name to most of us. In general our knowledge of the *Bâb's* goes but a very little way ; yet every one has at least heard the name of Ali, the Lion of God, Mahomet's cousin, and the first who, after him, believed in him, and who was designated by Mahomet in his gratitude his delegate, and vicar. Ali was one of Mahomet's best and most successful followers ; he married Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet ; his sons, Hassan and Hussein, were, as children, favorites with Mahomet, who had no son of his own to succeed him, and was expected to

Ali as his successor. He named no successor. At his death Ali was passed over, and the first caliph, or *vicar* and *lieutenant* of Mahomet in the government of the State, was Abu-Bekr; only the spiritual inheritance of Mahomet, the dignity of Iman, or *Primate*, devolved by right on Ali and his children. Ali, lion of God as in war he was, held aloof from politics and political intrigue, loved retirement and prayer, was the most pious and disinterested of men. At Abu-Bekr's death he was again passed over in favor of Omar. Omar was succeeded by Othman, and still Ali remained tranquil. Othman was assassinated, and then Ali, chiefly to prevent disturbance and bloodshed, accepted the caliphate. Meanwhile, the Mahometan armies had conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; the Governor of Syria, Moawiyah, an able and ambitious man, set himself up as caliph, his title was recognized by Amrou, the Governor of Egypt, and a bloody and indecisive battle was fought in Mesopotamia, between Ali's army and Moawiyah's. Gibbon shall tell the rest:—"In the temple of Mecca three Charegites or enthusiasts discoursed of the disorders of the church and state; they soon agreed that the deaths of Ali, of Moawiyah, and of his friend Amrou, the Viceroy of Egypt, would restore the peace and unity of religion. Each of the assassins chose his victim, poisoned his dagger, devoted his life, and secretly repaired to the scene of action. Their resolution was equally desperate; but the first mistook the person of Amrou, and stabbed the deputy who occupied his seat; the prince of Damascus was dangerously hurt by the second; Ali, the lawful caliph, in the mosque of Kufa, received a mortal wound from the hand of the third."

The events through which we have thus rapidly run ought to be kept in mind, for they are the elements of Mahometan history: any right understanding of the state of the Mahometan world is impossible without them. For that world is divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis; the Shiahs are those who reject the first caliphs as usurpers, and begin with Ali as the first lawful successor of Mahomet; the Sunis recognize Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as well as Ali, and regard the Shiahs as impious heretics. The Persians are Shiahs, and the Arabs and Turks are Sunis. Hussein, one of Ali's two sons,

married a Persian princess, the daughter of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanian kings, the king whom the Mahometan conquest of Persia expelled; and Persia, through this marriage, became specially connected with the house of Ali. "In the fourth age of the Hegira," says Gibbon, "a tomb, a temple, a city, arose near the ruins of Kufa. Many thousands of the Shiahs repose in holy ground at the feet of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage of Mecca."

But, to comprehend what I am going to relate from Count Gobineau, we must push our researches into Mahometan history a little further than the assassination of Ali. Moawiyah died in the year 680 of our era, nearly fifty years after the death of Mahomet. His son Yezid succeeded him on the throne of the caliphs at Damascus. During the reign of Moawiyah Ali's two sons, the Imams Hassan and Hussein, lived with their families in religious retirement at Medina, where their grandfather Mahomet was buried. In them the character of abstention and renouncement, which we have noticed in Ali himself, was marked yet more strongly; but, when Moawiyah died, the people of Kufa, the city on the lower Euphrates where Ali had been assassinated, sent offers to make Hussein caliph if he would come among them, and to support him against the Syrian troops of Yezid. Hussein seems to have thought himself bound to accept the proposal. He left Medina, and, with his family and relations, to the number of about eighty persons, set out on his way to Kufa. Then ensued the tragedy so familiar to every Mahometan, and to us so little known, the tragedy of Kerbela. "O death," cries the bandit-minstrel of Persia, Kurroglou, in his last song before his execution, "O death; whom didst thou spare? Were even Hassan and Hussein, those footstools of the throne of God on the seventh heaven, spared by thee? *No! thou madest them martyrs at Kerbela.*"

We cannot do better than again have recourse to Gibbon's history for an account of this famous tragedy. "Hussein traversed the desert of Arabia with a timorous retinue of women and children; but, as he approached the confines of

Irak, he was alarmed by the solitary or hostile face of the country, and suspected either the defection or the ruin of his party. His fears were just ; Obeidallah, the Governor of Kufa, had extinguished the first sparks of an insurrection ; and Hussein, in the plain of Kerbela, was encompassed by a body of 5,000 horse, who intercepted his communication with the city and the river. In a conference with the chief of the enemy he proposed the option of three conditions—that he should be allowed to return to Medina, or be stationed in a frontier garrison against the Turks, or safely conducted to the presence of Yezid. But the commands of the caliph or his lieutenant were stern and absolute, and Hussein was informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequences of his rebellion. ‘Do you think,’ replied he, ‘to terrify me with death?’ And during the short respite of a night he prepared, with calm and solemn resignation, to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. ‘Our trust,’ said Hussein, ‘is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I, and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet.’ He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight ; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the morning of the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other ; the flanks and rear of his party were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance ; and one of their chiefs deserted, with thirty followers, to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every close onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites was invincible ; but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer ; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein.”

The details of Hussein’s own come better presently ; suffice moment to say he was slain, and women and children of his family taken in chains to the Caliph Damascus. Gibbon concludes thus : “In a distant age and cl tragic scene of the death of H awaken the sympathy of the cold On the annual festival of his martyr the devout pilgrimage to his his Persian votaries abandon the the religious phrenzy of sorrow nation.”

Thus the tombs of Ali and the Meshed Ali and the Meshec standing some thirty miles apart another in the plain of the Euphrate when Gibbon wrote, their yearly and their tribute of enthusiastic But Count Gobineau relates, in of which I have spoken, a development of these solemnities which was unknown to Gibbon. Within the present there has arisen, on the basis of the martyrs of Kerbela, a Persian national drama, which Gobineau, who has seen and heard, is bold enough to rank with the Greek as a great and serious affair, even in heart and life of the people who are born to it ; while the Latin, French, and German drama is, in comparison a mere pastime or amusement more or less intellectual and elegant. It seems that the Persian drama so these pieces are called—finances parallel in the Ammergau Passion than in the Greek drama. The entirely on one subject—the sufferings of the *Family of the Tent*, as the Imam and the company of persons around him at Kerbela are called. The subject is sometimes introduced in a monologue, which may perhaps one need of variety is more felt, in a piece by itself ; but at present the monologue leads invariably to the main instance, the Emperor Tamerlane conquering progress through Persia arrives at Damascus ; the keys of the city are brought to him by the governor ; the governor is a descendant of the murderers of the Imam Hussein ; he is informed of it, loads his cannon, and drives him from the city. The emperor presently marries the governor’s daughter splendidly.

thinks of the sufferings of the holy women of the Family of the 'Tent, and upbraids and drives her away as he did her father. But after this he is haunted by the great tragedy which has been thus brought to his mind, and he cannot sleep and cannot be comforted; he calls his vizier, and his vizier tells him that the only way to soothe his troubled spirit is to see a *tazyä*. And so the *tazyä* commences. Or, again (and this will show how strangely, in the religious world which is now occupying us, what is most familiar to us is blended with that of which we know nothing): Joseph and his brethren appear on the stage, and the old Bible story is transacted. Joseph is thrown into the pit and sold to the merchants, and his blood-stained coat is carried by his brothers to Jacob; Jacob is then left alone, weeping and bewailing himself; the angel Gabriel enters, and reproves him for his want of faith and constancy, telling him that what he suffers is not a hundredth part of what Ali, Hussein, and the children of Hussein will one day suffer. Jacob seems to doubt it; Gabriel, to convince him, orders the angels to perform a *tazyä* of what will one day happen at Kerbela. And so the *tazyä* commences.

These pieces are given in the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom at Kerbela. They are so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also; but this is the season when the world is given up to them. King and people, every one is in mourning; and at night and while the *tazyäs* are not going on, processions keep passing, the air resounds with the beating of breasts and with litanies of "O Hassan! Hussein!" while the Seyids,—a kind of popular friars claiming to be descendants of Mahomet, and in whose incessant popularizing and amplifying of the legend of Kerbela in their homilies during pilgrimages and at the tombs of the martyrs, the *tazyäs*, no doubt, had their origin,—keep up by their sermons and hymns the enthusiasm which the drama of the day has excited. It seems as if no one went to bed; and certainly no one who went to bed could sleep. Confraternities go in procession with a black flag and torches, every man with his shirt torn open, and beating himself with the right hand on the left shoulder in a kind of measured cadence to accompany a canticle in honor

of the martyrs. These processions come and take post in the theatres where the Seyids are preaching. Still more noisy are the companies of dancers, striking a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, and marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders, in which the names of the Imams perpetually recur as a burden. Noisiest of all are the Berbers, men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them tambourines and cymbals, others iron chains and long needles. One of their race is said to have formerly derided the Imams in their affliction, and the Berbers now appear in expiation of that crime. At first their music and their march proceed slowly together, but presently the music quickens, the chain and needle-bearing Berbers move violently round, and begin to beat themselves with their chains and to prick their arms and cheeks with the needles—first gently, then with more vehemence; till suddenly the music ceases, and all stops. So we are carried back, on this old Asiatic soil, where beliefs and usages are heaped layer upon layer and ruin upon ruin, far past the martyred Imams, past Mahometanism, past Christianity, to the priests of Baal gashing themselves with knives and to the worship of Adonis.

The *tekyas*, or theatres for the drama which calls forth these celebrations, are constantly multiplying. The king, the great functionaries, the towns, wealthy citizens like the king's goldsmith, or any private person who has the means and the desire, provide them. Every one sends contributions; it is a religious act to furnish a box or to give decorations for a *tekyä*; and as religious offerings, all gifts down to the very smallest are accepted. There are *tekyas* for not more than three or four hundred spectators, and there are *tekyas* for three or four thousand. At Is-pahan there are representations which bring together more than twenty thousand people. At Teheran, the Persian capital, each quarter of the town has its *tekyas*, every square and open place is turned to account for establishing them, and spaces have been expressly cleared, besides, for fresh *tekyas*. Count Gobineau describes particularly one of these theatres,—a *tekyä* of the best class, to hold

an audience of about four thousand,—at Teheran. The arrangements are very simple; the *tekyā* is a walled parallelogram, with a brick platform, *sakou*, in the centre of it; this *sakou* is surrounded with black poles at some distance from each other, the poles are joined at the top by horizontal rods of the same color, and from these rods hang colored lamps, which are lighted for the praying and preaching at night when the representation is over. The *sakou*, or central platform, makes the stage; in connection with it, at one of the opposite extremities of the parallelogram lengthwise, is a reserved box, *tāgnumā*, higher than the *sakou*; this box is splendidly decorated, and is used for peculiarly interesting and magnificent tableaux,—the court of the Caliph, for example,—which occur in the course of the piece. A passage of a few feet wide is left free between the stage and this box; all the rest of the space is for the spectators, of whom the foremost rows are sitting on their heels close up to this passage, so that they help the actors to mount and descend the high steps of the *tāgnumā* when they have to pass between that and the *sakou*. On each side of the *tāgnumā* are boxes, and along one wall of the inclosure are other boxes with fronts of elaborate woodwork, which are left to stand as a permanent part of the construction; facing these, with the floor and stage between, rise tiers of seats as in an amphitheatre. All places are free; the great people have generally provided and furnished the boxes, and take care to fill them; but if a box is not occupied when the performance begins, any ragged street-urchin or beggar may walk in and seat himself there. A row of gigantic masts runs across the middle of the space, one or two of them being fixed in the *sakou* itself; and from these masts is stretched an immense awning which protects the whole audience. Up to a certain height these masts are hung with tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented. Shields of steel and of hippopotamus skin, and flags and naked swords, are also attached to these masts. A sea of color and splendor meets the eye all round. Woodwork and brickwork disappear under cushions, rich carpets, silk hangings, India muslin embroidered with silver and gold, shawls from Kerman and from

Cashmere; there are lamps, lustrous colored crystal, mirrors, Bohemian Venetian glass, porcelain vases of a gress of magnitude from China and Europe, paintings and engravings, played in profusion everywhere; the may not always be soberly correct the whole spectacle has just the effect of prodigality, color and sumptuousness which we are accustomed to associate with the splendors of the Arabian Nights.

In marked contrast with this display of the poverty of scenic contrivance is the stage illusion. The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need that the actors are visible on all sides, and exits, entrances, and stage-play of theatres are impossible; the imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and meets all requirements. On the Armenian arrangements one feels that the architects and artists of Munich have laid the correct finger; at Teheran there has been no schooling of this sort. A copper bowl of water represents the Euphrates; a pile of chopped straw in a corner is the desert of Kerbela, and the actor who goes and takes up a handful of it, to represent his part is about to require him to tread in Oriental fashion, dust upon his feet. There is no attempt at proper costuming; all that is sought is, to do honor to the personages of chief interest by dressing them in jewels which would pass for rich and handsome things to wear in modern Persian life. The power of the actors and their genuine sense of the seriousness of the business they are engaged in, are, like the public around them, contrasted with this, and so the actor thrusts his whole soul into what he is about to do. The public meets the actor half-way, and the effects of extraordinary impressiveness are the result. "The actor is unassuming charm," says Count Gobineau; "he is under it so strongly and completely that almost always one sees Yezid himself (Yezid's general), the wretched Ibrahim (Yezid's lieutenant), at the moment when they vent the cruellest insults against the Imams whom they are going to massacre, or against the women of the Imam's family whom they are ill-using, burst into tears and repeat their part with sobs. The public is neither surprised nor displeased by this; on the contrary, it beats its hands at the sight, throws up its arms to

heaven with invocations of God, and redoubles its groans. So it often happens that the actor identifies himself with the personage he represents to such a degree that, when the situation carries him away, he cannot be said to act, he *is* with such truth, such complete enthusiasm, such utter self-forgetfulness, what he represents, that he reaches a reality at one time sublime, at another terrible, and produces impressions on his audience which it would be simply absurd to look for from our more artificial performances. There is nothing stilted, nothing false, nothing conventional ; nature, and the facts represented, themselves speak."

The actors are men and boys, the parts of angels and women being filled by boys ; but the children who appear in the piece are often the children of the principal families of Teheran ; their appearance in this religious solemnity (for such it is thought) being supposed to bring a blessing upon them and their parents. "Nothing is more touching," says Count Gobineau, "than to see these little things of three or four years old, dressed in black gauze frocks with large sleeves, and having on their heads small round black caps embroidered with silver and gold, kneeling beside the body of the actor who represents the martyr of the day, embracing him, and, with their little hands, covering themselves with chopped straw for sand, in sign of grief. These children evidently," he continues, "do not consider themselves to be acting ; they are full of the feeling that what they are about is something of deep seriousness and importance ; and though they are too young to comprehend fully the story, they know, in general, that it is a matter sad and solemn. They are not distracted by the audience, and they are not shy, but go through their prescribed part with the utmost attention and seriousness, always crossing their arms respectfully to receive the blessing of the Imam Hussein ; the public beholds them with emotions of the liveliest satisfaction and sympathy."

The dramatic pieces themselves are without any author's name. They are in popular language, such as the commonest and most ignorant of the Persian people can understand, free from learned Arabic words,—free, comparatively speaking, from Oriental fantasticality and hyperbole. The Seyids, or popular friars, already

spoken of, have probably had a hand in the composition of many of them. The Moollahs, or regular ecclesiastical authorities, condemn the whole thing. It is an innovation which they disapprove and think dangerous ; it is addressed to the eye, and their religion forbids to represent religious things to the eye ; it departs from the limits of what is revealed and appointed to be taught as the truth, and brings in novelties and heresies ;—for these dramas keep growing under the pressure of the actor's imagination and emotion, and of the imagination and emotion of the public, and receive new developments every day. The learned, again, say that these pieces are a heap of lies, the production of ignorant people, and have no words strong enough to express their contempt for them. Still, so irresistible is the vogue of these sacred dramas that, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the street, every one, except perhaps the Moollahs, attends them, and is carried away by them. The Imams and their family speak always in a kind of lyrical chant, said to have rhythmical effects, often, of great pathos and beauty ; their persecutors, the villains of the piece, speak always in prose.

The stage is under the direction of a choragus, called *oostad*, or "master," who is a sacred personage by reason of the functions which he performs. Sometimes he addresses to the audience a commentary on what is passing before them, and asks their compassion and tears for the martyrs ; sometimes, in default of a Seyid, he prays and preaches. He is always listened to with veneration, for it is he who arranges the whole sacred spectacle which so deeply moves everybody. With no attempt at concealment, with the book of the piece in his hand, he remains constantly on the stage, gives the actors their cue, puts the children and any inexperienced actor in their right places, dresses the martyr in his winding-sheet when he is going to his death, holds the stirrup for him to mount his horse, and inserts a supply of chopped straw into the hands of those who are about to want it. Let us now see him at work.

The theatre is filled, and the heat is great ; young men of rank, the king's pages, officers of the army, smart functionaries of State, move through the crowd with water-skins slung on their backs,

dealing out water all round, in memory of the thirst which on these solemn days the Imams suffered in the sands of Kerbela. Wild chants and litanies, such as we have already described, are from time to time set up by a dervish, a soldier, a workman in the crowd. These chants are taken up, more or less, by the audience ; sometimes they flag and die away for want of support, sometimes they are continued till they reach a paroxysm, and then abruptly stop. Presently a strange, insignificant figure in a green cotton garment, looking like a petty tradesman of one of the 'Teheran bazaars, mounts upon the *sakou*. He beckons with his hand to the audience, who are silent directly, and addresses them in a tone of lecture and expostulation, thus :—

“Well, you seem happy enough, Mussulmans, sitting there at your ease under the awning ; and you imagine Paradise already wide open to you. Do you know what Paradise is ? It is a garden, doubtless, but such a garden as you have no idea of. You will say to me : ‘Friend, tell us what it is like.’ I have never been there, certainly ; but plenty of prophets have described it, and angels have brought news of it. However, all I will tell you is, that there is room for all good people there, for it is 330,000 cubits long. If you do not believe, inquire. As for getting to be one of the good people, let me tell you it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet (the salvation and blessing of God be upon him !) ; it is not enough to do everything which this divine book enjoins ; it is not enough to come and weep at the *tazyas*, as you do every day, you sons of dogs you, who know nothing which is of any use ; it behooves, besides, that your good works (if you ever do any, which I greatly doubt) should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to Paradise ; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world ; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by whom comes salvation ! Cry, Hassan, Hussein !”

And all the multitude cry : “O Hassan ! O Hussein !”

“That is well ; and now cry again.” And again all cry : “O Hassan ! O Hussein !” “And now,” the strange speaker goes on, “pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come,

make your cry to God.” Then the multitude, as one man, throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim : “*Ya Allah ! O God !*”

Fifes, drums, and trumpets break out ; the *kernas*, great copper trumpets five or six feet long, give notice that the actors are ready and that the *tazyä* is to commence. The preacher descends from the *sakou*, and the actors occupy it.

To give a clear notion of the cycle which these dramas fill, we should begin, as on the first day of the Moharrem the actors begin, with some piece relating to the childhood of the Imams, such as, for instance, the piece called *The Children Digging*. Ali and Fatima are living at Medina with their little sons Hassan and Hussein ; the simple home and occupations of the pious family are exhibited ; it is morning ; Fatima is seated with the little Hussein on her lap, dressing him. She combs his hair, talking caressingly to him all the while. A hair comes out with the comb ; the child starts ; Fatima is in distress at having given the child even this momentary uneasiness, and stops to gaze upon him tenderly. She falls into an anxious reverie, thinking of her fondness for the child and of the unknown future in store for him. While she muses, the angel Gabriel stands before her. He reproves her weakness : “A hair falls from the child’s head,” he says, “and you weep ; what would you do if you knew the destiny that awaits him, the countless wounds with which that body shall one day be pierced, the agony that shall rend thine own soul !” Fatima, in despair, is comforted by her husband Ali, and they go together into the town to hear Mahomet preach. The boys and some of their little friends begin to play ; every one makes a great deal of Hussein ; he is at once the most spirited and the most amiable child of them all. The party amuse themselves with digging, with making holes in the ground and building mounds. Ali returns from the sermon and asks what they are about ; and Hussein is made to reply in ambiguous and prophetic answers, which convey that by these holes and mounds in the earth are prefigured interments and tombs. Ali departs again ; there rush in a number of big and fierce boys, and begin to pelt the little Imams with stones. A companion shields Hus-

sein with his own body, but he is struck down with a stone, and with another stone Hussein, too, is stretched on the ground senseless. Who are these boy-tyrants and persecutors? They are Ibn-Said, and Shemer, and others, the future murderers at Kerbela. The audience perceive it with a shudder; the hateful assailants go off in triumph; Ali re-enters, picks up the stunned and wounded children, brings them round, and takes Hussein back to his mother Fatima.

But let us now come at once to the days of martyrdom and to Kerbela. One of the most famous pieces of the cycle is a piece called the *Marriage of Kassem*, which brings us into the very middle of these crowning days. Count Gobineau has given a translation of it, and from this translation we will take a few extracts. Kassem is the son of Hussein's elder brother, the Imam Hassan, who had been poisoned by Yezid's instigation at Medina. Kassem and his mother are with the Imam Hussein at Kerbela; there, too, are the women and children of the holy family, Omm-Leyla, Hussein's wife, the Persian princess, the last child of Yezdejerd the last of the Sassanides; Zeyneb, Hussein's sister, the offspring, like himself, of Ali and Fatima, and the granddaughter of Mahomet; his nephew Abdallah, still a little child; finally, his beautiful daughter Zobeyda. When the piece begins, the Imam's camp in the desert has already been cut off from the Euphrates and besieged several days by the Syrian troops under Ibn-Said and Shemer, and by the treacherous men of Kufa. The Family of the Tent were suffering torments of thirst; one of the children had brought an empty water-bottle, and thrown it, a silent token of distress, before the feet of Abbas, the uncle of Hussein; Abbas had sallied out to cut his way to the river, and had been slain. Afterwards Ali-Akber, Hussein's eldest son, had made the same attempt and met with the same fate. Two younger brothers of Ali-Akber followed his example, and were likewise slain. The Imam Hussein had rushed amidst the enemy, beaten them from the body of Ali-Akber, and brought the body back to his tent; but the river was still inaccessible. At this point the action of the *Marriage of Kassem* begins. Kassem, a youth of sixteen, is burning to go out and avenge his cousin. At one end of the *sakou* is the

Imam Hussein seated on his throne; in the middle are grouped all the members of his family; at the other end lies the body of Ali-Akber, with his mother Omm-Leyla, clothed and veiled in black, bending over it. The *kernas* sound, and Kassem, after a solemn appeal from Hussein and his sister Zeyneb to God and to the founders of their house to look upon their great distress, rises and speaks to himself:—

Kassem. "Separate thyself from the women of the harem, Kassem. Consider within thyself for a little; here thou sittest, and presently thou wilt see the body of Hussein, that body like a flower, torn by arrows and lances like thorns, Kassem.

"Thou sawest Ali-Akber's head severed from his body on the field of battle, and yet thou livedst!

"Arise, obey that which is written of thee by thy father; to be slain, that is thy lot, Kassem!

"Go, get leave from the son of Fatima, most honorable among women, and submit thyself to thy fate, Kassem."

Hussein sees him approach. "Alas," he says, "it is the orphan nightingale of the garden of Hassan, my brother!" Then Kassem speaks:—

Kassem. "O God, what shall I do beneath this load of affliction? My eyes are wet with tears, my lips are dried up with thirst. To live is worse than to die. What shall I do, seeing what hath befallen Ali-Akber? If Hussein suffereth me not to go out, O misery! For then what shall I do, O God, in the day of the resurrection, when I see my father Hassan? When I see my mother in the day of the resurrection, what shall I do, O God, in my sorrow and shame before her? All my kinsmen are gone to appear before the Prophet: shall not I also one day stand before the Prophet; and what shall I do, O God, in that day!"

Then he addresses the Imam:—

"Hail, threshold of the honor and majesty on high, threshold of heaven, threshold of God! In the roll of martyrs thou art the chief; in the book of creation thy story will live forever. An orphan, a fatherless child, downcast and weeping, comes to prefer a request to thee."

Hussein bids him tell it, and he answers:—

"O light of the eyes of Mahomet the mighty, O lieutenant of Ali the lion, Ab-

bas has perished, Ali-Akber has suffered martyrdom ; O my uncle, thou hast no warriors left, and no standard-bearer. The roses are gone and gone are their buds ; the jessamine is gone, the poppies are gone. I alone, I am still left in the garden of the Faith, a thorn, and miserable. If thou hast any kindness for the orphan, suffer me to go forth and fight."

Hussein refuses. "My child," he says, "thou wast the light of the eyes of the Imam Hassan, thou art my beloved remembrance of him ; ask me not this ; urge me not, entreat me not ; to have lost Ali-Akber is enough."

Kassem answers :—"That Kassem should live and Ali-Akber be martyred—sooner let the earth cover me ! O king, be generous to the beggar at thy gate. See how my eyes run with tears and my lips are dried up with thirst. Cast thine eyes toward the waters of the heavenly Euphrates ! I die of thirst ; grant me, O thou marked of God, a full pitcher of the water of life ; it flows in the Paradise which awaits me."

Hussein still refuses ; Kassem breaks forth in complaints and lamentations, his mother comes to him and learns the reason. She then says :—

"Complain not against the Imam, light of my eyes ; only by his order can the commission of martyrdom be given. In that commission are sealed two-and-seventy witnesses, all righteous, and among the two-and-seventy is thy name. Know that thy destiny of death is commanded in the writing which thou wearest on thine arm."

This writing is the testament of his father Hassan. He bears it in triumph to the Imam Hussein, who finds written there that he should, on the death-plain of Kerbela, suffer Kassem to have his will, but that he should marry him first to his daughter Zobeyda. Kassem consents, though in astonishment. "Consider," he says, "there lies Ali-Akber, mangled by the enemies' hands ! Under this sky of ebon blackness, how can joy show her face ? Nevertheless, if thou commandest it, what have I to do but obey ? Thy commandment is that of the Prophet, and his voice is that of God." But Hussein has also to overcome the reluctance of the intended bride and of all the women of his family.

"Heir of the vicar of God," says Kas-

sem's mother to the Imam, "bid but speak not to me of a bridal. beyda is to be a bride and Kassem the bridegroom, where is the henna to stain their hands, where is the bridal chamber ?" "Mother of Kassem," answers the Imam solemnly, "yet a few moments, and the field of anguish the tomb shall be, the marriage-bed, and the winding-sheet for the dead garment !" All give way to the sacred Head. The women and children surround Kassem, sprinkle him with rose-water, hang bracelets and necklaces on him, and scatter bon-bons around him, then the marriage procession is formed. Suddenly drums and trumpets are heard, and the Syrian troops appear. Hussein and Shemer are at their head. The Prince of the Faith celebrates a marriage in the desert," they exclaim to Kassem, "we will soon change his festive mourning." They pass by, and Kassem takes leave of his bride. "God keep my bride," he says, embracing her, "thou must forsake thee !" "One moment," she says, "remain in thy place one moment, my countenance is as the lamp which gives us light ; suffer me to turn around thee once, the butterfly turneth, gently, gaily, and making a turn around him, forms the ancient Eastern rite of the bride from a new-married wife to her husband. Troubled, he rises to go : "The reins of life will be slipping away from me !" he cries. She lays hold of his robe : "Let it go off thy hand," he cries, "we belong to ourselves !"

Then he asks the Imam to allow him to lie in his winding-sheet. "O nightingale, the divine orchard of martyrdom is open to Hussein, as he complies with his wish, clothe thee with thy winding-sheet, and show thy face ; there is no fear, and no pain, but of God !" Kassem commits his brother Abdallah to the Imam's care. Omm-Leyla looks up from his corpse, and says to Kassem : "Thou enterest the garden of Paradise, for me the head of Ali-Akber !"

The Syrian troops again appear, and Kassem rushes upon them and they are fighting. The Family of the Imam, at Hussein's command, put the Kassem's head on their heads and pray, covering the head with sand. Kassem reappears victorious, he has slain Azrek, a chief captain of the Syrians, but his thirst is intense. "Uncle," he says to the Imam, w

him what reward he wishes for his valor, "my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; the reward I wish is *water*." "Thou coverest me with shame, Kassem," his uncle answers; "what can I do? Thou askest water; there is no water!"

Kassem. "If I might but wet my mouth, I could presently make an end of the men of Kufa."

Hussein. "As I live, I have not one drop of water!"

Kassem. "Were it but lawful, I would wet my mouth with my own blood."

Hussein. "Beloved child, what the Prophet forbids, that cannot I make lawful."

Kassem. "I beseech thee, let my lips be but once moistened, and I will vanquish thine enemies!"

Hussein presses his own lips to those of Kassem, who, refreshed, again rushes forth, and returns bleeding and stuck with darts, to die at the Imam's feet in the tent. So ends the marriage of Kassem.

But the great day is the tenth day of the Moharrem, when comes the death of the Imam himself. The narrative of Gibbon well sums up the events of this great tenth day. "The battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary, and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. He was pierced in the mouth with a dart. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood—and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier's venerable beard; and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying Imam threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer—a name detested by the faithful—reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mahomet was slain with three-and-thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body, they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidallah (the governor) struck him on the mouth with a cane. 'Alas!' exclaimed an aged Mussulman, 'on those lips have I seen the lips of the Apostle of God!'"

For this catastrophe no one *tazyā* suffices; all the companies of actors unite in

a vast open space; booths and tents are pitched round the outside circle for the spectators; in the centre is the Imam's camp, and the day ends with its conflagration.

Nor are there wanting pieces which carry on the story beyond the death of Hussein. One which produces an extraordinary effect is *The Christian Damsel*. The carnage is over, the enemy are gone; to the awe-struck beholders, the scene shows the silent plain of Kerbela and the tombs of the martyrs. Their bodies, full of wounds, and with weapons sticking in them still, are exposed to view; but around them all are crowns of burning candles, circles of light, to show that they have entered into glory. At one end of the *sakou* is a high tomb by itself; it is the tomb of the Imam Hussein, and his pierced body is seen stretched out upon it. A brilliant caravan enters, with camels, soldiers, servants, and a young lady on horseback, in European costume, or what passes in Persia for European costume. She halts near the tombs, and proposes to encamp. Her servants try to pitch a tent; but wherever they drive a pole into the ground, blood springs up, and a groan of horror bursts from the audience. Then the fair traveller, instead of encamping, mounts into the *tāgnumā*, lies down to rest there, and falls asleep. Jesus Christ appears to her, and makes known that this is Kerbela, and what has happened here. Meanwhile, an Arab of the desert, a Bedouin who had formerly received Hussein's bounty, comes stealthily, intent on plunder, upon the *sakou*. He finds nothing, and in a paroxysm of brutal fury he begins to ill-treat the corpses. Blood flows. The feeling of Asiatics about their dead is well known, and the horror of the audience rises to its height. Presently the ruffian assails and wounds the corpse of the Imam himself, over whom white doves are hovering; the voice of Hussein, deep and mournful, calls from his tomb: "*There is no God but God!*" The robber flies in terror; the angels, the prophets, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, Moses, the Imams, the holy women, all come upon the *sakou*, press round Hussein, load him with honors. The Christian damsel wakes, and embraces Islam, the Islam of the sect of the Shiah.

Another piece closes the whole story, by bringing the captive women and chil-

dren of the Imam's family to Damascus, to the presence of the Caliph Yezid. It is in this piece that there comes the magnificent tableau, of which I have already spoken, of the court of the caliph: the crown jewels are lent for it, and the dresses of the ladies of Yezid's court, represented by boys chosen for their good looks, are said to be worth thousands and thousands of pounds; but the audience see them without favor, for this brilliant court of Yezid is cruel to the captives of Kerbela. The captives are thrust into a wretched dungeon under the palace walls; but the caliph's wife had formerly been a slave of Mahomet's daughter Fatima, the mother of Hussein and Zeyneb. She goes to see Zeyneb in prison, her heart is touched, she passes into an agony of repentance, returns to her husband, upbraids him with his crimes, and intercedes for the women of the holy family, and for the children, who keep calling for the Imam Hussein. Yezid orders his wife to be put to death, and sends the head of Hussein to the children. Sekyna, the Imam's youngest daughter, a child of four years old, takes the beloved head in her arms, kisses it, and lies down beside it. Then Hussein appears to her as in life: "Oh! my father," she cries, "where wast thou? I was hungry, I was cold, I was beaten—where wast thou?" But now she sees him again, and is happy. In the vision of her happiness she passes away out of life, she enters into rest, and the piece ends with her mother and her aunts burying her.

These are the martyrs of Kerbela; and these are the sufferings which awaken in an Asiatic audience sympathy so deep and serious, transports so genuine of pity, love, and gratitude, that to match them at all one must take the feelings raised at Ammergau. And now, where are we to look, in the subject-matter of the Persian passion-play, for the source of all this emotion? Count Gobineau suggests that it is to be found in the feeling of patriotism; and that our Indo-European kinsmen, the Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the sufferings of Hussein a portrait of their own martyrdom. "Hussein," says Count Gobineau, "is not only the son of Ali, he is the husband of a princess of the blood of the Persian kings; he, his father Ali, the whole body of Imams taken together,

represent the nation, represent Persia, invaded, ill-treated, despoiled, stripped of its inhabitants, by the Arabians. The right which is insulted and violated in Hussein, is identified with the right of Persia. The Arabians, the Turks, the Afghans—Persia's implacable and hereditary enemies—recognize Yezid as legitimate caliph; Persia finds therein an excuse for hating them the more, and identifies herself the more with the usurper's victims. It is *patriotism*, therefore, which has taken the form, here, of the drama to express itself." No doubt there is much truth in what Count Gobineau thus says; and it is certain that the division of Shiah and Suni has its true cause in a division of races, rather than in a difference of religious belief.

But I confess that if the interest of the Persian passion-plays had seemed to me to lie solely in the curious evidence they afford of the workings of patriotic feeling in a conquered people, I should hardly have occupied myself with them at all this length. I believe that they point to something much more interesting. What this is, I cannot do more than just indicate; but indicate it I will, in conclusion, and then leave the student of human nature to follow it out for himself.

When Mahomet's cousin Jaffer, and others of his first converts, persecuted by the idolaters of Mecca, fled in the year of our era 615, seven years before the Hegira, into Abyssinia, and took refuge with the king of that country, the people of Mecca sent after the fugitives to demand that they should be given up to them. Abyssinia was then already Christian. The king asked Jaffer and his companions what was this new religion for which they had left their country. Jaffer answered: "We were plunged in the darkness of ignorance, we were worshippers of idols. Given over to all our passions, we knew no law but that of the strongest, when God raised up among us a man of our own race, of noble descent, and long held in esteem by us for his virtues. This apostle called us to believe in one God, to worship God only, to reject the superstitions of our fathers, to despise divinities of wood and stone. He commanded us to eschew wickedness, to be truthful in speech, faithful to our engagements, kind and helpful to our relations and neighbors. He bade us respect the chastity of wo-

men, and not to rob the orphan. He exhorted us to prayer, alms-giving and fasting. We believed in his mission, and we accepted the doctrines and the rule of life which he brought to us from God. For this our countrymen have persecuted us ; and now they want to make us return to their idolatry." The king of Abyssinia refused to surrender the fugitives, and then, turning again to Jaffer, after a few more explanations, he picked up a straw from the ground, and said to him : " Between your religion and ours there is not the thickness of this straw difference."

That is not quite so ; yet thus much we may affirm, that Jaffer's account of the religion of Mahomet is a great deal truer than the accounts of it which are commonly current among us. Indeed, for the credit of humanity, as more than a hundred millions of men are said to profess the Mahometan religion, one is glad to think so. To popular opinion everywhere, religion is proved by miracles. All religions but a man's own are utterly false and vain ; the authors of them are mere impostors ; and the wonders which are said to attest them, fictitious. We forget that this is a game which two can play at ; although the believer of each religion always imagines the prodigies which attest his own religion to be fenced by a guard granted to them alone. Yet how much more safe is it, as well as more fruitful, to look for the main confirmation of a religion in its intrinsic correspondence with urgent wants of human nature, in its profound necessity ! Differing religions will then be found to have much in common ; but this will be an additional proof of the value of that religion which does most for that which is thus commonly recognized as salutary and necessary. In Christendom one need not go about to establish that the religion of the Hebrews is a better religion than the religion of the Arabs, or that the Bible is a greater book than the Koran. The Bible *grew*, the Koran *was made* ; there lies the immense difference in depth and truth between them ! This very inferiority may make the Koran, for certain purposes and for people at a low stage of mental growth, a more powerful instrument than the Bible. From the circumstances of its origin, the Koran has the intensely dogmatic character, it has the perpetual insistence on the motive of future rewards and punishments, the pal-

pable exhibition of paradise and hell, which the Bible has not. Therefore, to get the sort of power which all this gives, popular Christianity is apt to treat the Bible as if it was just like the Koran ; and because of this sort of power, among the little known and little advanced races of the great African continent, the Mahometan missionaries are said to be much more successful than ours. Nevertheless, even in Africa it will assuredly one day be manifest, that whereas the Bible-people trace themselves to Abraham through Isaac, and the Koran-people trace themselves to Abraham through Ishmael, the difference between the religion of the Bible and the religion of the Koran is almost as the difference between Isaac and Ishmael. I mean that the seriousness about righteousness, which is what the hatred of idolatry really means, and the profound and inexhaustible doctrines that the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness, that there is no peace for the wicked, that the righteous is an everlasting foundation, are exhibited and inculcated in the Old Testament with an authority, majesty, and truth which leaves the Koran immeasurably behind, and which, the more mankind grows and gains light, the more will be felt to have no fellows. Mahomet was no doubt acquainted with the Jews and their documents, and gained something from this source for his religion ; but his religion is not a mere plagiarism from Judea, any more than it is a mere mass of falsehood. No ; in the seriousness, elevation, and moral energy of himself and of that Semitic race from which he sprang and to which he spoke, Mahomet mainly found that scorn and hatred of idolatry, that sense of the worth and truth of righteousness, judgment, and justice, which make the real greatness of him and his Koran, and which are thus rather an independent testimony to the essential doctrines of the Old Testament, than a plagiarism from them. The world needs righteousness and the Bible is the grand teacher of it ; but, for certain times and certain men, Mahomet too, in his way, was a teacher of righteousness.

But we know how the Old Testament conception of righteousness ceased with time to have the freshness and force of an intuition, became something petrified, narrow, and formal, and needed renewing. We know how Christianity renewed it,

carrying into these hard waters of Judaism a sort of warm gulf-stream of tender emotion, due chiefly to qualities which may be summed up as those of inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement. Mahometanism had no such renewing ; it began with a conception of righteousness, lofty indeed, but narrow, and which we may call old Jewish ; and there it remained ; it is not a *feeling* religion. No one would say that the virtues of gentleness, mildness, and self-sacrifice were its virtues ; and the more it went on, the more the faults of its original narrow basis became visible, more and more it became fierce and militant, less and less was it amiable. Now, what are Ali, and Hassan and Hussein and the Imams, but an insurrection of noble and pious natures against this hardness and aridity of the religion round them ; an insurrection making its authors seem weak, helpless, and unsuccessful to the world and amidst the struggles of the world, but enabling them to know the joy and peace for which the world thirsts in vain, and inspiring in the heart of mankind an irresistible sympathy. "The twelve Imams," says Gibbon, "Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein to the ninth generation, without arms, or treasures, or subjects, successively enjoyed the veneration of the people. Their names were often the pretence of sedition and civil war ; but these royal saints despised the pomp of the world, submitted to the will of God and the injustice of man, and devoted their innocent lives to the study and practice of religion."

Abnegation and mildness, based on the depth of the inner life, and visited by unmerited misfortune, made the power of the first and famous Imams, Ali, Hassan, and Hussein, over the popular imagination. "O brother," said Hassan, as he was dying of poison, to Hussein who sought to find out and punish his murderer, "O brother, let him alone till he and I meet together before God !" So his father Ali had stood back from his rights instead of snatching at them ; so of Hussein it was said by his successful rival, the usurping Caliph Yezid : "God loved Hussein, *but he would not suffer him to attain to anything.*" They might attain to nothing, they were too pure, these great ones of the world as by birth they were ; but the people, which itself also can attain to so little, loved them all the better on that account,

loved them for their abnegation and meanness, felt that they were dear to God, that God loved them, and that their lives filled a void in the religion of Mahomet. These saintly deniers, these resigned sufferers would not strive nor cry, supplied the tender and pathetic side in Islam ; conquered Persians, a more mobile, impressionable, and gentler race than the concentrated, narrow, and austere conquerors, felt the need of it and gave most prominence to the ideal which satisfied the need ; but in Arabs and Persians also, and in all the Mahometan world, and his sons excite enthusiasm and devotion. Round the central sufferer, the ideal has come to group itself everything which is most tender and touching ; his life brings to the Mussulman's mind the human side of Mahomet himself, his tenderness for children,—for Mahomet loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee, and to show him from the Koran to his people. The Family of the Prophet, of women and children, and their sufferings,—blameless and saintly men, lovely and innocent children too, are the beauty and the love which all follow the attraction of the pious resigned Imam, all die for him, and his tender pathos flows into his and excites it, till there arises for the popular imagination an immense ideal of mildness, self-sacrifice, melting and overruling the soul.

Even for us, to whom almost all names are strange, whose interest in places and persons is faint, who have seen before us for a moment to-day, to see again, probably, no more forever, for us, unless I err greatly, the powerful pathos of this ideal are recognized. What must they be for those to whom every name is familiar and calls up the most solemn and cherished associations, who have had their adoring gaze fixed on their lives upon this exemplar of denial and gentleness, and who can ask of other? If it was superfluous to tell the English people that the religion of the Koran has not the value of the religion of the Old Testament, still more is it superfluous to say that the religion of the Imams has not the value of Christianity. The character and discourse of the Prophet, which I possess, I have often elsewhere seen signal powers : mildness and swiftness.

sonableness. The latter, the power which so puts before our view duty of every kind as to give it the force of an intuition, as to make it seem,—to make the total sacrifice of our ordinary self seem,—the most simple, natural, winning, necessary thing in the world, has been hitherto applied with but a very limited range, it is destined to an infinitely wider application, and has a fruitfulness which may yet transform the world. Of this the Imams have nothing, except so far as all mildness and self-sacrifice have in them something of sweet reasonableness and are its indispensable preliminary. This they have, *mildness and self-sacrifice*; and we have seen what an attraction it exercises. Could we ask for a stronger testimony to Christianity? Could we wish for any sign more con-

vincing, that Christ was indeed what Christians call him, *the desire of all nations*? So salutary, so necessary is what Christianity contains, that a religion—a great, powerful, successful religion—arises without it, and the missing virtue forces its way in! Christianity may say to these Persian Mahometans, with their gaze fondly turned towards the martyred Imams, what in our Bible God says by Isaiah to Cyrus, their great ancestor:—“*I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*” It is a long way from Kerbela to Calvary; but the sufferers of Kerbela hold aloft to the eyes of millions of our race the lesson so loved by the sufferer of Calvary. For he said: “*I learn of me, that I am mild, and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*”

Contemporary Review.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, “Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?”

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
'This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares; till that young life
Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold
Past from her; and in time the carcanet

* This poem forms one of the “*Idylls of the King.*” Its place is between “*Pelleas*” and “*Guinevere.*”

Vext her with plaintive memories of the child :
 So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
 "Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
 And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
 Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
 Following thy will ! but, O my Queen, I muse
 Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
 Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
 And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
 "Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
 A bitterness to me !—ye look amazed,
 Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—
 Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
 Above the river—that unhappy child
 Past in her barge : but rosier luck will go
 With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
 Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
 But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
 Perchance—who knows ?—the purest of thy knights
 May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts
 With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
 From Camelot in among the faded fields
 To furthest towers ; and everywhere the knights
 Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
 Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
 From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
 Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
 And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
 A churl, to whom indignantly the King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
 Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face ? or fiend ?
 Man was it who marr'd heaven's image in thee thus ?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
 Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
 Pitch-blackened sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,

"He took them and he drave them to his tower—
 Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
 A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
 Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
 Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower ;
 And when I call'd upon thy name as one
 That doest right by gentle and by churl,
 Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
 Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
 'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
 Have founded my Round Table in the North,
 And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
 My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
 My tower is full of harlots, like his court,

But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
 To be none other than themselves—and say
 My knights are all adulterers like his own,
 But mine are truer, seeing they profess
 To be none other ; and say his hour is come,
 The heathen are upon him, his long lance
 Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.' ”

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
 “ Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
 Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
 The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
 Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
 Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
 Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
 The wholesome realm is purged of elsewhere,—
 Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
 Make their last head like Satan in the North.
 My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
 Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
 Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
 The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
 But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
 Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field ;
 For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
 Only to yield my Queen her own again ?
 Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent : is it well ? ”

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, “ It is well :
 Yet better if the King abide, and leave
 The leading of his younger knights to me.
 Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well.”

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,
 And while they stood without the doors, the King
 Turn'd to him saying, “ Is it then so well ?
 Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
 Of whom was written, ‘ a sound is in his ears ’—
 The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
 That only seems half-loyal to command,—
 A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
 Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
 Tells of a manhood ever less and lower ?
 Or whence the fear least this my realm, uprear'd,
 By noble deeds a tone with noble vows
 From flat confusion and brute violences,
 Reel back into the beast, and be no more ? ”

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
 Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
 North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
 Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
 Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
 Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
 Of bygone Merlin, “ Where is he who knows ?
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He look'd but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began :
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not ; once, a knight cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King ;
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face : anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death : his strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many of those,
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests ! O shame !
What faith have these in whom they swear to love ?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
 Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?
 Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
 Wherewith thou takest this, is red!" to whom
 Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood,
 Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
 Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
 Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
 And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
 Are winners in this pastime of our King.
 My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
 No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief knight,
 Right arm of Arthur in the battle-field,
 Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
 Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
 Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
 "Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
 Sole Queen of Beauty and of Love, behold
 This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."
 And most of these were mute, some anger'd, one
 Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
 "The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
 And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
 Went glooming down in wet and weariness:
 But under her black brows a swarthy dame
 Laugh'd shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
 Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
 Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
 The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,
 Would make the world as blank as wintertide.
 Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
 And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
 With all the kindlier colors of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
 Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
 Liken'd them, saying as when an hour of cold
 Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
 And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
 Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
 With veer of wind, and all are flowers again;
 So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
 And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
 Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
 About the revels, and with mirth so loud
 Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
 And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
 Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
 Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
 High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
 Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.

Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
 Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
 "Belike for lack of wiser company;
 Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
 Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
 To know myself the wisest knight of all."
 "Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
 To dance without a catch, a roundelay
 To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
 And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
 Quiet as any water-sodden log
 Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;
 But when the twangling ended, skipt again;
 'Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
 Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
 Skip to the broken music of my brains
 Than any broken music ye can make."
 Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
 "Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
 And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the king's;
 For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
 'Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
 Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
 And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
 "Save for that broken music in thy brains,
 Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
 Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
 The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
 I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
 Come, thou art crabb'd and sour: but lean me down,
 Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
 And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
 The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
 The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
 New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
 New life, new love to suit the newer day:
 New loves are sweet as those that went before:
 Free love,—free field—we love but while we may."

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
 Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
 And heard it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand,
 "Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
 Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
 All out like a long life to a sour end—
 And them that round it sat with golden cups
 To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
 The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
 In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
 Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
 Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
 Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
 Handed her cup and piped the pretty one,

‘Drink, drink, Sir Fool,’ and thereupon I drank,
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud.”

And Tristram, “Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
“Fear God: honor the king—his one true knight—
Sole follower of the vows”—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frightened all free fool from out thy heart:
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine.”

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,
“Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck,
In lieu of hers, I’ll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls,
Swine? I have wallow’d, I have wash’d—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul’d me—and I wallow’d, then I wash’d—
I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur’s fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and geese
Troop’d round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm’d
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king’s fool.”

And Tristram, “Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell.”

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
“And whither harp’st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?”

And Tristram, “Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor well-nigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven.”

And Dagonet answer’d, “Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king’s highway, got so far, and grew
So witty that ye play’d at ducks and drakes
With Arthur’s vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?”

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
 And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will : I see it and hear.
 It makes a silent music up in heaven,
 And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
 And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
 Fool's treason : is the king thy brother fool ?"
 Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
 "Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools !
 Conceits himself as God that he can make
 Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
 From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
 And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools !"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
 But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
 And solitary passes of the wood
 Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
 Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
 With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
 Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
 Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
 For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.
 Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
 Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
 Of one that in them sees himself, return'd ;
 But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
 Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
 Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length
 A lodge of intertwined beechen-boughs
 Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself
 Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
 Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
 Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
 She lived a moon in that low lodge with him :
 Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
 With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
 And snatch'd her thence ; yet dreading worse than shame
 Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
 But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
 So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank
 Down on a drift of foliage random-blown ;
 But could not rest for musing how to smooth
 And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
 Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
 The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
 But then what folly had sent him overseas
 After she left him lonely here ? a name ?
 Was it the name of one in Brittany,
 Isolt, the daughter of the King ? "Isolt
 Of the white hands" they call'd her : the sweet name
 Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
 Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
 And loved him well, until himself had thought
 He loved her also, wedded easily,

But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King,
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Well-nigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.

And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
 But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
 To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
 Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
 Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,
 Heard in dead night along that table-shore,
 Drops flat, and after the great waters break
 Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
 From less and less to nothing ; thus he fell
 Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
 And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n ;
 There trampled out his face from being known,
 And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves :
 Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
 Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
 Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
 The tables over and the wines, and slew
 Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
 And all the pavement stream'd with massacre :
 Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
 Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
 Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
 Made all above it, and a hundred meres
 About it, as the water Moab saw
 Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
 'The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
 But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking, the red dream
 Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
 Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
 He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
 Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
 And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
 Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
 Stay'd him, " Why weep ye ? " " Lord," she said, " my man
 Hath left me or is dead ; " whereon he thought—
 " What, an she hate me now ? I would not this.
 What, an she love me still ? I would not that.
 I know not what I would "—but said to her,—
 " Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
 He find thy favor changed and love thee not "—
 Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse
 Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
 The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
 Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd
 Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
 A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
 And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
 The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
 Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
 Belted his body with her white embrace

Crying aloud "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul !
 The footstep flutter'd me at first : not he :
 Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
 But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls
 Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
 Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh.'
 To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
 Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
 "Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
 But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
 Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark ?
 What rights are his that dare not strike for them ?
 Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus !
 But hearken, have ye met him ? hence he went
 To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
 And so returns belike within an hour.
 Mark's way, my soul !—but eat not thou with him,
 Because he hates thee even more than fears ;
 Nor drink : and when thou passest any wood
 Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
 Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
 My God, the measure of my hate for Mark,
 Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
 Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
 To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
 "O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
 Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
 For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
 Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
 Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
 If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—
 Thine, friend ; and ever since my craven seeks
 To wreck thee villanously : but, O Sir Knight,
 What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last ?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
 Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
 And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first
 Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
 Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,
 "Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
 My dole of beauty trebled ?" and he said
 "Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
 And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
 Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
 Most gracious ; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
 Lancelot ; for I have seen him wan enow
 To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
 Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
 "Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
 Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
 Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
 That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest,
 And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
 That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
 If this be sweet, to sin in leading strings,
 If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
 Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
 That made us happy: but how ye greet me—fear
 And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
 Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories
 Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
 "I had forgotten all in my strong joy
 To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
 Here in the never-ended afternoon,
 O sweeter than all memories of thee,
 Deeper than any yearnings after thee
 Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
 Watch'd from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
 Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
 Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded her?
 Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
 The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
 And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
 Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
 Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
 Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
 To pine and waste in those sweet memories.
 O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
 Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
 "Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
 Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
 Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
 The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt!
 The name was ruler of the dark——Isolt?
 Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
 Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?
 Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
 Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
 Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat,
 Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
 Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
 And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
 Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,
 In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
 Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
 For there was Mark; 'He has wedded her,' he said,
 Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers

So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd ought so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hill-snow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michaël trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,

And every follower eyed him as a God ;
 Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
 Did mightier deeds than otherwise he had done,
 And so the realm was made ; but then their vows—
 First mainly thro' that sullyng of our Queen—
 Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
 Had Arthur right to bind them to himself ?
 Dropt down from heaven ? wash'd up from out the deep ?
 They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
 Of our old Kings : whence then ? a doubtful lord
 To bind them by inviolable vows,
 Which flesh and blood perforce would violate :
 For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
 Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
 Pulsing full man ; can Arthur make me pure
 As any maiden child ? lock up my tongue
 From uttering freely what I freely hear ?
 Bind me to one ? The great world laughs at it.
 And worldling of the world am I, and know
 The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
 Wooes his own end ; we are not angels here
 Nor shall be : vows—I am woodman of the woods,
 And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
 Mock them : my soul, we love but while we may ;
 And therefore is my love so large for thee,
 Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
 " Good : an I turn'd away my love for thee
 To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
 For courtesy wins woman all as well
 As valor may, but he that closes both
 Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
 Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
 This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
 Thine own small saw, ' We love but while we may,'
 Well then, what answer ? "

He that while she spake,
 Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
 The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
 The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
 " Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
 Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd—meat,
 Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
 And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
 She rose, and set before him all he will'd ;
 And after these had comforted the blood
 With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—
 Now talking of their woodland paradise,
 The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns ;
 Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
 And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
 Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang :

“ Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier !
 A star in heaven, a star within the mere !
 Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
 And one was far apart, and one was near :
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass !
 And one was water and one star was fire,
 And one will ever shine and one will pass.
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere.”

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
 And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
 “ The collar of some order, which our King
 Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
 For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers.”

“ Not so, my Queen,” he said, “ but the red fruit
 Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven
 And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
 And hither brought by Tristram, for his last
 Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee.”

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
 Claspt it ; but while he bow'd himself to lay
 Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
 “ Mark's way,” said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
 All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
 The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
 The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
 A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
 “ What art thou ? ” and the voice about his feet
 Sent up an answer, sobbing, “ I am thy fool,
 And I shall never make thee smile again.”

Macmillan's Magazine.

A MORNING IN THE TUILERIES: THE BUD—THE BLOSSOM.

CHAPTER I.

THE PETITE PROVENÇE: THE BUD.

“ **WHAT** is learnt with the greatest ease in childhood is always most difficult to forget in after-life. Hero and felon are often created by the influence of the nursery rhyme.” This was a favorite axiom of the Great Frederick. But French mothers believe not in the theory it conveys, and give their children much more to forget than to remember. The Frenchman's education can only be completed by the forgetfulness of senility, for he learns everything in early childhood, knows everything in early youth, and is *blasé* with everything in middle age. The morning I spent in the Tuileries just before the

war, put me on the track of much that has happened since, and confirmed a suspicion I had long entertained that the only equality existing in France, in spite of all the talk about it, is that which is established between the babies and their *grands parents*. “ What on earth can be the reason that English philosophy has never been able to determine the exact cause of the effects which are so palpable in the unsteady aims of this strange people ? ” said I, in despair, to my friend Delbrück, who has done more to modify the French system of education than any man of our day. “ Simply because English philosophy, while devoting much attention to the study of the flower and the fruit—pronouncing the first to be withered and the

latter corrupt—has always overlooked the germ—the bud, the blossom, altogether. Even your own great poet-philosopher, who pronounced that ‘the boy is father to the man,’ may scarcely be said to have begun at the beginning; for there is yet an antecedent to that profound maxim; for ‘the girl is mother to the woman’ in France, decidedly; and as the latter has the entire management of the education of the boys, it is *there* you will find the clue to all that seems strange in our organization.”

“Hunting the waterfalls” is, however, no easy task in Paris, where domestic life is hidden behind a wall impenetrable to the eye of the foreigner, and I resigned myself to the same ignorance which had subjected my countrymen to Delbrück’s just reproach, and resolved to confine myself to the occupation of seeing and hearing, and leave that of understanding to others wiser than myself; and I rushed out, to quiet my bitter disappointment, into the garden of the Tuileries.

The weather was beautiful—the scene most exhilarating. The crowds of children rushing in and out amongst the trees; the hoops, the balls, the skipping-ropes and skittles, made the whole scene quite refreshing, a very draught of pure water from the spring to one who had been following for some time past the hot and feverish literature of the circulating library, the fiery morals of the stage, in Paris; and no wonder that my soul should turn instinctively to the spot where the purest fountain of innocence was to be found—the only spot, perhaps, in the whole city where I could forget for a moment the conjugal infidelity, the vice and corruption, of which every picture, or book, or play, or song seemed to have served as theme, and to be the only subjects worth treating by French authors or artists—the only ones, indeed, to be understood by the French public. No wonder, then, that I should seek relief from all this in the Petite Provence. All little ones, the loved of Ghrist, the favored of Heaven, gather here; and I sat myself down on one of the stone benches amid a group of nurses, without feeling the smallest humiliation at the companionship.

The past history of the Petite Provence is not without interest. It lies at the foot of the Tarrasse des Feuillans, the rendez-vous of the beaux and gallants of the

eighteenth century. It is just below the Pont Tournant, whence the Committee of the Jacobins were wont to meet, to signal to the members of the Club awaiting their orders below. It opens on the Grande Allée, down whose gravelled space the Prince de Lambesc, at the head of his Royal Allemands, charged the people, sword in hand, and virtually began the Revolution. It was from the Petite Provence, likewise, that the Abbé “Cent Mille Hommes” was accustomed to launch his astounding bulletins concerning the desperate march on Paris by the armies of Pitt-Cobourg and the rivers of blood—*les fleuves de sang*—through which they were to wade, in order to capture the invincible battalions of an army which had put to shame the legions of Cæsar. But in our day the Petite Provence suggests no thought of war or bloodshed; all its associations are those of peace and good fellowship. It is a land literally flowing with milk and honey, and wherein the voice of the turtle is constantly heard. The lovers of human nature can behold the infancy of the future generation in all its glory, in the Petite Provence; and as I sat upon the stone bench, I thought that with French children, at all events, French vanity and affectation could assuredly find no place; and I determined to give myself up to what I deemed would prove the innocent enjoyment of the moment.

Nothing could be more genial than the scene. The creeping plant upon the wall was waving to and fro in the mildest of summer breezes, while the sunbeams, equally mild, without scorch or glare, were reflected on the parterre, all brilliant with the gayest flowers. The little children were skipping merrily about, and I was determined to use an indulgent benevolence towards them. The Petite Provence is devoted exclusively to babies; here there were “the germ, the bud, the blossom” to be studied. “The flower and the fruit,” I knew, were to be found in another part of the garden.

Some of the children were over-dressed, it is true. There were *paniers* and *poufs* appended to little creatures of four years old, and all sorts of nameless seductions, which Frenchwomen know so well how to employ, were serving as adornment to diminutive coquettes of even less age than that. But this display of vanity was not their own, and found pity rather than con-

demnation in my sight. My heart was softened even towards their mothers, when I beheld the grave and airy lightness with which the malicious little fairies twisted and twirled, like the winged genii in a pantomime, to show their toilets to the best advantage.

Beside me on the bench sat a huge Picardy wet-nurse, with a lean, long baby on her lap, where it lay kicking and writhing, while she, nothing daunted by the presence of a stranger of the opposite sex, set about repairing in detail the disorder in her toilet created by her recent endeavors to assuage the furious appetite of the young tyrant, whose rage at being neglected even for a moment displayed itself in loud protestations. She wore a low round-eared cap, bordered with lace, and confined by a broad blue ribbon with a large flat bow behind. A small kerchief of gay pattern was crossed over her bosom, and her gown of comfortable merino, of a dark chocolate color, was protected by an apron of oiled silk, to which it is most likely that an English nurse would have objected entirely, but of which my neighbor, being French, seemed rather proud than otherwise, for she spread it out with great complacency over her knees, turning back one corner to show the rich black silk apron beneath. She was evidently fresh from the country—a circumstance at which I inwardly rejoiced. The tan and freckles of the haymaking and the harvest still remained upon her forehead, and the rich bloom of the meadows was still painted on her cheeks. It was plain that her *morale* was still as unsophisticated as her *physique*, for the very candid manner in which she performed every one of the little duties incidental to her profession sufficiently proved that hypocrisy could not yet be numbered amongst her defects. When she had completed her own personal arrangements, she gathered up the baby, who still lay sprawling on her knees, bawling most lustily at the helpless condition in which it had been left. But her nerves were evidently well strung. She did not even blink at the shrill discordant cries which burst from the child. On the contrary, placing the little mouth close to her ear, she patted the squaller on the back with the movement used by every nurse throughout the world; and while she did so she sang the lullaby peculiar, so it seems, to those of

France alone. Imitating with the exclamation of “Pan! Pan! Pan!” the action of knocking, performed by the open palm upon the baby’s shoulders, which awakens attention, and causes an instant cessation of the wailing, she sang to a pretty melodious tune:—

“Who knocks, who knocks? Away, away!
My husband has come home to-day,
Although far out of town
He promised me all night to stay.”

Then in gruff accents, imitating the husband’s voice, she asks in prose:—

“What are you singing there, you impudent baggage?”

And resuming her song she replies:—

“A song to soothe the baby’s fear,
And hush the child to sleep, my dear.”

Then again in a whisper:—

“Love, knock no more, but haste away,
My husband has come home to-day.”

The song startled me, I must confess. It seemed the confirmation of all I had heard and read on the subject of French mothers, who suffer impure ideas to be imbibed with the very milk their babies suck. The nurse sang it, too, with peculiar gusto, and, what is more, the young rogue she was rocking, completely diverted from his grievances by the melody, looked up into her face with his great black eyes as if in search of the hidden meaning of the words.

Presently there was a stir amongst the baby population, which had greatly increased since my arrival in the Petite Provence, and from all parts of the garden came running, toddling, skipping, and jumping, a formidable tribe of little boys and girls, some of the latter attired in the height of the same fashion as that adopted by their mothers; others in fantastic accoutrements, imitating the national costumes of various countries; some, again, in dresses taken from the popular pictures of the day, and others in attire of the Middle Ages! Notwithstanding this affectation, for which it must be owned the poor infants were not liable, there seemed to be a vast amount of practical business going forward; much whispering and laying of tiny heads together; and at last the object of the sudden gathering became visible in the formation of a ring, and with much joyous laughter and immense confusion and clatter of tongues, a round dance was proposed and accepted with

the noisiest demonstrations of approval. No one possessed of the smallest degree of sensibility could fail to be charmed with the grace and elegance of the little creatures—these qualities are inherent to the French blood. But there was nothing infantine about any one of them. The youngest girl, an imp of not more than four summers, seemed to be as conscious of examination, as full of the responsibility of her dress and appearance, as much occupied with the effect she was producing, as her own mother must doubtless have been at that very moment. The little hands were joined, and the little feet pattered round and round upon the gravel in cadence with the tune. I listened eagerly for the words, hoping to be consoled for the unpleasant feeling left by the nurse's song, which had jarred so strangely on my nerves. The melody was gay and lively, full of that graphic musical fancy which has made the popular airs of France popular all over the world. The *ronde* commenced in the most innocent and childish manner, and I began to imagine that the incipient corruption was confined to the nurses alone, and had not yet extended to the children. It was amid a tumult of chattering feet throwing up a cloud of dust and pebbles into the air that I caught at last the meaning of the song which so delighted the little singers. Every shrill, tiny voice joined in the tune with more or less correctness, but the words were lisped forth with tolerable precision:—

“ A shepherd maid there was,
Who tended her sheep with ease,
Of their wool she made a coat,
And of their milk a cheese.

“ The kitten sate watching the churn,
And her lips she began to lick :
' Touch with thy paw that cream, thou thief !
And thy back shall feel the stick.'

“ Her paw she dipp'd not in,
But the cream lapp'd to and fro ;
The shepherd maid, in wrath,
Just kill'd her with one blow.

“ In terror she flew to the priest,
' Holy Father, devoid of all sin !
My kitten is dead ! While churning the cheese
I murder'd her with the pin.'

“ ‘ Oh daughter, sinful and wroth,
Thy penance must be severe ;
Thou must give me a kiss with thy ruby red lips,
And hug me, and call me thy dear !’

“ ‘ Such penance, indeed, is of grace,
How sweetly delicious the pain !
Holy Father, devoid of all sin,
We'll perform it again and again.’ ”

And as the *ronde* concluded the laughter and the screaming, and the kissing right and left, rendered the scene one of uproarious delight. The little girls, I observed, were most particularly zealous in keeping the boys in time to the melody, and in stimulating them to gallantry ; for the boys, almost all dyspeptic-looking and nervous, seemed much less disposed to enter into the spirit of the song than their partners. When the *ronde* was concluded they dispersed into groups, some to grub up the gravel with their tiny spades and shovels, which operation the young gentlemen performed upon their hands and knees, to the great detriment of their white kerseymere costumes : others to loll upon the knees of their gossiping *bonnes*, and whine for cakes and *sirop de groseille*, which were kept ready for use in small baskets stowed away beneath the bench. But the chief amusement of the boys—the one which gave the greatest delight and elicited the greatest laughter—was to fill their baskets with pebbles, then pour the contents gently into the satin-lined hoods of the girls, which gaped invitingly as the little wearers were stooping before them. Thus the embryo elements of tiger and monkey, which Voltaire declares must enter into the composition of every Frenchman, were being developed under my very eyes.

My neighbor had by this time adjusted her properties, and spread her gray silk parasol over the baby, who now lay fast asleep upon a down pillow edged with lace, while a long flowing coverlet of muslin, gay with blue ribbons and embroidery, covered his lanky form. To speak truth, my sturdy friend seemed nothing loth to talk, and a few minutes sufficed to inspire her with such immense confidence in my honor and discretion, that she unfolded to my ear all the most intimate details of her life, never sparing her own delicacy or mine. In short, I had scarcely conversed with her for a quarter of an hour, before I became as thoroughly acquainted with her motives and antecedents as if I had known her for many years. She informed me, without the smallest pressing on the subject, that she had been chosen by Trousseau as wet-nurse to the son and

heir of M. Caisse, the rich banker of the Chaussée d'Antin, not only because she possessed all the physical requisites for the appointment in greater perfection than any of her rivals, but also because she was still a "demoiselle," which qualification she informed me is highly esteemed by the Paris doctors, as it insures to the employer immunity from the right of disturbance or removal by a husband. As my eyes had already opened to their fullest extent on listening to the extraordinary roundelay warbled by the innocent babes of Paris, they could open no wider; but the information, and most particularly the cool manner in which it was conveyed, and the look of triumph by which it was accompanied, certainly did take me by surprise. But the unsophisticated creature prattled on, glad of a listener, and told me how cleverly she had made her bargain, never forgetting one single item of the wet-nurse's admitted prerogatives: "Fifty francs a month, washing, wine, coffee *à discrétion*, lace caps, black morocco shoes with sandals, aprons (black silk and white cambric), and *des belles étrennes* (rich New-year's presents)." These, by the way, generally consist of a watch and chain or a French cashmere shawl. Rousseau's honest indignation is quite justifiable: "Neither shipwreck, nor fire, nor sickness, nor bankruptcy can be considered so great a calamity as the admission of a wet-nurse into a bourgeois family."

And she went on and on, telling me the history of her adventures when she was a *petite jeunesse*, and the story of Flageolet, her *bon ami*, who had been carried off by the conscription, and many other histories, all curious in their way, and all tending to throw great light upon the manner in which the germ is nourished into the bud, and to furnish many reasons, all of them good ones, why the Parisian hotbed should bring forth such precocious fruit. Being from Picardy, she was frank and honest in her speech—*les francs Picards* being renowned for their candor—and owned to me, without disguise, that she would not stay another day in Paris were it not for the certainty of being soon able to compel the rich banker to purchase a *remplaçant* for Flageolet, whose time of service had yet three years to run. She was indeed quite "expansive," as the French call it, and added that: "A *remplaçant* just now will be rather dear: but M.

Caisse will consider that the article would increase rather than diminish in value, since there was talk of war, and that from 800f., the present price, it would soon rise to 1,200f.; and what is that for a rich man like him? I know how to make him comply. I will threaten to leave the baby at once, and what will Madame say to that? I will fret and cry, and eat fresh salad with plenty of vinegar. I will let the sour apples roll out of my pocket when Monsieur is standing by—for it is only by frightening a bourgeois that you can ever get anything you want—and I'll frighten *ce vieux Caisse* out of a substitute for Flageolet, before many weeks are over, I'll warrant you. Yes, sour apples and green salad will do it; and when it is done the rest will be easy. Flageolet is a tailor; he must be set up in his trade; and when his signboard is over the door—oh then, *ma foi!*"

She did not finish her sentence, but gave the baby such a disdainful toss, that it squalled most fiercely, while she renewed the song which had irritated me before by its impropriety, but which seems to have quite a contrary effect upon French babies, for it produced the same soothing result as before.

I should have heard more of the good nurse's history, but, just then, there broke into the Petite Provence a whole crowd of the nursing sisterhood, and my friend darted suddenly away towards the gate. It was the hour for relieving guard at the *poste*, and the roll of the drum seemed to act with magic power upon the nurses. The black lace hat of the Mâconaise, the straw bonnet of the Berichonne, the long lappets of the Basse-Bretonne, the towering cap of Normandy, after clustering all together, sailed majestically away towards the gate. Such variety of accents, such diversity of *patois*, and such energy of speech were surely never gathered in such small space before. Then came the loud rush of many feet, and the solemn sweep of babies' long cloaks and the advance of ponderous petticoats. The trumpet was sounding, and the guard was turning out—the Chasseurs de Vincennes—in all the glory of cock's-tail feathers and snow-white gaiters. The pressure was tremendous; I was almost carried off my legs by the sudden charge. In a moment the Petite Provence was deserted by all but the infirm and incurious, neither of them

belonging to an interesting section of human nature ; so I walked away quietly down the avenue of chestnut trees to the parterre, which at that moment was fast filling with the aristocratic population of the little ladies of Paris. For it was just the hour of respite from study, as pursued at the different *cours*, and M. Levi and Mdlle. St. Clair and the great M. Saitout had all just finished their early classes of universal instruction in every language and every science, and the juvenile aristocracy were left to digest the light and frothy meal of intellectual nourishment, which the above-named professors know so well how to cook up at the slow fire of their own intelligence, to suit the delicate appetite of the customers. In the Petite Provence I had beheld the "germ" which my friend Delbrück had advised me to consider, and thought it wise to contemplate the bud and blossom, as I should find them, at that moment, assembled in the parterre.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTERRE : BUD AND BLOSSOM.

THE square space before the double parterre was literally crowded with the world of fashion in miniature, every member of which seemed to be so full of eagerness in the search after pleasure that the indifferent observer might have mistaken it for the pursuit of more serious business.

I felt at once that I was in far better company than in the Petite Provence. Here all was dignity and aristocratic pride. Few *bonnes*, many *surveillantes* and *institutrices*. No child of the people was suffered to destroy with plebeian blouse and cotton nightcap the harmony of the picture which, if photographed as it broke upon me when I emerged from the shade of the trees, might have served as the illustration of the manners and customs of the juvenile France of modern times. As usual, the girls were gathered in groups, the grouping being evidently dependent upon social equality, not upon age or similarity of taste. The most unobservant eye could not fail to be struck with this strange classification. The critical glance directed by the girls in any one particular group when a strange playmate approached with a petition to join the game going forward at the moment, the manner in which they would take in at

one single glance the whole figure of the new-comer, from the crown of her hat *à la Watteau* to the sole of her *tapotte Dubarri*, and with experienced connoisseurship would accept or reject the petition at once without excuse for the judgment or appeal against it when pronounced, was most instructive and curious to behold. Every description of childish vanity might be said to have been here unfolded to the sun. This square space between the last quincunx and the wire trellis fence of the parterre has been long known as the Parc des Princesses, to account for the turning up of little chins, and the curling up of little noses, at each other, and the whole world besides.

It was curious to remark that even the baby world of Paris is undergoing the strange transition which is observable in every other section of the community ; for in the very midst of the pure circle of the future marchionesses and countesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose ancestors shouted "Montjoie St. Denis !" on the walls of Ascalon, might be seen some of the future bankers' wives of the Chaussée d'Antin, whose ancestors may have bawled forth "Oranges à la douce !" in the streets of Marseilles ; and the lawyers' ladies of the Marais, whose only battle-cry was "A la Bazoche !" But the world has many ways of moving forward, and the little *roturières* claim admission into the exclusive precincts of the Parc des Princesses, first of all by right of their irreproachable toilet, and then by contact at the same *cours*, whereat both classes acquire the universal knowledge I have before alluded to, and where social distinction must of necessity be softened by equality in the "sciences," and most of all by instruction at the same "catechism." This letter is the greatest card of all, and being the work of the priesthood, bears the stamp of that mastery of human weakness, that knowledge of human nature which the Church so wisely insists shall be the first branch taught to those who seek to maintain her dignity and power. The scions of the two races now struggling for supremacy in France were ostensibly engaged at play together, but in reality nothing could be further from the thoughts of either. They were, in reality, occupied in criticising, in admiring, in depreciating or envying, each other's dress and manner. I considered myself fortunate

in finding a place for my chair just in the midst of the finest game of "puss in the corner." I soon learnt the names of the little girls engaged in it, for they called them out to each other in loud, shrill, screaming tones.

Emmeline and Lucile, Melanie and Malvina, stood at the four corners, whilst Aloyse occupied the middle post, and I was rather surprised to hear the young lady with so fine a name called by the familiar appellation belonging to the game, but one which *we* should never dare to mention to any ears whether polite or otherwise, much less scream it out across a public garden to awaken the echoes with gross and unpleasant suggestions. But if the words of the little maidens were vulgar their dress was not. Emmeline was attired in drab-colored *poult de soie*, elaborately embroidered in sky-blue floss; Lucile wore an emerald-green *mousseline de soie*, with countless flounces, and *pouf* of the same; Melanie's *fourreau* of the newest fashion, perfectly correct in cut, but rather tight, was gay Scotch plaid poplin, wonderfully adorned with satin quillings; while Aloyse, despite of the office she held in the game, was the most *soignée* of all, a rose-colored China silk with Pompadour braidings and fringes! Aloyse moreover had splendid hair, so she had doffed her hat. It lay on the chair where her *surveillante's* feet were resting. It was snow-white crape with a long rose-colored feather. The other girls had declared the wind to be too high to go bareheaded. It was pleasant, notwithstanding the affectation of their demeanor, and the calculation visible in their movements, to watch them as they darted across the square, now advancing on tiptoe with graceful curvings of the arm to beckon their companions, now drawing back with equal grace to avoid being captured. Every gesture and every motion savored of the dancing school and the *cours* of universal science, but it was very amusing to witness for all that, and I sat in dreamy listlessness, thinking only of the present grace and desire to please evinced by the little people before me, forgetting all the dread prognostications which had seized upon me on first beholding their rich toilets and coquettish gestures. Many such groups passed me to and fro, all eager, all hurried, over-dressed, and full of talk—shrill voices like the peacock, thin legs

like the antelope, long flat feet encased in tasselled boots with exorbitantly high heels, Russian *toques*, Smyrniote caps, Polish *toquets*, Pyrenese *bérets*, Spanish *resillas*, large flashing eyes roving to the right when the wide thin lips were throwing the sharp words to the left:—these signs seemed characteristic of them all. The enormous *poufs* behind, the enormous knots of broad ribbon between their shoulders, gave them all likewise a bent and hollow-chested look, while the necessity of throwing the whole figure forward in consequence of the ridiculous height of the heels, added also to the appearance of fatigue and exhaustion which foreigners always remark in Paris children. My four little friends, engaged in the game of puss in the corner, seemed literally to skate rather than run along the ground; but when they discovered I was gazing at them with interest, they began to mince and wriggle, and swim and sidle, after the fashion of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. So out of sheer delicacy I turned aside and directed my attention to the group of little maidens gathered round the chair next to mine, where numerous small heads packed close together, and tongues wagging in shrill tones, were discoursing and commenting upon a lot of colored prints laid out upon a chair before them. These colored prints, "for the improvement and edification of the rising generation of France," are all from the vile factory at Epinal. Gross in conception, horrible in execution, I could not but wonder as I gazed, that the French, who boast of their immense superiority in taste over every other nation, should risk the precious gift by suffering their children to imbibe such notions as those contained therein, or to contemplate the horrible illustrations used to render their immoral meaning as clear as possible to infantine capacity. The first sheet of flaming pictures represented "The Story of Finfin, Lirette, and Mirtis," in a series of twenty-five fiercely colored plates. An old woman's flock has strayed; she goes out in search of it, and finds three lovely children. She takes them home. Finfin the boy is just eight years old; he betrays such a marked preference for Lirette, that the old woman, believing them to be brother and sister, becomes quite uneasy at sight of their affection! and thinks it her duty to watch

them. Here the illustration, red, yellow, and pink, is of the old woman peeping over the hedge while Finfin, the boy of eight, is whispering to the girl of six. Then a good fairy tells the old woman that the pair are *not* brother and sister, and she has no longer any need to spy their actions as before. And so on to the end. The comment at the bottom of each picture is always clear, if not commendable. When these had been examined, a series of turning cards was exhibited. They all possessed the same tendency, and gave rise to the same ideas. One I remember well, as creating the utmost merriment amongst the little group. On one side of the card a lady seated on a sofa, with a lover on his knees before her, on the other a gentleman with his carpet-bag and umbrella. The card being held on each side by a string, and twirled rapidly round, the images on the two sides come together, and the exclamation printed beneath, "Oh Ciel! mon mari!" sufficiently explains the meaning of the picture. The little maidens seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, and to understand it too, and my mind reverted immediately to the nurse's song in the Petite Provence, "Qui frappe? qui frappe? mon mari est ici!"

Many other funny illustrations of the like tendency were submitted by the little girls to each other. But my attention was suddenly diverted from this minor peep-show of juvenile morals to the grander exhibition of the same on a more imposing scale, which was taking place among my friends Emmeline and Lucile, Malvina and Melanie, who, suddenly breaking up their game, rushed past me like the whirlwind. Away they flew, kicking up the sand, across the alley, towards the gate, uttering shrieks of delight, as their thin legs sped over the ground. "Les voici! Les voici!" was the cry, and presently approached a bevy of excited little Amazons, with much agitation of voice and gesture, much bobbing of feathers and fluttering of ribbons, who were literally rushing to the front with such a valiant charge, that no one dared to oppose their advance. Every girl carried a roll of copy-book, or else one of those black leather writing-cases which have grown almost a feature of the small girl population of Paris. These dauntless damsels seemed in as great a fever of ex-

citement as the young friends who had gone out in such frantic haste to meet them. "Victoire! victoire!" exclaimed they, as if with one voice; "we have won the day!" and straightway were copy-books and handkerchiefs tossed into the air: "Come along, dear friends, and hear the tale of our triumph!"

"Who are these young ladies?" inquired I of an elderly gentleman who sat near me, gazing on the scene with a sarcastic smile.

"They are the girls belonging to the 'Catechism' of St. Louis, the most fashionable of all. There has been a terrible schism in the chapel, and I am sorry to find that the sole individual possessed of the sense and reason indispensable for the government of the frothy mass of vanity and affectation of which our future wives and mothers are composed, should have been defeated."

I was not familiar with the Paris "Catechisms." I had beheld "the germ" in the Petite Provence, and was glad of the opportunity of contemplating "the bud and the blossom" at the same time, and to get initiated into the action of the Catechism upon the young girls of our generation. I listened, therefore, with the greatest attention to the next exclamation which escaped the breathless lips of the leader of the expedition: "Yes, dear friends; the Abbé Fauvel is beaten, and the Abbé de Villars reigns forever!" The announcement was received with a shrill scream of delight. "*A bas Fauvel!*" and "*Vive De Villars!*" burst from the dainty little throats with as much energy as the "*A bas l'Empereur!*" and "*Vive la République!*" a few weeks before by the *gamins* on the day of the *plébiscite*. And the clapping of hands and the skipping to and fro on the tips of the fashionable boots can better be imagined than described.

"But who dared to manage such an important matter as this?" cried a timid voice amongst the listeners.

"Oh, Hélène de Montraville, to be sure; you know she has vowed revenge against the Abbé Fauvel ever since he admitted the charity children to our class on the same day and hour as ourselves. Good heavens, mesdemoiselles! just fancy those nasty children from the Sisters' school, with their filthy cotton caps and clattering *sabots*, in *our* chapel! it was not to be borne." And the orator turned with a

gesture of infinite disgust, and spat upon the ground; and the whole bevy of little girls, in imitation of the master spirit, turned aside and spat upon the ground! Encouraged by this mark of adhesion, the orator continued: "Helène de Montraville refused to answer the Abbé Fauvel's question when it came to her turn to explain the mystery of the incarnation; and when he inquired the reason of this silence, she replied haughtily that she was waiting for the Abbé de Villars. Thereupon we all sat down convulsed with laughter at the Abbé Fauvel's astonishment, and the little red-haired 'Sisters' girl' burst into a howl of despair, for she had been the first in the class, and knew she would lose her place with the Abbé de Villars, who has no fancy for calico caps and clattering *sabots*." Here the speaker, pale with excitement, was forced to pause, and one of her companions, who had been on the watch, took up the wondrous tale in a deep, husky contralto voice, contrasting finely with the shrill tones of the former speaker. "And so the Abbé Fauvel was forced to retire, and the Abbé de Villars came forth, looking, oh! so sweetly, with his bran-new *soutane* and his lovely white hair, like floss silk, hanging over his shoulders. And he dismissed the 'Sisters' girls' at once, putting them off to another day. And when they were gone, he prayed so divinely! His lovely voice, how tender it seemed, after the rough, rude tones of that odious Fauvel. And then he bowed so gracefully all down the benches, and gave us one of his blandest allocutions, 'Love ye one another, even as Christ has loved you!' And it was heavenly to hear him imitating the bleating of the lambs in the meadows, who gambol together, and love each other, never caring whether their coats be white or black, or their wool soft or coarse. And he made us laugh so at the funny way in which he tried to show us how the lambkins frolic among the flowers, and the little birds whistle in the branches, when all is peace and harmony, as it should be, amongst Christians."

"And did he walk amongst you?" asked a listener, in an envious tone.

"Yes, he actually came down from the reading-desk, and glided amongst the benches, and we all gathered round him, and he was so much overcome with our welcome that he did not perceive how

Helène de Montraville had jumped upon the form and had drawn her scissors from her pocket, with which she had cut off a lock of the darling old Abbé's beautiful silver hair. But in her fright she let the scissors fall, and I picked them up, and quick as lightning snipped off a piece of his new *soutane*; and then all the girls along our form snipped off a piece wherever they could. So you can just imagine, when the dear old Abbé turned round, what a sight his bran-new *soutane* presented. For me, look here—I got the best of all—this bit of fringe from his sash, which I shall hoard and bless and pray to as long as I live."

And with this the little maiden pressed the precious relic to her lips, and kissed it with rapturous fervor; and then it was handed round. Each girl kissed it with closed eyes and bent forehead, murmuring a few inaudible words as she did so.

This little sensation closed the scene. The relic was replaced within the tight bodice of its owner, and in a few moments the Abbé Fauvel and all the religious scruples he had originated were forgotten. The knots of ribbon, the length of the feathers, the height of the heels worn by each of the girls, became the subjects of interest; and then a game was proposed. As in the Petite Provence, a *ronde* was chosen. The French display in childhood that same sociability which is characteristic of their race, and the favorite games are always those which demand the greatest number of players. As the gayly dressed, highly refined little band took their station side by side, holding each other by the hand, until the ring was completed, I became deeply interested through the mere instinct of comparison, sure of finding a favorable contrast to the *ronde* sung by the infantine population of the Petite Provence. "These are all of them girls of elegant and refined education," thought I; "from their rank they must have been protected from every kind of baleful influence. Their age, too, makes them almost what in England would already be called by strangers and dependents 'young ladies,' no longer absolute children. In a very few years they will be given in marriage; they will be wives and mothers as soon as a man rich enough can be found to suit their parents."

Much discussion had to be gone through before a choice could be made amongst

the various roundelays proposed. "La Tour prend garde" was voted too romping for tight sleeves, "La Marjolaine" too trying for high heeled boots, and some similar objection was raised against many others, until at length the small husky-voiced damsel who had related the unctuous portion of the Abbé de Villars' story and who was evidently of a melancholy turn of mind, proposed "The Old Woman's Burial" (*L'Enterrement de la Vieille*), by which no risk would be incurred to either flounce or feather. And so, after a general drawing themselves up to "settle" their waists, and bending forward to balance their *poufs*, and rising on tiptoe to feel their feet, the whole assembly started in quite as loud and joyous a manner as the Petite Provence had done before them; and, as I live! *this* was the song piped, rather out of tune it must be confessed, by the scions of the aristocracy:—

" 'Tis Paris, the gayest city of France,
For there the young men have the merriest dance;
They twirl, and they whirl the young lasses
among,
And they sing, while they turn, their merriest
song.
Old woman! old woman! begone, away!
The old and decrepit have had their day.

" An old woman gazed on the young fellows dancing,
And her sore eyes grew moist with their amorous
glancing;
She took by the hand the handsomest lad,
And swore he should kiss her, and make her heart
glad.
Old woman! old woman! begone, away!
The old and decrepit have had their day.

" Young fellow, young fellow! be not too rash,
The old woman's pockets are brimming with
cash.
'What! say you so, truly?' the young fellow
cried;
'Then old she *may* be, she shall still be my
bride.
Old woman! old woman! come back, come
back!
A husband is willing; no love shalt thou lack.'

" He open'd her mouth, but nothing he saw
Save three rotten teeth in her palsied jaw.
He tore off her cap—there was nought on her
head
But three long gray hairs which had once been
red.

" But he look'd in her coffers, well pleased to behold
Three bushels of silver, of jewels, and gold!
Then the young man return'd her amorous glance,
And led her forth, tottering, into the dance.

" He twirl'd her about, and toss'd her so high,
That her petticoats hither and thither did fly;
While vainly for mercy the old woman cried,
Till, faint and exhausted, she dropp'd down and
died.

" So the young man was freed from all burden
and sorrow:
She is wedded to-day—to be buried to-morrow.
Now a shroud of rich stuff, like her bridal robe,
bring,
And the nails for her coffin, of gold, like the
ring."

Pity had been mixed with the pain inspired by the babies' song in the Petite Provence concerning the "sweet penance" of the shepherd girl, but there was horror mingled with the disgust I now felt. The unconscious energy with which the dreadful words were uttered, the complete *abandon* with which the little maidens—all fashionable as they were—led away by the excitement of the game, skipped and frolicked as gayly as children of the *roture*, formed to my mind the only palliative to the poison which was emanating from those youthful lips. It was evident that Nature had resumed her right (she is always on the watch for the opportunity), and had created a momentary oblivion of high-heeled boots and Pompadour *poufs*, of the Abbé de Villar's perfections, and the Abbé Fauvel's deficiencies.

It must be confessed there was a total absence of all appreciation of the cruelty and immorality contained in the odious ditty they had been chanting. The girl who played the "old woman" was a fine, laughing creature, full of health and spirits, who created a roar of merriment by the display of the magnificent shower of golden locks as representing the three long gray hairs of the miserable victim, and the dazzling set of teeth which responded to the fangs in her palsied jaw. The laughter was so genuine that it seemed to obliterate at once all suspicion of even the seed of that corruption of which the words they had been singing seemed to imply the rankest and the foulest crop.

While the assembly of little girls, restored for a time to the animal spirits and exuberance of mirth consistent with their age, was still running in frantic eagerness to catch the Old Woman and bury her out of the ring, I turned away to seek a balm to my sickening soul in the solitude which existed round the two parallel enclosures, constructed by order of Robespierre in honor of the childhood of the Republic;

helpless human nature under every form, particularly the weakness of infancy, being considered the especial care of the nation. Some few poorly clad children were grubbing in the dirt round the enclosure. They were evidently tabooed by the juvenile aristocracy of the Parc des Princesses. One of them called out just as I approached, "Come back, Fanfan *cheri*; you know we are not to play in the Carré when the *belles demoiselles* are there." The child, duly warned, returned to his grubbing in the mud. I could not see his face, but that of the mother I shall never forget. She was sitting crouched up on the stone edge of the plantation; upon her knees was spread a sordid jacket she was mending. She raised her hand, armed with the scissors she was using, towards the Parc des Princesses, while a deadly scowl overspread her countenance; and the expression gave assurance that the feeling of hate and envy which animated the soul of Theroigne de Méricourt is still kept alive amongst the women of the working classes of Paris.

I leaned over the wire trellis which encloses the amphitheatre dedicated to the childhood of the Republic, and gazed first with delight upon the two exquisitely sculptured figures representing Atalanta and Hippomenes running their race, then looked earnestly at the marble steps of the hemicycle where Robespierre had once distributed with so much unctuous zeal the rewards of virtue and *innocence* to the offspring of Liberty. I fixed my gaze so earnestly on the place where he had stood, that I almost fancied I could behold him still standing there, and could imagine that amid the whispering of the holly leaves and ivy with which the fence is thickly planted I could hear the small nasal tones of his shrill feminine voice, as, raising to heaven the bough of laurel he carried in his hand, he thus spoke to the assembled people in the name of the children of their adoption:—

"The youth of a great nation should grow up in ignorance of all distinction save that of VIRTUE. Therefore it is de-

creed that from this day forth"—here the laurel bough was flourished high above the powdered perruque—"that Childhood, to whatever class it may belong, shall become the common care of the Republic. All children must be educated in common. The rich must be made to pay for the poor. Every act of virtue is to be rewarded. Let us leave individual wealth to tyrants. Glory alone should be the wealth of a Republic. The nation that knows how to honor true greatness will never be wanting in great actions nor in great men. But real glory is inseparable from virtue, and virtue therefore must be taught to all alike."

The speech has been preserved, but the sentiments have vanished. I must unconsciously have been repeating the high-flown rhetoric of the great Robespierre aloud, for it could not have been the echo of my thoughts alone which saluted my ear in a cold laugh close beside me. I turned and beheld the long, thin figure of the gentleman who had been seated next to me under the chestnut trees. The *ronde* of the "Old Woman" had begun again, and the harsh tones of the juvenile singers reached us even through the thickness of the leafy wall against which we were standing. "The man was right!" he exclaimed abruptly, as he pointed to the empty space at the top of the marble steps where the thin spare form of Robespierre, with the laurel branch in his hand and the usual nosegay at his button-hole, had stood on the memorable occasion of the Feast of Childhood. I did not answer, but placed my hands to my ears to shut out the horrid sounds which rose higher, and higher as the "Old Woman" was whirled her giddy round; and as I walked towards the gate I sought in vain a solution to the great problem which had been enacting thus before me. I had beheld the germ, the bud, the blossom,—and trembled sorely to think what must be the flower and the fruit when fully ripened and developed in the hotbed amid which they had been so strangely planted.

Chambers's Journal.

THE KEMBLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.—SARAH.

ROGER KEMBLE, who was born in Hereford in 1721, was reported in the theatrical profession to have begun life as a hair-dresser, an occupation afterwards ascribed, in its humbler condition of barber, to the husband of his famous daughter, and probably as little true in the one case as in the other. He became, after much poverty and struggle, the manager of a strolling company whose "circuit" comprised the counties of Stafford, Gloucester, and Warwick. He claimed for himself the blood of a gentle race; he certainly possessed courteous manners, a dignified appearance, fine features, and an ambition to make his children honorable and well-educated members of society; and the amiable weakness which made him wish that people should believe he had had ancestors, is readily pardoned to a man who had such descendants as Sarah Siddons and John Philip Kemble. He married, much before his comparatively prosperous days, Sally Ward, the handsome daughter of an Irish actor, who was also the manager of a strolling company, and who strongly objected to the match. But Mr. Ward, like other fathers before and since, had to give in, and avenged himself by remarking that Sally had not disobeyed him; he had not wished her to marry an actor, and Roger Kemble assuredly was not one. Roger Kemble remembered the epigram, and when, in the reprisals of fate, his own beautiful and gifted daughter married Mr. Siddons, he repeated it, at the expense of his own son-in-law. Roger was gifted with good sense and good-humor; his handsome wife finds but little mention in the family annals,* but Mr. Fitzgerald says: "Those who met her in after-life, a venerable matron, saw in her the stately peculiarities of both her children—the severe diction of the son, with the elaborate elocution of the daughter, set off, however, with a flow of spirits which neither possessed." They had twelve children, of whom Sarah, born in 1755, was the eldest; and John Philip,

born in 1757, the second. Mrs. Siddons had been playing *Belvidera* only a few years or so before the birth of John Philip. An equally dramatic propriety marked the appearance of the future Mrs. Siddons on the scene; she was born immediately after her mother had left the little theatre at Kington in Herefordshire, where she had been playing *Anne Boleyn*.

Sarah Kemble was a clever child, and her mother took care to procure for her a decent education, after a desultory manner, by sending her to sundry respectable day-schools in the towns comprised in the circuit. She early proved herself a good hand at private theatricals, and even more humble, but useful talent for devising effective and economical stage costumes. She helped the meagre exchequer at a very early age, but is some obscurity as to the parts she acted. Tradition has it that her first appearance was in a barn at the back of Bell Inn at Stourbridge, when some company were quartered in the neighborhood giving gaol services. It was said that she brought down fits of laughter at the most tragic moments to the unmeasured indignation of the tatty tragedian who was playing *Wallenstein*. The piece was the *Grecian Doctor*. John Philip was also receiving a desultory education of a similar sort, but he was pressed into the service on occasion.

At Worcester, February 12, 1767, we find the first mention of Mr. Siddons in his position of very thorough insignificance, which indeed seems to have stuck to him through life. He played James, 1st Duke of Richmond, in the tragedy of *Charles*, and the play-bill is a curiosity, of variety beside which the happiest notions of Mr. Crummles are tame. In announcing that "the characters be dressed in ancient habits, according to the fashion of those times." The Princess Elizabeth was played by Sarah Kemble, aged twelve, who was advertised to sing between the scenes. These strollers were honest, hard-working people; and the child thus early work never lost her habit of industry and money-getting, or the sense that to succeed in the first, foremost, unremitting, even

* *The Kembles, an Account of the Kemble Family, including the Lives of Mrs. Siddons, and her Brother, John Philip Kemble.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Tinsley.

ing necessity of life. A short time afterwards, John Philip was sent to a Catholic seminary, to be educated for the priesthood, at Sedgeley Park. He remained there four years, and afterwards went to Douai, but subsequently abandoned the idea of taking holy orders. In the mean time, Sarah was being taught music, reading Milton and other poets, and cultivating her fine powers of elocution. She was wonderfully handsome, and much admired, and she formed an attachment to Siddons, as unaccountable and natural, as the almost invariable blunders of the heart made by women of genius. The man was good-looking, and generally useful in a strolling company, playing anything that came to hand, indifferently in all senses, and made an impression on his manager's daughter. Her parents did not like the match, and Miss Kemble was not obstinate about it at first. Mr. Siddons was dismissed, but injudiciously permitted to take a farewell benefit, at which he entertained the Brecon public with his love-troubles, recited in doggerel verse. His woes excited the sympathy of his audience, and his impudence the anger of Mrs. Kemble, who waited at the wings for his exit, and then boxed his ears.

Miss Kemble, who had just refused a Welsh squire, was sent into Mrs. Greatheed's service, in Warwickshire, in a much-disputed capacity, which, however, seems to have been that of lady's-maid—no real derogation, considering the relative position of mistress and maid a century ago, and that, only a very short time before, the maid, in a great family, was thought to be an equal match for the chaplain, while a strolling player was an Ishmaelite as much in the eyes of the law as in those of society. During this time her employers discovered her talent, and she probably realized it. She remained faithful to Siddons, who contrived to see her several times, and finally she eloped with him—the marriage taking place at Trinity Church, Coventry, in 1773—the only romantic incident in her sober, hard-working, money-making, money-loving life. The newly married couple went to Wolverhampton, thence to Cheltenham, where Mrs. Siddons' performance of Belvidera, witnessed by some great folk who had come to laugh at the strollers' burlesque of a tragedy, sent the ladies into fits of crying, and won her the first introduction

into the higher classes of society, on the footing of friendship afterwards to be extended to the Kemble family to an extent difficult to be comprehended by snobs of the past and present school. Provincial audiences recognized the genius of the young and beautiful actress with the noble features, and the eyelashes like curled fur; who, in long subsequent years, narrated her ideas and practice of the dramatic art in a little picture which shows what a genuine and powerful instinct was within her, while she was leading her homely, laborious life, giving earnest of the great future. It is the story of her first acquaintance with Lady Macbeth.

“It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear for the first time in this part, I shut myself up as usual, when all the family had retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head, for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree which made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day, I rose to resume my task; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.”

Mrs. Siddons, with all her genius, her grandeur, her high and enthusiastic estimate of the poetical aspects of her art,

never lost sight of the fact that it was "business" and "bread-winning," and never believed herself to have attained her ideal. The steadiest, most real, most matter-of-fact of women, she led a double life—in one, she soared to the highest regions of poetry; in the other, she resolutely drudged through a prosaic existence with an exacting, selfish, and depreciatory husband, without talent or opportunity to take the leading share in the provision for a numerous family.

In 1775, when Mrs. Siddons was playing at Cheltenham, Garrick, to whom Lord Bruce had praised her highly, sent King down to see her. He reported favorably; and Garrick, just then nearly worried to death by Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and Miss Younge, offered her an engagement at five pounds a week. She was delighted, and confident of success, though she did not admit that she felt so until long afterwards. She made her first appearance in a spectacular piece, representing Shakspearean characters called the *Jubilee*, and Garrick inflamed the wrath of the rival actresses against her by giving her the part of Venus. Little Thomas Dibdin played Cupid; and it was characteristic of her collectedness and strict attention to her business, that she kept him smiling by whispered promises of bon-bons. Garrick paid her marked attention, and shielded her with all his power from the "histrionic viragoes, her position among whom was enough to chill any heart." They tried to prevent the audience seeing her, by getting before her on the stage; but Garrick took care to bring her well down to the front. It is not possible to impute blame to Garrick in the events which ensued, or to hold Mrs. Siddons guiltless of unmerited bitterness and spite towards him. She played Portia, was nervous, awkward, inaudible, and ill-dressed, and was not a success. She played Julia, and was a decided failure. Garrick seems to have been ignorant of her tragic powers, and persisted in putting her into comedy parts. She never was a comedian. Garrick was now giving his farewell performances, and he gave her an opening in a tragic part—Lady Anne—a selection which was indeed an honor. "On this occasion the great actor surpassed himself. It was admitted to be a performance almost awful for its savage intensity. The fire of

his eyes struck terror into the young tress. She forgot his important direction—that she should keep her back stage, so that *his* face might be presented to the audience—and received a look of rebuke, that she thought she have fainted on the spot. She was edged over in silence by all the critics; and one, who pronounced her 'lamentable.' This was her last appearance; and the unfortunate circumstances of the engagement filled her with misplaced unmerited wrath and bitterness towards Garrick, unworthy of her, and injurious to her memory.

Garrick retired, having promised his interest with the new managers on her behalf, and she worked hard all the summer at Birmingham. She was about turning to town, when she received an official letter from Drury Lane, announcing that the managers had no occasion for her services. "This terrible blow killed her," says Mr. Fitzgerald. Grief, disappointment, the thought of her children, the mortification, utterly crushed her, who was little more than a young woman in years and disposition. There is a thing very pathetic in the way she lived long after, her wretched situation; she spoke of her 'helpless babes,' for the sake she gallantly and despairingly tempted to rouse herself, though she thought to be in a decline. 'My errors,' she says, 'were blessed with success, in spite of the degradation I have suffered in being banished from Drury Lane as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune.'

Mrs. Siddons set herself to conquer great trouble bravely. In 1777 she played a number of characters more melodramatic than Shakspearean at Manchester, and made a great impression, and from this time she began to attract a circle of fashionable friends, who, it may be said, were also steady, probably because she was destined to be the fashion for a long time. Mr. Wilkinson, the most important country manager in England, offered her an engagement at the York theatre, and she distanced all competitors, though her wretched health and worn out wit were against her; and where "all lifted up their voices in astonishment that such a voice should be heard, and such a judgment should have been uttered by a London audience." In 1778 she was playing at Bath, on a sa-

three pounds a week, laboring with heroic courage, conscientiously striving to improve herself and please the public, and making friends everywhere. Her wonderful performance of tragedies brought them into fashion. She played Juliet, Isabella, Jane Shore, the Queen in *Hamlet*, the Mourning Bride, and many others. Another child was born. "When I recollect all my toil of mind and body," she says, "I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it, interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and the childish sports of my little ones—often rebuked for interrupting their mother's studies."

In 1780, she brought out her sister, Miss Fanny Kemble. Her husband played minor parts: Mrs. Summers, of the Bath company, said "he was a bad actor, but an excellent judge, always drilling her, and very cross at any failure." At last, her fame reached London; and in 1782, the managers of Drury Lane offered her an engagement.

Mrs. Siddons has told the story of her reappearance on the scene of her former failure with much simplicity and modesty. She had set herself to confute the verdict she knew to be unjust by sheer drudgery, and she did it, at the cost of tremendous toil—dreadful days and nights of terror and suspense. She had much to depress, and little to encourage her, but one circumstance offered a good omen. She was to play Isabella; and her little boy, who was to be her child in the piece, was so affected by her acting at rehearsal, that he took the whole for reality, and burst into the most passionate floods of tears, thinking he was about to lose his mamma. This satisfactory proof of effect deeply impressed the actors and managers, and Sheridan had the story conveyed to friendly newspapers.

Her first appearance was on the 10th October, 1782. Roger Kemble came to town to be, as she says, "a witness of her trial." He accompanied her to her dressing-room at the theatre, and there left her. "I was," she says, "in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, and completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly." All the world knows the story of that great triumph, how she took entire possession of her

vast audience, how the exquisite sweetness of her tones went to every heart, how men wept, and women went into hysterics, and how the passionate bursts of applause interrupted every speech of hers in the last act. Her seven years' training had had its fruit; and the hard-working woman, with her intense sense of duty, her deep-rooted maternal instincts, and her matter-of-fact industry, deserved it well. This is her own account of the home-scene that night: "I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half-dead, and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamation of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection (who can conceive the intense-ness of that reverie?), fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose, alert in mind and body." It is good to see how her heart turned to her friends at Bath. The letters the great actress wrote at this time do her disposition as much honor as all the world of London was doing her genius. Fame and money came to her rapidly. Her first short season brought her fifteen hundred pounds. All the great world flocked to call on her. The king and the royal family took a deep interest in her, which never flagged. The queen put her son's name down on her list for the Charter-house, and Hamilton painted her picture, which all the world flocked to see, and weep before. After eighty nights' wailing, mourning, and raging in every phase of histrionic affliction, the actress's London season closed; but, instead of resting, she started immediately on a laborious but profitable country tour, after which she was to appear in Dublin, where her brother, John Philip Kemble, was now playing with no very marked success.

Daly, the Dublin manager, disliked

both the brother and sister ; sundry inconveniences attended the arrival of Mrs. Siddons ; the press was not carried by storm, and dared to quiz the great actress, and burlesque the popular enthusiasm ; the public, though delighted with her, were not to be turned against Mrs. Crawford, an old favorite, and an actress of extraordinary merit, who had been taught by Garrick. Mrs. Siddons' character, cautious, money-loving, narrow, was antipathetic to the Irish people, with all their appreciation of her genius. She had no comprehension of their humor, and no sympathy with them, and they never liked her. Nothing ever shook their belief in her meanness ; and, indeed, the rebutting case attempted by Mr. Fitzgerald breaks down notably. Caricatures, illustrative of this detestable quality, were lavishly produced in Dublin, which might have been withheld had it been as clearly understood then as we see it now, that Mrs. Siddons was an overworked woman, incessantly urged to exertion by a rapacious and selfish husband. The London season of seven months brought her in two thousand pounds. During the rest of the year she was rushing about the provinces, seeking eagerly for engagements at country theatres. This system, which had never before been adopted by any artist of rank, she pursued for years, and she was in consequence very unpopular with the profession, whose meagre pastures she thus swept wholesale. Her avidity for money was rendered more displeasing by her want of dignity on the subject. She incessantly and bitterly complained of the exhaustion consequent on these excursions ; and she was always putting forth her children as excuses, so that it actually became a jest with the newspapers "as to those three children and a husband" whom Mrs. Siddons was obliged to support. The more she made the more grasping she became ; and in her first negotiation with Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, she exhibited a "smartness" which was not forgotten in her, though she won the plaudits of a Scotch audience, then supposed to be thoroughly unimpressible by dramatic ability. On her second visit to Ireland, her personal unpopularity got the better of her dramatic fame, and she had a great deal to suffer and live down.

On 2d February, 1784, Mrs. Siddons

made her first appearance as Lady Macbeth, a character which she had studied, as her notes show, on the truest principles, weighing, comparing, experimenting, until she had worked out a grand, consistent, and truly effective theory of it. As she said herself, one could give the feelings of a wife or mother from personal experience, but with this wonderful character there were no precedents to follow—it must be an effort of the judgment. Her success was marvellous ; the play was a splendid triumph, and Mrs. Siddons' departure from the "business," as laid down by Mrs. Pritchard, was hailed with enthusiastic approbation. Her next great achievement was playing Desdemona to John Philip Kemble's Othello, with a softness and winning grace that actually drew the affections of her audience to her. She was, however, said Mr. Boaden, "too heroic in her person to give the character with all effect." Desdemona's stage bed was damp, and Mrs. Siddons got rheumatic fever. When she recovered, she tried comedy, playing Rosalind and Mrs. Lovemore, and if not quite failing in both, not quite succeeding in either. Imogen, Cordelia, and Ophelia were characters unsuited to her.

In July, 1785, after a laborious provincial tour, she was playing at Edinburgh, where her success was again amazing. A terrible scene occurred during her performance of Isabella. When the actress uttered her piteous cry : "O my Biron !" Miss Gordon of Gight made the house resound with her fearful shrieks, repeating the words : "O my Biron !" and was carried out still screaming. This lady became the mother of Lord Byron, who at one time affected to spell his name "Biron." Lady Grey of Gask told Mr. Robert Chambers that she could never forget that cry of Mrs. Siddons : "O my Biron !" In 1788, Kemble became manager of Drury Lane, and Mrs. Siddons' fame, fortune, and popularity were at their height. Her Queen Katherine and Volumnia belong to this era.

The great actress, whose heart was always full of the home from which she was so constantly wandering, and the children whom she had so frequently to leave, began to suffer from *ennui* and heart-sickness in the midst of the triumphs which never satisfied her, except by their pecuniary results. But severe loss, through the

unprincipled conduct of Sheridan, befell her; and this was followed by the death of her beloved daughter, Maria, of consumption, brought on by an unhappy attachment to Lawrence the painter, who, after engaging her affections, transferred his own to her sister. Maria Siddons died in 1798; and her mother's agony of grief was intensified by signs of the same malady in the case of her second daughter. Then came more success, harder work, increasing demands for money from Mr. Siddons, exhausting journeys, large earnings, and incessant anxiety, calumny, ridicule, and a cruel deception. While she was at Cork, whither she had gone alone, her daughter's state became desperate, and Mr. Siddons concealed the fact from her, lest she should resign her engagement, and forfeit the money by returning home. She casually learned the truth, started at once, and on her arrival at Shrewsbury learned that her child was dead! There had never been much sympathy between her and her husband, and thenceforth there was to be less. She was quite prostrated by the blow for a time, but she had to think of her engagement at Covent Garden, "for a decent period of mourning is not among the privileges of the player."

In 1807, she went to Bath, to see her

husband, and then to Edinburgh, to work as usual. In March, 1808, he died. It is curious to contrast her philosophic regret for her husband with her despair at the loss of her child; none the less curious because he certainly did not deserve more than philosophic regret.

In 1812, having saved twenty thousand pounds, though Mr. Siddons' speculations had swallowed up much of her earnings, and Sheridan's bankruptcy much more, Mrs. Siddons determined to retire from the stage. She was not yet sixty years old, but she was weary and corpulent. She longed for this retirement, and yet, like Garrick, she dreaded it. On the 29th of June, she took her leave of the stage in the character of Lady Macbeth. The excitement was tremendous; and at the end of the "sleep-walking scene," the audience stood on the benches, and insisted on the play ending there. The curtain fell, and when it rose again, the great actress was discovered dressed in white, and sitting at a table. She received an impassioned greeting, and delivered a farewell address, written by her nephew, Mr. Horace Twiss. Her brother John came forward, and led her away; the curtain descended slowly, and that long career of toil, success, weariness, and greatness came to an end.

St. Paul's.

HAWTHORNE'S FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS.

THE interest which men of letters especially, but also every lay admirer of Hawthorne, have taken in the reading of his Note-Books, will find a fresh stimulus in the present volumes,* which, it is understood, will close the series. They complete that revelation of the man and his method which the admiration excited by his works imperatively demanded. We see here the same faithful and unassuming observation of men and nature which marks the American Note-Books, but carried to greater perfection. Like the English Notes, these are less fragmentary and disconnected than the American, showing by their continuity of style the increasing inner demand of the author for rotundity and unity in everything the least that he wrote. The polished skill with

which he brings before us the greater or smaller objects of note along the route seems to reach the summit of artistic power. There is an interval of nearly twenty-three years between the date of the first entry in the American journals and that which heads the present volumes; but no diminution of force or refinement is visible in the operations of the writer's mind. They bring us, in the annals of Hawthorne's thought, to within a few years of his death, and show that to the last he was enlarging and putting forth—a growing man.

The observation during the journey to Rome—his stay in Paris being brief—is rather more external than otherwise. He catches with miraculous ease the appearance and surface charm of things; but can pierce with equal power to their heart, embodying in language their most intan-

* London: Strahan & Co.

gible glamor. There is no straining after novelty ; he never loses his simple, dignified identity in the mask of caricatured sensation, as travel-writers are too wont. The charm of this book is very simple : it consists only in the fact that, professing to be Hawthorne, it is Hawthorne, and neither an infusion of other minds dipped out with his own pen upon the page, nor a spicy decoction from the clear fluid of his real, simple impressions.

The notes of his experience while dwelling in Rome and Florence deserve admiration for more than this trueness to himself—the clear insight which they display in various subjects, the calm and trenchant precision with which his speculations go to the root of fifty different matters. There is in general throughout the book a more diversified mental activity and a greater play of fancy than in the English Note-Books. This fact is in consonance with the different character of the work inspired by Italian influence and that which was the product of English soil. “Our Old Home” is a collection of articles dealing chiefly with local English topics, and treated with solid reality in the author’s most genial mood ; while “The Marble Faun,” better known in England as “Transformation,” is a profound speculation in human nature, under the garb of a most picturesque and imaginative romance. There is, perhaps, no more delicate comment on the exquisite sensibility of Hawthorne than this, that he should be so open to climatic influence in his writing. The quality of his genius may be compared to that of a violin, which owes its fine properties to the seasoning of tempered atmospheres, and transmits a thrill of sunshine through the vibrations of its resonant wood : his utterances are modulated by the very changes of the air. It is a pleasure to mark the responses of this finely-poised mind to each and every impression. The alternate insight and self-criticism with which he views the famous art in Italian galleries show how loyal he was with himself to the truth. He never goes against his grain to admire the prescribed, nor will he assume that his own judgment is correct. The questionings with which he qualifies each opinion advanced show us the smelting process by which he extracted truth by grains from the uncertain ore of thought. He turns a statement over and over,

handles it in all moods, before he can consent to take a solid grasp, and incorporate it as belief. The flow of his thought includes both poles, as where he says : “Classic statues escape you, with their slippery beauty, as if they were made of ice. Rough and ugly things can be clutched. This is nonsense, and yet it means something.” One must admire the frankness with which he disapproves superannuated pictorial art. Blotted and scaling frescoes hurt his mind, he says, in the same manner that dry-rot in a wall will impart disease to the human frame. In Rome he recoils as if wounded from certain dingy picture-frames and unvarnished pictures. On this point we must quote, to be fair, from the editor’s note in explanation. She says :—“Mr. Hawthorne’s inexorable demand for perfection in all things leads him to complain of grimy pictures, and tarnished frames, and faded frescoes, distressing beyond measure to eyes that never failed to see everything before them with the keenest apprehension. The usual careless observation of people, both of the good and the imperfect, is much more comfortable in this imperfect world. But the insight which Mr. Hawthorne possessed was only equalled by his oversight, and he suffered in a way not to be readily conceived from any failure in beauty—physical, moral, or intellectual. It may give an idea of this exquisite nicety of feeling to mention that one day he took in his fingers a half-bloomed rose, without blemish, and smiling with an infinite joy, remarked, ‘This is perfect. On earth only a flower is perfect.’”

The present volumes do not afford so many of those quaint suggestions for tale or romance which made a chief charm of the American Note-Books. In accounting for this, something may be allowed to the advancing age of the writer, and something to the rapid change of scene during travel, and the multitude of fleeting impressions showered upon the mind in sight-seeing. But from other sources it may be proved that the number of ideas intended to subtend future fiction was at this period in fact multiplied. Their absence from the journals must be ascribed to the natural increase of a tendency on the part of the author to expend all the labor in his journals upon materialities, actualities—upon the description of multiform nature,

human and physical, and art, rather than upon imperfect hints at the dreams yet to be embodied. There is, we may conjecture, a more decided consciousness that the idea of a poet must develop itself in poem or tale much as the soul develops itself in a human body, and that for this reason he will do well to concern himself chiefly with producing the work's grosser substance, sure that the essence will imbue it, as certainly as the soul a new body.

No one falls more completely under the head of ideal writers than Hawthorne. At

the same time, no one has more devotedly subjected himself to the study of Nature in her every manifestation. What can surpass the delicate and wise humor of his study of pigs at Brook Farm, or the delicious reality of the ancient hens in the Pyncheon Garden? Hawthorne, in short, is a complete type of the artist, learning Nature accurately, rooting his whole mental system in the solid foundation of the broad earth and its everyday life, yet projecting in his works an ideal truth that branches into airiest space.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE VOYAGE AND LOSS OF THE "MEGÆRA."

"SHE was an unlucky ship." This is said of H.M.S. *Megæra*, the loss of which vessel has been occupying public attention for some months of late. There is no denying she was an unpopular ship, and had earned for herself a reputation for discomfort. She had been a troop-ship; and officers and soldiers who had sailed in her had generally grumbled over the accommodation. This time she was not exactly acting as a troop-ship; she had passengers on board, but they were all blue-jackets—relief crews for the *Blanche* and *Rosario*, two ships to be re-commissioned in Australia, instead of coming home. Captain Thrupp was appointed to the command, and on out-arrival at Sydney he was to exchange with Captain Montgomerie, of the *Blanche*. The *Megæra* had also a quantity of stores on board, for Ascension, the Cape of Good Hope, and Sydney. There had been much grumbling before she started, and still more when she was obliged to put into Queenstown, three days after leaving Plymouth, to refit. She had encountered stormy weather, and it had made her deficiencies more evident. It was said she was overloaded, overcrowded, and leaky. The men were discontented, and no wonder, for the main-deck, where they lived and slept, was ten inches deep in water, and their kits were wet through and spoilt. Thirty boys, sent on board in a hurry at Plymouth, had not even hooks to sling up their hammocks. Seasick, soaked and miserable, they were not likely to forget their first voyage at sea. The officers were not satisfied, for thirty-

three had to be contented with the accommodation for twenty-two; their cabins were flooded with water, and, for want of store-room, their mess-traps were broken and their stores soaked. This was a bad beginning; however, the captain, of course, reported defects, newspapers published complaints, and questions were asked in Parliament. In consequence, the Port-Admiral inspected the "unlucky ship," and many of the evils were remedied. A hundred tons of the cargo were landed, the troop-deck cleared for the berths of the men, and new cabins built for the officers. The leaky ports were repaired, and the removal of part of the stores having lightened her, she was not so likely to ship water. On the 14th of March—the Admiral having pronounced her ready for sea—the *Megæra* sailed from Queenstown. We had light, fair winds nearly all the way across the Bay of Biscay, and the ship behaved much better, was easier in a sea-way, and steered better. We arrived at Madeira on the 21st, just as the equinoctial gales were beginning. We were all much more comfortable on board, and determined to make the best of everything and enjoy ourselves. One evening we had great amusement harpooning porpoises; they all, however, escaped before we could haul them in, the ship was going so fast through the water. We had a drum-and-fife band on board, which played very well, and a couple of fiddlers, and also an harmonium, which we used in the service on Sunday. Some of the men had very fair voices, and were not unused to a choir, so the chants and hymns were

well executed. A stiff gale was blowing all the while we were in harbor at Madeira, and we stayed there a day or two longer in consequence. One evening we had a grand performance on board. First, some conjuring from the Great Wizard of the South—a sergeant of marines—who performed very cleverly, doing the bottle-trick, burning handkerchiefs and restoring them, firing watches from pistols, etc. etc. After that, we had singing, clog-dancing, fencing, and orchestral music. The very day we sailed from Madeira the equinoctial gales ceased blowing. At St. Vincent we stopped a day and a half to coal; we took in a new passenger—a good-tempered monkey, who came on board; the owner followed, but could not catch him, so he went on with us to Ascension, where we landed him. By this time, we had all settled down sociably together, croaking had ceased, and, as the captain encouraged employments and amusements among the men, many entertainments took place, which promoted contentment and good feeling. Besides the conjurer and the drum-and-fife band, there was a troop of Christy Minstrels, and we found some respectable performers on the flute, accordion, and cornet, among the crew. The officers got up entertainments for the men, after the fashion of the Penny Readings, so popular now on shore for winter evenings. On the first occasion the captain made a speech, praising the men for the efforts they had made to amuse their shipmates and enliven the monotony of the long voyage, and saying, that as all deserved encouragement who exerted themselves to promote the happiness of others, the officers would now endeavor to do their best, following the example set them by the men. Tremendous applause followed, and we certainly had most attentive audiences for our entertainments, which were given on Thursdays when the weather permitted. We had pretty fair weather on the whole, occasionally very cold, but the wind was against us, and we made but slow progress. Our best run was on the 13th of May, when we made 211 miles in twenty-four hours. This gale found out the weak points in the rigging, and many ropes were carried away. We arrived at the Cape, notwithstanding, all safe, and there refitted, coal-ed, and landed some of the stores; and had a very pleasant time while completing

these operations, some of the officers making excursions on shore, playing cricket-matches, or shooting. We left the Cape on the 28th of May. "Sunday sail, never fail," as the sailors say,—but good luck did not attend it this time. The old *Megæra* went away at a good pace, with a fair wind; we were all in good spirits, hoping to reach Australia in thirty-five days, quick enough to carry them news from England.

It was on June 8th that our troubles began. It was a dark night, a heavy sea was running, and we were going nine knots, when the butcher fell overboard. One man thought he heard a splash, another had seen a marine go forward; but it was not ascertained that any one was missing for ten minutes or so, when we had gone over a mile from the spot. The wind was against us, no life-buoy had been let go; so it would have been mere mockery to heave to, and lower a boat, risking twelve men's lives to save one, who must probably have already perished. Nothing could be done; but the incident cast a gloom over our spirits. In the middle of the night the captain was aroused to be told the ship had sprung a leak, and that there were seventeen inches of water in the hold. The donkey-pump was at once manned, and for a time we gained on the leak. Great was the consternation that spread through the ship, when all heard the intelligence next morning. Rumor exaggerated the calamity, and it was said there were three feet of water in the hold, and the ship beginning to sink. We were 1,600 miles from any land, about midway between the Cape and St. Paul's, a small rocky island in the Indian Ocean; but the wind was foul for returning, so it seemed best to press on with all speed. Each day the leak increased. More pumps were manned, without being able to keep the water under; then a party was employed baling, hoisting up the water in iron buckets all day long to the sound of fife and fiddle: sixty buckets an hour. The engineers were crawling all about the ship's bottom, under water half the time, in search of the leak. The horrid wash of the water from side to side, as the ship rolled, was enough to make your ~~fish~~ creep, and still the water gained on us. So we got up steam and used the bilge-pumps; these were more effectual, but

necessitated our shortening sail, lest, while using steam, we should overrun our screw. Our great object was to push on as fast as we could to St. Paul's for safety; however, it was no use sailing quickly if we could not keep down the water; unless the pumps acted, we should go down to a certainty, in spite of all haste, before reaching the island. It was on the 13th of June, about eleven o'clock at night, that the engineer on watch announced he had found the leak. The captain and chief engineer at once examined it and consulted together. The only way to see it was to lie down, and put your head through a small hole, turn it round (with the water washing close to your nose), and look to the left. About seven feet to the left was the water squirting up with great force, like the fountain from a fire-plug in the street when turned on. It was under the coal-bunker; and the only way to get at it, was to cut a hole through the iron girder large enough to put a hand through. It took twenty-four hours' hard work to make this hole; and, meantime, the engineers hopefully pronounced that the leak was only produced by a rivet dropping out. This might soon be stopped; so the idea caused great cheerfulness: but, alas, our spirits soon fell again, when the work was complete and the leak could be examined. It was not a rivet-hole, but a plate that had given way. It was much worn and thin, nearly eaten through by rust in several places; the edges of the hole were quite sharp, like the blade of a knife, and might easily be bent by the fingers. An iron plate was prepared, faced with gutta-percha, to be placed on and secured against the leak,—but we dared not press it home, for fear of forcing out the whole plate, and then we should have sunk in a few minutes. While the engineers were at work at this, other hands were busy "thrumming a sail," that is, making it into a sort of door-mat, by doubling it, stabbing it, and drawing through the holes short bits of untwisted rope; afterwards it is tarred, doubled, and put over the leak. This expedient works well if the leak is in the bows of the ship; for then, as the vessel goes through the sea, the action of the water presses the thrummed sail into closer contact; but in the situation of the leak in the *Megara*, exactly the reverse would occur; the action of the water would have tend-

ed to pull it away from the hole. We had, fortunately, a diver's dress on board, intended for the use of the *Blanche*, whose screw would have to be repaired under water if any mischance occurred to it. The captain made the diver try the dress now, and saw that it was ready for use, that there might be no delay in sending him down when we should reach the island; and another plate was prepared similar to the first, with a spindle to it, which could be put through the leak from the outside, and then screwed to the inside plate with a nut. We were still pushing on with all possible speed for St. Paul's through a tremendous gale of wind, every one looking black and unhappy, the leak continually reported as gaining, and more men wanted at the pumps, till at last every officer, man, and boy was told off to take his spell at the work.

About seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th of June, it was judged we must be approaching St. Paul's, and we therefore shortened sail, and prepared to heave-to. We had hardly done so, when it came on to blow a perfect hurricane, and the night was dark as pitch. Nothing more could be done, and we were all worn out with hard work, so in spite of our anxiety we turned in to get some rest, and recruit for the toils to-morrow might bring. The morning broke wild and stormy; little could be descried through the squalls of rain, when suddenly a cloud lifted astern, and there was the blessed island, the haven of our rest, not quite nine miles off. Never did distressed seamen hail land with greater delight than we did the sight of that dear little island. The sea was very high, huge waves rolling, but off we went full speed, and presently shot into smooth water under the lee of the land. The diver was sent down at once to survey the leak from the outside, and report on it, while the engineers examined the inside more thoroughly. Two hours afterwards we found ourselves drifting away from the shore, the anchor was weighed, and it was discovered to have lost both flukes,—the shank had broken in the middle. We steamed in again rather closer, and anchored for the second time; the squalls of wind and rain were very heavy, blowing the surf into the air in whirlwinds, like dust on a March day. The bottom was very rocky, thinly covered with black sand, and we were com-

pelled to steam to ease the cable. The engineers reported very badly of the ship. Not only was the whole of the plate in which the leak occurred thin and corroded, liable to give way at any moment, but the iron girders which formed the framework of the ship (corresponding to the ribs of a wooden ship) were eaten away by rust, and separated from the bottom, which they ought to have supported. Another trouble arose: the pumps at which the men were incessantly working, and the action of which kept us afloat, were now frequently choked with pieces of iron from the rotten girders. Constantly, both in the day and night, they had to be cleared, the valves being taken off. Next came the diver's report of the state outside the ship. He said many places were nearly leaks from rust and age; and he could easily have picked through the iron plates with his knife, but "thought it was not right." The attempt at mending the hole was made, however, and for a short time seemed successful, but before long the water came in as fast as ever, perhaps from some fresh leak. There was no possibility of giving it more attention, for the stormy weather continued, and we were in imminent danger. The anchorage was so bad, that anchor after anchor gave way, and the ship was driven in nearly on the rocks; once we were only saved by going full speed astern, with all steam, which just carried her off again. We had understood that the captain, up to this time, was still hoping to be able to proceed to Australia if he could stop the leak; of course, had he so decided, we should all have done our duty; but there was hardly a man in the ship who did not believe she might go down at any moment with us all. It was a great relief, therefore, when on Sunday morning, having turned all hands up and read the service, the captain announced that we were to abandon the leaky old craft and land on St. Paul's. How the men cheered! And how hard we all worked, officers as well as men, hoisting our boats and provisions and making a raft to convey the stores to land. By dark we had landed most of our provisions. We found two Frenchmen living on the island—for it is a whaling and fishing station; and there were sundry old sheds and huts which had been used for salting fish or boiling oil—on the only spot of

level ground, on the left side of the crater basin. The shape of the island is like a sailor's collar; the space occupied by the neck in the latter representing the crater lake, the ridge where it folds over the high cliff surrounding the basin, and the tie connecting it the reef or bar stretching across the entrance. Imagine that the said cliffs rise steeply to the height of 860 feet round the inside of the crater, and slope downward gradually to the outer or west side of the island, and a fair idea may be formed of St. Paul's.

On the 19th, the weather was worse than ever: we were close to the rocks: our third anchor had broken, and we had but one left, we kept under steam therefore. Twice we were nearly lost; the squalls were so heavy we could not keep our position. Our decks were covered with casks, but the weather was so rough that three of our boats, in conveying them to shore, were almost wrecked on the reef, and we began to fear we could save nothing but our lives. At last it was determined to run the ship on shore, so that if she broke up, we should still be likely to save more than if we waited till she went down outside. We signalled to the boats near land to remain inside the bar, where they were safe in the smooth water of the crater lake, and we hoisted in those still alongside. Then the men set to work bringing up all they could from the lowest decks, which would be likely to fill soonest with water. Our operations were hastened by the difficulty of preserving our position, the ship being quite unmanageable in the squalls. All hands were ordered on deck, and not a word was spoken as we steamed full speed for the bar. It was an anxious moment; many of us feared she would part amidships as soon as she struck on the bar. All were ready to jump overboard when it came to the worst. It was curious to see how carefully some had prepared: one had put his newest clothes on, another was wrapped in a mackintosh to keep the wet out,—some had life-belts, and special treasures secured in their hands. Thank God, our fears were groundless. As we neared the bar, the wind came on the beam, and with crash, bump, and scrunch the poor old craft took the ground in grand style,—the rocks going through her bottom and holding her fast. The ship made a bed for herself and settled down as upright

as if she had been on the stocks. Then we all set to work ; the officers got some boats belonging to the shore and themselves loaded them, rowed them to land, and discharged them ; and when the decks below were cut open to get at the coal, they worked up to their waists in water, filling coal-bags till they were as black as sweeps. We never washed for a week ; the chart warned us there were no fresh-water springs on the island, and each man was allowed but a pint a day. Thinking this would be our great difficulty, and our condenser being under water, the main-deck tank was taken ashore, and strengthened to serve as a boiler, from which pipes led along under water close to the shore to another tank. In four days the engineers completed this condensing-apparatus, by which, using dried turf as fuel, 150 gallons of water could be procured in twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, parties of men were sent to look for water ; they found hot springs, nearly boiling,—but too strongly impregnated with sulphur to be used for drinking. A further search discovered a large pool of rain-water near the summit of the crater ridge, 860 feet above our camp. The ascent being so steep, there was some difficulty in getting at it, and the sailors going up with barricoes to fetch water, came flying down head over heels. However, a hose was soon rigged up for the whole length, and a party of marines and signalmen stationed up there to fill the hose, and keep a good look-out for a sail. After this, we were never at a loss for water ; the season being winter, was favorable for us in that respect : the frequent rains and storms kept the pool full, though trying enough otherwise. Once there was even snow at the signal-station.

No one had a tent to sleep in for three or four days after we landed, and before the officers began constructing their own tents or huts every man was provided with shelter. The old ship was not wholly abandoned till the 29th of June—before that, forty men and thirteen officers (including the captain) remained on board of her, getting out all the stores they could save, but the smell of bilge-water was very bad, and at last forced them to land. There was much good-tempered rivalry among us in the building of our houses : some were much more successful than others ; the best had names given them :

—"The Redan," "Rose Cottage," "The Folly," etc. We had loose stones to build with, but no mortar, and we were obliged to use most of the canvas we were carrying out in stores to make out our tents. The weather was very stormy during the greater part of our stay on the island, and some of the old and worse-built huts were blown down ; the rain would pour down the sides of the hill, and turn the camp into a perfect swamp. The men were kept employed, and continual improvements made—new roads levelled, a small pier constructed, and an esplanade, as we called it—somewhere to walk without climbing up the hill. The chart says the climate of St. Paul's is healthy ; our experience confirmed the assertion, for notwithstanding the rough life we led—exposed to wet, and on scanty provisions—there were but few cases of illness amongst us. We were very careful of the men, taking care that they shifted their clothing whenever they got wet, and that their tents were kept dry and clean. The captain had canvas leggings made to protect their legs, but boots and shoes wore out very fast on the rocky shore and hills. The island furnished considerable additions to our stock of provisions ; plenty of fish might be caught—a large kind of cod, and another fish which tasted like salmon, only the flesh was white ; large sardines with golden bellies and greenish gray backs : by the by, we were told these were poisonous, but we ate them all the while we were there without any evil result. Lobsters and crawfish abounded. There were wild goats on the hills, perhaps a hundred altogether, but they were very wild, and we did not often get near enough to kill them. In one of our walks, or rather scrambles, three of us came on a small troop of them, but the enormous horns of the old goats when they turned at bay on the edge of the cliff, where a charge from them might have sent us rolling down some hundreds of feet, convinced us that, unarmed as we were, discretion was the better part of valor, and we retreated. We had our revenge a few days later—several fell victims to our guns ; one, a very patriarch, with formidable horns and venerable beard, whose head, I believe, the captain preserved, to testify to his skill as a shot. Cats ran wild on the island, but did not exterminate rats, which also abounded.

Some of us, following the example of the Parisians, tried the latter as an article of food, and found them very tolerable eating. The birds were too coarse and fishy to help our diet, and the captain gave orders they should not be molested. It was very amusing to see the large flocks of penguins arriving from seaward; landing and talking away at a great rate, they would form a procession and proceed to inspect our camp, the blue-jackets accompanying on each side, and laughing at their odd motions. So tame were they, that it was impossible to keep them out of our tents; they would hold a consultation, and then while some engaged the attention of the sentry in front, others would dart in behind his back, setting up cries of triumph. We could not make out what they lived on; sometimes a number would arrive, apparently exhausted with a long voyage, and presently set off straight up the hill, and remain there for weeks. Whale-birds also frequented the coast, living in crannies of the cliff, where they made a noise like the mewing of kittens—which deluded some of the sailors into a hunt for cats'-nests!

There were neither trees nor shrubs on the island, but plenty of grass and herbs of various kinds, a few cabbages and potatoes, planted by former visitors, and a quantity of mushrooms. We tried dandelion salad, and plantain boiled as spinach, and even grass as vegetable. There were some very pretty ferns to be found, especially round the mouths of some caves we entered. Some flower-beds were made under the windows of the captain's hut, in which celery-seed was sown and some bulbs planted which the Frenchmen gave him, but we came away before they bloomed.

One of our first cares was to rig up a signal-station on the height, with our flag reversed as a signal of distress; and when a sail was discerned in sight, guns were fired, rockets sent up, blue lights burnt, and the life-boat sent out in chase. Five vessels passed in fourteen days, without our being able to attract their attention. We also sent afloat lots of bottles as sea-messengers, and life-buoys prepared as attractively as possible, painted red, and surmounted with flags, through which were stamped the words, "Look within." The life-boat took these out to sea and sent them adrift. As day after day passed

without our being able to make known our situation, we grew very anxious; our own prospects were threatening, and how alarmed our friends at home must be! We pictured them to ourselves as searching daily for intelligence, and sadly uttering, "No tidings of the *Megara*!" At the end of three weeks the captain deemed it expedient to reduce the allowance of food, since no one could tell how long it might have to last. Four ounces of biscuit, half-a-pound of salt or preserved meat, no flour, a quarter of an ounce of tea for four days, and a very little sugar—this was the new rate of provision. But we had cocoa every other day, and the fish we caught was allotted, a pound to a man, as far as it would go. But during bad weather very few fish were caught. Lime-juice was served out every other day while it lasted.

It was on the 16th of July, just a month after we reached St. Paul's, that we at last succeeded in attracting the notice of a passing vessel. The *Aurora*, a Dutch ship, bound from Amsterdam to Batavia, was at some distance from St. Paul's, when some one, viewing the isle through a glass, declared he could see a tree growing on the summit of the crater, whereas it was known that no tree existed there. To investigate this phenomenon the *Aurora* stood in nearer, and made out the flagstaff and reversed ensign. Upon this she shortened sail and came close in, and the life-boat, carrying Lieutenant Jones, got alongside of her. He went on board, and soon told our tale, and the life-boat returned with an offer to our captain to do anything he wished. Through some misunderstanding, however, before he could go off to arrange anything, the ship set sail and departed. It was late in the evening, and we thought she had gone for the night only, and looked for her all next day, but she never returned. Lieutenant Jones had been detailed for the special duty of endeavoring to communicate with any passing ship, and had the letter-bag always in his charge; but the long time during which he had been unsuccessful in his object had induced many to withdraw their letters in order to add later accounts, and the captain had taken out his despatches for the same reason. We now felt more easy as to our own future, and began to make calculations as to the time which must elapse before help could reach us,

endeavoring to be very prudent and moderate in our anticipations. The men looked hungry and wolfish, and suffered much from cold, which was *not* surprising, for the thermometer stood at 42°, and we had no fires. Some would go to bed at five o'clock, because "there was nothing else to do;" and others would reply to the cheery inquiry of the captain, "Well, how are you all? with "Weakerer and weakerer every day, sir!" The air, somehow, was very provocative of appetite, and we all felt we could have eaten more, instead of less, than our usual allowance. All were kept at work, as there was plenty to do: divers, with a party of men, were continually employed saving stores from the wreck, which had then to be conveyed on shore and housed. Many of the bales were quite spoilt, but others, after being opened and dried, were none the worse, and were carefully stored away, new sheds being built to cover them. Our spades and picks needed constant repair, so did the boats, and fishing-rods were manufactured from rocket-sticks and split boards. The esplanade took a long time making; great boulders, which strewed the side of the hill, had to be moved out of the way and arranged as a border, but we were proud of the result, and when the band played there on fine evenings, we tried to fancy ourselves at some fashionable seaside resort. Then we made preparations for the re-embarkation of the stores, getting ready cranes, windlasses, etc., that there might be no delay when the ship should come to take us off. With all this, it was yet difficult to keep up our spirits; we could not resume the entertainments for the men which took place in the early part of the voyage, for there was no room large enough for them to meet under cover, and the weather would not allow of open-air amusements. Every morning the men were all mustered for inspection, the captain read prayers, and then all were told off in parties for various employments. On August 5th, another Dutch ship was sighted, and put in to know if we needed anything. Two of our passengers, officers going out to Australia on surveying duty, and a paymaster who was ill, were ordered to take passage in her to Batavia, whither she was bound; and the captain also sent on board a number of supernumerary boys, whom we had been taking out. These boys had lost

their kits; but a subscription was got up to furnish them with necessaries. The weather was rough as usual, and the cutter was nearly stove in while alongside the Dutchman; she had to return in a hurry to shore, without the officer in charge, a middy, being able to jump into her; and he was carried off to Batavia as he was, in his rough working clothes, and without any baggage. This ship also took the captain's despatches and letters. It was now certain that our position would be made known to the world, and succor sent—so we were not so anxious to communicate with ships. However, some time later another came in—English, and bound for Australia. She gave us some flour, and even offered to take us all on board; but would have had to throw half her coals into the sea to make room; and, as we had every reason to suppose arrangements had already been made for our relief, the bargain was not completed.

The old hull of the *Megara* had not yet broken up; but we had used her decks and most of the wooden fittings for the protection of stores, and for firewood. While the carpenters were taking these away, they discovered fresh proof of the thin and worn state of her plates, for they could "easily break through them by tapping with the pointed end of their hammers."

At last, on the 26th of August, a steamer was noticed standing in; and as soon as she was near enough, a boat put off. We all crowded down to the shore, greatly excited, and anxious to know whether her arrival betokened the success of our messengers to Batavia in obtaining help. "Who was the officer standing up in the stern? Did we recognize him, or were we mistaken?" It seemed hours before, in answer to the captain's hail, we heard Lieut. Jones's voice, "It is I, sir!" Then the cheering broke out, caps were thrown in the air, and, for a time, we all went crazy with delight. The news spread like wildfire—ships were soon coming to carry us away, our Robinson Crusoe life was ended, our friends at home had heard of our safety, and there was no more need of short allowance. The *Oberon* only brought us provisions—flour, biscuits, sugar, tea, yams, pumpkins, and onions. We were once more on full rations, though the cost of the supply was enough to make authorities look grave.

But she also brought relief to our minds by intelligence that we might expect H.M.S. *Rinaldo* in a few days, and that the *Malacca*, a large boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, was on her way, chartered to convey all of us on to Australia. The *Oberon* only remained long enough to land the provisions she brought for us, and continued her voyage next day to England. We had plenty to do, packing up our possessions, and getting all ready to depart. Not that our property was very valuable, for very much was spoilt; and as to our clothes, their condition was such that we should not be able to show ourselves as great swells among the colonists.

The *Rinaldo* was the next to arrive; she came on the 29th, but went away again for the night, avoiding the dangerous coast. The *Malacca* came on the 30th. Bad luck attended us to the end. On the 2d of September, before more than half the men had embarked, it came on to blow. We arrived in a storm, and were destined to depart in a storm. The captain sent to warn the *Malacca* it was unsafe to remain at anchor, and his wisdom was soon evident. The *Rinaldo* was already out of sight, and ere the *Malacca* could get clear away, she nearly followed the example of the *Megæra*. Our experience was repeated; she lost anchor after anchor, her boats were damaged, and both ship and men sustained many injuries before she got fairly away from the island and disappeared in the distance. There were we "left lamenting;" but we knew well enough we were not deserted, although our chances of a speedy embarkation were vanishing. On the 3d, the storm redoubled its fury. Nothing could be seen of the friendly vessels, nor, indeed, could we wish to see them—the further off the safer for them. In the evening, an alarm was raised that the boats were adrift, broken loose from their moorings, and we turned out a party to secure them. While so engaged, immense waves came rolling in; they broke higher up than the sea had ever reached before, pouring over the breakwater, and filling a hut in which four of the men were sleeping. Roused up so suddenly, and in the dark, it was some time before they could unfasten the door, which was secured by rope; and when they at last managed to get it open, they had to make

their escape through water breast high. Amidst the noise of the elements, the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, a crash was heard, which attracted our attention to the old ship: she had parted in the middle. For a time the forepart held up, supported by the foremast and yard; but, presently, that also broke up into three pieces, and the bow, straining and swaying, split asunder, and fell over into the sea. The rollers were sweeping in with such force that they actually carried parts of the wreck over the bar and into the basin. Next morning, the shore presented a scene of wild devastation: the esplanade, which we had formed with such care, was destroyed; the great boulders, which had required many men to move, had been washed some yards further up the hill; the pier was carried away, and large pieces of the masts, spars, and sides of the ship were floating in. The poor old *Megæra* was a melancholy spectacle; canted over on the rocks, with her ribs showing, she was evidently determined not to survive our departure. The sailors narrated a highly apocryphal legend: how the evil demon who possessed her had appeared in blue light, and flames shot up from her hold before she broke in half! When the storm abated, the *Malacca* returned; but her commander sent in a grievous report of the damage done to her in the gales, remonstrating strongly against any attempt to embark the stores. She had but one anchor left; and, if anything happened to that, what could she do when she reached the port in Australia? It seemed too great a risk, and the captain was compelled to yield. He made, therefore, a formal arrangement with the two Frenchmen, the inhabitants of the island—to take charge of the stores—until such time as the government at home should signify its pleasure as to the ultimate disposal of them. The Frenchmen were very sorry to lose us, and no wonder. Our sojourn on the island for nearly three months, with the bustle and excitement of our camp-life and operations, and the society of the blue-jackets, must have been a very agreeable interlude in the monotony of their existence; more amusing than the companionship of penguins and rats, and more stirring than the routine of their ordinary occupations, fishing, hunting, and examining their small dominion. St.

Paul's is only two and three quarter miles in length by one and a half in breadth.

The *Rinaldo* was to have conveyed Captain Thrupp and the witnesses accompanying him to Singapore, whence they were ordered to proceed to England for the court-martial. She reappeared on the morning of September 5, but was unable to approach the island. She signalled to ask if they could embark at once—but it was impossible. We had but one boat left, and that could not have got so far out to sea safely. We signalled to her to meet us at King George's Sound, where she would have to coal, and then bade farewell to our desert home, and rowed out to the *Malacca*. The captain was the last to leave the shore, as he had been the last to quit the *Megara*. As soon as he was on

board we set sail, and started for King George's Sound, with no great demonstrations of grief at quitting the island, but rather the reverse. We were very well treated on board the *Malacca*, and reached our destination, without further misadventure, in time to intercept the mail from Australia to England—so that the party going home would arrive there sooner than if they had gone in the *Rinaldo*. I think we all regretted the parting: our misfortunes had only drawn us more together, and a thoroughly good understanding existed between officers and men. And surely, under God, we owed it to good management that not one comrade's life was lost—not one grave was left on the desolate island!

Blackwood's Magazine.

GERTY'S NECKLACE.

As Gerty skipt from babe to girl,
Her necklace lengthened, pearl by pearl;
Year after year it slowly grew,
But every birthday gave her two.
Her neck is lovely—soft and fair,
And now her necklace glimmers there.

So cradled, let it sink and rise,
And all her graces symbolize:
Perchance this pearl, without a speck,
Once was as warm on Sappho's neck;
And where are all the happy pearls
That braided Cleopatra's curls?

Is Gerty loved?—Is Gerty loth?
Or, if she's either, is she both?—
She's fancy free, but sweeter far
Than many plighted maidens are:
Will Gerty smile us all away,
And still be Gerty? Who can say?

But let her wear her precious toy,
And I'll rejoice to see her joy:
Her bauble's only one degree
Less frail, less fugitive than we;
For time, ere long, will snap the skein,
And scatter all the pearls again.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ARTS IN CAPTIVITY.

M. JULES SIMON lately reminded us that there is a chapter of history yet to be written. In his Address to the French

Institute in October last, he lamented the vandalism of the Allies of 1814, and "especially of the English," who, as he in-

formed his countrymen, "robbed the Galleries, Museums, and Archives of Paris of invaluable treasures, monuments of French artistic and literary genius." Few things would, perhaps, be more instructive than a correct and minute statement of what there was at that time to be taken away from Paris, and of what was actually taken. Men own and claim property by a variety of titles, and especially by "the old and simple plan, that those should take who have the power, and those should keep who can," a principle which, in Yankee slang, makes everybody's luggage his "plunder." It is desirable, therefore, to know by what chance the French of 1814 had come by what they called their own; for there may be genius in "appropriating" as well as in creating art, and it took all the wisdom of Solomon himself to distinguish real from assumed maternity.

If it is true that all men are liars, it may also be asserted that all nations are, or have been, robber-bands. The life of the conquered is, according to the laws of war, forfeited to the victor. How much more his property! Ancient monarchs carried whole nations away into captivity. Red Indians hang the scalps of slain warriors to their saddle-bows. Mere tourists have been known, when they had a chance, to chip off a nose from a bas-relief, or strip the bark from a sacred tree. International robbery, however, on a large or small scale, should have an object. You take booty from your neighbor, or a trophy; a keepsake, or a curiosity. The Romans of old plundered Egypt or Greece to enhance the splendor of a triumphal entry. Columbus brought gold from Hispaniola as evidence of a new world. The Crusaders shipped cargoes of earth and water, that their children might be christened in Jordan, and themselves buried in the dust of Jehoshaphat. But no one ever burdened himself with other people's property without considering what he was to do with it. The same may be said of destructive instincts. Omar *may* have burnt a library to give glory to the Koran; the Iconoclasts waged war to Art out of hatred to idolatry; Savonarola made bonfires of the classics by way of a protest against Pagan licentiousness; and Knox fired the nests that the crows might "flee awa."

But there is something in French na-

ture altogether out of the laws of human gravitation. The fires of the late Commune revealed a new bump in man's skull. One wonders what men like Ferré would have done had time and courage been given to them; if the Louvre had gone with the Tuileries, and Notre Dame with the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. What if all Paris had really been "in ashes," and what if it had been the Paris of 1814, instead of that of 1871? There have been at all times revolutions in the world, mad passions let loose; the dregs of society wrought up to the surface; Jack Cade in London; Masaniello in Naples: but there is no instance of a population cutting off its nose to spite its own face. It must, at all events, be somebody else's nose, an obnoxious nose. The Parisians alone wreaked a mad spite upon what did them no harm, upon what gave them no offence.

It is necessary to bear in mind all these peculiar features in the French character to understand the causes of all the mischief they did in Europe on their first revolutionary outbreak. The French ride one hobby at a time, and they ride it to death. Their first instinct, upon gaining the mastery over themselves, was centralization. They were out of conceit with old France, so they turned for novelty to ancient Rome. Rome had absorbed the world; Paris began by sucking up France; and as French arms crossed the frontiers, country after country sank into the same all-swallowing whirlpool.

They found in Italy a land that had excelled in art. They determined that that artistic pre-eminence should henceforth be French; and, to begin, that Italian art should be made French. No one could have better seconded, or indeed anticipated their views, than the young soldier of Fortune who led the way across the Alps. It will, perhaps, never be possible to sound the real depths of Napoleon's mind. Look at his bust by Canova, at Chatsworth, and there is something in that brow that prostrates you before it as before a Miltonian Satan. But a human mind is the result of nature, and also of culture, and no one has ever inquired with sufficient diligence into the early readings of the Cadet of the school of Brienne, and of the sub-lieutenant of artillery in lodgings over tradesmen's shops in provincial towns. Napoleon partly was

born, partly made himself a sham Roman in a sham Rome. He knew a little of ancient Rome, but nothing of what came after it. To Christian charity and knightly truth or honor he was an utter stranger. He had one idol, self; one altar, France; and the altar was to be to him a footstool to the throne. He stood upon the Alps where Brennus and Hannibal, Charlemagne, Charles VIII., and so many other leaders of hosts had stood before him. Most of them pointed out to their followers the land of the sun, and told them of the genial climate, the luscious fruits, the pleasures that awaited them as the reward of their toil. Napoleon spoke of all that, and of something besides. Before the French had made their way into Italy, her wealth was emphatically placed at their discretion. "Soldiers," cried the great bandit, "you are ill-fed and half-naked; your Government owes you much, and gives nothing; your valor and endurance do you honor, but bring you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. You will find there great cities and rich provinces. You will find there glory and riches. Will your courage fail you?"

It is seldom that soldiers, and especially hungry soldiers, require exhortations to make themselves at home in an invaded country. Italy was no foe to France. The Italians had not, since the Middle Ages, been better off than before 1789; but they all read French, and most of them believing in that Millennium of human brotherhood that the French Republic had proclaimed, looked forward to the arrival of those soldiers as to the coming of a legion of delivering angels. Austria and, at her suggestion, Piedmont, were up in arms at the Alps. The other Italian princes, before whom the head of Louis XVI. had been rolled in defiance, had joined the league of kings, but had scarcely taken the field. Venice and Genoa were neutral, and it was only owing to the supineness of this latter Republic that Bonaparte found a loophole in the Alpine armor of Italy, and made his way to the wealthiest plains of the world. The thunder of his victorious cannon at Montenotte struck dismay into the hearts of the Italian princes, who all sued for peace. Napoleon had soon no other enemy than the Austrian in Italy. The whole nation hailed him as a deliverer.

In most districts, and especially in Modena and Bologna, Italian revolutions paved the way for French conquest. Liberty, however, is not to be had without being paid for, and the understanding between the French Directory and their general was that the Italians should handsomely bleed for it. "The Duke of Parma," Bonaparte writes, "will make proposals of peace to you. Keep him in play till I make him pay the costs of the campaign." He adds that at first he had thought of mulcting neutral Genoa to the amount of three millions. But he had thought better of it, and would make it fifteen. The general was at first induced to punish individual acts of robbery, wishing to reduce looting to a system; but the fellow-feeling was very strong upon him. "Poor devils!" he said, "they have reached the promised land, and they are naturally anxious to enjoy it. This fine country, guaranteed from pillage, will afford us considerable advantages. The single province of Mondovi (a mountain district) will have to pay one million."

Money and money's worth as much as the country could yield; but that was not enough. It is difficult to know into whose head the notion of wounding Italy to the heart by taking her great handiworks from her first sprang up. But at an early epoch in 1796 the Directory sent the following instructions: "If the Pope makes us advances, the first thing required will be his prayers." Then "some of Rome's beautiful monuments, her statues, her pictures, her medals, her libraries, her silver Madonnas, and even her bells—all this to indemnify us for the costs of the visit we shall have paid her." On May 1st Bonaparte asks for a list of the pictures, statues, and antiquities to be found at Milan, Parma, Piacenza, Bologna, etc. On the 6th he begs that three or four celebrated artists may be sent to him to choose what is suitable to "take" and send to Paris. The Directory, less nice in their choice, advise that "nothing should be left in Italy that our political situation allows us to carry off, and which may be useful to us." A wide field of operation was thus left to the Republican general, who did not fail to avail himself of it. Parma had to pay two millions in gold, and besides horses, cattle, and provisions without end, twenty pictures at the French commissioner's choice, among

which San Girolamo, the masterpiece of Correggio, which the poor Duke offered to ransom at one million. Milan, so loud in her greetings to her deliverers, had to pay twenty millions, besides pictures, statues, manuscripts, and also machines, mathematical instruments, maps, etc.—the “etc.,” of course, left to the commissioner’s interpretation. Monge and Berthollet were employed at Pavia “enriching our botanical garden and museum of natural history, and were thence to proceed to Bologna on the same errand.” Bonaparte requisitioned all the best horses of the wealthy Milanese, and sent one hundred of them to the Directory “to replace,” as he wrote, “the indifferent ones you now drive in your carriages.”

By the truce of Bologna, and the peace of Tolentino, the Pope had also to deliver thirty millions in gold and diamonds, 400 horses, as many mules, oxen, and buffaloes, and above all things, one hundred pictures, busts, vases, statues, etc., always at the plunderer’s choice, but with an especial stipulation for a bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and a marble one of Marcus Brutus, the two saints to which the French Republicanism of those times paid especial worship.

Rome, however, could not hope to buy herself off at so low a price. One year later, the French broke into the city; they spirited away the Pope; overran the Vatican; took all the furniture, busts, statues, cameos, marbles, columns, and even locks, bars, and the very nails. The Quirinal and Castel Gandolfo shared the same fate, and with these the Capitol, and many private palaces and villas—those of Albani, Doria, Chigi, the Braschi palace, and that of the Cardinal of York, were either partially rifled or thoroughly gutted. The Sistine and other chapels were plundered, and a vast amount of church plate, most of it of old and choice workmanship, taken. They took a Monstrance from St. Agnese, which was private property of the Doria family, worth 80,000 Roman crowns. They burnt the priests’ vestments to get at the gold of their embroidery. The sacking went on throughout Rome and the provinces. The French soldiers were always in arrear of their pay, if paid at all; and the example of their officers taught them to help themselves to whatever came to hand. Along with the armies there came swarms of

camp-followers, sutlers, brokers, hucksters, and other “professionals,” always ready to rid the troops of their heaviest impediments, and in their hands all went to pot; genius was rated at its mere worth or weight in gold and silver, and thus much that was taken from Italy never reached France. All this havoc, however, was not sufficient to satisfy the greed of the Directory; tremendous taxes were laid on the rich: Prince Chigi had to pay 200,000 crowns; Volpato, a print-seller, 12,000.

But even more melancholy was the fate of the Venetian provinces. The Republic had never been at war with France, but France had broken her neutrality as she had done before with Genoa; she had stirred up the democrats in the country, fomented disturbances, moved heaven and earth till she had picked a quarrel; then made peace, and, as its first condition imposed the usual tax of twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts; then violently broke into the *Monti di Pietà*, or state loan offices, at Verona and Vicenza, taking from that of Verona alone more than fifty millions in plate and jewelry, and much property belonging to the poor, and sacked the devoted city for eight days, during which private and public galleries, libraries, museums, and churches were at the ravager’s discretion. In the meanwhile Napoleon was meditating Campo Formio and the cession of Venice to Austria. Before the city was given up instructions came from Bonaparte in a few words to “take whatever would be useful for France; all that was in Venetian ports and arsenals for Toulon; all that was in churches or palaces for Paris.” Many churches in Venice and in Verona still bear the marks of French rapacity. The Doge’s palace, itself a museum of all that was beautiful and precious in works of Greek, Roman, or Italian genius, was stripped to the bare walls; all the best Titians and Tintorets, the works of Paul Veronese, Bellini, Mantegna, and Pordenone, had to cross the mountains. The magnificent private collection of the Bevilacqua family was taken away bodily. The same fate had the Muselli and Verità museums in that city. Gems of inestimable value were lost, among others the famous cameo of the *Ægean Jupiter*. Greek and Roman medals disappeared; with them the splendid collection of the Aldine editions; more than 200 Greek,

Latin, and Arabic manuscripts, on parchment, paper, and silk paper, among them two very precious Arabic MSS. on silk paper, given as a present to the Republic by Cardinal Bessarion in the fifteenth century. As far as the French went, the plunder extended. The convent libraries of Treviso, Padua, Verona, and San Daniele of Friuli were ransacked; from the last-named they took eight manuscripts anterior to the thirteenth century. The bronze horses of Lysippus, and the lions from the Piræus, were among the spoils. 200,000 sequins, the property of the fugitive Duke of Modena, were taken from the Austrian Legation, a power with which France was then treating for peace. Whatever could not, in the hurry and confusion of departure, be removed, was sold on the spot for anything it would fetch: first under pretext of subsidizing the Venetian Republicans, partisans of France, who had to take refuge in Lombardy; and when these indignantly refused to accept alms out of the ruin of their country, without any further pretext. What could neither be carried away nor find purchasers was barbarously broken up or mutilated. There is something inexplicable and incredible, in the wanton ferocity with which the French dealt with Venice, a country which had never wronged them, but which they had deeply wronged, which they betrayed, murdered, and slandered after the murder. Serrurier burnt the Bucentaur in San Giorgio, regardless of the fine old carvings which made it really valuable, to get at the paltry gold of its ornaments. Such was the farewell of the "Grande Nation" to Venice!

It would be an impracticable and hardly a profitable task to enumerate all the deeds of spoliation perpetrated by the armies of the French Directory as they extended their occupation of Italy from town to town. From 1796 to 1798 the soldier had the country at his own discretion. Bonaparte made, as we have said, some attempts at first to check the rapacity of his troops. He went the length of inflicting punishment in cases of the most flagrant outrage. But he was not without sympathy for them. Italy was to them the land of promise: it was natural that they should wish to enjoy its fruits; and if he was under necessity to interfere with their depredations, it was only because he

looked upon the fine country as a cow to be milked methodically and by wholesale. But for the rest, French commanders and officers of all ranks gave the first example of insatiable greed; and the few who had conscience and honor enough to deplore the excesses of which they were witnesses, and either threw themselves between the plunderers and the plundered people or sent remonstrances to the home authorities at Paris, to mitigate the miseries of the conquered or "liberated" land—such as St. Cyr in Rome, Villetard in Venice, and Championnet in Naples—were speedily recalled, and men less influenced by scruples were sent to take their places. With respect to the fine arts, already, on the day on which the peace of Tolentino was signed, General Bonaparte was able to announce to the Directory that the members of the Artistic and Scientific Commission—Finette, Barthelemi, Moitte, Thourin, Monge, and Berthollet—had admirably acquitted themselves of their task. They made a rich harvest at Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Loreto, and Perugia; and its products were immediately sent off to Paris. Added to what is to be taken at Rome, the General concluded, "France would thus have everything beautiful that there was in Italy, except a few objects still untouched at Turin and Naples." Much, however, went to Paris that could not strictly be said to appertain to the domains of the Beautiful. At Loreto, on the approach of the French troops, the treasures of the famous "Holy House" had been conveyed to Rome by the Papal authorities. But the invaders, with their generalissimo at their head, after taking the gold and silver ornaments of the shrine, to the value of one million, laid hands on the black Madonna, a rudely carved wooden image, utterly worthless as a work of art, but deriving all its interest from the tradition respecting its authority—it is one of the many handiworks attributed to St. Luke—and the endless wonders it had for ages performed in behalf of its worshippers. The image of Loreto was for a few years exhibited in the National Library at Paris, as a "defunct idol," and was only restored to its altar when the Concordat of 1801 announced to France that "idolatry" was again to be the fashion. Had General Bonaparte been omnipresent and omnipotent, he would probably have left little

behind ; but his lieutenants and subalterns exceeded even him in rapacity, and were far more hasty, more indiscriminate and destructive in their proceedings. We have seen that the direct excesses in Rome and Venice, though they took place by Bonaparte's orders, were committed in his absence, in many cases by men who, though not more ruthless, were more reckless and unsparing than himself.

Between 1798 and the following year, during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, the French lost in Italy all the ground the great conqueror had won. He recovered it at Marengo at a single stroke in 1800, and by that time having attained supreme power in France as First Consul, he had already conceived the scheme of that universal monarchy into which the lands beyond the Alps, beyond the Rhine, and the Pyrenees, were to be incorporated. It was then that his crude notions about ancient Rome were made subservient to his boundless aspirations. From the Consulate to the Empire, there was, in his mind, only one step. The *dix-huit Brumaire* had left him without a rival or a partner of his power. It had made him Cæsar, and from that time it was not merely France but Europe that he claimed as his domain. Paris was to be the Rome of the modern world. It was to become the museum of universal genius, to bring together into one vast collection all that the most gifted nations had ever contributed to art and science, and, besides, all that the care and diligence of the various States had laid up as monuments illustrating the annals of the past. In other words, there was to be only one gallery of picture and sculpture, only one museum of antiquity and science, and only one archive—and all that in Paris. It was not long before Napoleon perceived that he had been in too great a hurry at Tolentino, when he declared that whatever was worth taking in Italy was already taken. The rifling of museums and galleries, of churches and convents, went on throughout the Napoleonic period. At Naples France claimed, no one knows on what right, all the splendid heritage of the Farnese. At Florence a violent hand was laid on the galleries on the ground that the Grand Duke had, when he quitted his capital, with the permission of the French, and by a convention with them, removed with him a few gems from the

collection in the Pitti palace. The pretext was that France would henceforth "provide against the chance of any art-treasures falling into the hands of her enemies," precisely as at Venice, at the moment of delivering the doomed city into the hands of Austria, she had robbed, burnt, or otherwise destroyed whatever there was in the arsenal or the harbor, lest Venetian ships and stores should enable the German emperor to construct a fleet.

It is not difficult to imagine the impression made on the ravaged population by this long-continued and systematic work of unprecedented vandalism. Italy had been overrun by foreign armies for many centuries. After a brief respite during the era of the Republic of the Middle Ages, the country had become the battlefield of all nations, and had passed successively into the possession of almost all of them. But the right of conquest had never been exercised at the expense of Italian genius. The French themselves had under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., come into Italy as little better than barbarians : their brains had caught fire at the sight of all that southern beauty and magnificence ; the last-named monarch made his palace a home to Italian artists, but he showed as much veneration as love for Italian art. In the hands of the Spaniards, the most bigoted and improvident, and of the Germans, the most harsh and unsympathetic of rulers, Art had suffered no outrage. Centuries had elapsed since pictures or statues had come in as spoils in the train of victorious armies. The Venetians and other Italians had brought home the stupendous works of the East ; among others those bronze horses from the Bosphorus, and those lions from the Piræus, of which they were in their turn robbed by the French.* But those were deeds of the Middle Ages. The Italians were the last of the Europeans who fell back from the East before the tide of Mahomedan invasion. They knew that only what they took could be saved ; that what remained behind would perish either through the violence or the neglect of the Moslem. It

* In the darkest Middle Ages, during the wars between Venice and Genoa, it is on record that Doria, Master of the Lagoons, vowed that he would "bridle" the horses of St. Mark, but he never thought of *stealing* them.

was not only with the consent, but with the co-operation of the Greek and other Levantine populations, that these treasures were shipped off to the West. Greek artists and scholars migrated to Italy, together with their art and literature. Had not Italy been prepared for their reception by her advanced culture, the relics of Greek learning, the monuments of Greek genius, would have found nowhere a resting-place. But far different were the conditions of Italy at the close of the eighteenth century. The Italians have at all times carried their love of the Beautiful to a fault. Art, on its re-awakening, was by them associated with religion. The noblest masterpieces were till eighty years ago safely deposited in the churches where some of them had been conveyed in solemn procession by the pious population. The fame of their artists was a subject of domestic pride to the Italian cities. Almost every one of those old masters is at home in some locality of his own—Correggio in Parma, Guido in Bologna, Perugino in the town of which he bears the name. Not to have stopped at the painter's favored spot was to be imperfectly acquainted with his real manner and power. Hence the importance attached to many of those dull, decayed, Tuscan, Lombard, and Æmilian communities among which a civilized stranger loved to linger. Hence one of the main attractions by which Italy was endeared to her visitors above all other European regions. And the day had now come in which that poor boast of Art was to be taken from the Italians; in which all that was valuable and portable was to be carried across the Alps—carried away not by an enemy making good his right of conquest, but by a friend inaugurating the era of liberty, proclaiming the universal brotherhood of nations, and laying claims to the most advanced civilization. The infatuation of the Italian people for their liberators exceeded all limits, and at first there were among the most ardent republicans men who looked upon their spoilers with something like indulgence. It was natural, after all, they urged, that Art should in a free age be used as an ornament to freedom, as in pious times it lent its loftiest charms to religion. It was the claim of the Brave to the Fair. Italy was rich enough in canvas and marble to be able to give a few specimens of her skill

to a deserving sister. Her hand would not for all that forget its cunning, and it would always be in the power of living artists to fill up the void that French greed for the old masters might create behind the main altars of Italian churches or on the walls of Italian mansions. Others again, with heads filled with mock heroic notions of Roman or even Spartan stoicism, declared that the loss of those artistic "baubles" was to be accounted gain to Italy: that the Italians had too long been held in just contempt by their neighbors as "mere daubers and fiddlers," and that the removal of their enervating gewgaws would best foster among them those stern, manly Republican virtues which might fit them for companionship with the generous nation that summoned them to a new existence. The work of depredation went, however, beyond the endurance even of these stout believers, and the indignation of the trodden people knew no limits at the sight of the irreparable losses caused by the wanton recklessness and the awful disorder with which the spoliation was accomplished. The thought that what made Italy so much poorer made, after all, France no richer—that so large a part of what was to be only stolen was hopelessly destroyed—wrung every patriotic heart. In many instances conspicuous citizens, aggravated at the havoc made by the brutal soldiery among the treasures of their art-repositories, volunteered their aid in the removal—so offering, like the real mother before Solomon's judgment seat, to give up her own child rather than have it hewn asunder. Their help was not always accepted; but again, in some cases, it was tyrannically enforced. By a decree of the Directory an agent was appointed who should follow the French armies in Italy to "extract" and despatch to France such objects of art, science, etc., as might be found in the "conquered towns," independently of the objects of art already ceded by the Italian Powers in virtue of the treaties of peace and suspensions of hostilities contracted with the Armies of the Republic. By a clause in the decree, whenever the French military authorities were unable to provide their agent with the means necessary for the conveyance of the "property," the said agent was authorized to requisition horses and carriages from the towns in which these "extractions" should take

place. There is only too much evidence that the agent availed himself of the power thus conferred upon him without stint. But even by lending a hand, either voluntarily or by compulsion, the Italians failed to save from the wreck a large proportion of the art-treasure which the pioneers of civilization who called them to liberty were conveying into captivity. At times, the surprise of the pillaged population evidently threatened to give way to indignation. It is on record that at Venice and throughout the towns of Venetia the spoilers could not do their work without the protection of a formidable array of bayonets. At Florence, among a gentler and more quick-witted people, popular displeasure found its vent in bitter taunts and jeers. French superior officers who stood wrapt in admiration before Giotto's elegant belfry, were asked by the street urchins whether "they were meditating how they could pack up the Campanile in their military vans?" And within the Uffizi Gallery, as the Venus de Medici was being taken down from her pedestal, together with Raphaels and Titians, preparatory for her journey to the North, the old conservator to whom that precious marble had been an object of worship for the best part of his life, was so overcome as to burst into tears: whereupon one of the sneering Frenchmen, affecting to console him, observed that "the dear goddess was not so much to be pitied, as she was only going to Paris, where the Belvedere Apollo was already among the recent arrivals, and where preparations would soon be made to marry the Roman to the Florentine statue." The sorrow of the conservator was turned to rage, as he retorted, "Marry the statues as much as you like: out of such a union in your country there will never be issue." The old man meant that all the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles in the world would never make the French a nation of sculptors.

For, after all, what could be the object or the pretext for all these wholesale robberies? "Leave nothing behind of what can be of the least use to us." Such were the general instructions; such the invariable rule and practice. But when France had taken all that could be taken, what was she to do with it? All Italian art was already in her possession; and, as far as her victories extended, the galleries of Antwerp and Brussels, of Dres-

den and Munich, of Madrid and Seville, were made to add their tribute to the vast mass of spoils with which the Louvre was encumbered. Paris was the world's museum; was it likely to become the world's school of art? The First Empire was, perhaps, the epoch in France in which genius and taste were at the lowest ebb.* The nation had as little leisure for thought or feeling as its restless ruler; and one of the most remarkable phenomena of the period was the apparent indifference with which the French looked on the accumulation of all that immense artistic treasure. Beyond a little flourish of gratified vanity, there is, at least, no evidence of any great enthusiasm evinced by the Parisians at the appearance of their new acquisitions; no evidence of any extraordinary frequency of visitors at the Louvre, not even from mere motives of curiosity. It may be suggested that the popular apathy was to be attributed to the varied vicissitudes of those stirring times; that the Empire had toiled not for its own generation, but for after ages; that what its short period had devoured would remain for the digestion of future epochs; so that the issue to be expected from the intermarriage of all the ancient and modern schools in Paris would eventually be a French school combining the merits, and eclipsing the achievements, of all ages and countries.

But it is very questionable whether, even if France had been able to retain permanent possession of her ill-gotten goods, this sublime conceit of national selfishness could ever have been realized. Art is not to be more easily transplanted than literature: genius is, in a great measure, a matter of soil and climate; it chooses its own time and place for its peculiar development; it takes its own growth regardless of culture, rebellious against the shelter and restraint of the forcing-house. All the knowledge of Greek in the world would never have

* M. Jules Janin said at a recent meeting of the French Academy: "On ne savait plus guère parmi nous les noms des grands poètes. On eût dit qu'Homère et Virgile étaient morts tout entiers; Athènes et Rome étaient tout au plus un souvenir." Yet that was the age of mock Brutuses and Cæsars, of *Plébiscites* and *Senatus-Consultes*, and of all that hodge-podge of pseudo-Roman institutions which have since been made to cloak with grand words the hideousness and repulsiveness of Napoleonic despotism.

made of Shakespeare a Homer ; nor could many years' contemplation of the Madonna di San Sisto have made of Jacques Louis David a Raphael. In Italy itself it has been found that too intense a reverence for ancient art is as apt to stunt and cripple modern art as to mature it. Admiration begets imitation ; manner is taken for law ; religion degenerates into superstition ; and with the rise of academies the decline of creative power too generally sets in. Both before and after the first Republic and Empire France had artistic as well as literary instincts of her own ; but it may be freely asserted that the bane of French genius in all its efforts has been its exaggerated worship of what it considered classicism.

It may be imagined, however, that neither Bonaparte nor the officers in his suite gave themselves much thought about the remote results of their brigand exploits. They plundered for plunder's sake ; a kind of thievish monomania seemed to have seized those lawless warriors ; and the demoralization had, at a very early period, reached the lowest ranks. The charming pages of Erckmann-Châtian describe the eagerness with which men and women from the quietest and most unsophisticated districts, set out in quest of adventure in the train of the armies, under some vague impression that the world was the oyster which the soldier's sword was to open for them ; they went forth, they rambled far and wide, and came back to startle their families and friends with the display of toys and trinkets of which they often could tell neither the use nor the value, and when reproached for dishonesty, they claimed it as a merit that they had rifled a mere "*tas de Prêtres et d'Aristocrates*," and mulcted a stolid people who "even so many years after the inroad of their armies could not yet utter one word of intelligible French."

As to Napoleon himself he pleaded patriotism in justification of brigandage ; and whatever fault might be found with all the other acts of his reign, in the mere spoliation of inoffensive neighbors, he could rely on the complicity of the French people. A whole age had to pass before a few writers of the Lanfrey and Erckmann-Châtian stamp dared to take up the cause of the outraged nations. But at the dawn of the nineteenth century all France acted upon one impulse. The great point was

how Paris could be made everything and the world nothing. The idea of sinking Rome to the rank of a mere "chef-lieu" of a French department might have shocked a very Brennus ; but it had nothing to deter the "Brutuses" and "Cæsars," who, as Botta writes, "profaned churches, robbed sacred treasures, pilfered oil-paintings, damaged frescoes, and destroyed the ornaments they could not remove." As Paris was the museum, so it was to become the archive of the world. After the peace of Schönbrunn, all the records and documents of the German Empire were made to travel from Vienna to Paris. They filled altogether 3,139 cases, and the transport cost 400,000f. The archives of Belgium and Holland, those of St. Mark and the Vatican, had gone before. At Simancas, in Spain, the men charged with the execution of the Emperor Napoleon's decrees sent word that the papers to be "*enlèvés*" would require 12,000 carts for their conveyance. The work in this quarter, however, began too late, and was interrupted by the advance of the English, Portuguese, and Spanish armies ere it had proceeded very far. The plunderers were almost caught *in flagrante*, and, in the harum-scarum of their precipitate retreat, they did almost greater mischief than, perhaps, they would have done had their work been suffered to proceed undisturbed. For "the presence during four years of a garrison in the castle," says M. Gachard in his account of the Archives of Simancas, published in 1848, "and the free access of the soldiers to all its apartments, threw the papers into the greatest confusion, and caused the most serious losses ; nor was this all, for, after the flight of the French, the peasantry of the neighborhood rushed in ; they tore open the parchments, broke the strings, and made confusion worse confounded." Again, when Spain claimed her own at Paris, in 1815, she vainly applied for many of those Simancas documents, the French retaining them as their own, under pretence of their appertaining, "more or less," to the affairs of Burgundy and Lorraine ; though many of the deeds thus wrongfully withheld consisted of treaties concluded by Spain with France, or of the correspondence of the Court of Madrid with its ambassadors in the same country. They did not say on what grounds they retained the correspondence of Charles V.

and Philip II. with the Viceroys of Aragon, and the despatches addressed to this last Sovereign and his successor by their ambassadors at Venice.

As there was to be in Europe only French art, so there was only to be a French version of history. Men as unbiassed as Count Daru, as unprejudiced as M. Thiers, were to have the monopoly of all the memorials of the past. Of such events as the Battle of Waterloo or the negotiation of the Spanish marriages there should be only one official account, and that should come from a people whose streets go by ten different names within a quarter of a century; a people who flatter themselves that they can blot out memories when they pull down monuments. There is every reason to believe that the papers taken from all Italy, Austria, Germany, and the Netherlands were of as little profit to France as those for which Simancas was ransacked. French Commissions charged with examining and arranging that vast farrago of heterogeneous documents were appointed at various times; but their work, both at home and abroad, stopped short with the great crash of 1814, and the melancholy result was the hopeless misplacement and dispersion of precious memorials, and the fraudulent or forcible retention of ill-gotten goods on the part of the nation which had been bound to restitution. The incomparable collection of diplomatic reports or "relations" which Venice had treasured up with the greatest care from the earliest dates of its Republic, and which has caused the revision of almost every page of European history, went asunder from the very moment the French laid their hands upon it in 1797, and its fragments had to be picked up here and there with a toil and diligence only rewarded with partial success. As with papers, so with pictures and statues. They were handled as stolen goods, and valued for what they cost. France was never fully aware of the enormous wealth of art which had come to her from every corner of the tributary world. Many of the cases lay for years in store-rooms and cellars, and went back unopened as they had come. Even of what had been publicly taken much was privately abstracted, and we have seen that most of those who marched with or after the French armies did not suffer their zeal in their country's service to interfere with a

little business on their own account. In Spain, for instance, Napoleon's Marshals took the lion's share for themselves, and Soult laid hold of a few Murillos, for one of which France afterwards paid 25,000*l.*, and which Spain would gladly buy back at twice the price.

A proof of the extent to which all feelings of justice had by that long age of violence been blunted throughout Europe may be found in the indifference with which the Allies of 1814 had suffered vanquished France to keep all the spoils of the victorious nations. By the first Treaty of Paris, as M. Thiers says, "*Nous conservions les immenses richesses en objets d'Art acquises au prix de notre sang.*" The patriotic historian attributes that forbearance to fear; and, certainly, it would be difficult to say how the plundered people would ever have come by their own had Napoleon never broken from the Isle of Elba. But as the Allies had again to find their ways to Paris, they stipulated in the second Treaty dated from that city, that whatever France had ever got by victory she should now lose by defeat. The thing was, of course, easier said than done, and it is possible that no very great zeal was displayed in the execution of the convention, especially by those among the contracting parties who had no direct interest in it. Poor Italy was only represented by Austria and by Princes who looked upon their subjects as no better than rebels, and who had to struggle against the lingering vestiges of those French sympathies which had powerfully contributed to hurl them from the throne. At all events, the demands of the commissioners sent from the ravaged countries to recover the plunder were in a thousand instances met with blank denial, with arrogant resistance, with evasion or subterfuge. No doubt such a picture had been taken from Italy; but it could not be proved that it had ever reached France. It had somehow disappeared half-way: it was hidden somewhere in that huge limbo where unpacked cases lay still pell-mell, mountain high. And when the day of keen search was over, the stolen property came forth from its lurking-places, and was laid out unblushingly and conspicuously:—here the marble Gladiator that ought to be back on its pedestal in the Borghese Garden, near Rome—there the panels of the grand

Mantegna picture, only part of which is now to be seen above the desecrated main altar of St. Zeno at Verona.

Even of what was rescued not a little still bears evidence of the indignities to which it had to submit during those years of Gallic captivity. There are Correggios and Caraccis at Parma still seamed by the cracks caused by the large canvas being folded up by rough soldiers to fit it to the size of their vans. Of fragments of marbles broken on their way to Paris and back the Vatican and the Museo Borbonico could muster large heaps. But French restoration was even more fatal than French damage. The Madonna della Seggiola had, on its return to Florence, to be covered with glass to throw a film over the opaque white with which it had been plastered over in Paris, so as in some manner to disguise and soften it. And Señor Madrazo, the conservator of the Madrid Gallery, when the brick dust with which the "Spasimo di Sicilia" is all daubed over is pointed out to him, declares that the disfigurement of that and other masterpieces in the same collection is the result of the treatment the pictures of Spain met with at the hands of their French captors. That the French should leave well alone, that they should not think they knew better than the Italians or the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, was

not, indeed, to be expected : and it is only a matter of wonder that the Madonna del Cardellino did not go back to her country graced with a chignon, or that the Moses of Michael Angelo was not "*coiffé à la Brutus*." Time was not allowed for the solution of the problem whether, after so many years' spoliation, French art was to be modified by its imported treasures, or whether, on the contrary, it was the world's art that was to be Frenchified ; for the instinct of French genius is fashion, and art aims at eternity. It is well known that when Napoleon stood before the stolen works in the Louvre, and some of the bystanders dwelt with rapture on the "immortal" character of those productions, he turned sharply round, and asked, "how long that painted canvas would endure." And, being answered that with care it could be preserved for five hundred years to come, he observed contemptuously "*C'est une belle immortalité*." Whether even that poor "immortality" could have been secured for captive Art in French hands we may be allowed to doubt : for—terrible to think of—had the Commune been less discordant and irresolute, whatever either French genius had ever produced or French "valor" plundered, would equally have gone to feed the blaze of the great Paris bonfire in May, 1871

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A FRENCHMAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN A HUNDRED AND TWENTY DAYS.

(Translated for the ECLECTIC.)

(Conclusion.)

IV.

WE were only one degree from the Equator. After touching port at Pulo Penang, we distinguish, not far off, the coast of Malay, and the great island of Sumatra. One morning we went close into the shore, and I could distinguish some Malays running about on the beach ; they were naked, brawny great fellows, dark-skinned and fierce-looking. Notwithstanding our nearness to them, they did not deign to look at the steamer.

"At last, here is an island which is not English !" my young Yankee friend exclaimed with delight. I cannot help acknowledging that I was as much pleased with this remark as he was himself.

The Celebes Islands, a part of Borneo, Sumatra and Java, belong to Holland, and the Dutch, until now, have derived from Java a magnificent revenue ; I say until now, because the Dutch rule is threatened with ruin. In 1857 the Netherland Colonies yielded 41 millions of florins, but since that time the increase from the cultivation of the soil has steadily diminished, and Minister Wale has lately made requisition for £10,000 sterling to make up the colonial deficit. For all that, the natives of Java do not even own the soil ; they are ordered to cultivate it, and the harvests are appraised and taxed by agents appointed from Holland. Strange as it may seem, the little country which holds sway over these incomparably rich islands

has never taken any interest in them, except as a source of revenue ; it has taken good care not to civilize or instruct the natives, or to improve their moral condition.

The landing at Singapore, nine days after leaving Ceylon, is full of life. The stir which it makes in the old town and at New-Harbor, the evening ride or drive along the shore, the excursions over the island with its marvellous vegetation, and the visits to the Malay and Chinese quarters, altogether make the time allotted to this place pass very rapidly. In this crowd of haughty Malays, bustling and noisy Chinese, phlegmatic Englishmen, proud and taciturn Spaniards, on their way to and from the Philippine Islands, and Frenchmen, who here, I find, are a set of idlers and adventurers, an astonishing thing, is the seeming absence of what in France we call the authorities. Liberty is here unrestrained and complete ; it has made this island one of the richest storehouses in the world, and, thanks to an absolute franchise, Singapore, instead of declining like Java, or being dead and-alive like Saïgon, is becoming each day richer and richer. If the expediency could have been foreseen of making Cochin China—which, alas ! is only looked upon in France as a strategic point—the granary of the far East, there might have been established there, from the time of its conquest, that freedom of commercial intercourse and that personal liberty which the English have the good sense to proclaim whenever a rival colony is planted close by one of their own. Things are looking this way, but it is almost too late ; moreover, as long as our French colonies are governed by sailors and generals, they can only be considered as remote garrisons, where marines and seamen are sent to languish and die.

The first night I spent at the hotel Dutronquois, as the weather was intolerably hot and as my lodging was upon the ground floor, I took my light rattan bed out into the middle of a garden. Waking up at three o'clock in the morning, I saw, creeping among the sanded paths, about thirty adders. The moonlight was bright as mid-day, and for a moment I watched the motions of these creeping, crawling creatures. I would not have disturbed them, had I not noticed that they were continually increasing in number, and had

not some snakes, of a doubtful kind, become so bold as to spring upon my mosquito netting. I only had to make a quick movement to get rid of them ; I threw at them my Chinese pillow, a roll of painted card-board, and at once the place was cleared, the more completely so, as I immediately withdrew myself, dragging my bed after me. A friend, the senior partner of a Scotch firm, to whom I described the bad night I had had, invited me to dine with him at his country seat, twenty miles in the interior. I accepted, and we set off in a "break" to which was harnessed a magnificent Australian horse. Huts roofed with palm-leaves, and sheltered under great nutmeg trees, bordered our route, which lay through reddish-colored sands, for some distance. The clatter of our rapid gait brought to the doors of their houses natives who, with enormous red cotton turbans and smock-frocks of glaring colors, looked at us with curiosity as we passed by ; they did not, however, appear to accord to us any deference. "They are very proud," my friend told me ; "their temper is haughty and their ill-will is to be dreaded. There is no occasion for us to fear them, for we understand them thoroughly and treat them with tact and entire justice ; but woe to the inexperienced European who punishes them unfairly. Observe that coarse bamboo sheath in their belts which they always wear ; it contains a sharp blade,—the terrible Malay *crish*, twisted and poisoned like a serpent. It is with this weapon that they strike those who deal unfairly with them." After a continuous trot of two hours, we left the main road behind us and took a narrow, ill-defined path along the slopes of a mountain whose summit was in the clouds. Beautiful flowering vines rising from the ground, or hanging from the tops of tall trees, formed a dense green arch of foliage over our heads. Presently striped monkeys ran along with us, with their plaintive little cries ; enormous cockatoos thrust out, from the hollows of old trees where they had made their nests, their knowing heads, and angrily fluttered their yellow wings ; numberless doves covered the dead branches of the trees, and made no attempt to fly away at our approach. These lovely birds are never killed, and it would be difficult to find anywhere else a wild bird so fearless. At nightfall, we arrived at the plateau on which stands the country house

of my friend John Knox Smith. It is raised fifteen feet from the ground, supported on a double row of granite columns. In the middle of the building there is a wide white stone stair-way, opening into the dining room; communicating with this, by two wide entrances without doors, is the parlor, which in turn opens upon a wide balcony in front. The bed-rooms are to the right and left, and open upon a spacious verandah. The stables, coach-house, and servants' rooms are in separate quarters, a hundred yards off. The traveller must have admission to some palace like this, in order to get an idea of the comfortable way in which the English live in the West Indies. There is found here every imaginable device for making the heat endurable, and many material comforts in some measure compensate for being so far away from home. Near at hand is the bathing room, with a stream of crystal water running through it which can fall upon your head in a cooling shower, or nearly knock you down with its rush; everywhere are couches of rattan, lounges, rocking-chairs, and, let me not forget them, cool foot-stools of green porcelain from China. In nearly every room, but mostly in the bed-rooms, there will be found, hanging from the ceiling, a white linen frame: it is an immense fan called *panca*, and an invisible servant, whose duty it is to keep the air cool all day, waves it until late into the night, long after the master is asleep. In the court-yard are breaks, barouches, saddle-horses, carriage-horses, and a throng of servants neatly dressed in white. Smith has eighteen of them in his household, from the accomplished Chinese cook to the little lazy Malabar whose sole duty is to follow everywhere, even in driving, in order to light your cigar which through negligence is continually going out. On the other hand, study, the cultivation of art, or anything like serious reading, is entirely neglected: the heat admits of no work; moreover, the object in coming here is to make money, and the heads of commercial houses would soon lose credit if they did not devote themselves exclusively to the important commercial interests with which they are charged. It will be seen that beyond the mere tillage of the soil, ignorance is very general throughout these countries; the heat singularly paralyzes the memory, and all Europeans, after an

absence of ten years, are obliged in some sort to begin their education over again on returning to Europe. Dinner over, and Smith having furnished me with a flowing costume of Chinese silk, he proposed that we should spend the evening with some friends two miles away. Five servants bearing torches and gongs were our escort; the glare of the lights and the horrible din of the gongs keep off the tigers with which the island is infested. We were cordially welcomed by our host, these nocturnal expeditions not being free from danger. Silence, however, soon followed this noisy greeting, for we were all greatly prostrated. It was in vain that in order to keep us awake the gongs were sounded and that the *panca* fanned our fevered brows with its gentle undulations. We were all feeling the enervating influences of a storm brewing over our heads and whose low mutterings we already heard. We were obliged to hasten home in order not to be under the trees when the storm should burst. Once back, I sought sleep, well covered with my mosquito net, but I had to give it up, for the tempest had followed us, and broke loose upon this beautiful house with great violence. I thought I had heard at Manilla, at the time of the typhoons, the severest thunder-clap it is possible to imagine; but these at Singapore were far more impressive. At one time, surrounded by electricity and phosphorescent light, the very earth trembling beneath me, I confidently looked for some great catastrophe. I rushed towards Smith's room, but what was my surprise to find him calmly sleeping on one of the parlor sofas! I took care not to wake him, but the next morning I could not refrain from telling him of the fright I had had. "I am used to this noise," he said, "for at this season of the year, in July, the lightning flashes over my head every night. You have probably not noticed that my house is built upon a ferruginous rock which would produce 80 per cent. of pure ore if it were mined. As a protection against accident, I have put up two lightning rods, and with this safeguard, I can sleep in comfort as you have seen." While waiting for breakfast, let us take a look at the forests, and see what damage the storm has done to the roads. The path I had traversed the night before was deeply gullied by the furious rush of the waters and was littered

with broken branches. It was quite sad, on this sparkling, fresh morning, to see these tropical trees so much shattered and shedding like tears the rain with which their leaves were still soaked. "All this destruction will be repaired within a fortnight," Smith told me. "Under this fiery sun and in such a moist atmosphere as ours, vegetation makes wonderful strides, and it is greatly to our advantage that it is trimmed every year by these fierce gales."

Scarcely had he spoken these words, when from the valley below us came a confused noise of tramping, men's voices, and heavy wheels. "Let us go and see what all this means," said my host, "this commotion is quite unusual." We rapidly went down the hill, and found a European on horseback; a double-barrelled gun was slung over his shoulder, and a large pistol tied to a leather thong, hung Arab-fashion, at the side of his saddle. Ten paces behind this person followed several half-naked Malays leading a buffalo harnessed to a cart with primitive wheels, on which lay stretched out, lifeless, three magnificent tigers. "Hallo! Mr. d'Harnancourt," exclaimed my friend in French, to the hunter, "that is capital game! What magnificent animals! What claws! Where did you kill them? Come and tell us all about it, over a cup of tea." "I will," replied the horseman, "and with the greater pleasure, because for six days I have lived on nothing but boiled rice, lizards, and tough parrots. I make one condition, though, and that is, instead of tea, you will give me a slice of roast-beef and a bottle of brandy." John Smith then introduced me to Mr. d'Harnancourt, who seemed to be proud to have a fellow-countryman for a listener. "I must now tell you, sir," he said to me, as soon as we were seated at the table, "how it is that I have had such good luck. Yesterday I killed my fortieth tiger. If, more fortunate than I, you are some day so happy as to see France once more, do not forget to mention this number to the lion-hunters of Algeria, and add that I advise them to come here and try their hand. In this neighborhood, at Bengal and on the Malay Peninsula, they make a great affair of hunting this beast; my friends at St. Hubert take along with them elephants, horses, a hundred Malays or Indians, must have burning of jungles,

a great deal of noise, gongs and what not? I hunt in a simpler way, and with uniform success, as you may infer from what you have seen. But, before beginning my story, here is a glass to the prosperity of our dear native land!"

"A week ago, I was at Singapore," continued our guest, "when the rajah of one of the villages of the interior, five miles from here, sent word to me, by one of his Malays, that for several weeks a tiger had been prowling about his house; he would be greatly indebted to me, I was told, if I could succeed in ridding him of this beast, who ate up his workmen—poor Chinese Coolies recruited in the opium shops of Singapore, when robbed there of their brains and their money, and from whom were carefully hid the chances of the frightful death to which they were liable. If the carnivora of this Archipelago have a decided preference for the flesh of the Chinese, it is because they till the soil nearly naked, thus showing a fair, smooth skin, more appetizing than the oily, bronze-colored skin of the Malays. I started off at once, armed, as usual, with one of Lefauchaux's rifles and an American six-barrelled revolver. As soon as I reached the rajah's house, guided by his servants, I made a careful reconnoissance, and was soon convinced that the tiger was probably to be found in the middle of a ravine shaped liked a reversed funnel, which, full of rushes and brambles, faced towards a vast rice plantation where each day a great many natives were at work. Not wishing to expose any one, I sent back my escort; much experience, too, had taught me, that for this kind of adventure it is wiser to go alone. It was about mid-day, and after two hours' careful search, I discovered at the end of the funnel the little loop-hole by which the beast must have entered his den. I capped both barrels and crept inside the jungle—when I saw him ten steps in front of me. Wily and on the alert, he slowly came towards me, but, fortunately for your humble servant, with the full glare of the sun directly in his eyes. Without losing a second, I aimed and fired, and ran to him with my revolver, for I was quite satisfied that a conical ball, fired straight in his face, had finished him. I was not mistaken; he was dead, and I didn't even have the trouble to despatch him.

“Two days later, when about to start off again, another native chief sent word to me that one of his Malays had been carried off and devoured by a tiger, just as the poor creature, chased by a crocodile, had forded a river bordered with briers and mango-trees. I had the place pointed out to me at once, and I found without difficulty, in a neighboring jungle, the entrance to a den where, in all probability, the beast was still digesting his meal. I ought to tell you, for perhaps therein lies the secret of my uniform success, that I never hunt in the clothes I now have on ; I am not so simple as that. I have a tiger-skin costume into which I creep as into a sack, whenever I hunt. Besides, these red, and, alas ! already white hairs that are flowing over my shoulders, I spread out over my face, so that nothing of my skin shall be seen ; eyes, however, are as much as possible on the alert to discover in the clear gaze of the animal, the exact moment when he is about to spring upon me. As is my custom, I waited perfectly still until noon—the hour at which every living creature sleeps in our burning latitudes. It had rained hard during the night, and as the entrance to the jungle was very narrow, I had to creep along in the mud on my knees. I thus crawled for six mortal minutes, suffocating, because it was necessary to hold my breath, which through fatigue had become noisy and broken, and worried by my tiger-skin coat, which, heavy as lead, noisily brushed against the bending twigs that hemmed me in. With perspiration streaming from my forehead and making my hair stick to my face so that I could scarcely see, I decided to pause for a moment ; but just then my elbows struck against some dry twigs which, in breaking, made a slight noise. At the same instant, fifteen paces in front of me, I heard a suspicious sound. There could be no mistake : the tiger was there ! Fortunately, in going towards the centre of the place, the rushes being higher, offered me some protection. I profited by this to get ready, and, advancing five paces further, I found myself in the middle of the thicket—face to face with my tiger. There he was, crouched like a cat in a huge nest, his four paws bent under him, and so completely at the mercy of my gun that for a second I amused myself by looking at

him and wondering what his thoughts could be at seeing so suddenly appear before him—on his two hind legs, a creature with a mottled skin just like his own. Well, gentlemen, I am sure that the animal was neither frightened nor angry ; he was under the spell of a downright, almost comic, bewilderment. He never got over his astonishment, for, discharging my piece, down he went, quite dead.”

“No one can imagine,” continued Mr. D’Harnancourt, swallowing one after another several glasses of brandy, “the strange sounds which are awakened at mid-day, in this apparently deserted but only sleeping country, by the sudden report of a fowling-piece. Parrots, huge hornbills, and monkeys, give screams of terror as if I were wringing their necks all at once ; they sometimes follow me for an hour—the former with their screeches, the latter making faces at me. It is of no use for me to assume a friendly attitude ; sometimes great monkeys pelt me with a perfect rain of cocoa-nuts. In the midst of the tumult caused by the report of my gun, I seemed to distinguish a singular noise. Was it a frightened buffalo running away, or some great boa put to flight by the explosion ? I cannot say, but with my revolver in my hand I kept a sharp look-out on all sides until I was safe from surprise. I then returned to the rajah to tell him to send some men to get the dead tiger. They came back three hours after starting, assuring me, with confusion, that they could not find the place where I knew I had left him dead. I easily guessed the reason : they were afraid to go into the den without me, and calling them a pack of cowards, I appointed a rendezvous for the next day, in order to show them the way. The Arabs of Algeria look upon lion-killers as gods or sorcerers ; but the Malays are not so credulous. In answer to my reproaches, they assured me that if I would give them my gun, and let them wear my costume, they could do the same thing without my help. What, indeed, could they do with only their *crishs* and their naked breasts, against so formidable an animal as the tiger ! A single glance at their glossy, strong-smelling skins, is enough to give him an appetite at once. Under my fantastic disguise, perhaps these fierce animals detect, to their astonishment, only a European odor. We

Europeans have, no doubt, a peculiar *sui generis* flavor of our own, and we never quite get rid of it. Take, for instance, the buffaloes of this Archipelago, from the interior, and especially those yet untamed: the Malays may pass a hundred times under their noses; and these animals take no notice of them; but if a European, even disguised with a Malay smock-frock, comes within a thousand yards of them, they at once become infuriated, and, with inflamed eyes, and ears alert, rush upon him to trample him under foot, or to toss him upon the points of their gigantic horns. When I am chased by wild buffaloes, I just climb a tree, and let them pass by. I can conquer them as easily as I can bring down a tiger, but I cannot bear to kill these animals which, once tamed, are very useful in farming, and quite gentle even with little children, who may play under their legs without any harm. A little girl, five years old, may safely lead to water a herd of two hundred of these powerful and horrible looking beasts but I defy ten full-grown Malays to do the same thing.

"I beg to be excused for this digression, and I will now describe my third and last capture. The next morning at sunrise, about thirty of us quietly left, with no noise or demonstration of any kind, a course which was quite in keeping with the serious, rather than demonstrative, temperament of the Malays. I soon found the dense jungle which I had entered the night before, and pointed it out to my men. All at once, on the spot where my knees had indented the damp earth, I saw footprints that were not there the day before. 'Take care,' I called out to my followers, 'the den seems to be still inhabited; perhaps there is another tiger in it.' It was only ten o'clock, and much too early for me to wish to ascertain the facts of the case; so I sent back the Malays, advising them all to join me again at five in the evening, at the same place. You may think that I could have set fire to the brush and thus have compelled any animal that might be there to come out, or else to be roasted; but in so doing I would have lost my trophy of the day before, and the fifty piastres to boot. You are aware," continued Mr. d'Harnancourt, addressing me, "that the English government of this colony gives me this price for every tiger's head I bring in. It is none too

much, is it, for risking life in this way? Alas! I have no other strings to my bow; but for all that, if I succeed in taking twenty tigers a year, I can live quite comfortably on the 1,000 piastres (or 5,000 francs) that my hunting yields me. Moreover, the rich residents usually give me a supplementary reward when, like to-day, I return to Singapore with several tigers, and I trust, Mr. Smith, that you will remind your friends of this custom." "I will mention it to them as soon as we get back," answered my host, "and you may consider the matter settled."

"After the men had left," continued the narrator, "I took off my citizen's clothes, and leaving them in a bundle at the entrance to the den, I put on my disguise; I also pulled my hair over my eyes, and, hiding a couple of hundred paces off, among some banana trees, I covered myself with some of the largest leaves, and decided to wait here until noon. You, Mr. Smith, knowing as you must how irresistible sleep is here, the moment a person gives himself up to it, will understand me when I tell you that, oppressed with the intense heat, which was very much increased by the costume I wore, I soon fell into a profound sleep. I would very likely have remained in this torpor until nightfall, had not the ants which crept into my ears waked me up. It is lucky for me that, on coming to my senses, my first glance was towards the jungle, and that I instantly understood the critical position I was in. I saw, crouched down by my clothes, a splendid tiger,—no doubt waiting for my coat, hat and vest to assume the form of a man, that he might tear them to pieces. What was to be done? I got up as quietly as possible, noiselessly disengaging myself from the large banana leaves which covered me, but not quite successfully. Startled by this last movement of mine, the tiger started up, and I was not thrown down and crushed the instant I regained my feet, only because he came to a halt ten paces from me,—quite at a loss to know what manner of being he looked upon, and struck with astonishment at my singular appearance. I thus had just time enough to break his jaw and skull by a shot fired as usual, at very close range. A few minutes later, one by one the men arrived, frightened at the report of my gun. Nothing in the world would

induce them to venture, without me, into the den, which, as you see, was well inhabited; they were willing enough to follow me. I found the tiger I had killed the day before, and with my double booty I started off for a triumphal entrance into Singapore, when I had the pleasure of meeting you." I heartily congratulated my countryman upon his success, and begged him to tell me how he came to take up his abode on this island.

"Listen to my story, which is a very short one," continued Mr. d'Harnancourt, proceeding to empty the bottle before him. "I am the son of a cavalry officer of the First Imperial Guard. My father, having been taken prisoner by the Russians, managed to escape from Siberia, and took refuge in America. After the peace, he stayed there, in order not to be obliged to draw his sword in the service of the Restoration. Alas! he married, and I use this expression of regret, because the fruit of this union was the wanderer, without house or home, whom you see before you. My mother died first, while I was still a child, and, although she had caused to be engraved upon her tombstone, by way of epitaph, this pathetic invitation addressed to my father—'I wait for you'—it was not until fifteen years afterwards that the latter answered the summons. This was too soon, for I was left quite alone in the world, and, instead of seeking some decent employment, I abandoned myself to the only passion I ever had—a passion for continually roving from place to place. I have hunted for nearly thirty years—following the trail of bison over the prairies of the far West, or on the scent of blue foxes in the frozen regions of the Arctic Pole. I at last gave way to the desire, staved off for a long time, to see Europe again, and to the secret longing, perhaps, to find a ready-made family in France. A year ago I embarked at San Francisco for Hong-Kong, in the hope of getting, at this port, a cheap passage to Marseilles. My evil star decided quite differently, for I was wrecked in a terrible typhoon upon the reefs of the island of Formosa. I was the only one of the passengers or crew who escaped death. So I lived with the natives of this coast about two months, imprisoned in a pagoda. I was indeed a prisoner, for each time I attempted to make an expedition into the interior, I

was taken before the Chinese authorities, and was very plainly given to understand by my keepers, the Bonzes, by means of a significant gesture, that if I tried it again, I would have my head chopped off. One day an English captain, who, having providentially lost his bearings, had wandered to this coast, had pity upon me and offered me a free passage as far as Singapore. Just think how glad I was! When I got here, I found that the government of the colony offered fifty piastres for the head of every tiger killed. There were so many of these animals, I was told, that every day some man was eaten by them; I therefore decided to settle upon this island, which was so full of game, and which paid so well. I have been here six months now, trying to make money enough to take me to France some day, and especially to Algeria, where I have a great desire to measure my skill and bravery with its greatest lion-hunters."

V.

It would be useless to repeat here the well-known history of the prosperity of Hong-Kong, a barren rock in 1841, but now, thanks to the familiar maxim, "Might makes right," and to the ill-advised aid that France extended towards England in 1858, during the war made upon China by this power, it is an important depot of the opium trade. It is here that most of the business pertaining to the purchase and sale of this poisonous drug is conducted, a drug the annual trade in which reaches the astonishing figure of 300,000,000 of francs. The traveller, with his pleasant recollections of Ceylon, is soon tired of being elbowed by a crowd of busy coolies, and of seeing nothing but crowds of tipsy sailors. Strange to say, these latter find their chief pleasure in dancing, without women, in the wine-shops of Victoria street, to the sound of a violin and a big drum, by way of accompaniment. In the evening, in order to avoid them, the stranger must stay at his hotel; if he dares to venture out, he may see the whole population of the island adjourning *en masse* towards the streets in the upper portion of the town, where the opium-shops are. All these low houses have their windows wide open, are brilliantly lighted up, and from them come the sound of fearful oaths in every

language, the clanging of gongs, and the nasal songs of Chinese women. From time to time fire-crackers burst in tongues of fire about the heads of the astonished traveller.

I was so fortunate as to be invited by a wealthy Englishman to dine at a well-known Chinese restaurant, and I had the unusual privilege, the very evening of my arrival, to meet there some prominent members of the native society. They brought their wives with them, and I noticed that these last were brought in sedan-chairs to the dining-room. There were five of them, the youngest of whom seemed to me not more than eighteen years old. With their light-blue silk dresses, and their luxuriant black hair dressed with natural flowers, they seemed, although too artificial, refined, very white, and really quite pretty. Although sitting next to them at table, *I could not exchange a word with them, much to my regret*, for they could not understand English, and I could not speak Chinese. For that matter, my host had warned me to be very reserved in the polite attentions which, only by pantomime, I was able to offer them. The palanquins waited outside the door; upon the slightest pang of jealousy felt by their husbands, I might expect to see the dining-room deserted. The Chinese men only consented to come to this entertainment on the understanding that I expected to leave Hong-Kong a few hours later. During the whole meal the women scarcely spoke; but they were continually smiling, and were apparently much amused at my embarrassment when some unknown dish was offered me, as, for instance, pigeons' hearts served with ginger-bread, brandy in horn cups which took the place of glasses, or to eat with ivory sticks which were substituted for forks. None of them took any meat, and with their daintiness, delicate fingers, disfigured by very long nails—veritable claws, which gave their hands a most unnatural look—they took only perfumed sugar-plums and dried pumpkin seeds. When supper, consisting of three courses, and during which there was vocal and instrumental music, was over, the Chinese ladies arose, and with great difficulty supporting themselves with chairs and against the wall, still smiling, they re-entered their sedan-chairs.

The last one had, I noticed, almost imperceptible feet, beneath her trousers of jonquil silk. I called the attention of one of my neighbors to her; he was a stout Chinese gentleman, with intelligent features:—"Excellent thing for jealous husbands," he said to me, with a loud laugh.

"This deformity, then, is not a caprice of fashion?"

"By no means, and the reason is this: When in any family, rich or poor, there is born a good-looking girl, whose infant features promise to be at the age of fifteen fine and regular, the little creature's feet, a few months after her birth, are subjected to a violent compression. By this means, you see, she is robbed of her freedom to move about or to play out of doors. Later in life, her rich parents, who are anxious to have her marry, or her poor parents who hope to sell her for a large price, are wont to expatiate upon the advantages to her suitors of this deprivation of liberty."

"It is fearful," I exclaimed, with indignation.

"Oh! no doubt, from your point of view. If, however, you had asked the opinion of Hataï, F'atma, Atoï, Atchaï and Loï, who dined here, each of them would have told you that they do not regret their lot. If they had not thus been prepared for sale to some one of our very wealthy men, they would be at work on the rice plantations, like beasts of burden, or they would spend their lives upon the water in the gulfs or pirate ships, or in rowing on the rivers, like the most ill-used of your own sailors."

"How are these sales made?"

"By marriage brokers, with properly drawn up contracts. I have at this moment, in my pocket, an instrument which makes me this very day the proprietor of a young girl from Shang-hai. Shall I translate it for you?"

He then showed me the contract of which the following is the text:—

"Owing to the poverty of my family, I hereby consent to sell my daughter, aged fourteen years, to Tu-wou-lau-hi, in order that he may take care of her. This twenty-fourth day of the sixteenth moon, I have received in full for her the sum of 85 piastres (450 francs).

"The 24th day of the sixteenth moon, of

the eighteenth year of Hien-tung (August 9, 1868).

(Signed) "THANG-TING.

(Father of the young girl.)

"MADAME YAP-TUNG-KO.

(Procuress.)

"TCHEN-TCHEN-TCHANG.

(Attorney in charge of drawing up the deed of sale.)"

The conversation then turned upon the customs of the country. My informant told me that besides the *femmes de luxe* the Chinese might purchase, they have a real wife, and only her children can inherit the fortune of the father. He was quite indignant when I alluded to the abandonment of children, the practice about which our missionaries give such revolting accounts. In point of fact this barbarous custom only exists in certain provinces during famines, which are quite frequent in this country. It is only when it is impossible for the mothers to feed their newborn babes that they give them up.

Of the Toung-toung the pleasantest souvenir I have is, I am ashamed to say, the comfortable breakfast I had on board the American steamboat on which I had taken passage. The banks were low: the fortifications of Bogue, destroyed by ours and English cannon, were quite uninteresting; in a word, the landscape is very tame, for in this whole distance of thirty miles there is nothing to interrupt the monotony of the river banks but two or three pagodas, rising from the ground like overgrown asparagus plants. The gardens are so well kept, that the most scrupulous of Dutch gardeners would go into ecstasies over them. When finally we dropped anchor opposite the town, the clamor of the boatmen who wanted to take us on shore, so to speak, woke us up. Seized by a stout boatman, I was carried down the ladder, and, before I knew it, was seated in his sampan, and, after a short row, reached the house of Chu-Kian, a rich Chinese. I had been warmly recommended to him by a Swiss firm at Hong-Kong, with whom he had had a business connection for many years; he spoke English very well, and welcomed me with great hospitality. I told him that my chief object in coming was to visit Canton. It was too late that night to go there, and he showed me to a room in his house. It was furnished with sofas, chairs, and a bed carved in the ebony of Tomkin; it was

evidently the home of a man of wealth and good taste. I dined alone; but at seven in the evening he came to propose a sail on the river and an evening with a friend of his who gave an entertainment on a boat decorated with flowers. I was not slow to accept, and, steering his boat with marvellous skill among the shipping, we soon found ourselves alongside of a junk which rode at anchor in the middle of the Kouang-toung. The interior, upholstered with scarlet damask, was brilliantly lighted up with numberless lanterns, beneath which hung bamboo cages full of birds; beneath others hung glass globes with red fishes in them, whose golden tails and fins were fantastically long. The floor was covered with double white matting, very clean and of the finest quality. Through some silk brocade curtains partly drawn aside I could see the interior of the cabins on the side of the boat. I entered one of these retreats: in it was a rattan couch with neither mattress nor bolster, but, as is customary with opium-smokers, only a pillow—that is to say, a roll of red-painted card-board, a light bamboo table, upon which was a metal pipe and the little lamp indispensable to smokers. In the middle of the saloon, seated about a table covered with flowers, drinking tea, singing, or nibbling sugar-plums, were young pale-faced Chinese with fans in their hands, and Chinese ladies, richly dressed, but, as usual, too artificial. I was introduced to the gentleman who gave the entertainment; he was a man of very dignified appearance, who had lived for a long time at Hong-Kong, where he had learned a little English. He seemed very anxious to offer me every hospitality. "What will you take?" my host and my friend asked me, from time to time.

I was seized with an odd fancy to try opium-smoking, and made known my wish.

"Walk into this cabin, then." He clapped his hands; a servant appeared and placed upon my table a pipe full of the stupefying drug, and an extra supply of it in a little vessel. "In case you do not like the opium, I will send you also a little tea. I suppose this is your first attempt at smoking."

Tea served, Chu-Kian and the servant withdrew, drawing the curtains behind them. Left alone, I smoked my first pipe, the taste of which was simply detes-

table. I stretched myself upon the bed, resting my head upon the pillow—that is to say, on the hard, shiny roll which served for it, and shut my eyes. After a few minutes of meditation, feeling a sudden sickness come over me, I gazed wildly about me, and perceiving a port-hole, I thrust my head out in order to cool its burning heat; but the sight of the black water of the river resounding mournfully in my ears made me ill. I lay down again, and made another attempt. After a quarter of an hour, having smoked two more pipes, and taken two cups of tea, I left my cabin, scarcely knowing what I was about. I was in the plight of a man with vertigo, and at the same time wretchedly sea-sick.

“Where are you, Chu-Kian?” I cried, rushing into the saloon. The young boy who had waited upon me ran to me and showed me, in a smoking-room quite as dark as my own, my host, in a condition that I shall never forget. His face was pallid: his half-open eyes rolled vaguely about with an expression of fear: he was in a violent perspiration. “Wake him up,” I cried to those about me. “No, no! let him alone; it would do him more harm to wake him than to let him finish his dream.”

As I was anxious to get out into the open air, I thought I had better not insist; hailing our boat, I returned to my host's house, and then sent it back to the junk. The next morning Chu-Kian was pale and dejected, with the cadaverous look of the young men I had seen the night before. Much disturbed, I asked him if he were still sick. “Were you as unsuccessful as I was?” “It is all over now, but I am a hardened smoker.” “Then your dreams are not all *couleur de rose*?” “Certainly not; the pleasant dreams are soon over, and they by no means compensate for the suffering that follows. You would say that I ought to stop smoking then; but ask the gambler to give up throwing his dice, the drunkard to stop his drinking. There is always a hope, which is sometimes realized, of a repetition of the first delightful experiences which lead us to new attempts.”

“I will accurately describe to you,” I said to him, laughingly, what my sensations were yesterday: could you do the same thing?”

“Not just now; the recollection of my vision, although vague, is still too full of terror for me to rehearse it calmly. But be sure of this: as soon as the time comes when the dreams of the opium-smoker are of this character, he has but a few years to live; no matter how sure he is to be killed by this infamous drug, he will spend his last piastre, and expend his latest breath in pursuit of it, at the opium houses. I ought not to have accompanied you to this entertainment yesterday; but the fact that you were a foreigner, curious to see the customs of the country, was an excuse for me to give way to my passion: the moment I thought you were asleep in your cabin, I could not refrain from throwing myself upon a couch in another cabin close by you, to have a smoke myself.”

Canton has no longer any foreign residents, and its former prosperity is gone. There are, perhaps, ten or a dozen Europeans still living at Hanam, correspondents of business houses at Hong-Kong, but they are rarely to be met with. Chu-Kian assured me that I was probably the only “red devil” to be seen in the streets of Canton. I asked him why he thus designated me. He explained that when the English first came to trade with China, and the natives saw their love of gain and their red hair, they gave them this name, which is now applied to all foreigners.

We visited the burnt district, where formerly stood the factories, banks, and magnificent docks which were destroyed by the Chinese during the war with the English, and which, together with the commercial activity they represented, have never been restored. Near by may be seen the site of the dock where the savage Mandarin Yeh threw into the river the heads of 100,000 rebels. A Dutchman, who remained at the factories during these executions, told me that he was an eye-witness to the extraordinary *sang-froid* of the victims. They waited impassibly the stroke of the knife, kneeling at the end of the dock. “I had a notion,” he said, “to send them some boxes of cigarettes to comfort them in their last moments; but I would soon have been ruined at such a trade as that, for their number increased every day.”

I remained eight days at Canton; this was enough to see the interior of the city, its environs, and the French grant, where

the streets still bear the names: *de la Fusée, de la Dordogne*, and *de la Charente*. The garden of Fatim, where every tree is fantastically cut to the shape of some animal, should be seen; also, the five-storied pagoda, the clock of which was broken by an English cannon-ball; and lastly, the temple of the five hundred *genii*, smiling, good-natured looking fellows with huge gilded bellies, a sure sign in China of aristocracy. Chu-Kian informed me that each of these grotesque figures was the likeness of some Chinese of the early times, distinguished in the arts, sciences, or philosophy. It is what in France we would call a pantheon.

It would not pay collectors of curiosities to come here; it would be almost useless to seek here antique china and bronzes, or enamel work. Since Canton was opened, twelve years ago, amateurs have ransacked the country for these things, and the prices asked for those still to be had are quite as high as at Paris. This fact, however, need not deprive the stranger of the pleasure of looking through the shops. Wherever he enters, his reception by the Chinese, although to all appearances cordial, will be tempered with a kind of haughty condescension; but if the cup of tea, which is sure to be proffered, is accepted, it gratifies them very much. Have we any right to expect from these people, who have always been ill-treated at our hands, a truly cordial welcome? Most certainly not. We have ruined their palaces, knocked down their walls, lent our aid to the English, their sworn enemies, in an iniquitous war, and, sharing the hatred which they inspired, we have been compelled, in order to defend ourselves, to make bloody reprisals. To-day, in this city of Canton, so full of noise and laughter, the name of France cannot be uttered without reviving terrible recollections. Witness the following.

In 1858, terror reigned in Hong-Kong. All the native bakers, in order to get rid of the English in a single day, with one accord poisoned their bread. Many of the residents perished, and those who escaped owed their safety to the fact that the bakers, less skilful than full of hatred, put too strong a dose of arsenic in their bread. In Canton strangers could not venture far from the factories without running the risk of being assassinated; the immense docks were destroyed by

fire. Each morning, until the time when Europeans were forbidden to enter, men were sent into the city from the allied squadron anchored in the harbor, for the purpose of getting provisions for the officers' mess; every few days some Englishman was missing at roll-call. Led by a fatal curiosity, it would be some unfortunate who would wander away from his companions, and be seized and murdered in the public streets by Chinese soldiers. In vain the Admiral of the English fleet threatened the Canton authorities with retaliation; in vain he demanded that the guilty should be punished; it was of no use; these assassinations continued. One day, five or six men landed from a French steam-frigate; at a street corner one of them disappeared; he was afterwards found with his head cut off. When this crime was made known on board the frigate, the first mate—I have the story from himself—at once assembled fifty volunteers, armed them with revolvers and axes, and went on shore with them. Arrived at the street where the crime was committed, they closed it at both ends, and then pillaged the houses and killed all the inhabitants but one; this one escaped, but not without ten shots having been fired at him. He went on his way with the utmost coolness, without hastening his steps, and without looking behind him. "I spared his life," the officer told me, "amazed at his courage. When I rushed upon him and struck him a heavy blow with my fist upon his shoulder, this extraordinary man looked at me with a pallid smile, and without moving a muscle under my heavy clutch. I tried to make him understand my admiration, but I must admit that he seemed to care very little for my opinion. I hastened to put him in charge of two of my men, with orders that no harm should come to him." From that day, and as a consequence of this fearful punishment, which was strongly condemned by the English press at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, strangers, even alone, may safely venture into the streets of Canton.

It was a splendid day when I landed upon the sandy shore of Macao, called *Praya Grande*. And now follow me into this dark hut, something like some of the clumsy structures of Venice. Enter, if you dare, this black wet hole. What do you behold behind the bamboo bars of

this great cage? Men! A blue cotton jacket without sleeves, and drawers, was all the clothing they had. Crouching down upon the sand, swarming with fleas and lice and poisonous centipedes, they are waiting their turn to be shipped to those warm countries where the coolies now take the place of the African slave. The treaty has only changed the color of the merchandise. These miserable creatures have been picked up in the districts ravaged by famine, on the banks of some dried-up river. In the belief that their condition will be immediately improved, and with the promise of a gay trip to Macao or Canton, they have been induced to sign a contract by which they are bound to some unknown planter for a term of six years. When the day to leave comes, a consular agent makes the official statement that these men go voluntarily. They can, it is true, refuse to go on board; but as they have contracted debts, and would not be set at liberty until the money which has been lent to them has been repaid, they greatly prefer the open air to a prison which is, without doubt, purposely made loathsome. They have been told, too, that Havana and Callao, and the other colonies to which they are bound, are only distant five or six days' journey, and that the voyage is a pleasant little trip, which will be of great benefit to their constitutions, enfeebled by privations. As soon as they come on board, they are astonished to find that their tobacco, pipes, and knives are taken from them. To their great surprise, they find themselves, three or four hundred of them, pent up between decks, where it is dark and without ventilation; they can, it is true, walk on the deck by squads, but this is only in fine weather; as they are surrounded by marines with loaded guns and threatening looks, they are not particularly happy. During bad weather they cannot go out, and they would suffocate in their prison, if it were not for wind-sails. It is at these times that nostalgia and despair make ravages among them. Silently they plan their revolt, and rising *en masse*, strike with fury. They try to surprise the crew: if they succeed, they kill them; if not, many of them succumb. As few as possible of them, however, are killed, for every mutineer represents a considerable value. Some of these miserable creatures, less inimical, pious souls who believe in Bud-

dha and the consoling doctrine of the transmigration of souls, quietly make up a little bundle of their clothes, tie it to their backs, say good-bye to their companions, and noiselessly drop themselves into the sea. "Where are the absent men," asks the supercargo, when the roll is called, and lantern in hand he searches every nook and corner of the ship. "They have gone back to China," placidly explains one of their companions. "Last night they slipped out of a port-hole, and they are no doubt now happy among their friends." Imagine the anger that this calls forth. Every man who thus disappears is a clear loss of 500 francs. The carpenter is called and ordered to place strong iron bars over every port-hole and every space large enough for a man to slip through into the sea. No more walking upon the decks is allowed; from this day forth these men can breathe and look at the horizon only through prison bars. In 1858, a large American clipper, with a cargo of coolies, bound for Havana, arrived at Manilla. The captain discovered, a few days after leaving the coast of China, that he had not taken enough of water on board, and had to put into port to get an additional supply of several hogsheads full of it. The Chinese, who had been told that the journey was a short one, supposed that the voyage was over when the anchor was dropped; but, to their bitter disappointment, they saw the captain land without them. After waiting several hours, they rushed upon the mate, and declared they would throw him in the water if they were not permitted to land at once. The crew, warned of the danger, armed themselves, rescued the mate, fired upon the mutineers, and driving them below with their sabres, closed the hatches; these and the port-holes they nailed down. The thermometer then showed in the shade, in the streets of Manilla, 40° centigrade. The Chinese, the distant sound of whose voices could scarcely be heard on the deck, were no doubt saying that they were suffocating. The crew were careful not to venture down in order to learn the true state of the case, and soon there was a lugubrious silence, broken only occasionally by a piercing cry. Unfortunately, the captain was absent all that day and night; the guest of a rich native Spaniard, he was amusing himself on shore. The next morning, on returning to

his ship, he was alarmed at the ominous silence that reigned there. "Those Chinese are in the sulks, or else they are all asleep," the mate said. "Yesterday, thinking they had come to the end of their journey, they wanted to go on shore, but I drove them back to the hold, where they are all right now." The captain, more experienced, guessed at the truth. He seized an axe, and cutting his way through the partition, called upon his men to do the same thing. It was much too late when the fresh air was let in to drive out the suffocating steam. They found three hundred Chinese suffocated to death, and he who writes these lines, with the whole indignant population of Manilla, saw them laid out upon the beach of Cavite, beside the common grave, filled with lime, that was to hold them all. The mate, after four months' imprisonment, was, with a portion of the crew, condemned to one month's suspension. A few days later, the captain started with his ship again for Canton, to renew his infamous traffic.

VI.

When I arrived at Shanghai, it was only fifty-seven days since I left Southampton on board the *Ripon*. It is very difficult to realize that in so short a time, so many different countries and so many different races have been seen. The surface of the earth, over half of which we have just travelled, comes to seem to the tourist what it is in reality,—a very circumscribed theatre for those exploits which in their pride men venture to attempt. Seen at this distance, the ambitious schemes of certain grasping individuals of Europe, and our great slaughters of men, called *war* by impious fools or crowned thugs, reduce themselves to proportions in keeping with the narrow limits of the scene of their enactment. In former times, the influence of their greatest deeds reached but little beyond the confines of the land in which they were accomplished. The founding in the XIIth century of the vast empire of Gengis-Khan, which held sway from the Caspian Sea to the Sea of China, disturbed Europe no more than the victories and conquests of Napoleon I. disturbed Asia in the XIXth century. This is no longer the case, thanks to steam, and especially to electricity, which encircles the globe in

a few short hours, carrying with it peace or war, fortune or ruin, darkness or light. In becoming better acquainted with each other, we become each day more dependent one upon the other. The more frequent and rapid are the intercommunications of nations, the sooner perhaps will humanity, in spite of that which would seem to remove us far from it, attain that mysterious consummation towards which she has been groping for so many centuries.

These thoughts passed through my mind as I stood in the midst of this prodigious business activity upon the docks of Shanghai, surrounded by innumerable bales of silk awaiting shipment to the West. It is from this port that are shipped the largest exportations from the Celestial Empire; they amount annually to 40,000 bales of silk and 50 millions of pounds of tea; from this port also are shipped to California the "free" emigrants.

The great quantity of cotton shipped at this port was especially noticeable. "It comes from India," an Englishman said to me, "and the trade is growing every day more and more important." The Chinese aspire to the manufacture of their own cottons, and if they can succeed in establishing a trade in these goods like that of Europe, British commerce will receive a severe check. Their hope of emancipation would not stop here; great depots of silks and teas would also be established at London and conducted by the Chinese themselves. If this hope is realized, if the speculators of the far East emigrate to England, the struggle between the English and the Chinese nations, both essentially commercial, will be rife with unlooked for changes. Those who are familiar with the rapid emigration of the Chinese to the islands of the Sonde, to Australia, and to America, know that the greatest danger which threatens England, and the working classes of Europe in general, is to be apprehended from the cheap laborers in those distant climes. It is a subject which demands the watchful attention of legislators. If restrictive laws are not wisely opposed to the tremendous influx of men which may at any moment overrun the West, the day may come when in the streets of London and Paris the Chinese invaders will be driven out with muskets and revolvers, as has

already been done on a large scale in the English colony, Australia. For all that, they have just as much right to come to our country as we have to go to theirs, and the life of a Tartar or Mongol should be quite as sacred as that of any European.

VII.

At Shanghai, passage is taken for San Francisco on board one of the American steamers which cross the Pacific Ocean. On the payment at the agency of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company of a somewhat larger sum than that paid in Europe for the voyage to this point, *i. e.*, 3,500 francs, a ticket is given to Paris *via* Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, and Havre. There is a mail once a month; four splendid steamers of 4,000 tons burden—the “Great Republic,” the “China,” the “America,” and the “Japan,” in turn make the passage of 4,174 miles which separate Yokohama from the New World in an average of twenty-two days.

Those travellers who have the time to spare, should spend as much of it as possible in Japan. If, some months after their arrival, these travellers should leave with nearly empty purses, they will be sure to take with them in exchange some valuable experiences. Yokohama, the only point at which American vessels touch in going to California, cannot convey to those who remain there a few days an adequate idea of the manners and customs of the country. This city is built in the midst of a badly-drained marsh, and the native population is one of the least interesting of the empire. However, without visiting the delightful residences in the neighborhood of Nagasaki, Hiego, Osaka, Kagosima, without even going as far as Yeddo, the traveller scarcely lands before he is convinced of the vast superiority of the Japanese over the Chinese. The former is an artist in every sense of the word; the latter is so completely a merchant that he would sell even himself: the one builds railways, coins money, establishes telegraph lines, founds cannon, will before long manufacture his own arms, and already directs his naval and army officers to wear our dress; the other has a horror of progress, or rather of innovations, but he learns our vices and buys from the English the arms he

needs, which are recaptured each day by these same English from pirates. The Chinese allows himself to be killed without showing any fear of death, but he would not know how to fight for his life; the Japanese will not give up a struggle without having first valiantly battled. The Celestial is very fond of sensual pleasures; he would sell his very liberty for the *piastre* which will give him his opium with its enervating reveries; the Japanese drink only an inoffensive liquor called *Saki*; it is not to be denied that they frequent the tea-houses, but they pass their time there in lively and witty conversation; it is certain they will never expatriate themselves on account of poverty or to better their condition. In China, they delight in the natural scenery of the kingdom of Lili-put: little trees, microscopic flowers; they stand spell-bound before a fountain which represents the sea with fishes, seaweeds, rocks, the whole contained in a basin a few feet in diameter. In Japan, Nature as it comes from the hand of God is preferred—that is, grand and beautiful; when the Japanese artists reproduce it, it is apparent that they do it with feeling and sentiment; they love so much their gardens with winding paths and shaded streams flowing beneath graceful bamboos, their mountains and the shining snows which crown their summits, their volcanoes with their fierce red spurts of flame, that you see these beauties everywhere reproduced. Who is not entirely familiar with their sacred mountain, Fusi-yama? It is a majestic peak overlooking Yeddo; it is almost always seen in the decoration of their plates, or lightly sketched upon their transparent porcelains. In a careful examination of their works of art, it will always be found that although their houses have simple thatched roofs, they are always picturesquely placed on the side of a hill from which the sea can be seen, with islands and mysterious gulfs where a fleet lies at anchor; and in the distance, upon the horizon, like dried reeds, a few fishing boats with golden sails. The moon also is frequently introduced in their lacquered designs. Finally, let us remember that the Chinese has not, and never has had, any religious convictions; while in Japan, although there is no longer to be found there a single native Christian, the martyrs who two centuries ago paid with their lives for

their devotion to the religion of Christ may be counted by thousands. Lord Elgin confirms these eulogies of the Japanese.*

Yeddo may be reached from Yokohama by land as well as by sea: it is far better to take the former route; the journey is delightful after crossing the river Logo, which is accomplished in an immense ferry-boat. It is fancied in Europe that there is still danger in making this excursion; this is a great mistake, for every day the native population is becoming more and more accustomed to the presence of Americans and Europeans. A halt is usually made half-way, at Kavasaki, the name of a charming station; it is presided over by graceful *mousmées*, or Japanese women, whose kind offices cause travellers to imagine themselves in the most hospitable inns of Europe. A throng of sprightly children gathered about us as soon as we stopped, saluting us with their pleasant *ohaio*: the intelligence of these children, which is clearly indicated in their black eyes, too round to my mind, appeared to me very keen, and they were quite as well-behaved as European children. They sing more than they talk, and nothing could be pleasanter than the prattle of a whole school of them. One of us had in his hand an illustrated Japanese book; in order to see if the little ones about us knew how to read, he motioned to one of the smallest to come to him, and to read in a loud voice the description of one of the pictures. He accomplished his task very nicely, and all the children did the same thing, not one of them hesitating to undertake it. This is less astonishing when it is known, as I afterwards learned, that in Japan public instruction is almost obligatory. Their home education, also, seems to differ from that which many children in Europe receive; no one in Japan ever saw a child struck, or heard the painful cry of distress, which often strikes the ear in the more populous quarters of our own cities, when some disobedient child is punished by its parents. One of our number having bought some articles in lacquered ware in the presence of the group of children we had been examining, and a dispute

having arisen with the Japanese vendor, he, to our great surprise, and with a comical seriousness, submitted the settling of the question to this jury of children, who, after they had solemnly listened to his story, and as solemnly discussed the case, decided in our favor, the dealer conforming with good grace to their verdict.

After refreshment and rest at Kavasaki, travellers should continue on to Yeddo, following the sea-shore all the way. On one side the sea foaming up to our horses' feet, on the other strange-looking houses, hills covered with cedars and larches, flowering camelias and fragrant camphor trees, we made a pleasant journey to the capital. Two hundred and seventy years ago, when the Spaniard Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco came from Manilla to Yeddo, this city had only 70,000 inhabitants; now the population is 1,000,000 of souls. It would seem as if it had degenerated since the period when our policy placed the Tycoon under a cloud. The Daimios, who were his supporters, also have withdrawn to their fiefs, and the spot where once all was animation, where nothing was heard but the clash of arms, and the songs of war and of love of the Japanese warriors, is now grown over with weeds, and the silence of death reigns; but let it not be understood that this is the condition of the whole of Yeddo. A few steps from the fine European hotel, activity is found again, and the same bustle and confusion as in the streets of the great cities of Europe, without even excepting London and Paris, at times of great popular excitement. Foreigners are not molested or inconvenienced in any way; on the contrary, they are everywhere most cordially received, and the women always return a salute with a gracious smile. Some of their customs are unfortunately lax, although adultery is punished with death. This is the only shadow in the picture I have tried to sketch of this brave, courteous, and intelligent people.

Since 1859, admirers of Japanese works of art, and especially of bronzes, have been able to get some beautiful specimens. The Dutch had especial advantages, thanks to their establishment at Décima, but it is well-known at what a cost. Long before the modern curiosity-hunters arrived upon the ground, the spoliation of the treasures of this country had begun on a

* *La Chine et le Japon*. Mission of Count Elgin, described by Lawrence Oliphant: Paris, 1860.

vast scale, but with this difference—that lacquered ware, stuffs, porcelain, magots, did not satisfy them. The Portuguese and the agents of the Dutch government aimed at more solid treasures than these. Kaempfer says on this subject: “It is thought that if the fellow-countrymen of Camoëns had possessed the Japan trade for twenty years longer, they would have carried away to their colonies of Macao so much wealth from this empire, that there would have been accumulated in this city treasures of gold and silver in as great abundance as those which, according to the sacred writers, Jerusalem possessed in the time of Solomon. Was it from disgust at this greed that the government of Japan suddenly closed its ports to all foreigners for more than two centuries, after having first massacred, by the aid of the Dutch, 40,000 Christians within the walls of Simabarra, and having thrown into the sea, from the great rock of Pappenberg, many of these miserable creatures? The Jesuits say yes, and the Portuguese say no. In these days, however, things go on very smoothly there. This beautiful country furnishes to Europe silks, silk-worms, and tea. Japan in return exports our cotton goods, woollens, arms, and steamships, which are run by the natives, who themselves begin to manufacture them at home.

When, after leaving the far East, I took passage for Europe upon the fast-sailing steamer “China,” and rehearsed in my mind all that I had learned and heard about this beautiful land of Japan, I resolved that on my arrival in France I would recommend to that class of the youth of my country who, with courage, aim to rise above a mediocrity without horizon, to emigrate thither. With enterprise, courage, and honesty, they could not fail to succeed in this Scotland of the East. Success would be all the more probable because Japan, as compared with the other colonies, has been but little explored. The *messageries françaises* have an agency there; the steamers of

this line, as well as those of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, bring every week comparatively recent news from France, averaging two months old. In going to Japan it is impossible to find a more rapid and advantageous way, or one that has more comforts or more varied scenery.

The return to Europe by the Pacific Ocean is a complete change of scene. The route *via* Central America and the Atlantic Ocean, however, is far from offering the same variety. With the exception of the trip from San Francisco to New York, which is made by railroad in six days and twenty hours, the whole of the trip is by sea.

My notes stop here, for I cannot adequately speak of the United States in so short an article. Although, so late as the 10th of May, 1869, the date of the opening of the Pacific Railway, there were serious perils connected with the trip, especially in the Sierra Nevada, where, as at Summit, the road is 2,000 metres above the sea, to-day, happily, there is no longer any danger. Now the clumsy wagons that travellers were at first obliged to put up with are replaced with luxurious cars, with beds, restaurants, and elegant parlors, as thoroughly warmed and lighted as our best European hotels. As there are especial trains at reduced prices reserved for laborers, the traveller is no longer obliged to come in contact with the rough miners of the Sierra or the road builders of those new railroads, which, like little tributary streams hastening to empty themselves into the main rivers, are each day added to the Grand Central Pacific. Let the traveller who is discouraged at the prospect of riding in the cars for seven consecutive days, study his guide-book, for there are plenty of cities, as for instance Ogden, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Omaha, and Chicago, which will well repay a visit. It is in these young cities, far better than in New York, that it may be learned how, with freedom allied to enterprise, great Republics are reared.

EDMOND PLANCHUT.

The Examiner.

MR. FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS.*

NEARLY four-and-twenty years ago, Dickens chose his biographer. "I desire no better for my fame," he wrote to and of Mr. Forster, in 1848, "when my personal dustiness shall be past the control of my love of order, than such a biographer and such a critic." "You know me better," he wrote in 1862, "than any other man does, or ever will." The work thus assigned to him has been begun by Mr. Forster in the volume before us, and the memoir promises, when completed, to be as delightful and as valuable an one as can be found in our language. "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith" is a masterpiece; but "The Life of Charles Dickens" is likely to be in every way its equal as a literary production, while the theme is of far greater interest to readers of our day, and the writer is able to bring to it that personal knowledge which the most diligent book-study, even of such a book student as Mr. Forster, cannot replace. All the thousand touches that can only be inspired by close intimacy and the hearty sympathy of friend with friend are here, by one of the subtlest and most powerful literary artists of the time, given to a marvellously vigorous picture of a man whose real portrait all the world will be glad to see, and will be better for seeing.

The story of Dickens's life till he was thirty is here chronicled. The last six years fill nearly four-fifths of the volume; but what is told about the first four-and-twenty years is its most welcome portion. The three chapters in which Mr. Forster recounts the early life of his hero—far more of a hero than his heartiest admirers ever supposed him to be—contain, indeed, as pathetic a narrative of child-life as is to be found in "The Old Curiosity Shop" or in "Oliver Twist"—and what more can be said than that? Everybody knew that Dickens worked bravely up from humble life by his own exertions, and that the genius by which he has brightened the lives of millions was quickened amid hardships that might well have stifled it, if it could have been stifled; but few in-

deed could have guessed how great was the strain, how bitter were the hardships, put upon his young life. Mr. Forster's story of this early heroism—partly told in the way of extracts from an autobiographical fragment, portions of which were used, with hardly an alteration, by the author himself in "David Copperfield"—is not only strangely interesting in itself, but is also of the greatest value in that it furnishes the key to all Dickens's later history. It tells us how the lad who was to be "the most popular novelist of the century and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced," born at Portsea on the 7th of February, 1812, living at Chatham between 1816 and 1821, had to fight his own way in the world, with very little help from others, after he was nine years old. He had not much help from others before that. His father, a poorly-paid clerk in the Navy Pay Office, could do but little for him, and that little seems to have been grudged. He was, as he described himself to Washington Irving, "a very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy," barely taught to read, and then left to practise reading, and to give a tone to his disposition through life, by revelling over a cheap lot of books in a lumber-room, "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," and "The Spectator" being among the number. From these treasures he was taken at the age of nine, when his parents, coming to live in London, took a shabby house in Bayham-street, Camden-town, a washerwoman living next door, and a Bow-street officer over the way. His father had been in money difficulties all along, and now he did not mend matters by making a composition with his creditors. Dickens always spoke well of his father. "But," he said, "in the ease of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost, at this time, the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever. So I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning, and my own; and making myself useful in the work of the little house; and looking after my younger

* *The Life of Charles Dickens.* By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Chapman and Hall.

brothers and sisters, and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living." Presently that drudgery was exchanged for a worse. His father was arrested and lodged in the Marshalsea. Young Dickens, living with his mother, now in Gower-street North, had to pawn all the books and nearly all the furniture, and, at last, to save money, his mother and the other children went to live in the Marshalsea, and he himself was handed over as a lodger to the Mrs. Pipchin of "Dombey and Son," then living in Little College-street, Camden-town. Before that, from the time of his father's incarceration, he began to earn his own living. For six shillings a week, afterwards raised to seven, he worked at Jonathan Warren's blacking factory in Old Hungerford Stairs, covering the pots of blacking with paper, and tying them up with string as fast as he could all through the day. He afterwards told how he used to make his luxurious breakfast off a penny loaf and a pennyworth of milk; and, before going to his work, to put another penny loaf in a cupboard to serve, with a bit of cheese, for his supper when he came home at night. His dinner he generally bought in town:

It was commonly a saveloy and a penny loaf; sometimes, a fourpenny plate of beef from a cook's shop; sometimes, a plate of bread and cheese, and a glass of beer, from a miserable old public-house over the way: the Swan, if I remember right, or the Swan and something else that I have forgotten. Once, I remember tucking my own bread (which I had brought from home in the morning) under my arm, wrapped up in a piece of paper like a book, and going into the best dining-room in Johnson's alamode beef-house in Charles court, Drury lane, and magnificently ordering a small plate of alamode beef to eat with it. What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I don't know; but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny, and I wish, now, that he hadn't taken it.

* * * * *

I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise?—to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham-court-road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a

slice of pudding. There were two pudding shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin's church (at the back of the church), which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear: two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther-arcade is now. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot, at about noon every day; and many and many a day did I dine off it.

We had half-an-hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee-shop, and have half-a-pint of coffee and a slice of bread and butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent-garden market, and stared at the pine-apples. The coffee-shops to which I most resorted were, one in Maiden-lane, one in a court (non-existent now) close to Hungerford-market; and one in St. Martin's-lane, of which I only recollect that it stood near the church, and that in the door there was an oval glass-plate, with COFFEE-ROOM painted on it, addressed towards the street. If I ever find myself in a very different kind of coffee-room now, but where there is such an inscription on glass, and read it backward on the wrong side—MOOR-EEFFOC (as I often used to do then, in a dismal reverie), a shock goes through my blood.

I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through; by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

After a time, to be nearer the blacking-shop and the Marshalsea, the lad went to lodge in a back attic in Lant-street, "where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards." Then he breakfasted and supped "at home" with his parents, and they were waited on by a good-hearted work-house servant, who is now immortalized as the Marchioness. These were

happier times, for there was once more some faint sense of homeliness for him in his bitter loneliness.

Seeing how much Dickens gained by these experiences, how his heart was widened and his sympathies were quickened for all the sufferers in the world, it is impossible to regret them altogether; but they made his young life very wretched, and Mr. Forster found traces of their effect in, "at intervals, a stern and even cold isolation of self-reliance side by side with a susceptibility almost feminine, and the most eager craving for sympathy." "I must entreat you," wrote Dickens himself, in 1862, "to go back to what you know of my childish days, and to ask yourself whether it is natural that something of the character formed in me then, and lost under happier circumstances, should have reappeared in the last five years. The never-to-be-forgotten misery of that old time bred a certain shrinking sensitiveness in a certain ill-clad, ill-fed child, that I have found come back in the never-to-be-forgotten misery of this later time." But what, one is hard-hearted enough to think, were these personal miseries in comparison with the good service they have done to others? "With the very poor and unprosperous," says Mr. Forster, "out of whose sufferings and struggles, and the virtues as well as vices born of them, his not least splendid successes were wrought, his childish experiences had made him naturally one. They were not his clients whose cause he pleaded with such pathos and humor, and on whose side he got the laughter and tears of all the world, but, in some sort, his very self."

We have been tempted to repeat some parts of the very touching story of Dickens's boyish life that Mr. Forster has told. But it is not for us to repeat what follows. The outline of his later history is known; but Mr. Forster fills up the details with minuteness and vividness that render every page of his book most welcome reading. Here we see how the young blacking-maker's drudge, put to school at last, came to be once more a boy like other boys; how he got on as a lawyer's clerk, and afterwards as a newspaper reporter; and how suddenly, from being a very skilful transcriber of other people's platitudes, he showed that he had in himself the power of uttering such

wit as the world can rarely hear; how then, the publishers discerning his merits before he himself did, he entered into engagements by which he was pledged to write his first books at hack wages, and with a speed that would have put many a weaker man out of gear for life; and how at length he freed himself from this bondage and began to enjoy the fruits of his genius, and to receive the friendship of the foremost men of the time. Mr. Forster's narrative extends to the close of Dickens's visit to America in 1842, of which it gives an especially minute account, based upon letters and journals not incorporated in the "American Notes."

Many of the most interesting passages in this volume describe the personal relations between Dickens and Mr. Forster during their long and close friendship. Thus he is described as he was in 1837:

Very different was his face in those days from that which photography has made familiar to the present generation. A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candor and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full wide nostril, eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humor and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well-formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair, so scant and grizzled in later days, was then of a rich brown and most luxuriant abundance, and the bearded face of his last two decades had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker; but there was that in the face as I first recollect it which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness, and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books, and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it. *It was as if made of steel* was said of it, four or five years after the time to which I am referring, by a most original and delicate observer, the late Mrs. Carlyle. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room!" wrote Leigh Hunt to me the morning after I made them known to each other. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." In such sayings are expressed not alone the restless and resistless vivacity and force of which I have spoken, but that also which lay

beneath them of steadiness and hard endurance.

Mr. Forster's literary history of Dickens is as interesting as his memoir of the man apart from his books ; if, indeed, a writer so thoroughly devoted to his calling, and to whom fiction was only the painting of the realest of all facts, could ever be said to be apart from his books. We have here the story of the publication of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge," with much delicate and truthful criticism of each novel, and many illustrations of the real antecedents of their leading characters. How real all his characters were to him, Mr. Forster's extracts from his letters show. In killing Little Nell, for instance, he felt like a murderer. "I am the wretchedest of the wretched," he wrote on the 7th of January, 1841. "It casts the most horrible shadow upon me, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all." And ten days later, "after you left last night, I took my desk up-stairs, and, writing until four o'clock this morning, finished the whole story. It makes me very melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me forever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters." And the people of his nov-

els were real to other persons, too. One out of many good stories here told comes from Mr. Carlyle. "An archdeacon," he wrote, in 1837, "with his own venerable lips repeated to me, the other night, a strange profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person. Having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate—'Well, thank God, "Pickwick" will be out in ten days, any way !' This is dreadful."

Among occasional work that Dickens did for the *Examiner* in these early years was a review of Hood's "Up the Rhine." "Rather poor," he wrote of it privately to Mr. Forster, "but I have not said so, because Hood is too, and ill besides." In that half-sentence the man showed his whole disposition, as by a flash of lightning. And there are a hundred such flashes in this volume, by which Dickens's fame will be enhanced, and in which Mr. Forster, while honestly fulfilling his trust as his friend's executor, has given to the world as good a supplement as could possibly be provided to those writings in which Charles Dickens, at so many Christmas-tides, preached his own eloquent sermons upon the text, "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

Chambers's Journal.

PAPER-MAKING IN JAPAN.

PAPER-MAKING, unknown in England three centuries back, has been practised in Japan for more than twelve hundred years. Thin wood-shavings and silk faced with linen sufficed for writing purposes with the Japanese of old, until the importation of paper from the Corea in 280, when the more primitive material went out of use. In 610, a Corean priest, named Doncho, paid a visit to Japan, and taught the natives how to make mill-stones, writing-ink, and paper. In the last-named manufacture, Shôtoku Taishi, a son of the then reigning Mikado, took especial interest. Finding that Doncho's paper, although good in its way, would not bear rough usage, being easily torn, and was, moreover, liable to become worm-eaten, he set his wits to work to bring about an improvement, and succeeded in producing four superior sorts of

paper. Probably little change has since taken place in the method of manufacturing it, but Japanese ingenuity has marvellously developed its use, and it is now employed for every conceivable purpose.

The British paper-maker, although driven by desperation to use straw and esparto, has yet little faith in anything but rags ; while his Japanese brother, perfectly capable of turning rags to account, will have none of them. He understands his business well, too ; his method may be rough, his appliances may be rude, but he contrives, nevertheless, to turn out a variety of papers, that his European rivals, with all their machinery, would be hard put to it to match. Yeddo itself contains not a single paper-manufacture, but the different kinds of paper to be bought there are infinite in number. Papers of every tint for ordinary corre-

spondence; writing-papers for court use and for government despatches; papers specially designed for letters of ceremony, congratulation, and compliment; others for the display of ornamental penmanship, for sketching, for painting, for versifiers and song-writers. Packing-papers of every description, some set apart for particular uses, as for packing presents, incense, tooth-powder, cakes, sweetmeats, and medicine. Tracing-papers, copying-papers, account-book papers, wall-papers, some for a first coating, some for receiving decorations at the artists' hands, some decorations in themselves; papers for covering screens, slides, and sliding-doors belonging to family shrines; papers for book-covers, made to imitate leather; papers for doll-dressing, scroll-framing, and picture-framing; papers for box-making; papers for covering lanterns and windows, for preserving floor-mats, for covering sun and rain umbrellas; papers for making into toys, artificial flowers, candle-wicks, pocket-books, purses, fans, masks, letter-boxes, and tobacco-pouches for gentlemen and ladies. No purpose comes amiss to the Japanese maker, who can give paper the hardness of wood, and produce a material capable of being manipulated into almost any shape. Paper-collars and wristbands are not unfamiliar to English eyes; but what are such trifles to paper hats and paper coats—hats and coats of real service. The soldiery of Japan wear a paper folding hat; the higher class of Yakunins patronize one made by placing layer upon layer of paper until a very hard wood-like material results, of extreme strength and tenacity, and rendered impervious to water by a coat of varnish. Another head-covering in general use is made of paper twisted and plaited to resemble straw. The paper coats are rain-proof, but these are surpassed by a net coat worn next the skin in warm weather by the better class of Japanese. This is made by rolling strong strips of paper of equal size into a sort of string, and then working it by hand into a neat net pattern; a garment of this sort takes some days to make, but when made it will bear washing! After this, paper pocket-handkerchiefs, paper hair-strings, paper hair-pins, paper sandal cords, paper ornaments for hair ornamentation, and paper crape, are but commonplace things.

Japanese paper-makers derive their raw material from four trees or shrubs, the Mitsumata, the Takaso, the Ma Kôdzu, and the Kajiso, depending chiefly upon the two last-named, the Takaso bark serving but for an inferior kind of paper, and that of the Mitsumata being reserved for the paper currency of the country.

The Ma Kôdzu, or Paper Mulberry (*Broussonelia Papyifera*) is the shrub to which Shôtoku Taishi had recourse. This thrives best in newly turned ground, and requires some care in its cultivation. Too much manure injures it, with too little, the roots decay; it will not flourish in blackish soil, or in the neighborhood of millet-fields; a very dry summer brings blight, too wet an autumn over-stimulates the growth; it grows best in a valley, on a hill-slope, or upon a bank near a patch of water. For manufacturing purposes it is treated in the following manner: At planting-time, which may be in September, October, or January, according to the climate of the place, the old roots are divided, cut down to lengths of three inches, and replanted with rather less than half an inch protruding from the earth. In a year's time, the shoots will be a foot high, increasing in height year by year, until, at the end of the fourth year, they reach six, or even nine or twelve feet. Every year the plant is cut down to the roots, each stalk throwing up five branches the following season, and in five years' time a large dense shrub is formed, the cuttings of the fifth year's growth supplying the paper-maker with what he needs.

The mulberry stalks, cut into lengths of from two and a half to three inches, are put into a straw vessel over a boiler two and a half feet in diameter, and steamed until the skin begins to separate at the cut ends, when they are removed, and their skins stripped off by hand, and dried without loss of time—a woman taking as many as she can conveniently grasp, and throwing them over transverse poles, on which they remain for two or three days, unless it happens to be windy weather, in which case the drying may be completed in twenty-four hours. After drying, the skins are weighed into lots of about thirty-two pounds weight, and tied up in bundles to be washed. This is done by leaving them in running water for twelve hours. The next operation is the

removal of the inner fibre ; this is performed with a knife, which the workman keeps stationary upon a straw-padding, while he draws the skins towards him with his left hand until the dark outer covering is scraped off. This is not wasted, being thoroughly washed in running water until it opens out flat, and then boiled, after which it is set aside to rot, when it is well beaten, and is fit for turning into an inferior description of paper. The inner fibre, parcelled out as before, is washed again in the river, and afterwards steeped in buckets of water, the water being run off it when the fibre has been sufficiently steeped, and all remaining moisture pressed out with heavy stones. It is next placed in a wooden vat, and boiled in an infusion of burned buck-wheat ashes, and constantly stirred all the while with a couple of stocks, to insure even boiling. Sometimes there is a difficulty in getting the mixture to boil, a difficulty the natives attribute to the devil interfering with their work, but which they overcome by throwing in a little wax-ash or common lime, although the practice has the bad effect of imparting a slight reddish tinge to the paper. When the boiling is over, the fibre has lost all its stickiness, and after another washing to get entirely rid of all extraneous matters, its transmutation into "sosori" is completed.

"Wash, wash, wash," would seem to be the motto of the Japanese paper-maker, for the sosori has to undergo that cleansing process once more, the night before it is to be converted into paper. On the morning of the day, a little isinglass, or more commonly rice-starch paste, is mixed with the sosori, and it is then pounded upon an oak or cherry-wood table. In winter, the rice-starch gives place to tororo paste. The tororo is a species of egg-plant, with a root about the size of that of the common dock ; this root is taken up in the rainy season, after the flowers of the plant have decayed and dried, then the outer skin is scraped off, the root beaten to powder, and boiled down into a thin paste, which is strained through a fine sieve, and poured into tubs to be ready for use. The winter-made paper is known as Kidsuki, and is far superior to that manufactured in the spring, the tororo paste rendering it impervious to the attack of the worm for many years.

The implements of the workman or

workwoman—the former being employed in the manufacture of large-sized papers, the latter in the making of the smaller and thinner sorts—are few and simple. They consist of an oblong box called the "boat," six feet in length by three in breadth, having an upright rest at one end of it ; two frames or trays of the size of the intended sheets, one fitting inside the other, the outer tray being provided with a movable bottom of plaited bamboo ; a sieve, a brush, a drying-board, a stirring stick fifteen inches long, and a bucket containing warm water, into which the worker dips his or her hands when cold.

The worker takes a large ball of sosori, breaks pieces off, and casts them into the boat, adding a certain proportion of tororo paste, and stirs the mess together until the stick makes a slight noise in passing through it—a sign that the pulp is of a proper consistency. The false-bottomed frame is then placed in the boat, and sufficient pulp poured into it to cover the bamboo bottom, the pressing down upon it of the inner frame keeping it in its place, while, with a peculiar and dexterous jerk, the worker sets the paper. The frame is then placed leaning on the rest, and so left until a second frame has been prepared and filled, by which time the water will have drained off it, and its contents be ready for removal to the drying-board. This is effected by taking a piece of bamboo, and curling the thicker end of the sheet around it ; the sheet is then laid upon the drying-board, and brushed down until it adheres to it, the side next the board making the face of the paper. The drying-board is a smooth plank, six feet long, and will hold five sheets on each side, each worker requiring forty of them. The paper is quickly dried in the sun, but in unfavorable weather fire-heat has to be used. After drying, the sheets are placed upon a table in piles of a hundred, with two or three straws between every twenty ; a heavy ruler is laid upon the top of the pile, and steadied with the right foot, while the operator cuts the paper off into sheets of the required size. Finally, they are packed for the market, ten "oris" of twenty sheets making one "soku," ten sokus one "shimé," and six shimés one bale.

In making "kinsatsu," or bank-note paper, twelve pints of fine gravel and water, two and a half pints of rice-starch,

and nine pints of powdered wheat-husks, are added to every twenty-five pounds of bark. The water-mark is inserted by placing an impression of the design on the required spot, during the second immersion in the pulp-trough, kinsatsu requiring three baths to make it the proper thickness ; when dry, it is glazed by friction between two oaken planks. Crape-paper, in much favor with Japanese women, is made by pressing the paper, while damp, between two boards, upon which the desired pattern has been cut. Imitation leather papers are made by mixing oil with the pulp ; or by pasting together sheets of senka (a paper used for sweet-meat bags), and afterwards saturating them with oil from the seed of the Yé plant (*Celtis Willdenowiana*). Rain-coat papers are made of senka dyed yellow, green, red, or black, rendered waterproof with yé oil, the sheets being joined together with a glue made from young fern shoots, ground and boiled into a paste, and then thinned with the juice of unripe persimmons. From the ever-useful senka, too, the wonderful shifu, or cloth-paper, is manufactured. The senka, in this case, is painted on both sides with a paste made from "kon-niaku-no-dama" roots, and put in the sun until it becomes dry and quite stiff. It is next sprinkled with water till thoroughly damp, and left in that state for a night ; the following morning, it is rolled upon a bamboo as thick as an arrow-shaft, being forced down from either

end, so as to crumple in the centre ; it is then unrolled, and the process repeated. After two or three such repetitions, the paper is crumpled up between the hands, and rolled together until it has become soft, when it is damped once more, pulled out straight and smooth, folded up, and pounded with a wooden mallet. It may then be put into water without being any the worse for its bath. Bags are made of this material to hold wine to be heated by insertion in hot water. It will keep out rain without being oiled, and saucepans made of it will stand a strong charcoal heat uninjured.

The method of manipulating the bark of the kajiso is almost identical with that already described. The shrub itself resembles our own willow, and thrives in dampish soil where the climate is mild. The bark is stripped off every autumn, and the branches left to decay. Mr. Annesley says : "There are no reasons why the kaji tree should not flourish in England, more especially if planted in a damp soil ; and when it is considered that paper could no doubt be manufactured from this bark at a cheaper rate than it could be made from rags, added to the considerable strength it can attain, and the various useful purposes to which it can be applied, the cultivation of the kaji shrub in England is well worthy of a trial." We say Amen to that. Kew has given cochineal, quinine, and tea to India ; could it not give England the kaji tree ?

Macmillan's Magazine.

"COME."

COME to me when the earth is fair
With all the freshness of the spring,
When life fills all the liquid air,
And when the woods with music ring ;
When all the wakening flowers rejoice,
And birds remind me of your voice.

Come to me when the summer's heat
Is strong the breeze of spring to kill ;
When gardens with perfume are sweet,
And when the languid noon is still ;
Come when the opened buds disclose
The glory of the full-blown rose.

Come to me when the summer fades,
When all the rose's sweets are dead,
When autumn robes the saddening glades,

When purple heather turns to red ;
Come to me when the wrinkled leaf
Falls like the tear of constant grief.

Come chiefly when all warmth is lost,
When autumn to stern winter yields ;
Come when the bitter edge of frost
Shrouds all the verdure of the fields ;
Come when all else is dark and drear,
Thy presence then is doubly dear.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

LORD LISGAR, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE present our readers this month with a fine full-length portrait of Lord Lisgar, the Governor-General of Canada. The distinguished position of Lord Lisgar as head of the nation which, next to our own, is the most powerful in America, and which promises to share with us the sovereignty of the continent, must cause a special interest to attach to his lordship in the eyes of all Americans ; and we trust that in offering his portrait we shall afford pleasure not only to our Canadian friends, but to those in the United States as well. Such a portrait seems specially appropriate at this time, when the Treaty of Washington promises to draw still closer the bonds of friendship between the two countries.

Below we give a brief but authentic account of Lord Lisgar's life, in its public aspects, up to the present time.

“ His Excellency, the Right Honorable John, Baron Lisgar, of Lisgar and Bailieborough, in the County of Cavan, Ireland, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and a Baronet, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George—formerly Sir John Young, Baronet—was born at Bombay on the 31st of

August, 1807. Was educated at Eton, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1829. Called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn, 1824, but never practised or followed the profession. His Lordship married Adelaide-Annabella, daughter of the late Marchioness of Headfort, by her first husband, Edward Treite-Dalton, Esq., and succeeded his father as second baronet 10th March, 1848, as a magistrate for the County of Cavan, and represented that County in the British House of Commons continuously from May, 1831, to February, 1854. Was appointed one of the Junior Lords of the Treasury on the formation of Sir Robert Peel's administration in 1841, and in 1844 was promoted to the office of one of the Joint-Secretaries of the Treasury, which brought him into daily and constant confidential relations with the Prime Minister. This office he resigned on Sir Robert Peel's retirement in 1846. He held the appointment of Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1852 to 1855, in Lord Aberdeen's administration, and was Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands from the latter date to 1859. Governor of New South Wales from January, 1861, to December, 1867. Appointed Administrator of the Government of Canada on the 10th November, 1868, and Governor-General of the Dominion 29th December, same year. Sir John Young was elevated to the Peerage on the 8th October, 1870, and nominated Lord-Lieutenant of his native County of Cavan in the early part of 1871.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THE unusual fulness of our other editorial departments, together with some changes at the printer's, compel us to omit our usual Literary Notices from the present number, and to offer little more than a bare catalogue of some of the more notable books which have come to our table during the past month. Several of these we reserve for future review, and the rest as a general thing speak for themselves.

First at hand comes the *Atlantic Almanac* for 1872 (Boston: Osgood & Co.), which every one begins to look for now about the first of each January. Its general features are the same as in previous issues, containing, in addition to the statistical and tabular information, an attractive array of illustrations and a large amount of choice reading from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Tom Hood (the elder), J. T. Trowbridge, and others. From the same house we have *Oldtown Stories*, some new, and others reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which to our mind show Mrs. Stowe at her best. "Sam Lawson" will live in our literature, and his humor will amuse other generations than this, while "Uncle Tom" has already lost his personality (if he ever had any) and faded into a mere sentiment of pity. Messrs. Osgood & Co. also send us neat editions of Tennyson's *Last Tournament*, which our readers will find in earlier pages of this number, and of Longfellow's *Divine Tragedy*.

The extraordinary success of the *Illustrated Library of Wonders* (New York: Scribner & Co.), of which the twentieth and last volume was recently issued, has induced the publishers to commence a new series, which they call "Marvels of Nature, Science, and Art." Two volumes of this series have already appeared, *Wonders of Water* and *Wonders of Vegetation*, both edited by M. Schele de Vere. These volumes are handsomer even than those of the old series, and not less valuable as exponents of the popular aspects of science.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. have also begun a series which promises more of entertainment, especially to younger readers, than any other literary enterprise now before the public. This is the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," edited by Mr. Bayard Taylor. The initial volume, *Japan in Our Day*, was published last month, and *Wild Men and Wild Beasts*, by Col. Gordon Cumming, the famous hunter, has just been issued. *Arabia* and *South Africa* are announced, and others are in preparation and will appear at monthly intervals. The volumes are very choice, finely printed, and embellished with a multitude of excellent engravings. No household, we should say, with boys in it, will be complete without this Library.

Insects at Home, by J. G. Wood (New York: Scribner & Co.), is a beautiful Holiday Book which we omitted from our list last month, but which claims a high place among the literary attractions of the season.

In *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness* (New York: Harper & Bros.) "Gail Hamilton" reverts to the woman question and treats it from several points of view. She can hardly be said to give up her old position as to "Woman's Wrongs," but she succeeds in digging a good many pitfalls, and raising a good many obstructions in the path of the woman-suffragists. Of course the book is brilliant, and vivacious, and witty; but it is more than this, and every page is worthy of being carefully read. We fear, however, that it will fail of its due influence, for Miss Dodge, always suggestive and seldom unfair in her treatment of a subject, has the faculty of impressing the reader with the idea that a prejudiced, bitter, and hasty mind guides her pen.

Border Reminiscences, by General Randolph B. Marcy (Harper & Bros.), is made up from papers which are already familiar to readers of *Harper's Monthly*. It is a highly amusing sketch of life on the border, especially army life, and is not only amusing, but valuable as a reliable picture of scenes, and circumstances, and characters which are rapidly passing away. The interest of the book is greatly enhanced by numerous engravings, the designs for which were drawn by the author.

If the present tendency is carried out, it will not be many years before pocket cyclopedias will be competing with "pocket dictionaries" for place in our breast-pockets. We thought Zell's Encyclopedia a marvel of condensation and cheapness, and we think so still, but Messrs F. B. Felt & Co. (New York), have commenced the publication of *The National Encyclopedia*, which is to be completed in one royal 8vo volume. It is edited by L. Colange, who also edited Zell's Cyclopedia, and promises to be as comprehensive in range of topics as any other work of the kind published. It is handsomely printed, copiously and well illustrated, and is published only by subscription. Eighteen monthly parts are expected to complete it, and only 40 cents a part is charged for it.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A Spanish translation of Shakespeare is in press by the Marquis of Dos Hermanas.

An abridged edition of the Misses Rothschild's "History and Literature of the Israelites" will soon be issued by the Longmans, in one volume.

It is said that Germany has not a single retail book-store which sells \$25,000 worth of books a year.

M. Ernest Renan opened his course of lectures on the Semitic languages at the College of France on December 4th, and was very warmly received by a numerous auditory.

At Lahore a newspaper is about to be published in Arabic. The Arab press is becoming extensive. It has organs in Egypt, Syria, Bagdad, Constantinople, Barbary, and now in India.

The Italian poetical version of the Tragedies of Euripides, by the Prince of Galati (Giuseppe de

Spuches), is progressing, the translator having published his version of six of the tragedies.

The Princess Alice, of Hesse-Darmstadt, has written a novel, called the "Ways of Life," which depicts social life among the higher classes of Southern Germany.

A volume of *Balzac's* correspondence is just about to be published for the first time. In it will appear his "Letters to Louise," sister of the illustrious novelist.

A new weekly publication has been brought out at Rome under the title of *Il 20 Settembre*, 1870, from the day when Rome became once more the Italian capital.

It is announced that the International Publishing-house in Brussels has purchased three new manuscripts from Victor Hugo—two volumes of poetry, and a Juvenile work.

A translation of that portion of the late Henry Crabb Robinson's diary which relates to Germany has been published, at Weimar, by Herr Carl Eiluer, accompanied by an introduction and a memoir.

A rumor was circulated lately to the effect that Talleyrand's memoirs were at last about to be published. It now appears that, by the terms of Talleyrand's will, they cannot be given to the world before 1888.

The Penny Cyclopædia, published by Charles Knight, cost in the literary labor alone performed upon it £33,000. The sums paid to writers and revisers of the last edition (the eighth) of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* amounted to over £20,000.

Lord Brougham's last passion was a passion for hymns. During the last two years of his life he collected all the various hymn-books he could hear of, and a verse from his favorite hymn is inscribed on his memorial tablet in the church of Cannes.

The second series of the "Cobden Club Essays" (1871-2), which will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, will contain an essay on "United States Finance," etc., by David A. Wells, late Commissioner of the Internal Revenue.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1704, and Peter the Great was the senior editor. The Imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

At Brussels, M. G. de Molinari, a well-known contributor to the *Paris Debats*, has published a work on "Le Mouvement Socialiste et les Réunions Publiques avant la Révolution du 4 Septembre, 1870, suivi de la Pacification des Rapports du Capital et du Travail."

It is a singular fact that the ablest and most influential journals now published in Italy are either edited or controlled by Jews. In Rome the liberal journal most read is edited by a Jew. They demand liberty of conscience, and discuss the religious questions now uppermost in Italy with great intelligence and perfect freedom.

Mr. Hatin, the historian of the press in France, estimates the total number of newspapers in the world at 12,500, and the average number of sheets

issued daily at 12,000,000. Europe has about seven thousand journals, America five thousand, and the remaining five hundred are divided between Asia, Australia, Africa, and other outlying regions on the outskirts of civilization.

The new "*Dictionnaire de l'Académie*," which is now being prepared, will consist, like the earlier editions, of two volumes, but of much larger size, and with greatly increased contents. It is expected that the first volume, down to the letter E inclusively, will be completed about the middle of 1872, and it will be about three or four years before the second is published.

A new edition, from the original MS. in the British Museum, is about to be published, by Mr. Hotten, of that quaint, almost privately-printed book, "Five Days' Peregrination of William Hogarth, Sam Scott, W. Tothall, J. Thornhill, and T. Forrest, with Illustrations by Hogarth." The volume is the rollicking journal kept by the merry artists named of an excursion around the Isle of Sheppy.

The fifth volume of Prof. Max Müller's large edition of the Hymns of the Rig-Veda, with the Commentary of Sâyana, will be published early next year. It will comprise the whole of the ninth book, and part of the tenth and last book, to Hymn 45. It will also contain the first half of a complete Index Verborum to the Rig-Veda. The sixth and concluding volume will contain the remaining 145 hymns of the tenth book, and the second half of the Index Verborum.

Prosper Simeon Hardy, a Paris bookseller, and joint syndic of the trade with a member of the house of Didot, left eight folio volumes of MS. *Mémoires*, now in the National Library at Paris. They apparently contain little of interest beyond the facts that the author was once a schoolfellow of Juigne, the archbishop of Paris, that he was a Jansenist and a parliamentarian, and that he expected everything from the early days of the French Revolution; also that he knew a canon who had 4,000 masses ordered for Louis XV. during his illness in 1744, 600 after the attempt of Damiens, and three in his last illness.

The last few years have witnessed a singular mortality among some of the oldest and apparently best established London newspapers. The *Morning Herald* expired on the last day of 1869, having been published as a daily ninety years. The *Morning Chronicle*, established in 1779, lived nearly as long, but declined and fell about 1860. The *Sun*, which first rose in the year 1792, set for the last time on the 28th of February, 1871. The *Morning Star*, established in 1856, and an organ of free-trade after the Manchester or Cobden school, was discontinued in 1870, after having sunk over eighty thousand pounds for its hopeful but unlucky proprietors.

We have before us the prospectus of a privately printed issue of the Dramatists of the Restoration, to be edited by James Maidment and W. H. Logan, Esqs. Of these works there will be six volumes issued annually, at intervals of two months. The series is to commence with the works of Sir Wm. Davenant, which will be published in January next, in three volumes. These will be followed by the hitherto uncollected works of John Crowne, the author of "Sir

Courtly Nice," and other clever comedies, also in three volumes. We wish the scheme every success. Subscribers should address themselves to Messrs. H. Sotheran and J. Baer & Co., *London*.

The Rivista Europea calls attention to the wretchedly small salaries given to the officers of the National Library of Florence, which are as follows:—The librarian receives 4,000 lire; his deputy, 2,400; the assistant for the MSS., 1,800; the compiler of the catalogue, 1,700; the assistant for printed books, 1,550; the first assistant, 1,400; the second, 1,200; the copyist, 1,600; the chief distributor, 1,600; the first-class distributors, 1,300; the second-class, 1,200; and the third-class, 1,000 lire, or about forty pounds. The writer institutes a comparison between these salaries and those paid at the British Museum in London, fully admitting, at the same time, the different conditions of the two countries.

Mr. W. Paterson, of Edinburgh, announces a venture of some interest for the new year. It is, to issue for private circulation, to subscribers only, a series of those dramatists, mainly writers of comedy, who flourished after the extinction of the Commonwealth, Six volumes a year will be issued, the first year's being the dramatic works of Sir William Davenant, and the hitherto uncollected works of John Crowne, the author of "Sir Courtly Nice," and other clever comedies. Killegrew, Shadwell, Charles Johnson, Wilson, Etherege, Centlivre, and others will follow. The editors are to be Mr. James Maidment and Mr. W. H. Logan, and the editions will be limited to 629 copies.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for October Mr. William Crookes continues his description of his experiments on "Psychic Force." We are bound to say that the investigations appear to be carried out with great honesty of purpose, and arranged with considerable care. We believe the results obtained are capable of other explanation than that given by Mr. Crookes; but as the hypothesis of a new force now receives the sanction of some men of high scientific attainments, the question cannot be allowed to remain long in its present position. Mr. Coleman Sellers, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, has some cogent remarks on Mr. Crookes's experiments, in which he states that all the results obtained by him can be produced by mechanical means.—*Athenæum*.

A mass of materials, consisting of MSS. and curious extracts from old newspapers, was collected by Hone, of "Every-Day Book" notoriety. Among the contents are numerous letters to Hone from well-known contemporaries of the bookseller and blasphemer, including Ireland, the Shakspearian forger, Leigh Hunt and his brother John, and William Godwin, the last of whom sends Hone an introduction to the British Museum "respecting a work he is preparing for the press." The memoranda relating to Wilkes, Churchill, and several other prominent men of their generation, are full of interest. The collection is in the possession of Mr. Wentworth Sturgeon, of King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, who, we believe, contemplates the publication of a selection therefrom.

Jules Claretie, an editor of the Paris *Siècle*, has published an interesting volume on the "Secret History of the Second Empire." One chapter has copious extracts from the correspondence of the government inviting foreign sovereigns to the Paris Exposition of 1867. The Emperor appears to have attached the utmost importance to the presence of foreign sovereigns in Paris, with their consorts. The Emperor of Russia briefly replied that the Empress was too feeble to accompany him. The Emperor of Austria excused the absence of the Empress by pressing engagements, but promised a visit from her at some other time. A master of ceremonies writes to Napoleon asking for instructions as to the treatment of King William of Prussia. This exasperated the Emperor, who replied: "How can you ask? Treat him just like the King of Bavaria!"

In the accounts which have been published of the inauguration of the statue of Schiller at Berlin, some erroneous statements have been made as to the descendants of the poet. He left one son and one daughter; the latter, who is still alive, married Count von Gleichen, whose son it was who was present at the uncovering of the monument at Berlin. Schiller's son was twice married, and by his first wife there is one son living, namely, Baron Fritz von Schiller, a retired officer in the Austrian service, who was prevented by indisposition from attending the ceremonial in Berlin. The present Baron von Schiller is married to the daughter of Col. Aberti, of Stuttgart. There are no children living by this union, and with the decease of the present Baron, who is in very bad health, the name of Schiller will be extinct.—*Athenæum*.

The *Fortnightly* for October contains an article on Pico della Mirandula, in which Mr. W. H. Pater attempts an analysis of the quality which confers lasting interest on Pico's life and labors. His vast learning was indeed applied to unfruitful tasks, but, like the century in which he lived, he was great in what he aspired and designed to do, rather than in what he did. It remained for a later day to conceive the true method of effecting a scientific reconciliation of Christian sentiment with the imagery, legends, and theories of pagan poetry. Classical story was in the fifteenth century taken as an unquestioned fact to be received as it stood. It sank into men's minds to come forth again with all the tangle of mediæval sentiments about it. It is because this picturesque union of contrasts characterizing properly the art of the close of the fifteenth century pervades in Pico, an actual person, that his figure is so attractive.—*Academy*.

M. Stojan Novakovich has just brought out a second edition of his *History of Serbian Literature*, recast and considerably enlarged. It comprises, besides what its title expresses, the history of the Ancient Literature of Bulgaria, and that of Dalmatia during the brilliant period from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, when Ragusa and Spalatro were literary centres of importance. The account of Croatian literature is carried down to the present time. The book is arranged in five departments: 1. The popular songs and poems; 2. The development of Ecclesiastical Slavonic literature; 3. The Dalmatian

development under the stimulus of the Italian Renaissance; 4. Modern literature to which the political emancipation of Servia has given rise; 5. The new Croatian or Illyrian literature, which tends to mingle more and more with that of Servia. M. Novakovich's book has been adopted by the government for all the schools of the Principality.

SCIENCE.

The Hassler Expedition.—Agassiz's first Discovery.—"St. Thomas, Dec. 15, 1871. My Dear Professor: For several days after we left Boston, I was greatly troubled by a sense of general weakness, so much so that more than once I thought I had undertaken more than I had strength for. But as soon as we got into warmer latitudes, I felt better, and now I am actually improving beyond my condition at the start. As soon as we reached the Gulf Stream we began work. Indeed, Pourtales organized a party to study the temperatures as soon as we passed Gay Head, and he will himself report his results to you, which are quite interesting. My attention was entirely turned to the Gulf weed and its inhabitants, of which we made extensive collections. Our observations favor the view of those who believe that the floating weed is derived from plants torn from the rocks upon which sargassum naturally grows. I made a very simple experiment, which seems to me to settle the matter. Every branch of the sea-weed which is deprived of its floats, at once sinks to the bottom of the water, and these floats are not likely to be the first parts developed from the spores. Moreover, after examining a very large quantity of the weed, I can say that I have not seen a branch, however small, which did not exhibit distinct marks of having been torn from a solid attachment. You may hardly feel an interest in my zoological observations: but I am sure you will be pleased to learn that we had the best opportunity of carefully examining most of the animals known to inhabit the Gulf weed, and some which I did not know to occur among them. However, the most interesting discovery of the voyage thus far is the finding of a nest built by a fish, floating on the broad ocean with its live freight. On the 13th of the month, Mr. Mansfield, one of the officers of the *Hassler*, brought me a ball of Gulf weed which he had just picked up, and which excited my curiosity to the utmost. It was a round mass of sargassum about the size of two fists, rolled up together. The whole consisted to all appearance of nothing but Gulf weed, the branches and leaves of which were, however, evidently knit together, and not merely balled into a roundish mass; for, though some of the leaves and branches hung loose from the rest, it became at once visible that the bulk of the ball was held together by threads trending in every direction, among the sea-weeds, as if a couple of handfuls of branches of sargassum had been rolled up together with elastic threads trending in every direction. Put back into a large bowl of water, it became apparent that this mass of sea-weeds was a nest, the central part of which was more closely bound up together in the form of a ball, with several loose branches extending in various directions, by which the whole was kept floating.

A more careful examination very soon revealed the fact that the elastic threads which hold the Gulf weed together were beaded at intervals, sometimes two or three beads being close together, or a bunch of them hanging from the same cluster of threads, or they were, more rarely, scattered at a greater distance one from the other. Nowhere was there much regularity observable in the distribution of the beads, and they were found scattered throughout the whole ball of sea-weeds pretty uniformly. The beads themselves were about the size of an ordinary pin's head. We had, no doubt, a nest before us, of the most curious kind; full of eggs too; the eggs scattered through the mass of the nest, and not placed together in a cavity of the whole structure. What animal could have built this singular nest, was the next question. It did not take much time to ascertain the class of the animal kingdom to which it belongs. A common pocket-lens at once revealed two large eyes upon the side of the head, and a tail bent over the back of the body, as the embryo uniformly appears in ordinary fishes shortly before the period of hatching. The many empty egg-cases observed in the nest gave promise of an early opportunity of seeing some embryos freeing themselves from their envelope. Meanwhile, a number of these eggs with live embryos were cut out of the nest and placed in separate glass jars, to multiply the chances of preserving them, while the nest as a whole was secured in alcohol, as a memorial of our unexpected discovery. The next day I found two embryos in one of my glass jars; they occasionally moved in jerks, and then rested for a long while motionless upon the bottom of the jar. On the third day I had over a dozen of these young fishes in my rack, the oldest of which begin to be more active, and promise to afford further opportunities for study.

I need not relate in detail the evidence I soon obtained that these embryos were fishes; suffice it to say that the dorsal cord with its heterocercal bent was readily visible, as well as the caudal fin with its rays; in the eyes the coloboma had not yet been fully closed, and blood currents were unmistakable upon the yolk bags. But, what kind of fish was this? About the time of hatching, the fins of this class of animals differ too much from those of the adult, and the general form exhibits too few peculiarities to afford any clue to this problem. I could only suppose that it would probably prove to be one of the pelagic species of the Atlantic, and of these the most common are *exoetetus*, *naucratus*, *scopelus*, *chironectes*, *syngnethus*, *monacanthus*, *tetraodon*, and *diodon*. Was there a way to come nearer to a correct solution of my doubts?

As I had in former years made a somewhat extensive study of the pigment cells of the skin, in a variety of young fishes, I now resorted to this method to identify my embryos. Happily we had on board several pelagic fishes alive, which could afford means of comparison, but unfortunately the steamer was shaking too much, and rolling too heavily for microscopic observation of even moderately high powers. Nothing, however, should be left untried, and the very first comparison I made secured the desired result. The pigment cells of a young *chironectes pictus* proved identical with our little embryos. It thus stands as a well

authenticated fact that the common pelagic chironectes of the Atlantic (named *chironectes pictus* by Cuvier), builds a nest for its eggs in which the progeny is wrapped up with the materials of which the nest itself is composed; and as these materials are living Gulf weed, the fish-cradle, rocking upon the deep ocean, is carried along as an undying arbor, affording at the same time protection and afterward food for its living freight.

All the officers of the *Hassler* are indefatigable in their efforts to help our investigations, and even the men show useful interest in our proceedings. We have just reached St. Thomas, so that I have nothing to add as to observations made here. Ever truly your friend,

L. AGASSIZ.

To Prof. Benjamin Peirce, Supt. U. S. Coast Survey.

Sounding the Baltic Sea.—During the past summer a German vessel has been employed in taking careful series of soundings in the Baltic, cruising in different directions, with a view to ascertain the depth, the currents, and other phenomena of that peculiar sea. The greatest depth, seven hundred and twenty feet, is between Gothland and Windau; from which it appears that the sea is not so deep, by three hundred and eighty feet, as was believed from former soundings. Between six hundred feet and the bottom, the water was exceedingly cold, even in July, no vegetation was brought up by the dredge, and no living thing, except a few worms. Plants are most abundant in the first sixty feet below the surface, and animals are numerous down to three hundred feet. Below that depth, the cold probably checks the existence of fresh-water species, while the small quantity of salt in the water is fatal to the life of marine animals. Generally speaking, it may be said that the western half of the Baltic contains abundant life and vegetation, while the eastern half is barren. We understand that a full account of this exploration, with the scientific results, the force, extent, and direction of currents, the proportion of fresh, salt, and brackish water, and lists of animals and plants, is to be published. Salt water is poured in an under-current from the North Sea, while the brackish water flows out as a surface-current. In this we have another example of the desire that now prevails to investigate the physics and natural history of our globe. It is a work in which all nations may take part; for that which is as yet accomplished is but a small part of the whole. As readers of *The Month* are aware, a large share has been done by this country; but this is now to be exceeded, and announcement has been made that a dredging expedition, sanctioned by the government, is to sail on a four years' cruise, in which the whole length and breadth of ocean from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle will be explored. As seems fitting in this great undertaking, we shall have the co-operation of the United States. —*Chambers's Journal*.

The Brain of Insane Persons.—In a paper read before the late meeting of the British Association of Science, by Dr. T. B. Tuke, the doctor said:—"It is generally acknowledged that the intellectual powers are manifested through the gray matter of the cerebrum, and as in insanity these faculties

were impaired, exaggerated, or perverted, the author asserted a belief that, by examining the brains of the insane, a hope existed of discovering a road for arriving at a solution of the functional difficulty. The time had passed when the term mental disease, insanity, or madness, conveyed to the minds of physicians the idea that the mind or its faculties were the entities which were the subject of disease. By a process of reasoning the pathologist had arrived at the conclusion that abnormal physical manifestations are dependent upon primary or secondary changes in the nerve tissue; that insanity is a *symptom* of disease, not a disease itself, and that the cause of the disease must be looked for in the brain. Six years ago the author commenced a systematic microscopic examination of the brains of the insane, and with this most important result, that in every single instance a marked departure from healthy structure was observed. The process by which the brain matter was made fit for the microscope was related, also a list of twelve different parts of that organ which had in the majority of cases been examined."

After describing the various forms of disease, which were illustrated by diagrams and microscopic sections, the paper concluded with the following statements:—"We are not prepared to designate the individual part of the brain specially affected in the different forms of insanity; but we may say generally, that the *corpora striata* are the portions most frequently found affected, and that the cerebellum is the organ least frequently subjected to disease. Further, that the white matter is much more liable to evident structural morbid change than the cortical substance in comparatively recent cases, and that where the intellect has been in abeyance for prolonged periods, the structure of the gray matter of the cerebral convolutions is difficult of demonstration; the layers are found indistinct, as the cells are few in number and generally small in size. In the fifty-three cases of chronic insanity which we have examined, we have found distinct structural changes in the brain of each. This in itself is a fact having a most important bearing on the physiology of the brain, and one which, if followed up, may be reasonably expected to dissipate much of the mystery which hangs over the functions of its various parts."

Bromide of Potassium in Poisoning by Strychnine.—Dr. Herbert contributes a paper on this subject to the "New York Medical Journal." He gave it in a case of poisoning by strychnia as a *dernier ressort*, in doses of ninety grains or more, every half hour. "In twenty minutes after the administration of the first dose, there was perceptible improvement, which continued. In two hours the patient could move his arms. The bromide was then given at the rate of one drachm every hour; but, the convulsions coming on again with greater severity, the remedy was given for one hour every fifteen minutes. At the end of that time he felt easier again, and the bromide was continued in smaller doses, at intervals of a half-hour to two hours, according to circumstances, during the day and following night. In thirty-six hours from the time that the bromide was first given he was walking about, feeling a little weak, and occasionally a slight twitch. Concerning this case, there are several important points that it would be well to note:—I. The length of time

that elapsed before the effect of the poison was manifest. 2. A very marked tolerance of opium. 3. Vomiting afforded great relief. 4. The antidotal power of bromide of potassium. The naked facts only are presented; my professional brethren may draw their own inferences."

The Rainfall in Scotland.—In continuing his interesting communication to the Scottish Meteorological Society on the Rainfall of Scotland, Mr. Buchan particularizes the differences between one side of the island and the other. Near the foot of Loch Lomond, the annual fall is fifty-three inches; and at Ardlui, near the head, it is one hundred and fifteen inches. On the west coast, from Mull to Skye, the fall varies from sixty-three to eighty-eight inches; but at Gligachan, in Skye, the quantity is one hundred and forty-eight inches. This seems prodigious, and is what might be expected in the tropics rather than in the latitude of North Britain. Turning now to the east coast, it is shown that the valleys of the Dee and Don in Aberdeenshire are remarkable for a comparatively uniform distribution of rainfall. The lowest amount, twenty-nine inches, is at Aberdeen; the highest, from thirty-five to thirty-six inches, in the neighborhood of Ballater. On this, Mr. Buchan remarks: "The comparatively small rainfall of Upper Dee and Don arises, no doubt, from the broad extent of mountain ranges lying to the southwest, in crossing which the south-west winds are deprived of much of their moisture." And it will interest people who are at a loss where to go for invigoration, to be told "that the summer climate of these districts is the driest and most bracing in the British Isles, and that grain is successfully cultivated up to the height of sixteen hundred feet above the sea, which is four hundred or five hundred feet higher than at any other place in North Britain."

Statistics of Europe.—A statistician in Berlin has published this useful summary: Europe had fifty-six States before the Italian war, while now it has only eighteen, with a total superficial area of 179,362 square miles, and a population of 300,000,000. Of these the German Empire comprises 9,888 square miles, and a population of 40,106,000 (according to the census of 1867). The principal States in Europe, with a population of more than 25,000,000, are: Russia, 71,000,000; Germany, 40,000,000; France, 36,500,000; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; Great Britain, 32,000,000; and Italy, 26,500,000; their total population is therefore four-fifths of that of the whole of Europe. A century ago, before the partition of Poland, the Great Powers only possessed one-half of the then population of Europe, thus: Russia, 18,000,000; Austria, 17,000,000; Prussia, 5,000,000; England, 12,000,000; and France, 26,000,000—total 80,000,000. The number of Roman Catholics in Europe generally is now 148,000,000—35,500,000 in France, 28,000,000 in Austria, 26,000,000 in Italy, 16,000,000 in Spain, and 14,500,000 in Germany; Greek Catholics, 70,000,000—54,000,000 in Russia, 5,900,000 in Turkey, 4,000,000 in Roumania, and 3,000,000 in Austria; Protestants, 71,000,000—25,000,000 in Germany, 24,000,000 in England, 5,500,000 in Sweden and Norway, 4,000,000, in Russia, and 3,500,000 in Austria; Jews, 4,800,000—1,700,000 in Russia, 822,000

in Austria, 1,300,000 in Hungary, and 500,000 in Germany. Dividing Europe into nationalities, there are 82,200,000 of the Slavonic race, 97,500,000 of the Latin races, and 93,500,000 of the Germanic race.

ART.

Mosaic.—In truth the name has no reference at all to Moses, but is connected with the word "music," by which the ancient Greeks were wont to express in their arts and education all that was most contrary to what we now call "athletics." Hence music would apply to mosaic work so far as the latter was pleasing to the eye and harmonized in tone and design. Our own Shakespeare similarly speaks of the waving boughs of a forest as causing "sweet eye-music." Mosaic is a species of decoration composed of numerous small lozenges (*tesserae* they are technically called), which may themselves be colored clay or glass, and which are arranged in arabesques, or even in grouped imitations of human beings and natural scenery. Its most usual employment is for pavements, a discovery which Pliny attributes to the Greeks. Sosus, the most celebrated of the Greek mosaic workers, composed such a pavement, representing the remains of a supper left carelessly on the floor. Perhaps the most interesting of all the ancient mosaics is one which was discovered at Pompeii. It represents, as is supposed, the battle of Issus; its composition is simple, energetic, and graceful, exhibiting in many respects merits of the highest order. The march of art, as of civilization which it adorns, was from the East. The Orientals from time immemorial have been noted for those masterpieces of patience and ingenuity which we gaze upon to-day with wonder—boxes, tables, and ornaments of inlaid wood. In this marquetry Hindoos far surpass anything which can be produced by European artisans. The Chinese, however, fashion curious inlaid work in relief much like the mosaic work of Western climes, save that it excels in delicacy and careful execution. This is for the most part composed of hard stone, agalmatolite of different shades, ivory, bronze, and different kinds of wood. It is most probable that it was from an Eastern source that the Grecian mind received that impulse which bore fruit in their mosaics, an art differing from the Oriental inlaid work in its greater durability and cheapness, as well as in increase of effect. The universality of its employment in the Grecian world may be gathered from the fact that in the third century B.C. the floors of the great ship of Hiero the Second were composed of stone cubes representing in Mosaic the whole history of the siege of Troy, a work which occupied 300 artists an entire year. Imagine a mosaic, or even a parquetry floor, laid down in a modern ironclad! From Greece mosaics passed naturally to Rome; where they soon acquired high favor. Wherever in the Western world Rome spread her conquests she likewise left imperishable memorials of herself in mosaic. Our own country is full of such remains, testifying to the refinement of Anglo-Roman life and the secure hold which the officers of the legions fancied they had obtained on the land. It is needless to specify instances of tessellated pavements, when every county town, and specially the British Museum,

contains admirable specimens of the art. One fine piece of this kind of pavement was exhumed last year in the City; and indeed, hardly a year passes without the plough, in some part of England, striking against the foundations of a Roman villa and disclosing fragments or, it may be, uninjured slabs, of mosaic work. A good floor of this character is shown in Lincoln Cathedral, and the excavators at Uriconium in Shropshire discovered tessellated work let into the walls, a fashion which is deemed unique in England, though it was common enough in ancient Italy.—*People's Magazine*.

Art Losses at the Siege of Paris.—At the meeting of the French Academies on the 25th of November the Minister of Public Instruction, who presided, stated that owing to the exertions of the two committees appointed at the beginning of the siege of Paris to take measures for the preservation of the works of art and literature in and near the city, none of the collections or monuments were at all injured during the siege. The civil conflict, however, which followed, was more disastrous:

“It destroyed to the last leaf several of our great collections of books—the library of the Louvre, those of the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefecture of Police, and of the Council of State. We have lost at the Gobelins magnificent tapestries executed after Raphael, Boucher, Lancret, and several modern masters. Two hundred and twenty-two ancient tapestries, monuments of that art in which we have so few rivals, have disappeared in the flames. Lastly, the directors of the Observatory inform us of the destruction of two instruments of geodesy and an astronomical clock. The great equatorial has been considerably damaged, but not in the most essential portions. . . . A broken window and the disappearance of a few articles do not forbid us from saying that we have saved entire the Museum of Medals. The manufactory of the Gobelins, which at first was believed to have been destroyed, and which has suffered cruel losses, has been able to resume its operations, and is to-day in full activity.”

Respecting projects of restoration he added: “It is said that the Municipal Council of the Seine has resolved to reconstruct the Hôtel de Ville according to the conceptions of Domenico di Cortona. One of our greatest artists will restore to us the Tuileries in the elegant form devised by Philibert Delorme. Open arcades, supplying the place of the solid buildings raised by Jean Bullant and Père Ducerceau, will connect the new palace with the two great wings of the Louvre, and will bring the Place du Carrousel in direct communication with the gardens.”—*Academy*.

A Correspondent writes:—“It is well known that various remains of the Roman city of Cordova have been found at a depth of from ten to twelve feet under the present level of the streets. But about two months ago, some human bones were accidentally discovered under the floor of a carpenter's workshop in the Calle Paraiso; and, excavations being made in consequence, at a depth of twelve feet under the floor of the house a beautiful Roman mosaic pavement was hit upon. This mosaic has, happily, been respected more than the bones; but, like everything else in Spain, the work

has come to a stand-still, so far as we could make out, from mere laziness or want of curiosity. We hear, however, that the excavation will be soon proceeded with, and we hope the results may be most interesting. At present a hole of from twelve to fifteen feet square has been dug, and the mosaic, as far as exposed, consists of four female figures, supposed to represent the Seasons. These figures are separated from each other, and the whole enclosed by a flowing pattern in various colored marbles, the ground being white. Each bit of mosaic is somewhat less than a quarter of an inch square, and consists of marbles of almost every shade of color. Both design and execution are superior to that of such work in general, and the whole is in excellent preservation.”—*Athenæum*.

New Process of Wood-Engraving.—Further applications of the steam sand-jet, described in a former number, have been discovered by the inventors, in Philadelphia, and they now use it for wood-engraving, the decoration of marble, and the cleaning of brass castings. From the description above referred to, the way in which a pattern can be produced on the surface of marble may be easily imagined, as also the cleaning of the cast metal; but as regards the wood-engraving, particulars have not yet been published. So far, however, as is known, a photograph of the scene or object required is taken on the wood-block, and this being placed, with certain precautions, in front of the jet, is speedily engraved. We are informed that specimen engravings will shortly be published, which will give to artists and others opportunity to judge of the merits of the sand-jar process: meanwhile we can but regard it as very remarkable.

Painting is nowadays a very lucrative calling in England, especially portrait-painting. Many men are realizing from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a year. Sir Edwin Landseer ought to die rich. From first to last he must have received more than half a million of dollars, because after the original payment he has derived such large sums for the copyright of prints. Sir Thomas Lawrence had the most lucrative of practices after Reynolds's time, and before Landseer's. He used to charge \$3,000 for a portrait, and required \$1,500 at the first sitting.

The Prussian Association for the Promotion of Industry, at Berlin, offer as a prize their silver medal, and fifty pounds in money, for the best preparation of opaque enamel on gold, silver, copper, or bronze; a silver medal and seventy pounds to the inventor of a yellow-colored solder possessing the qualities of ordinary solder, but which may be used for uniting brass, in the same way as tin is soldered together; and thirty-five pounds to the author of the best critical essay on *cements* in their relation to the wants of industry. In all these there is scope for the exercise of ingenuity.

A means for decorating the surface of metal has recently been made known by a German chemist: he mixes *three* parts of hyposulphite of soda with *one* of acetate of lead. This, in the form of solution, is laid on the metal, where, when heated, it deposits a layer of sulphide of lead, through which the metallic surface produces a pleasing variety of tints.

Mr. Woolner has just completed his statue of "Guinevere," a companion to that representing "Elaine," both having been subjects suggested by the "Idylls of the King."

A memorial statue of Dean Alford has been erected in Canterbury Cathedral, in a niche in the west front, next to the statue of Erasmus.

VARIETIES.

The Destruction of Strasburg Library.—The destruction of the Strasburg Library, an event which sent a thrill of horror throughout cultivated Europe just a year ago, has found an eloquent and authoritative historian in Monsieur R. Reuss, of that city, who contributes an article on the subject to the current number of the *Revue Critique*. The loss, indeed, seems an irreparable one. To say nothing of the classical and theological treasures involved in it, a rich collection of unedited documents illustrating the history of Alsace has perished together with the laws and statutes of the Republic of Strasburg, so precious to the student of municipal institutions. The Library itself dated from the time of the Reformation. It was rapidly augmented during the seventeenth century by gifts and purchase, until the French Revolution finally swept within its walls the treasures of the suppressed monasteries of Alsace. The value of these additions may be judged from the fact that a single religious house, the Commanderie de St. Jean, thus contributed 2,000 incunabula and 1,200 MSS., and, thanks to the care of a succession of enlightened directors, Koch, Oberlin, Schweighäuser, the Strasburg Library became worthy of a town which was a sort of meeting-point of French and German culture, and of a university which numbered among its many distinguished members Herder and Goethe, as well as Bignon and Destutt de Tracy. The catastrophe of the 24th of August appears to have been wholly unforeseen. The authorities had provided against such danger as might result from a casual shell, but had failed to realize the fact that the Library would become with the Cathedral the object of a close and sustained bombardment. Notwithstanding M. Reuss's high encomium on the Prussian artillery, we can hardly credit his statement that the catastrophe was intentional. "I declare on my conscience that all denial of premeditated destruction of the Library is impossible. When once the church caught fire, and lit up the country far and wide, the Prussians must have observed by the light of the conflagration that the greatest but one of all the religious edifices in Strasburg had become a prey to the flames. During the whole of this terrible night, however, incendiary projectiles rained into the burning mass, followed up by canister-shot, which effectually prevented any efforts on the part of the inhabitants to extinguish the conflagration." The reason for this severity M. Reuss finds partly in General von Werder's belief in the existence of a strong German party within the city, partly in his desire to paralyze the military defences of the fortress by a "pression psychologique et morale"—in other words, to divide Strasburg against itself by bringing its intellectual into collision with its patriotic interests. But it is well to remember that, after the surrender, Germany came forward

with liberal offers of books to repair the loss. If we again quote M. Reuss, it is not without regret at the tone of irritation which his language betrays:—"Booksellers, publishers, scholars offered copies of their works or of those they had in store; some libraries promised their duplicates, individuals announced an intention of endowing the German university of Strasburg with their private collections: all this, be it well understood, might have weight with the simple souls who are at least as numerous in Berlin as in Paris. A real library is not the creation of a day—the veriest scribbler knows this; and what German *savant* imagines for a moment that such a congeries of modern works, even though amounting to 100,000 volumes, has any right to the name of library, or could be useful to a scholar desirous of seeking knowledge at its source, and content with nothing but what is first-hand? Who will restore us our manuscripts, our priceless collections of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, our unedited chronicles, the faithful memorials of the greatness of our republican ancestors? Let no one mock our loss by telling us that he will give us back this, and more also." Whether we approve of these reflections or not, we cannot withhold from M. Reuss our sympathy when he concludes with the words of the Florentine poet—

" . . . Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

Serpent Worship in the West.—Some additional light appears to have been thrown upon ancient serpent worship in the West by the recent archæological explorations of Mr. John S. Phené, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., in Scotland. Mr. Phené has just investigated a curious earthen mound in Glen Feechan, Argyleshire, referred to by him at the late meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh as being in the form of a serpent or saurian. The mound, says the *Scotsman*, is a most perfect one. The head is a large cairn, and the body of the earthen reptile 300 feet long; and in the centre of the head there were evidences when Mr. Phené first visited it of an altar having been placed there. The position with regard to Ben Cruachan is most remarkable. The three peaks are seen over the length of the reptile when a person is standing on the head or cairn. The shape can only be seen so as to be understood when looked down upon from an elevation, as the outline cannot be understood unless the whole of it can be seen. This is most perfect when the spectator is on the head of the animal form, or on the lofty rock to the west of it. This mound corresponds almost entirely with one 700 feet long in America, an account of which was lately published, after careful survey, by Mr. Squier. The altar towards the head in each case agrees. In the American mound three rivers (also objects of worship with the ancients) were evidently identified. The number three was a sacred number in all ancient mythologies. The sinuous winding and articulations of the vertebral spinal arrangement are anatomically perfect in the Argyleshire mound. The gentlemen present with Mr. Phené during his investigation state that beneath the cairn forming the head of the animal was found a megalithic chamber, in which was a quantity of charcoal and burned earth and charred nutshells, a flint instrument beautifully and

minutely serrated at the edge, and burned bones. The back or spine of the serpent, which, as already stated, is 300 feet long, was found, beneath the peat moss, to be formed by a careful adjustment of stones, the formation of which probably prevented the structure from being obliterated by time and weather.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

German Schools in Alsace.—One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the new masters of Alsace is the strong if silent opposition shown to the German mode of instruction in the schools. Meanwhile, the *Strasburg Gazette* endeavors to sketch out the plans of the new Government in this direction, and to explain away all notions of "tyranny" and "violence." As a matter of course, it says, instruction in German will henceforth be obligatory in all the schools without distinction. Nor will this be understood to mean two or three casual hours in the week, but every class will have its six regular weekly lessons, so that what has hitherto been lost may be recovered, and the examinations be got through creditably. Further, the language in which the instruction is given will be, for the lowest form, German for all subjects except French, to which there will be devoted six hours weekly. In the middle and upper classes, however, instruction will continue for the present to be given in French, as far as possible. There will, however, be a certain division as to the subjects. Thus, the classical languages, Latin and Greek, will be taught in German throughout, as well as history and geography. French, on the other hand, is to be retained for the whole bulk of mathematical sciences, as well as for natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history.

The Retrogression of Women.—Here and there the cracks in our social edifice yawn so significantly that we feverishly try to plaster them up, but the passion of the day for every variety of reform is more a sign of conscious disorganization than of healthy energy. And the alterations clamored for in the position of women, the quack cures suggested for the miseries of their present struggle with circumstance, are among the ugliest symptoms of serious social disorder. Their restlessness, though happily not as yet general, is, we take it, a mark of their deterioration. Not advance, but retrogression, is indicated by their assumption of men's work and their boast of masculine power. We acknowledge the isolation and uselessness of thousands among them, but this is no argument for further disruption of home and wresting of the feminine faculties. That women should suffer as they do comes of complicated causes, some evident and some obscure. Thousands of families are out of gear; wives are beaten by drunken husbands, daughters are sold or driven out of their fathers' houses. Starvation or vice, baby-farming or other unlegalized professions, seem the necessary prospect of the undomesticated women who prowl in our by-ways. Victims of commercial pressure, ignorance, and in some cases of a lying literature, their religious instincts crushed by the dense atheism of those who form their society, they are the saddest sight and most puzzling problem of our world. But what will be gained by further unsexing them, and encouraging their less muscular frames and smaller brains to a com-

petition with men, which the Society for Preventing Cruelty should really interfere to stop? Certainly some women are superior to many men, but there is abundant work for such exceptional persons in the better fulfilment of those duties by which women have so largely contributed to the development of mankind. If, in search of pastures new, capable women abandon the field in which they have hitherto, and successfully, worked, who shall prophesy the result? Slight checks may seriously affect the prospects of a race in the severe struggle of humanity, and if our better halves alter the conditions which have raised us from the condition of orang-outangs, a relapse into savagery is quite possible. It is true that the fair sex will enjoy that equality of labor, if not that excess of it, which will quickly remove from it the reproach of unfairness. We do not think, however, that enfranchisement in manners will secure personal respect, nor have the late events in Paris given us hope that women will attain even ephemeral independence by throwing off the restraints of primeval custom. In vain, even for momentary license, can women agree in weakening the marriage tie and in denial of the family, which, until we fall back to the twilight of arboreal existence, remains the true unit of life and the condition of progress among men. When the plant is injured at the root the flowers droop first, and the earliest consequence of social disorder is the suffering of women.—*Saturday Review*.

The Versailles Trials.—A portion of the French press seems inclined to resent the style of defence which the leaders of the Commune are striving to set up. A contrast is drawn between their attitude and that of Orsini, who boldly avowed his act, and strove to prove that on his principles it was not only justifiable, but meritorious. It is certainly true that the Communists at Versailles do not glory in the Commune. They do not maintain that they were doing right; what they seek to show is, that they were not doing very wrong. They for the most part shirk the notion of corporate responsibility. The Commune, they own, did this, and the Commune did that, but they did not do what the Commune did. Not one single Communist, so far as the evidence goes at present, looks upon the Commune as the exponent of any special principles of a great and noble kind. All say that they took part in the insurrection through a sort of pardonable mistake. They considered that Paris had a right to exist as a separate community; but they were only led to assert this right because guns were being taken from the National Guard to which they belonged, and because they received orders which in some capacity or other they were bound to obey, or accepted posts to which they were duly elected. It is possible that the real heroes of the Commune were all killed, and that it is only those whom Communists would term sham-Communists that have fallen into the hands of the Government. But certainly none of them have displayed the spirit of martyrs ready to die for a great cause.

The Ammergau Passion Play.—The accessories of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play are so peculiar and picturesque, that it requires an effort to divest ourselves of their influence while we at-

tempt an analysis of the impressions left upon us by that remarkable performance. It is not often given to the traveller to assist in open air at the dramatized performance of the supreme event of the world's history through a long summer's day, in the midst of exquisite sub-Alpine scenery, and amid the buzzing of grasshoppers, the flight of birds and butterflies, and the tinkling of goat-bells. But we shall endeavor to examine the decennial *Passionsspiel* of the Bavarian peasants as rigorously as if it were a commonplace performance of professional actors. Judged even according to this exacting standard, it more than holds its own. The incidents which, in one aspect of the drama, give to it its piquancy, in another augment its difficulty. Natural scenery and sunlight are very enjoyable in themselves, but they are the forbidden thing to the ordinary manager, who relies for his success on footlights and gas, on studied darkness, and the unreal effects only producible in an enclosed apartment and with artificial illumination. The Bavarian mountaineer, without these trappings, without rouge or corking or wigs, steps forward into the broad glare of day, and offers a spectacle which no one who has once seen it can ever forget. The sittings of the audience, large enough to receive them by thousands, are appropriately homely, but the design of the stage is—by whomsoever invented—an effort of genius. The proscenium, which is open to the air, is 118 feet in breadth and some twenty feet deep. Behind this rises a structure which is composed in the centre of an ordinary covered "stage" with its scenes and side-scenes, and which is flanked on either side with small symmetrical houses, each with its folding-doors beneath and balcony above (the houses respectively of Annas and Pilate, and the only place where the latter appears). Each of these houses is again flanked with a deep uncovered set scene of a street opening upon the proscenium. So the performance can and does sometimes take place upon the proscenium only, or between the proscenium and the balconied houses, or in one or both of the side streets, or exclusively within the covered-in "stage" proper, or in and about all these divisions simultaneously. The entire dimensions are so great that the spectator has no difficulty in concentrating his attention on the part where the action for the time being happens to be proceeding. The side streets are streets of Jerusalem, and lend themselves to processions. The covered stage is exclusively employed for the set tableaux and for indoor scenes, such as the Supper at Bethany and the Last Supper, while the Chorus claims the proscenium for itself; and as the drop-scene is a picture of Jerusalem, portions of the action take place before it.

A New Feature in Crime.—One of the most remarkable features of the greater modern crimes seems to be the very slight incentive which the public are disposed at all events, whether truly or not, to regard as adequate for enormous crimes, especially among the more or less educated classes;—and it is hardly questionable that public opinion on a point of this kind, though of course utterly inadequate to justify a correct judgment on any particular case, is not at all likely to be far astray

as to the general impression that great crime often now springs from what seems to be the apparently least of all incentives. The *Field* of last week, for instance, after reviewing the circumstances of the sudden death of Mr. Renforth, the English rowing champion in Canada, is disposed deliberately to attribute it to the administration of a vegetable poison, undiscoverable by chemical analysis, of the sedative sort,—and to attribute the motive for this most cruel of murders, if murder it was, to the rapacity of some one or more of those who had betted against him. We are hardly disposed to concur with the *Field*, in spite of the last words of Mr. Renforth himself, which naturally raised the suspicion; but right or not, here is, at all events, a well-informed paper, knowing as much as most of the morality of gamblers, which is disposed to think it probable that the desire to win or dread to lose has led not merely to the murder of the immediate antagonist in view,—that is common enough,—but to the foul poisoning of a stranger guest, who had every sort of claim on the respect of those amongst whom he was to struggle for the prize. Then there was the other day in New York that strange case, to which we drew attention at the time, of a learned and enthusiastic Pole, M. Ruloff, who managed to inspire all who came near him with the most profound intellectual admiration, who deliberately organized a gang of burglars of which he was the soul, for the purpose of providing himself with adequate means for his abstract studies, and who committed a bad murder in carrying out one of his plans rather than fail in his operations. Again, not long ago we had the Frenchman Tropmann, who deliberately planned and executed the murder of a whole family of some seven or eight souls, including young children, for the sake of a little property, one of his motives appearing to be the wish to find means for the support of his own father, to whom his conduct had always been most filial. Last of all, we have this strange and lurid accusation brought,—we trust mistakenly,—against an unhappy woman in Brighton, that she has been doing her best to poison people in all directions by spreading abroad poisoned sweetmeats under a particular shop label,—even positively encouraging various small children to eat the poisoned sweetmeats in the street,—solely in order to manufacture data for convincing a gentleman to whom she was attached, and the life of whose wife she had once endangered in like manner, that she was innocent of any crime in the matter, and that the poison came from the sweetmeat-maker, not from herself.—*The Spectator*.

Faces.—It might seem paradoxical to assert that most persons have the very faintest intellectual conceptions of the peculiar characteristics of their friends' faces. Yet the truth of this statement may be tested in a very simple manner. Ask a man of average intelligence to describe in detail the features of one of his friends, and he will probably falter and bungle as much as if you had suddenly called on him for one of Euclid's long-forgotten demonstrations. He cannot say decidedly, perhaps, whether the face is broad or oval, whether the orbits are small or large, the iris brown or blue. His account will convince you that he can never have attentively studied the

features in detail, and that all his available knowledge of the person's visible appearance amounts to a very dim idea of height, color of hair, and complexion, with some clearer notion perhaps of certain unimportant peculiarities which may happen to have specially impressed him. Nor is this deficiency in the intellectual understanding of a face in its relations to general types of face and feature the only thing noticeable. It might likewise be shown that the observer lacks even a distinct mental image of the face in question. Psychologists are agreed that visual impressions are the most durable, in the form of images, of all the sensations; and it may be remembered that Mr. Mill makes a very interesting use of this fact in accounting for the instantaneous self-evidence of geometrical axioms. Yet we very much doubt whether ordinary persons are able to recall distinct mental pictures of the faces of their friends. This seems to follow from the errors most persons make with respect to identity. It is probable, in spite of such artistic fictions as one permits in comedy—as, for example, in the charming confusion of the *Twelfth Night*—that no two human faces (omitting other parts of the appearance) are so precisely alike as to leave an exact observer long in doubt about a person's identity. Ants appear to be hopelessly undistinguishable to the human eye, and yet Mr. Darwin speaks of individual ants being recognized by their fellow-ants after a separation of four months. In like manner, it may be presumed, it is only inattention to minute differences that ever puzzles a person in the case of two similar men or women. There is a familiar game that owes all its point to this inattention. One or two well-known acquaintances in the company are hidden behind the window-curtains, the eyes only being exposed for a brief view to the rest of the company, who have to discover their owners. Yet, though this is the feature supposed to be most accurately known, we have seen most laughable confusions of identity resulting from the experiment. How very misty are most persons' images of the faces of their friends, must be known to every artist. When he draws an outline in chalks of a lady's head, her relations will frequently pass the most ignorant criticisms on the form of the several parts. And, obviously, inability to recognize a recently-taken photograph shows ignorance of the form of the face concerned. These and a host of other facts prove pretty conclusively that ordinary people do not retain distinct images of their friends' faces. There being in the mind nothing but a very hazy, undefined, residual picture with which comparison of the present impression may be made, nearly everybody who has not had some special artistic training is liable to an occasional blunder.—*Saturday Review*.

The Theatre of the Hindus.—The drama of the Hindus is of native growth, and seems to have been developed by Hindu poets quite independently of foreign influence. It has little in common with the great masterpieces of Greek art; in fact, tragedy finds no place among its productions. Schlegel, to whom it was known only by the translation of *Sakuntalâ*, says that "it presents through its Oriental brilliancy of coloring so striking a resemblance on the whole to our roman-

tic drama, that it might be suspected the love of Shakspeare had influenced the translator, if other Orientalists had not borne testimony to the fidelity of his translation." The judgment of this acute critic is fully confirmed by the contents of the volumes before us. They contain neither tragedy nor comedy, but pictures of life in which the serious and the amusing are pretty equally blended. Never exhibiting scenes of high and thrilling interest, never descending to farce, they belong to that class of writings which, for want of a more specific term, we are accustomed to call plays or dramas.

The origin of the Hindu drama is lost in the ages of a fabulous antiquity; but its invention is ascribed to those ancient saints and sages to whom the Hindus ascribe all that they revere and admire. Neither is it possible to assign any positive date to the plays which survive. The oldest of the dramatists is Kâlidâsa, whose period is enveloped in doubt and obscurity. A century or two before, or a century or two after the commencement of the Christian era, is the vague time to which the translator refers the composition of his three plays. His works contain many cumulative proofs that they cannot be assigned to any comparatively modern age. Bhavabhûti, who is held second in estimation, and who also produced three plays, seems to have lived about the eighth century A.D. The number of plays of which the translator gives the titles is about sixty, but several of these are known only by name. No doubt there were many of which no remnant has come down, as the number is small for such a voluminous literature as that of the Hindus. As might be expected, the plots of the plays are most frequently drawn from mythology, and represent some episode already known to the spectators. Some, however, derive their plots from history or from real life, and these are the most interesting to Europeans. Like the dramatic representations of Greece, they were performed only on great occasions of festivity, and as only one play was performed at each time, they are some of them very long.

A Fortunate Death.—The Pekin correspondent of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* announces the death of Vo-yen, the most dangerous enemy of the Europeans in China. He was the tutor of the late Emperor, and consequently possessed great influence at the Chinese Court, and was the chief of the literary class in China, which is known for its hatred of everything European. His family was of Mongolian origin, but had long been settled in China. The late Emperor, on ascending the throne, gave him the important post of Governor of Moukden in Mantchouria—a dignity which is much sought after in the Empire, as Moukden is the cradle of the reigning dynasty. While holding this post Vo-yen was a witness of the war in which China was beaten by England and France, and this inflamed the hatred which he had previously felt for all foreigners into a sort of frenzy. When, shortly after, he became tutor to the present Emperor, he repeatedly laid before the Sovereign reports against Europeans, and in one of these he went so far as to declare that he would not die happy until after eating the flesh of the foreigners and lying on a couch made of their skins. He protested strongly against the establishment of a

school of science and foreign languages at the Peking Foreign Office, and against the Burlingame mission, on the ground that a foreigner had been placed at its head, and that the subordinate posts were filled by Chinese dignitaries. Vo-yen was very popular among his countrymen on account of his charities, his disinterestedness, and his simple mode of life. His household was conducted on a modest scale, and a considerable part of his fortune was devoted to the relief of the poor and the maintenance of a school for giving gratuitous instruction to those who could not afford to pay for their education.

Ulm.—But of all scenes of military history which a visit to Ulm recalls, the most impressive would have been the surrender of General Mack's army to Napoleon, almost without a battle, in 1805. We can best convey an idea of this event by saying that it was to Austria what Sedan lately was to France. It occurred two days before the battle of Trafalgar, and destroyed Pitt's hope of military resistance to France as completely as Nelson's victory annihilated Napoleon's scheme of naval hostility to England. The Archduke Charles was at this period employed in Italy. But in 1809, when Austria again tried her fortune against Napoleon, he was in supreme command upon the Danube. The upper valley of that river was now for military purposes French territory, so that the campaign began to the east of Ulm, in the triangle formed by the Danube and the Isar, and by a line drawn from Ratisbon to Landshut. The Archduke had the advantage of the first blow, and ought, if he had been the general of 1796, to have annihilated a French corps at Ratisbon before it could be withdrawn or supported. The journey of Napoleon from Paris to Strasburg, and thence to Donauwörth was thought in those days a miracle of celerity. He was only just in time to remedy the blunders of Berthier, who, by a process of selection which might have been called Austrian, had been placed in command over Massena and Davoust. Napoleon has said that the campaign which followed was the best thing he ever did. Within a month he had broken up the Archduke's army and occupied Vienna. It must always be remembered to the honor of the Archduke and his army that after these tremendous disasters they were still able to bring Napoleon to the verge of ruin at Aspern, and to fight a great battle, which was almost a victory, at Wagram. There is perhaps no place which more than Ulm impresses the mind with admiration for Napoleon; yet the sympathy of an English visitor to that place will not be with the French conqueror, but with the brave, blundering Austrians who defied before him.

Recent Inventions.—It is said that a firm in London is now constructing the most economical steam-engines in the world. For their mill engines these manufacturers guarantee a consumption of less than two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour, and they claim that in some cases these engines in practice have brought the figure as low as one pound of coal per horse-power per hour.

To realize the importance of this improvement, it must be considered that ordinary steam-engines, in many cases, burn as much as ten pounds of coal

per horse-power per hour. This is common when the boiler admits of the evaporation of only six pounds of water for every pound of coal. When engines are supplied with Cornish boilers, so celebrated for their economy—since they evaporate twelve pounds of water for every pound of coal—the ordinary consumption is five pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; and the reduction of this amount to three or even two and a half pounds has thus far been considered something extraordinary, the best result in fact to be practically obtained. That there is, however, still room for improvement, is evident from the theory of the mechanical equivalent of heat.

The best engineers, in place of obtaining, as heretofore, only one-tenth or twentieth of the theoretical equivalent of the heat consumed, are reported to have reached nearly one-fifth, which, according to the *Technologist*, is a wonderful advance. Most engineers are agreed on the main features of the most economical engines. They are proportionally large boilers, with large heating surfaces, and proper grates; heating of the feed water in the condenser; high pressure in connection with proper cut-off arrangements, so as to utilize the expansion; careful protection from loss of heat by radiation; and above all things, intelligent and faithful engineers and firemen. Many moderately good boilers and engines lose all claim to reasonable economy by improper treatment in firing.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame:
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason should I be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had'st still continued mine,
Nay, if thou had'st remain'd thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall;
And then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still;
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—
Thy choice of his good fortune boast,
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.



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MAHOMET.*

THE appearance in the English tongue of a defense of the Mahometan religion from the hand of one who on the one hand claims a lineal descent from the Prophet, and on the other hand has been enrolled in an English order of knighthood, is a mark of the drawing together of East and West which would have seemed impossible a generation or two back. And it marks that drawing together in its best form. It is something new for a professor of Islam, evidently devout and learned according to his own standard, to stand forth and challenge European and Christian thinkers on their own ground. It is a sign of a new spirit among thoughtful Mahometans, when a writer of their religion no longer shuts himself up within the old barriers of his exclusive creed. The bidding of his Prophet and forefather to make ceaseless war

upon the Infidel is carried out by Syed Ahmed Khan in a new shape. The faith can no longer be spread over new realms at the sword's point: but new fields of conflict, and therefore of possible triumph, are laid open. It is to the credit of the followers of Islam if they are learning, as the author of this book clearly has learned, that it is a false policy for a system which can no longer spread itself by temporal weapons to withdraw itself into sullen isolation. Our Syed takes a far worthier course, and one which shows a far truer faith in his own religion, by trying to show that that religion need not shun the light, but that it dares to stand forth and meet other systems face to face on the arena of free inquiry. The mutual contempt of Christian and Moslem has been largely the result of mutual ignorance. It has largely been the result of each side seeing the other in its worst form. And the fashion of glorifying one particular Mahometan power, which has prevailed by fits and starts

* A Series of Essays on the Life of Mohammed and subjects subsidiary thereto. By Syed Ahmed Khan Bahador, C.S.I. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

for some years, as it certainly does not rise out of any deep knowledge of Islam and its history, is not likely to tend to any fair and reasonable interchange of ideas between Mahometans and Christians. Such a book as that of Syed Ahmed opens to us a new world. Few Europeans have any notion of the vast mass of theological literature which has gathered together at the hands of Mahometan divines, of the vast mass of commentaries of which the Koran has become the centre. It is possible that in some cases Western controversialists might find their antagonists in the East somewhat stronger than they might expect. But at all events they may be surprised at finding the war carried into their own country. Syed Ahmed is evidently not afraid of meeting either Christian divines or European scholars on their own ground. He is certainly not free from that contempt for the Infidel which seems inherent in the Moslem character, and which is, we suppose, specially becoming in a descendant of the Prophet. The Syed is ready to acknowledge, and to acknowledge with thankfulness, any instances where his great forefather has received favorable or even just dealing at the hands of European writers.* Still, on the whole, he looks down on his Christian antagonists. And he looks down on them with a sort of contemptuous pity as his intellectual inferiors, as men less thoughtful and less well informed than himself. Such a state of mind is certainly not the best for engaging in controversy; but on the other hand, it is certainly not the worst. Syed Ahmed, as we hold, overrates his own knowledge and his own powers of reasoning, as compared with those

of his Christian opponents. But by so doing he admits that the question is a matter for reason and inquiry; and, after all, our Mahometan controversialist does not treat Christians as a body nearly so badly as Christians of different sects are often in the habit of treating one another.

We rejoice then at so promising a contribution as Syed Ahmed gives us towards filling up the gap which at present yawns between men of Eastern and Western nations, of Eastern and Western creeds. But even among Western scholars there yawns another gap almost as wide between those to whom the East and the West respectively supply subjects of study. The field of either Eastern or Western scholarship is so wide that it is hardly possible to find any man who is master of both alike. Each has need of the other at every step. The Western scholar is constantly brought into contact with the history of the East. As far as authentic records carry us back, the history of the civilized world has largely turned upon the great struggle between the two systems which we vaguely, yet not inaccurately, speak of as Eastern and Western. The rivalry of East and West, in those days the rivalry of the Barbarian and the Greek, was, in the eyes of Herodotus, the subject of the drama of human history. It was so in his own day; it had been so from the earliest days of which legend or tradition had any thing to tell. Since his day the struggle has gone on in various forms, and the championship of each side has passed into the hands of various nations; and, at almost all its stages, the struggle has been made fiercer and more abiding because religious differences have stepped in to heighten political enmity. The old faith of Persia, alike under Achæmenid and under Sassanid rule, stood forth as something hostile alike to the heathendom of the old Greek and to the Christianity of the later Roman. But the struggle never reached its full bitterness till the respective civilizations of the East and the West had leagued themselves forever with the two religions between which, for the very reason that their teaching has so much in common, opposition has ever been most deadly. The various forms of polytheism could always tolerate one another; they could for the most part hit upon some scheme of compromise or amalgamation. A national religion, like that of the Jew or the Persian, might whet the spirit of patriotism in a

* We must here point out a singular imposture of which the Syed has been made the victim. He quotes, among authors who have done justice to Mahomet and his system, "Edward Gibbon, the celebrated historian, Godfrey Higgins, Thomas Carlyle, and John Davenport." When we read this passage we had never before heard the name of John Davenport, but it struck us as remarkable that the greater part of the passage quoted in his name came word for word from Mr. Freeman's "History and Conquests of the Saracens." We have since with some difficulty procured a copy of Mr. Davenport's book, which could not be found in any regular publisher's catalogue. The book is "An Apology for Mohammed and the Koran, by John Davenport. London: Printed for the author, and to be had of J. Davis & Sons, 137, Long Acre. 1869." In this book, pp. 140-141, are copied without acknowledgment, and we think without the change of a word, from passages in pp. 42, 46, 56, 59, of Mr. Freeman's book.

struggle against an enemy of another faith ; but its votaries were not bound to enter upon schemes of spiritual conquest. Content with the possession of their own law, they could look with indifference on the fate which might, either in this world or the next, be designed for the less favored and enlightened portion of mankind. But neither Christianity nor Islam can thus sit still without a thought for the spiritual welfare of others. Each alike proclaims itself as the one true faith, the one law for all lands and all nations, which none of the sons of men can reject except at the peril of his soul. Each alike, then, is in its own nature aggressive ; each seeks to bring all the kingdoms of the earth within the one pale of safety ; and, when persuasion fails, it is the avowed principles of one creed, it has been the frequent practice of the votaries of both, to extend the dominion of the one truth at the point of the sword. For the last twelve hundred years that struggle between East and West which has ever been the centre of all history has taken the special form of a struggle between Christendom and Islam. There is not a nation in Europe which has not had its share in the great conflict. Even those nations whose geographical position hindered them from standing in the forefront of the battle have at least sent their handful of crusaders to fight against the Paynim for the Holy Sepulchre. If the struggle has now ceased within the ordinary bounds of European diplomacy and warfare, if modern European policy, instead of ceaseless warfare with the Infidel, consists in propping up his tottering dominion over unwilling Christians, that is simply because, within the European border, the Infidel has ceased to be threatening. In more obscure parts of the world the struggle still goes on : it even seems not unlikely that it may soon be brought very near to our own doors. Recent reports speak of a widespread discontent among the Mahometan inhabitants of India, a discontent grounded on no other cause than that, under British rule, the Mahometan is placed on a perfect equality with men of all other creeds, whereas he deems it his inherent right to rule over men of all other creeds. Such is indeed the inborn spirit of the Mahometan faith—a faith of which it is not an accident, but an essential principle, that it is to be spread by the sword, and can never, except under compulsion, sit down

on an equality with other faiths. It may, within certain limits it must, grant a contemptuous toleration to men of other religions ; it can never willingly submit to accept toleration, or even equality, at the hands of those whom it looks on as made to be either its victims, its subjects, or its converts.

The more we feel the prominent part which the struggle between Christendom and Islam has borne in the general history of the world, the more deeply we feel the vast importance of a right understanding of the Mahometan history. Until we fully grasp the true nature and position of the rival power, whole volumes of Christian and European history remain most imperfectly understood. And the more deeply we feel all this, the more deeply also we feel the frightful difficulty of getting at a right understanding of the Mahometan history. We speak from the point of view of Western students, anxious, first of all, to understand the history of a system which has had such powerful effects on the history of the system which forms the subject of our own studies. But those who go so far as this can not fail to be anxious also to know something, for its own sake, of a system which has exercised so powerful an influence upon the mind of man ; and, if possible, they will be even more anxious to call up a lively image of the man who has wrought a greater change in the condition and history of the world than any other mere mortal. But the difficulties which beset a Western scholar in striving to gain a knowledge, so precious in itself and so important for his own purposes, are almost enough to make him draw back at the onset. He finds a gulf, which it seems hopeless to think of crossing, between himself and the original authorities on his subject. He finds a gulf only less wide between himself and those modern scholars who have undertaken Eastern subjects, and who must serve as interpreters between himself and the original writers of Eastern history. Few scholars can be found who are masters alike of the Eastern and the Western languages. Here and there a man may be found who has enough knowledge both of European and Asiatic tongues to serve for the purposes of comparative philology. But it is almost impossible to find a man who is thoroughly master at once of the literature of the East and of the West. Thoroughly to work out in detail the long

story of the relations between Christendom and Islam—a story which involves the story of the relations between West and East before Christendom and Islam arose—a man must add a thorough knowledge of European history, classical and mediæval, to a knowledge equally thorough of the vast mass of historical literature which has been accumulated through so many ages in the languages of the East. But such knowledge as this is only to be had piecemeal; its acquisition in all its fulness would surpass the longest life and the greatest energy which has ever fallen to the lot of man. The man who devotes himself to any one branch of the subject must be content to take many things at second-hand, on the authority of those who have devoted themselves to other branches. It is rare to find a man to whom all ages of European history, classical, mediæval, and modern, are alike familiar; and it is inconceivable that any man should be able to add to this unusual amount of Western knowledge any thing more than a mere smattering of the needful knowledge of the East. Even if he has gained some knowledge of the chief historical languages of the East, mere lack of time will hinder him from gaining the same sort of knowledge of the historical literature contained in them which he has gained of the historical literature of the West. He is driven back at the threshold. He wishes, for instance, to gain a thorough knowledge, not only of the life and teaching of Mahomet, but of the practical working of his system as a religious and political code. He is told that “the living law of Mahometanism is not to be found in the Koran, but in the commentators—a set of the most vicious scoundrels who ever disgraced humanity, whose first object seems to have been to relax the plain meaning of the original edicts as far as practicable.”* He feels that he may possibly master the Koran, but that he has no hope of mastering the commentators. Yet such a warning as this makes him only the more anxious to mas-

ter the commentators. He sees that the corruptions of a religion or of a code are an essential portion of its history. He feels that, thoroughly to understand the history and working of Islam, he must know, not only what the Prophet meant, but what his followers in successive ages have taken him to mean. And he is perhaps inclined to be indignant at finding any whole class of men described as “vicious scoundrels.” He knows something of the controversies of Christendom, of the additions and perversions with which disputants of one sect or another have overwhelmed the original purity of the faith. He knows something of the history of law in European countries, of the strange subtleties and the frequent wrongs which have sprung from the perverse ingenuity of lawyers, Roman, English, or any other. Yet he knows perfectly well that it would be utterly unfair to set down either the theologians or the lawyers of any age, sect, or country in Europe, as being, in the mass, “a set of vicious scoundrels.” Nay more, if a religious and civil code has been for ages expounded by a set of vicious scoundrels, the mere fact is surely remarkable in itself. Such a fact must also have had a most important effect on the condition and history of the nations who have so long followed such unhappy guidance. The repulsive picture thus drawn of the Mahometan commentators makes us only the more anxious to know something about them. But we feel that, without giving up more time than we can afford to take from still more important matters, we must be content to abide in ignorance.

This is the kind of difficulty which is met at every step by those who lay no claim to the character of professed Oriental scholars, but who wish to gain that knowledge of Eastern matters without which they feel that their knowledge even of Western matters is very imperfect. Yet they must thankfully acknowledge that a class of Oriental scholars has arisen, whose writings take away not a few of the difficulties in their path. We can not forbear, even in passing, from paying a tribute of gratitude to such works on Oriental history as those of Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Erskine. As to our own immediate subject, German scholarship may well be proud of such works as those of Weil and Sprenger, and English scholarship of the great work of Sir William Muir. We can

* We quote from an article in the unluckily defunct *National Review* for October, 1861, headed “The Great Arabian,” an article supplying many materials for thought, as suggested by the contemplation of Mahomet’s personal history from an Eastern point of view. It is worth comparing this article with another in the same Review for July, 1858, which throughout looks at Mahomet from the point of view of a Western scholar and thinker.

hardly fancy a book better suited to our purpose, from our own point of view, than the clear and business-like volume of Dr. Weil.* In the larger work of Dr. Sprenger, a purely Western scholar may sometimes get bewildered with an Eastern scholarship which is too deep for him; he may sigh for something like order and method, and he may sometimes wish that the results were set forth with somewhat less of what he may be tempted to call irrelevant and undignified sprightliness.† He may also perhaps be inclined to see in his guide somewhat of a disposition to know more than can possibly be known. Yet he will none the less admire the prodigious stores of knowledge which Dr. Sprenger has gathered together—stores especially rich in collateral information touching the Prophet's companions and contemporaries. The work of our own countryman is a noble monument of research, thought, and criticism. Yet even here we sometimes feel that the author leads us just deep enough into the matter to make us wish to go deeper. We doubt here and there whether Sir William Muir has always boldly carried out his own canons of criticism, and we long for time and opportunities to test his authorities for ourselves in detail. We feel sure that, beneath the destroying hammer of Sir George Lewis, nay, in the hands of writers much less unbelieving than Sir George Lewis, whole generations and ages of alleged early Arabian history would pass away from the domain of ascertained history into the domain of unascertained legend. And we can not help seeing that Sir William Muir's earnest and undoubting faith as a Christian man has sometimes stood in his way as a critical historian. A man may surely be a good Christian without bringing in the Old Testament genealogies as historical documents from which there is no appeal; and when Sir William Muir hints his belief that in

some parts of his career Mahomet was the subject of what we may call a Satanic inspiration, he is putting forth a view which he has a perfect right to maintain as a theological proposition, but he is treading on ground whither the historian of events and creeds must refuse to follow him.

In truth, the great difficulty of the subject is that, while it is the duty of the historian to avoid committing himself on questions which are purely theological, yet, in considering the life of Mahomet and the effects of Mahometanism, he can not help forever treading on the very verge of the forbidden region. Through the whole history, both of the man and of the nations which have adopted his system, the religious element underlies every thing. Mahomet was a conqueror and a ruler; but he was a conqueror and a ruler only because he declared himself to be a divinely-commissioned prophet. His immediate followers founded the vastest empire that the world ever saw, an empire which, though it soon split asunder in actual fact, has maintained a theoretical unity ever since. But that empire was not, strictly speaking, the dominion of a nation or of a dynasty. It was the dominion of a religious sect which had risen to political power, of a religious sect with which the acquisition of political power was a religious principle. In the Mahometan system there is no room for national distinctions; religious belief stands in the place of nationality; every fellow-believer is a fellow-countryman. There is no distinction between Church and State; we can not even say that Church and State are two different aspects of the same body. In Islam the Church comes first in idea and in fact; the State is simply the Church in its unavoidable temporal relations. In Islam there is no rivalry, no distinction, between Pope and Cæsar; the same man is at once Pope and Cæsar, and he is Cæsar simply because he is Pope. In every Mahometan country the whole civil and social fabric rests on the groundwork of a divine law once revealed. The professions of the canon and the civil lawyer, even the professions of the lawyer and the theologian, are in Islam one and the same. In every thing the spiritual element comes first, and the temporal element is its mere appendage. The appendage may indeed sometimes overshadow the inherent substance. We can conceive that a modern

* Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre; von Dr. Gustav Weil. Stuttgart, 1843.

† Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed; von A. Sprenger. Berlin, 1869. We are almost afraid to talk about the dignity of history or of philosophy either, but surely this is not the style in which to deal with grave questions either of facts or morals: "So ist dem Mann das Bedürfniss ein Weib zu lieben angeboren, aber *die Reize der Liesel* erwecken erst diesen Trieb und bestimmen ihn sie ausschliesslich zu lieben." (I. 224.) There are many passages like this in Dr. Sprenger's book.

Ottoman Sultan admitted as a member of the commonwealth of Christian Europe may sometimes forget that he is the Caliph of the Prophet of Islam. So German archiepiscopal Electors seem sometimes to have forgotten that they were Christian priests. But if the Caliph has forgotten his own mission, there are millions of believers throughout the world who well remember it. The last time that a Roman Emperor set foot in Rome, he himself seemed to have forgotten his own being. But the Roman People had not forgotten it, and, though the successor of Augustus lurked in the person of Joseph the Second, they welcomed the successor of Augustus to his own home. With far more truth, with far more effect, might the Caliph of Mahomet, casting aside his trust in an arm of flesh, appeal to the religious zeal, not only of his own political subjects, but of all true believers throughout the world. It would be no small trial for Christendom, it would be a special trial for those Christian governments which bear rule over Mahometan subjects, if such a day should ever come.

The primary fact then from which we start is that Mahomet was a man who founded a temporal dominion, but who grounded his claim to temporal dominion solely on his claim to be a divinely-commissioned teacher of religion. He taught a doctrine; he founded a sect; and the proselytes of that sect presently set forth, in the name of their new faith, to conquer the world. In the first burst of its newborn enthusiasm, in the successive revivals of that enthusiasm, they actually did conquer and keep no small part of the world. Every Moslem was, as his first duty, a missionary; but he was an armed missionary. In this the religion of Mahomet forms a marked contrast to the two religious systems which had gone before his own, and with which his own must be compared at every step. To understand the position of Mahomet and the results of his teaching, we must throughout compare the origin and growth of Islam with the origin and growth of Judaism and of Christianity. And we must for this purpose look on Judaism and Christianity in their purely historical aspect; for the moment we must look on each, without regard to the truth or falsehood of theological propositions, in the character which each assumes for itself. Each of the three systems, Judaism,

Christianity, and Islam, claims, according to the received belief of their several followers, to be the work of a personal founder; but even in their purely historical aspect, the founders of the three systems do not stand in exactly the same relation to the systems which they founded. At first sight, it may seem that Moses stands towards Judaism in exactly the same relation in which Mahomet stands towards Islam. In both cases the prophet is eminently the prophet of his own nation. In both cases he proclaims himself as the divinely-commissioned giver of a new law, and he leads the disciples of that law to a political conquest. But there are wide points of difference between the two cases. In the history of Moses the political and the religious elements are throughout intermingled, but in its purely historical aspect the political element comes before the religious. Moses is not charged with the first revelation of a new faith, or even with the revival of a faith that is wholly forgotten. He acts from the beginning by a divine commission, but the first public duty which that divine commission lays upon him is to work the political deliverance of his people from bondage. It is not till after their deliverance that he delivers his code of laws, moral, civil, and ritual. The primary work of Moses is the foundation of a commonwealth, and for that commonwealth he legislates both in religious and in temporal matters; but Moses is a strictly theological teacher only so far as his people had, during their Egyptian bondage, forgotten or fallen away from the earlier revelation to Abraham. Moses then is primarily a law-giver, the founder of a code of civil and canon law; it is only secondarily that he becomes the prophet of a new or revived creed. Mahomet, too, comes as one sent to revive the faith of Abraham, and he too becomes the founder and law-giver of a commonwealth. But his primary character is that of the preacher of a new revelation; his character as ruler and law-giver is something secondary both in time and in idea. He is not sent to deliver an oppressed nation from political bondage, but to stand forth as the preacher of truth and righteousness among an already settled community. It is only when that community has cast him forth, and when another community has received him with open arms, that he gradually puts on the character of warrior, ruler, and law-giver. Add

to this that the mission of Moses is distinctly confined to a single nation; that nation he delivers from bondage, he legislates for it, and—in this like Mahomet—he leaves it to his successor to settle his people in the land which they are foredoomed to conquer. But towards the world in general he has no direct mission, either of teaching, or of legislation, or of conquest. His legislation has indeed influenced the laws and the morals of all Christian and of many non-Christian nations, but it was to the Hebrews alone that it was directly addressed; it was on them alone that it was directly binding. Toward the doomed nations of Canaan the message of Moses was one of simple extermination; toward the rest of the world the commonwealth which he founded was capable of the ordinary relations of national friendship or national enmity. But the mission of Mahomet is a mission directly addressed to all mankind; first as the peaceful preacher, then as the conqueror enforcing his teaching with the sword, his message is in both stages addressed to all who may come within the reach of his persuasion or his compulsion. There is no nation whom it is his mission to sweep from the earth without so much as the alternative of submission or tribute; but, on the other hand, there is no nation with whom, consistently with their own principles, his followers can sit down on ordinary international terms. Where submission and conversion are alike refused, war with the Infidel can never cease. Christianity, on the other hand, is, like Mahometanism, a teaching addressed to all the world and not to one nation only. While Judaism speaks only to its own people, while its earliest records appeal only to temporal sanctions, while they are silent as to the duty or the destiny of men beyond the pale, Christianity and Islam alike announce themselves as the one truth, as the one path of salvation, the one means offered to the whole human race as the way to happiness in another life. But to this spiritual teaching, Christianity, unlike either Judaism or Mahometanism, adds no political character whatever. Christianity, like Islam, was first preached in a single settled community, and from that one community it spread, like Islam, over a large part of the earth; but wherever it spread itself, it spread itself as purely a system of theological and moral teaching. Its followers

formed no political society, and it has at no time been held that Christians are bound, as Christians, to be subjects of any particular power, to establish any particular form of government, or to rule themselves by any particular civil precepts. Christianity has allied itself with the civil power; it has been forced upon unwilling proselytes at the sword's point; but when this has happened, the appeal to the secular arm has been something purely incidental, while in the Mahometan creed such an appeal has ever been one of the first of religious duties. Thus, of the three great monotheistic systems which the Semitic race has given to the world, Judaism proclaims itself as the divinely-given code of a single nation, a system which does not refuse proselytes, but which does not seek for them. Christianity proclaims itself as a divinely-given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind, but which is content to make its way among mankind by moral forces only, and which leaves the governments of the earth as it finds them. Mahometanism also proclaims itself as a divinely-given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind; but it proclaims itself also as a system to be enforced on all mankind by the sword. It is a system which, in its perfect theory, would require all mankind to be members of one political society, and which in its actual practice requires the revelation of its original prophet to be received, not only as the rule of religious faith and practice, but as the groundwork of the whole civil jurisprudence of all who accept its teaching.

Each again of these three great monotheistic religions has its written revelation. Herein comes one of the most marked distinctions between the three, and a specially marked distinction between Christianity and Islam. The book which contains the revelation of Islam is the work of the founder of Islam. It proclaims itself as the word of God, not indeed written by the hand of the Prophet, but taken down from his mouth, and spoken in his person. It is a revelation which began and ended in the person of its first teacher, which none of his successors dare add to or take away from. But, as that revelation does not take the form of an autobiography, it follows that there is no narrative of the acts of the Prophet which can claim divine authority. But the sa-

cred books of the Christian revelation are biographical; they are not the writings of the founder of Christianity, but records of his life, in which his discourses are recorded among his other actions. Certain other of the writings of his earliest followers are also held to be of equal authority with the records of his own life. The Jewish Law comes to us in a third shape; it is a code incorporated in a history, a history which orthodox belief looks on as an autobiography. But in this case the revelation is not confined to the first law-giver himself or to his immediate followers; an equal authority, a like divine origin, is held to belong to a mass of later writings of various ages, which are joined with those of the original law-giver to form the sacred books of the first dispensation. In short, the Mahometan accepts nothing as of divine authority except the personal utterances of his prophet taken down in his lifetime. With the Jew and the Christian the actual discourses of Moses and of Christ form only a portion of the writings which he accepts as the sacred books of his faith.

We are here of course speaking of what we may call the orthodox belief of Jews, Christians, and Mahometans respectively. The genuineness, the divine origin, of the sacred books of the three religions it is no part of our immediate argument to discuss. But we must go on to notice that each system assumes the divine origin of the system which went before it. Each comes, not to destroy, but to fulfill, the dispensation which it succeeds. Christianity assumes the divine origin of Judaism; the sacred books of the New Testament assume the genuineness and the divine authority of the sacred books of the Old. And Islam no less undoubtingly assumes the divine origin both of Judaism and of Christianity; Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet are declared to be alike prophets of the Lord, to be alike preachers of the original faith of Abraham, each intrusted with the communication to mankind of a written revelation from God. Now here, though on a comparatively small point, we are brought to one of the touchstones of the Mahometan system. The Gospels assume the genuineness and authority of the Mosaic Law. Skeptical critics who hold the existing Pentateuch to have been written long after the time of Moses may make this a ground for attacking the authority

of the Gospels. But what the Gospels assume was at least the received belief of their own time; the error, if there be any, was no personal error of their writers. But it seems clear that Mahomet conceived that, as the Law was a book revealed to Moses, and the Koran a book revealed to himself, so the Gospel was a book revealed to Jesus. Here is an error of a perfectly different kind, an utter misconception of the nature of the book of which he was speaking. This leads us at once to the real relation of Islam to Judaism and Christianity, and to the relation of the Koran itself to the sacred books of the two earlier systems. And these questions at once involve the question of the personal character of Mahomet, and of his claims to be looked on as an apostle of God. In examining these questions we lay no claim to any share of the Oriental lore of a Muir, a Weil, or a Sprenger, or of the author of a remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* about two years back.* But perhaps even those learned writers may feel some interest in seeing the effect of their own labors on minds which are obliged to accept facts at their hands, but which strive to test the facts which they accept by the help of the critical habits of Western scholarship.

Of the essential genuineness of the Koran we have no doubt. It has been well said that the very artlessness, not to say stupidity, with which it is put together, is a proof that we have in it the real sayings of Mahomet. But it contains his sayings spread over many years, put together without any attempt at chronological order, and, even if we could accept with certainty any of the schemes of chronological arrangement which learned men have proposed, we should be far from having an autobiography of the Prophet. The Koran consists of sayings put forth as occasion called for them, and in many cases their references to the occasion which called for them are very dark and illusive. Besides the Koran itself and a few treaties and such like documents, there is no ex-

*October, 1869. There is something disappointing in this well-known essay. It bears witness to the deep and curious learning of the writer, but it is thrown into a form which really does not convey much knowledge to the reader. And a Western critic's suspicions are at once aroused—unreasonably perhaps, but still unavoidably—by the author's systematic determination to see Jewish influences everywhere.

tant writing of the Prophet's own time. We have therefore to put together his life from collections of traditions, compiled at various times, but none of which can claim a rank of contemporary evidence. It appears that the first collection of traditions was not made till towards the end of the first century of the Hegira, and the earliest which are now extant are not of older date than the second. And, in estimating their value, we must remember that they are in their own nature not history but hagiography, and we know from the biographies of the Christian saints how soon the history of any person who is looked on as an object of religious reverence begins to depart from the truth of the actual facts. Sir William Muir in his Introduction, and Dr. Sprenger, in the Introduction to his third volume, give a full account of these traditional sources, with an elaborate estimate of their respective values. Still the Western reader who is accustomed to balance conflicting evidence in the case of Western history is ever and anon tempted to wish for fuller means of exercising a judgment of his own. Still we have nothing to do but to be satisfied with what we have got; and our own guides, English and German, certainly give us the means of comparing and balancing a large store of the authorities on which the received history of the Prophet rests.

As to the main facts of the life of Mahomet there seems to be no reasonable doubt. Born at Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, of the tribe of the Koreish, the noblest stock of Arabia, he started in life with hardly any possessions beyond his illustrious descent. In early life he had to betake himself to a calling which his countrymen looked down upon, and the Prophet of Islam, like the Psalmist of Israel, spent part of his early days in the calling of a shepherd. This fact is to be noticed. A shepherd's life in the East would give a youth of a thoughtful turn many opportunities for meditation, and to the effects of this part of Mahomet's life we probably owe many of those passages of the Koran which bear witness to his familiarity and deep sympathy with external nature. We then find him in the service of the wealthy widow Khadijah, acting as her agent in her mercantile affairs, in itself a considerable rise in the city whose merchants were princes. Presently, at the age of twenty-five, his fortune is made by a marriage

with his employer, whom tradition describes as fifteen years older than himself. Fifteen years later his prophetic career begins. Up to this time he is set before us as remarkable for nothing but the general excellence of his life and conversation. He joined, like the rest of his countrymen, in the idolatrous worship of Mecca, a worship which consists in reverence for one Supreme Deity, combined with the worship of inferior powers, and among them especially certain female beings, who were looked upon as the daughters of God. Of the personal virtues of Mahomet there seems no doubt; his admirers would doubtless do their best to hide his faults, and to bring his excellence into notice; but as a whole, the picture is clearly a genuine one; we accept it if only because those deeds of his later days which we can not help looking on as crimes are honestly handed down to us. Many of the details also, the accounts which we read of his general simplicity of life, his boundless liberality, his kindness and affability to all men, his gentleness to slaves, children, and animals, whatever play or fancy there may be in the detail, still bear about them the signs of essential truth. One thing at least is clear: a man whose after-life showed him to be a man of strong passions, and who lived in a community which allowed an almost unrestricted polygamy, strictly kept his faith during the best years of his life to a single wife many years older than himself. On the whole, we cannot fail to see in the early life of Mahomet a thoroughly good man according to his light. Presently he announces himself as the Prophet of the Lord, sent to call back his countrymen to that faith of their forefathers Abraham and Ishmael from which they had so grievously departed. They are no longer, in his own phrase, to give God companions, daughters, or inferior powers of any kind. God alone is to be worshiped; the moral virtues are to be practiced, and barbarous customs, like the burying alive of female children, are to be cast aside. God is proclaimed as the righteous and almighty ruler of the world, who will judge all mankind at the last day, and will award to them, according to their deeds in this life, everlasting happiness or everlasting torment. Such a creed the Prophet preaches; but for a while he has but few followers. The few whom he has, however, are those

whose adherence was, in some sort, the best witness, if not to his mission, at least to his personal character. The first and the most earnest of believers in the Prophet were those who could best judge of the character of the man. His wife Khadijah, his noble freedman Zeyd, his friend, the wise, bountiful, and moderate Abou-Bekr, were among the first to accept his mission. He kept the respect of men who utterly rejected his claims as an apostle; his uncle Abou-Talib, while refusing to give any heed to his teaching, never failed in his friendship, and, as long as he lived, effectually shielded him against the malice of his enemies. These days of his preaching at Mecca were his days of trial and persecution. Once, perhaps twice, his faith failed him; it might be in a fit of momentary despair that he uttered words which sounded like a compromise with idolatry, words which implied that inferior deities might be lawfully revered as mediators and intercessors with the Almighty.* But his lapse was only for a season; he soon again took up his parable, and again denounced all idolatry, all compromise with idolatry. Never again did his faith fail him; never again did he waver in his trust in his own mission, or in the truths which it was his mission to announce. He finds it expedient to counsel his followers to seek shelter in a strange land, but he himself keeps at his post among all dangers till a city of refuge is ready for him within his own Arabia. He flies from Mecca to Medina, and the whole character of his life and teaching is presently changed. Islam and its founder now take their place in the history of the world.† The peaceful preacher changes into the ruler and conqueror; the religious sect becomes a political commonwealth; the teaching of faith and righteousness changes into the legislation, permanent and occasional, needed for a new-born commonwealth surrounded by enemies

and waging constant warfare.* The man who had been driven forth from Mecca with only one companion becomes strong enough to make a treaty with the rulers of his native city, and he is allowed to make his pilgrimage to the holy place of Abraham and Ishmael. An alleged breach of the treaty supplies a pretext for warfare. The Prophet marches against the holy city; he is met on his way by the submission and conversion of the most stubborn of his enemies; the city itself is yielded almost without a blow; the triumphant Prophet enters; the holy place is purified, and the idols which had thrust themselves into the shrine of Abraham are dashed in pieces in answer to the words, "Truth is come, let falsehood disappear." One by one all the tribes of Arabia are gathered in to the faith of Allah and the obedience of his Prophet. The purified temple of Mecca becomes the scene of yet another last and solemn pilgrimage, of one last and solemn giving of the law to the assembled believers.† And then, when he seemed to have reached the great crisis of his history, when his power was threatened by rival prophets in his own land, and when he was gathering his forces to measure himself with the power of Rome—with the power of Rome in all the glory of the Persian victories of Heraclius—the Prophet is called away to his Companion in Paradise, and leaves none to succeed him on earth. At his death the greater part of the tribes of Arabia fall away. They are won back by the wisdom of Abou-Bekr and by the sword of Omar. The united powers of the peninsula, gathered together in the name of God and his Prophet, go forth to the conquest of the two great empires of the world. Within a few years the Eastern provinces of Rome are lopped away, and Persia is wiped out of the list of nations. A century has not passed away before the Caliph of Mahomet reigns alike on the banks of the Jaxartes and on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the same faith is taught in the temples of Samarkand and in the temples of Cordova.

* See the full examination of the lapse of Mahomet in Sir William Muir's fifth chapter (vol. ii. p. 149.) So Sprenger ii. 7. See also Rodwell's Translation of the Koran, Sura liii. p. 64. Syed Ahmed argues at length against the fact in p. 35 of his Essay on the Mohammedan Traditions; all the essays in his volume are paged separately.

† Sprenger iii. p. ii. "Mohammeds Eintritt in Madyna, . . . ist sein in die Weltgeschichte, und die Moslime haben Recht, damit ihre Aera zu beginnen. In Madyna wurde er zum Eroberer und Herrscher."

* Sprenger points out this character of the Medinese Suras in vol. iii. p. xxix., and adds, in his unpleasant but forcible way, "der Korân wurde von nun an zu einer Art von Moniteur, nur schade, dass nicht jedem Artikel das Datum vorgesetzt ist."

† See the account of this striking scene in the thirty-first chapter of Muir, and in Weil, p. 288.

Such were the main events of the life of Mahomet, and of that first burst of zeal on the part of his followers after his death which can hardly be kept apart from the story of his life. What does such a tale lead us to think of the man himself and of his alleged revelation? We may dismiss without examination the exploded theory which once looked on Mahomet as a conscious impostor from the beginning of his career to the end. But many estimates may be formed of him ranging between the mere reviling of writers like Prideaux and Maracci and the implicit faith which Syed Ahmed is bound to put in the teaching of his Prophet and forefather. Of Mahomet's thorough sincerity, of his honest faith in the truth of his own mission, at all events during the first stages of his career, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt; indeed, the opposite view seems no longer to have any adherents of whom much heed need be taken. The early Suras—those which in the ordinary arrangement will be found at the end—carry with them the stamp of perfect sincerity. To a Western taste they may often seem incoherent and unintelligible, but on this point Western taste is hardly a fair judge. As for their matter, there is in them as yet no legislation for a commonwealth; there is not even any dogmatic teaching for a religious sect. These early chapters are the outpouring of the heart of the man himself, the psalms, the musings, the ejaculations,—for some of the Suras are so short as to be hardly more than ejaculations—of a man whose whole soul is given up to the contemplation of the goodness of God and of the ingratitude and wickedness of mankind. It is only gradually that Mahomet assumes the character of a preacher, of a Prophet sent by God to announce to man the last revelation of his will. How far then was he sincere, and, if sincere, how far was he justified in thus assuming the character of a divine messenger? Of his sincerity, as we have already said, there can be no doubt. It is impossible to conceive any motive, except faith in his own mission, which could have borne him up through the contempt and persecution which he underwent as long as he abode at Mecca. The mere fact of his lapse, followed as it was by his recantation, seems to us decidedly in favor of his sincerity. No act of his life reads less like the act of a conscious impostor. It is the act of a

man, believing in himself and in what he taught, but whose faith failed him for a season in a moment of temptation. But his mere belief in his own mission would not of itself prove that mission to be divine; it would not even prove the work which he undertook to be a work tending to the good of mankind. Now how far Islam, as preached to the world at large, has tended to the good or evil of mankind is altogether another question. That the early teaching of Mahomet, in the days of his first preaching at Mecca, was directly for the good of the men of that time and place there can be no doubt at all. His religious and moral teaching seems to us sadly imperfect; but it was a teaching which was a measureless advance on any thing which his hearers had heard before. Whatever Mahomet may have been to the world at large, to the men of Mecca of his own time he was one who spake of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, one who taught, in the midst of a debasing idolatry, that there is one God, and that there is none other but he. Every man who at this stage accepted the teaching of Mahomet was at once raised to a higher rank in the scale of religious and moral beings. The fiercest revilers of the Prophet can not deny that his first disciples, if not brought to the perfect knowledge of the truth, were at least brought far nearer to it than they had been before. The striving of his heart which led Mahomet, in the face of scorn and persecution, to preach to an idolatrous city the truth of the unity of God could never have arisen from any low personal motive; it may not be going too far to say that it could only have been a movement from God himself. The earliest Suras are the outpourings of a soul athirst for God, a righteous soul stirred to wrath and sorrow by the unlawful deeds of the men around him. What these Suras teach is simple theism of the purest and highest kind, as opposed to a prevalent idolatry. It is not till a somewhat later stage that we have to ask any questions as to the relation of the new teaching towards the older teaching of Christianity and of Judaism. What then was the nature of the special prophetic inspiration to which Mahomet laid claim during the first and best period of his career? Dr. Sprenger, whose tendency is certainly to undervalue the character of the Prophet, insists strongly on the epileptic fits to which it appears

that Mahomet was subject, and on the violent physical emotions with which throughout his life his prophetic utterances seem always to have been ushered in. If we rightly understand his theory, which is worked out at great length and with reference to a vast number of analogies in all ages, the prophetic inspiration of Mahomet was little more than what he calls a kind of "hysteric madness."* Dr. Sprenger goes deeper into the physiology of the matter than we can profess to follow him, and it is quite consistent with his whole view to refer as much as possible to physical causes. On the other hand, the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, whose Eastern lore seems to be well-nigh as deep as that of Dr. Sprenger, attaches little or no importance to these alleged fits of epilepsy.

It is possible that fits of this kind may have suggested both to himself and to others the notion of a special inspiration, but the early Suras of the Koran, though they may be called the outpourings of a heated enthusiasm, are certainly not the ravings of a madman. Whatever share in the matter we may choose to attribute to physical causes, the moral position of Mahomet in his first days, as the teacher of a faith and practice, imperfect doubtless, but pure as far as they went, remains untouched. Sir William Muir has another suggestion. He starts from the doubts which are said to have been entertained by Mahomet himself at one stage of his mission, whether the supernatural influence under which he felt himself might not proceed from the power of evil and not of good. Sir William Muir follows up this hint by a half timid suggestion of his own, that Mahomet was, at least in his later days, the subject of a real Satanic inspiration, which he mistook for an inspiration from heaven. This leads us on ground on which the historian of the outward events of Mahomet's life can hardly venture to tread, and the suggestion might perhaps lead us into a very wide range of thought indeed. If we believe, as every one who really believes in a God at all, must believe, that whatever good thing we say and do is said and done by his prompting, we can hardly refuse to

acknowledge a divine influence in the call under which Mahomet felt himself to renounce the idolatry and evil practices of his countrymen and to set before them a purer rule of faith and practice. In such a sense as this, however we may deem of Mahomet's later conduct and later teaching, we may surely look on Mahomet's original mission as divine. As to the alleged physical symptoms, as to his belief that he was in his utterances a mere channel of the divine word, let any one judge dogmatically, if he can first solve the daily mystery of his own thoughts, words, and actions. It is quite certain that men who do not call themselves prophets or divinely-commissioned law-givers do yet, in speaking from the depths of their hearts in a cause of truth and righteousness, sometimes feel a power which is not wholly within their own control, a power which as it were carries them beyond their ordinary selves, and which seems to put words in their mouths of which at other moments they would be incapable. But if, without committing ourselves to any technical definitions of inspiration and the like, we look on Mahomet, in the early stages of his career, as a true servant of God, honestly speaking in his name, we need not see in such a position as this any safeguard against the ordinary temptations of human nature. We may choose, or we may not, to personify these temptations in the direct Satanic influence suggested by Sir William Muir. If we may venture to throw out a hint as to any thing so mysterious as the workings of another human soul, we should be inclined to say that the moment when Mahomet first erred, the moment when he began to fall away from the high position with which he set forth, was when he, the teacher of an imperfect form of truth, failed to make a more diligent search than he actually did make after the more perfect forms of truth which came within his reach. As against the idolatry of Mecca, his position was perfect; his teaching was in every sense an advance towards a higher stage; as against Christianity, his system was a falling back—it was a turning away from more perfect truth to less perfect. And this consideration at once leads us to the historical relation between Islam and the other two great monotheistic religions.

It is one of the hardest problems in our whole history to find out the exact amount of knowledge of Christianity which Mahomet

* See vol. i. p. 208. He once (vol. iii. p. xiv.) goes so far as to say, "Der hysterische Prophet unterschied sich nur wenig von einer gewissen Klasse von hysterischen Frauen." Presently he adds, "Wenn der Geist der Araber der Vater der Islams ist, so ist Mohammad die Mutter."

met had at any time of his career. The old story of the monk Nestorius, or whatever his name might be, by whose help the older controversialists alleged that the Koran was put together, is now wholly exploded. But we hear of Mahomet listening to the preaching of a Bishop of Najrah. In other accounts, Waraka, one of the "Four Inquirers" of Arabian story, one of the men who began the search after religious truth before Mahomet appeared, is described as a friend of Mahomet himself and a cousin of his wife Khadijah. He is said to have been a convert to Christianity, or at all events to have had some acquaintance with its doctrines. It is certain that Mahomet, while still at Mecca, was on friendly terms with the Christian King of Abyssinia, and it was in his dominions that his early followers sought shelter from persecution. Some means were therefore clearly open to Mahomet of gaining a knowledge of what Christianity really was; but it seems plain that he never came across the genuine text of the New Testament, or its genuine teaching in any shape. His notion that the Gospel was a book revealed to the prophet Jesus is of itself proof enough that he had never seen or heard the genuine record itself. Singularly enough, the one Christian doctrine which he seems to have thoroughly grasped, and which he puts forth in the clearest terms, is that of the miraculous birth of Christ. The virginity of the mother of Jesus is not only asserted, but is dwelt on with a kind of delight as a doctrine specially cherished. But, on all other points, Mahomet's notions of Christianity seem to have been at all times of the vaguest kind. His ideas of the life of Christ are borrowed from the wild stories of the Apocryphal Gospels, and he emphatically denies the reality of the crucifixion. In this case indeed the denial is so emphatic that the truth must have been set before him and rejected by him. On purely theological points he seems to have utterly misconceived what Christian doctrine really was, even in the corruptest of the many corrupt forms which in his day Christianity had already assumed. He must surely have misconceived the doctrines of any conceivable sect, when he confounded the angel Gabriel with the Holy Ghost, and represented Christians as looking on the mother of Jesus as a person of the Trinity. That he cast away such doctrines as these with indignation we can

not wonder, nor can we greatly wonder that he confounded the Christian doctrine of the divine sonship with the idolatrous belief in the daughters and other satellites of God which it was his special mission to overthrow. We can not fairly blame Mahomet for rejecting Christianity in the shape in which it seems to have appeared in his eyes; but we can hardly acquit him of blame for not taking all the pains that he might have taken to find out what Christianity really was. If this neglect was owing to spiritual pride, to an overweening confidence in himself, as not only a divinely commissioned but an absolutely infallible teacher, we may see in this failure to seek after the truth with all his heart and with all his strength the first step in a downward career.

The teaching of the Koran with regard to both Judaism and Christianity is strangely fluctuating and uncertain, in marked contrast to its unflinching denunciations of idolatry in every shape. In the earliest Suras there is no mention of either system. At a somewhat later stage, yet one which begins before the Hegira, Mahomet seems to delight in bringing in such knowledge as he had of either system, and by the wild fables which he tells he shows how small his knowledge was of the genuine records of either faith.* In a passage in one of the latest Suras of all, but which seems, like many others, as if it had wandered out of its place from a time somewhat earlier, Mahomet still pronounces Judaism, Christianity, even Sabianism, any creed which taught the unity of God and his future judgment, as being all of them safe ways of salvation alongside of his own Islam.† Yet in the very same Sura he charges Jews and Christians with willful corruption of their sacred books.‡ His great controversy lay with the Jews far more than with the Christians. The Jews were by far the more important body in Arabia. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the peninsula, whether of Hebrew origin or not, were at any rate professors of the Hebrew faith. For a long time Mahomet clung to the hope of winning over to his side a body of men

* See for instance the whole story of Joseph as given in the twelfth Sura, (Rodwell, p. 280,) and the story of Mary in the same Sura, (Rodwell, p. 494.) This last, however, is of later date.

† Sura v. 73. (Rodwell, p. 644.)

‡ Sura v. 45. (Rodwell, p. 639.)

who had so much in common with himself, whose creed, like his, was a living protest against idolatry and a never-failing assertion of the unity of God. The expectation was not unnatural. Judaism, as it must have existed in Arabia, cut off from all the local and national associations of Palestine, and embraced by many who were Jews only by adoption, might, one would have thought, have easily coalesced with a system which agreed with all its essential doctrines, and which had the further recommendation of being preached by a national prophet. One great difficulty doubtless was that the Jew, in embracing Islam, had also, in some sort, to embrace Christianity. He was in no way called on to cast aside Moses, though he was called on to accept Mahomet as the teacher of a more excellent way. But he was called on also to accept the prophet of the intermediate system as being, no less than either of them, a divine teacher. He was called on to confess that the Nazarene, whom his forefathers had rejected, was, not indeed the Son of God, but one of God's greatest prophets—a prophet distinguished from all before and after him, by that miraculous birth to which neither Moses nor Mahomet laid claim. In Mahomet's scheme, Christianity was, up to his own coming, God's last and most perfect revelation; not only Christ himself, but Christian saints and martyrs, are held up to reverence, as teachers and witnesses of what then was the truth, just as we look on the prophets and worthies of Old Testament history. The strictly theological difficulty in embracing Islam must have been greater to the Christian than to the Jew; but the Jew had to make, what the Christian had not, the humiliating confession that he and his fathers had already refused the latest manifestation of God's will. Here, most likely, was the great stumbling-block which hindered the Arabian professors of Judaism from accepting a teaching which otherwise must have had so many attractions for them. Certain it is that in some of his very latest revelations, Mahomet speaks most bitterly of the Jews as enemies to his teaching, no less stubborn than the idolators themselves. But of the Christians he speaks with the greatest tenderness, as men well disposed to Islam, and easily to be won over to its full profession.* Yet, in another Sura of

nearly the same date, we find Jews and Christians alike charged with the guilt of idolatry, and God is implored to do battle against both alike.* And in this last stage, when he was making ready for his attack on the Roman Empire, Mahomet practically dealt out the same measure to the Christian which he dealt out to the Jew and the idolator. To all alike the alternative was now offered of Koran, tribute, or sword.

The relation which Islam in the end took up toward both Judaism and Christianity must be borne in mind. Each of the successive dispensations is a republication of the earlier one, but all alike are declared to be republications of the original faith of Abraham. Abraham, it must be remembered, fills a still greater place in Mahometan than he does in Jewish memories. He is not only the forefather and the prophet; he is also the local founder of the national worship. The Kaaba of Mecca was the temple reared by Abraham and Ishmael to the one true God, and it was only in the course of ages of corruption that it came to be desecrated into a shrine of idol-worship. As Western criticism will attach very little value to the endless genealogies of early Arabian tradition,† so it will attach just as little value to the legend of the Abrahamic origin of Mecca and its sanctuary. It may be a native legend; it may have arisen from the spreading abroad of Jewish ideas; in either case the *origines* of Mecca stand on the same ground, from an historical point of view, as the *origines* of Rome and Athens. The famous black stone sinks, in the eyes of criticism, into the fetish of some early superstition, and the strange rites of the Meccan pilgrimage come within the sphere of the historian of "Primitive Culture."‡ But the belief in Abraham, as the founder of the Kaaba, worthless as the statement of a historical fact, becomes of the highest moment as a belief, which had no small influence on the mind and the career of Mahomet. Local reverence for the local sanctuary was strong in his mind through his whole life. It stands forth with special prominence in the tale of the War of the Elephant, how Abrahah, the Christian King of Hamyar, marched

* Sura ix. 30. (Rodwell, p. 615.)

† See the amusing analogies suggested by Dr. Sprenger, vol. iii. pp. cxliv. cxlv.

‡ See Taylor's "Primitive Culture," ii 152.

* Sura v. 85. (Rodwell, p. 645.)

against the holy place and was driven back by a miraculous interposition. Mahomet records the tale with glee; yet, according to his own view, Abrahah, a professor of what was then God's last revelation, ought to have been looked on as a forestaller of his own work—as one sent to cleanse the Kaaba from its idolatrous defilement. But local feeling was too strong for consistency, and the preacher of the unity of God could rejoice over the overthrow of the man who, in smiting down the idols of Mecca, would have made Mecca a vassal city. But to do the work in which Abraham failed, to sweep away all taint of idolatry from the ancient sanctuary, was from the beginning one of Mahomet's most cherished objects, as its actual accomplishment was the most striking outward badge of his success. As long as he had hopes of winning over the professors of the other monotheistic creeds, this tendency was, to some extent, kept in the background. He chose Jerusalem, the Holy City of both Jews and Christians, to be equally the Holy City of Islam, to be the point to which his followers, like Daniel in his captivity, were to turn their faces in prayer. When he found that there was no hope of a union of all "the people of the book"—of all the believers in the successive revelations—he turned away from the holy place of Jew and Christian, from the temples of Constantine and of Solomon, and bade that believers should turn in prayer to the holy place of his own nation, to the far older sanctuary of the Father of the Faithful, the friend of God. And more than this, though the Kaaba was cleared of its idols and became again the shrine of the God of Abraham only, yet, in the same spirit which rejoiced over the overthrow of Abrahah, Mahomet incorporated with his system the whole ritual of the Meccan pilgrimage, so far as it did not involve any thing which was manifestly idolatrous. But the strange and superstitious ceremonies which he retained, the running to and fro, the casting of stones, the slaying of beasts in sacrifice, the reverence paid to the primeval fetish, all form a strange contrast with the otherwise simple and reasonable forms of Mahometan worship, as ordained by their founder. So strange an anomaly could never have been endured by Mahomet, unless under the influence of the very strongest local feelings, not unmixed, perhaps, with indigna-

tion against those whom he had striven to win over by condescension to their traditions, but who had utterly refused to listen to the voice of the charmer.

Yet, while Mahomet thus cast aside all thoughts of amalgamation with Judaism and Christianity, and fell back on the supposed earlier faith of Abraham, he never ceased to proclaim that Moses and Jesus were the prophets of two successive divine dispensations, and that the sacred books of their respective followers were two successive revelations of the divine will. Those books, as they existed in his time, were, in his view, utterly corrupted, but, in their original purity, they had been the Word of God, no less than his own Koran. It was therefore natural that he should seek to show that these earlier revelations pointed to himself as a teacher who was still to come. As the Christians held that their prophet was pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Jewish dispensation, so it might be expected that Mahomet himself would be pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Christian dispensation. In a well-known passage of the Koran, Mahomet himself affirms that Jesus had prophesied of him by the name of Ahmed, a name radically the same as Mohammed or Mahomet. There can be little doubt, as has been often shown, that this idea arose from some confusion or corruption of the text of the passage where Christ promises the coming of the Paraclete.* Another passage, which has been often and with real ingenuity held to refer to Mahomet, is the passage of Isaiah which speaks of "a chariot of asses and a chariot of camels;"† more accurately, it would seem, "a rider on an ass and a rider on a camel." Syed Ahmed has a whole essay, an essay showing a good deal of Mahomet contained in the Old and New Testament. The original promise to Ishmael‡ is pressed into the service; if, as Christian writers hold, the promise made to Isaac was not wholly temporal, but contained a promise

* Παράκλητος might easily be corrupted into περίκλυτος, and *Ahmed* or *Mohammed* would be a fair Arabic translation of περίκλυτος. It will be remembered that the modern Greek pronunciation makes the likeness of the words παράκλητος and περίκλυτος still closer, and the Latin form *Paracletus* shows that both the accentual pronunciation and the confusion of η and ι had already set in.

† Isaiah xxi. 7.

‡ Genesis xvii. 20.

of spiritual blessings also, then the analogous promise to Ishmael should also be held to take in the spiritual blessings granted to the race of Ishmael by Mahomet coming of his stock. Mahomet, again, is the prophet whom the Lord was to raise up to the Israelites from among their brethren like unto Moses.* For we are expressly told that in Israel itself there never arose another prophet like unto Moses.† The brethren therefore spoken of must be the brethren of the stock of Ishmael, and the prophet who was to be the peer of the law-giver of the Hebrews can be no other than the prophet who came to be the law-giver of the Arabs. We read again that the Lord came from Sinai, and shined forth from Paran.‡ He came from Sinai with Moses, and shined forth from Paran—in our Syed's geography the mountain of Mecca—with Mahomet. Lastly, the Prophet's own name is found both in the Song of Solomon and the prophet Haggai. The “altogether lovely” of the one passage, the “desire of all nations” of the other, contained in the original the Arabian prophet's very name.§ Mahomet is again discerned when the Pharisees ask of John the Baptist|| whether he is Christ or Elias, or that Prophet. The prophet who is thus distinguished from Christ and Elias can be no other than Mahomet. Lastly, the farewell words of Christ to his disciples to abide in the city of Jerusalem until they be endowed with power from on high¶ does not refer to the coming of the Holy Ghost, which, it is argued, had no reference to a dwelling at Jerusalem, but referred to the reverence which was to be shown to Jerusalem as the holy place and centre of Christian devotion till the reverence once paid to Jerusalem should be transferred to Mecca.

* Deut. xv. 18.

† Deut. xxxiv. 10.

‡ Deut. xxxiii. 2. Habakkuk iii. 3.

§ In the Canticles (v. 16) the words of our version, “Yea, He is altogether lovely,” are in the original *וְכָל מַחְמָדָיו*, where the word *Mahammadim* certainly stands out very plainly. So in Haggai (ii. 7), what we translate the “desire of all nations” is *חֲמָדָה בְּלִי חַיִּים*; *Hemdath cal-hagaim*.

¶ But if we were to find Mohammed or Ahmed wherever there is a word derived from the root *חָמַן* the list would be somewhat long, and the Prophet might be landed in the region of Syrian idolatry. See Daniel xi. 37.

|| S. John i. 20-25.

¶ S. Luke xxiv. 49.

These are the arguments of an earnest man, put forth, it is plain, in thorough good faith. And we can hardly blame the eagerness of Syed Ahmed to see prophecies of Mahomet in such passages as we have just spoken of, when we think of the like eagerness on the part of Christian interpreters to see prophecies of Christ in passages of the Old Testament where there is nothing, either in the words of the original or in any New Testament reference, to lead us to put such a meaning upon them. We should still be more curious to see how the Syed would deal with those passages in the life of his Prophet which are the greatest stumbling-blocks to Western writers who are anxious to do justice to him. As we said a little time back, we place the beginning of Mahomet's falling away at the time when he first came into contact with the other monotheistic creeds. We do not doubt his sincerity either then or at any other stage, but it does seem to us that from that stage his career begins to be mixed up with ordinary, sometimes unworthy, human motives. This in no way disproves his sincerity. Indeed, his full confidence in his own mission might often lead him astray; once accustomed to think of himself as an instrument in the hands of God, to look on all his sayings and actions as prompted by God, he would, in his later days, easily come to look on the most truly earthly workings of his own heart as no less divine than the call which bade him go forth and proclaim the unity of God to the idolators. The strange power which man has of controlling his own belief, of persuading himself of the truth and righteousness of whatever he finds it convenient to deem true and righteous, would in the case of Mahomet acquire a tenfold strength from the mere conviction that he was divinely guided, from the habit of looking on his own words as the words of God and on the impulses of his own heart as divine commands. In this way we shall find no need to believe that, even in his worst actions, he ever descended to conscious imposture. The flight to Medina was the beginning of Mahometanism as part of the history of the world, but it was also the beginning of a distinct fall in the personal character of its founder. The preacher of righteousness now appealed to the sword. Had he not done so, it may be that his religion would have died out, and Islam might have been remem-

bered only by curious inquirers into the history of human thought. But, looking at the man's own moral being, from the moment of his appeal to the sword he fell away from the righteousness of his earlier days. He stooped from the rank of a religious teacher to the rank of one of the ordinary powers of the world. He put on the character of a statesman and a warrior; he exposed himself to the temptations which beset either character, and he learned to practice the baser as well as the nobler arts of both.* It may be neither character suited him; it may be that, as his last biographer hints, he would utterly have failed in both characters, had he not been able to lean on the mild wisdom of Abou-Bekr and on the warlike might of Omar and Khaled.† In his wars he certainly showed in his own person but little of military skill and not much of personal courage. It was indeed but seldom that he himself mingled in the fight. The new Moses was for the most part content to trust the cause of the Lord to the arm of the new Joshua. Yet it may be that he knew where his strength lay; when in symbolic act the Prophet threw the dust towards the enemy at Bedr with the prayer, "May their faces be confounded," he did more for the success of the day than if he had used the subtlest tactics or displayed the most heroic courage in his own person. It may have been, as it is also argued, weakness to show the trust and favor which he showed to late and unwilling converts, who were doubtless only wanting a favorable moment to fall away. Yet it was in the spirit of the highest wisdom, of that daring which is oftentimes the truest prudence—it was in the spirit of a leader who could read the hearts of the men he led—that Mahomet won back his discontented followers, the Helpers of his earlier days, by the sublime appeal that he had given the things of earth to the men who cared for the things of earth, but to them he had given the higher gift that the Prophet of God had come to dwell among them. Appeals somewhat of the same kind are recorded of mere worldly leaders,

of Alexander and of Cæsar; but no challenge of mere human loyalty could have called forth such a burst of passionate remorse as when the Helpers with one voice answered, with tears running down upon their beards, that they were content with the lot which their Prophet gave them.*

This and many other incidents in the latter life of Mahomet show that to the last the old spirit had not wholly forsaken him, and to the last he retained most of the personal virtues with which he set out. His heart may have been led astray by the acquisition of power; but he was at least satisfied with the reality of power; he rose high above the temptation to which so many men who have risen to power have yielded, the fascination of the mere titles and trappings and gewgaws of princely state. The Prophet to the last kept up his old simplicity of life, his faithfulness in friendship, his kindness and thoughtfulness toward all men, his boundless liberality, which sometimes left himself and his household to be dependent on the gifts of others. Yet his policy was now of the earth, earthy; in becoming a ruler and a warrior he had become a man of craft and a man of blood. There is perhaps none among those actions of Mahomet which we condemn for which it would not be easy to find a precedent or an example in the old dispensation. But the man who professed to be the teacher of a system purer than the Gospel ought not to have fallen back upon the lower level of the Law. When Mahomet first drew the sword against the unbelievers, he might plead that he was but like the Hebrew fighting his way into the land of promise. But to walk in the path of the elder Jesus was a falling back from the teaching of Him who warned his followers that they who took the sword should perish by the sword. When Mahomet applauded as heaven-sent the judgment which sent seven hundred captives to the slaughter, he was but as Samuel hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, or as Elias bidding that none of the prophets of Baal should escape. But to walk in the path of Samuel and Elias was a falling back from the teaching of Him who declared that His kingdom was not of this world, and who forbade His servants to fight that He might not be delivered to His enemies. When

*"Doch dem grössten Feind aller Tugend konnte auch sie am Ende nicht widerstehen. Als er in Madyna zu Macht gelangt war, verflüchtigte sie sich und er wurde zum vollüstigen Theokraten und blutdürstigen Tyrannen—Pabst und König." Sprenger i. 359. This is somewhat strong.

† Ibid., i. 371.

* See the description of this wonderful scene in Muir, iv. 153.

Mahomet sent forth his emissaries on errands of secret slaughter, he might deem himself to be but wielding the dagger of Ehud or the hammer of Jael, but weapons like those had been cast away forever at the bidding of Him who healed the wound of the man who was sent to seize Him. The general clemency and magnanimity of Mahomet, above all in the great day of his entry into his native city, stand forth in marked and honorable contrast to the common horrors of Eastern warfare. But there was something mean in excepting from the general amnesty a few persons, and some of them women, who had specially kindled his wrath by personal gibes and sarcasms on himself. And in the bloodiest scene of all, in the massacre of the Jewish tribe of the Korcitz, of which we have already spoken, he showed somewhat of low craft when he declined to pronounce any sentence himself, and left the bloody judgment to be pronounced by another, whom he knew to bear the bitterest personal hatred towards the victims.* Yet even here we see a spirit not widely different from that of the dying King who left the mandate to his son to bring down to the grave with blood the hoar hairs of those to whose safety his own oath was pledged.

One aspect more of the Prophet's life we must examine, an aspect which some later writers seem disposed to slur over, but which it is absolutely necessary to bring into prominence in order to gain a true and complete view of his character. What Mr. Froude says of Henry VIII. is yet more truly to be said of Mahomet, that he ought to have lived in a world from which women were shut out. We may truly say that Mahomet practiced all the moral virtues but one. And that one he practiced when temptations to its breach must have been strongest, and fell away only at an age when many sinners have reformed. It is useless to defend the sexual laxity of Mahomet by saying that he was neither better nor worse than the usual morality of his own age and country. The preacher of a religious reform ought to rise above the usual morality of his age and country, and Mahomet, at one time of his life, showed that he could rise above it. The youth of Mahomet was, according to all our evidence, a youth of temperance, soberness,

and chastity, and not a breath of scandal rested on his married life passed during twenty years with a woman old enough to be his mother. The manners of his country allowed both polygamy and concubinage, but no rival, whether wife or slave, ever disturbed the declining years of Khadijah. Now that the temperament of Mahomet was from the first ardent and voluptuous, that this long period of virtuous living must have been the result of a hard struggle with his lower nature, we have a singular proof in the nature of his revelations. It is the oldest of charges against Mahomet that he promised his followers a paradise of sensual delights. The charge might indeed be made part of a larger one. The contrast between the Gospel and the Koran is nowhere more strongly marked than in the veil which the Gospel throws over all details as to the next world, when compared with the minuteness with which the Koran dwells alike on its rewards and its punishments. And the special charge against Mahomet of holding out sensual promises to his disciples is a charge which can not be got over except by the daring apologetics of certain Mussulman doctors, who maintain that the hours of Paradise are to be taken figuratively, like those passages of the New Testament which, taken literally, seem to promise eating and drinking among the delights of the New Jerusalem. But, even if we accept this desperate shift, a symbolism of this kind, so dangerous, to say the least, for ordinary believers, could have sprung only from an imagination which dwelt perhaps all the more on pleasures from which a virtuous effort of continence had forbidden. It is a striking fact that those passages in the Koran which go into any detail on this perilous subject all come from the hand of the faithful husband of Khadijah, while the owner of the well-stocked harem of Medina speaks only once or twice in a cursory way of any presence of women in the next world. At the earlier time Mahomet may have seemed to himself to deserve a future reward for his present virtuous effort. Yet the man who was capable of that virtuous effort for so long a time—an effort made, as it would seem, out of respect and gratitude towards the woman who had made his fortunes—could surely have prolonged that effort, if only to keep up the dignity and consistency of his own character. A man who had so long lived a chaste life,

* See the description in Muir, iii. 275.

and who on every other point was an ascetic—a man who, on this very point of sexual morality, was in his own age and country a reformer—surely should not, to say the very least, have proclaimed for himself exemptions from the laws which he had laid down for others. In itself, the polygamy and concubinage of Mahomet was no worse than the polygamy and concubinage of the patriarchs under the Old Law. It was far better than the unrestrained license of not a few Christian kings. The female companions of the Prophet were at least his own acknowledged wives and slaves; there was no fear of either violence or seduction towards the wives and daughters of his followers. The law of Mahomet is strict against adultery and fornication in his own sense of those words, and on these heads the practice of the Prophet was in full conformity with his own teaching. Yet in Mahomet's relations to women we can not but see a distinct fall, both from the standard of the Gospel and from the standard of his own early life. In the tale of Zeyd and Zeinab there is a distinct fall from the commandment of the old Law which forbids, not only the act of adultery, but the mere coveting of the wife of another. The faithful freedman divorced his wife as soon as a seemingly involuntary expression of the Prophet showed that her beauty had found favor in his eyes. But Arabian manners looked on marriage with the widow or divorced wife of a freedman, an artificial son, as savoring of the guilt of incest. After a time a new revelation removed this scruple, and Zeinab was added to the number of the Prophet's wives. In the like sort a new revelation silenced the jealous murmurs of his wives Ayesha and Hafsa when his affections strayed to Mary, his Egyptian slave. Here, if anywhere, we are tempted to charge Mahomet with conscious imposture. His sin in the matter of Zeinab was at least far less than the sin of David in the matter of Bathsheba. But David sinned and repented; he poured forth his soul in a psalm of penitence, while Mahomet was ready with a revelation to reprove himself, not for his guilty passion, but for the delay of its gratification. Yet even here we are not inclined to believe that Mahomet wittingly invented a sanction for his own weakness and sin. The abiding belief in his own mission, combined with the power which man ever has to find excuses for his own conduct,

would lead him to look on those excuses as coming from a divine prompting. But in no case do we see so distinctly how utterly Mahomet had fallen away from the bright promise of his first years; in no other case had the light within him been so utterly turned into darkness; in no case was he so bound to pause and to reflect whether that could really be a revelation from on high which took the form of an excuse for conduct which it is plain that his own conscience condemned.*

We hold then that Mahomet was, from the beginning to the end of his career, honestly convinced of the truth of his own mission. We hold also that, in a certain sense, at least in his earlier years, his belief in his divine mission was not ill founded. But we hold also that he gradually fell away, and that he fell away mainly from not taking due pains to find out the real nature of the Christian revelation. When the first downward step had been taken, the other steps of the downward course were easy. The prophet of truth and righteousness, the asserter of the unity of God against the idols of the Kaaba, sank to the level of an earthly conqueror, extending the bounds of his dominion by the sword. He died while waging war to force his own imperfect system on those who, amid all the corruptions of the Christianity of those days, still held truths which he had rejected and blasphemed. The real charge against Mahomet is, that, after the Gospel had been given to man, he fell back on the theology and morality of the Law. And the effects of his life and teaching on the world at large have been in close analogy to his own personal career. In his own age and country he was the greatest of reformers—a reformer alike religious, moral, and political. He founded a nation, and he gave that nation a religion and a jurisprudence which were an unspeakable advance on any thing which that nation had as yet accepted. He swept away idolatry; he enforced the practice of a purer morality; he lightened the yoke of the slave; he even raised the condition of the weaker sex. If he had done nothing but wipe away the frightful practice of burying female children alive, he would not have lived in vain in his own

* Sprenger, always fond of tracing things up to physical causes, has some curious physiological speculations on this side of Mahomet's character. (Vol. i. p. 209.)

land in his own age. But when his system passed the borders of the land in which it was so great a reform, it became the greatest of curses to mankind. The main cause which has made the religion of Mahomet exercise so blighting an influence on every land where it has been preached is because it is an imperfect system standing in the way of one more perfect. Islam has in it just enough of good to hinder the reception of greater good. When Islam is preached to a tribe of savage heathen, its acceptance is in itself an unmixed blessing. But it is a blessing which cuts off all hope of the reception of a greater blessing; the heathen, in his utter darkness, is far more likely to accept the faith of Christ than the Mahometan in his state of half enlightenment. In all the lands where Islam has been preached, it has regulated and softened many of the evils of earlier systems. But in regulating and softening them it has established them forever. The New Testament nowhere forbids slavery; it can hardly be said to contain any direct prohibition of polygamy. Preached as the Gospel was to subjects of the Roman Empire, among whom a frightful licentiousness was rife, but among whom legal polygamy was unheard of, there was little need to enlarge on the subject. But it is plain that the principles of Christian purity would of themselves, without any direct precept, hinder polygamy from becoming the law of any Christian land. But Islam, by the very fact of regulating and restraining the license of its own native land, has made polygamy the abiding law of every Mahometan people. The Gospel nowhere forbids slavery; but it lays down precepts whose spirit is inconsistent with slavery, and which have, after a long struggle, succeeded in rooting out slavery from all European, and from most Christian lands. But Islam, by the very fact of enforcing justice and mercy for the slave, has perpetuated the existence of slavery among all its disciples. Christianity, by giving no civil precepts, has remained capable of adapting itself to every form of government, to every state of society. Islam, by enforcing a code of precepts which were a vast reform at Mecca and Medina in the seventh century, has condemned all the lands of its obedience to abide in a state of imperfect civilization. Christianity lays down no rule as to the relations of the ecclesiastical and civil powers; it lays down

no rule as to the political and civil dealings of its disciples with men of other creeds. Islam, by attaching the civil power to its religious head, has condemned all Mahometan nations to abiding despotism; by enjoining the toleration of the unbeliever on certain fixed conditions, it hinders the establishment of real religious equality in any land where it is dominant. It is easy, by picking out the brightest spots in the history of Islam and the darkest spots in the history of Christendom, to draw an attractive picture of the benefits which Islam has given to the world. It is easy, by shutting our eyes to the existence of the Eastern Rome, to persuade ourselves, not only that science and art made great advances in the hands of the Mahometan disciples of Byzantium, but that they formed an actual monopoly in their hands. It is easy, by dwelling on the splendors of Bagdad and Cordova, to forget the desolation of Africa, the trampling under foot for so many ages of the national life of Persia. It is easy to show that the teaching of Islam was in itself far better than the idolatry of India, better even than the shape which the creed of Zoroaster had taken in later times. Nay, it may be that, in some times and places, Islam may have been felt as kindling a truer spiritual life than some of the forms of corrupted Christianity. But it is well to remember that the same corruptions which had already crept into Christianity, crept, in their own time, into Islam also. The mystic superstition of the Persian, the saint-worship of the Turk, have fallen as far away from the first teaching of the Prophet of Arabia as any form of Christianity has fallen away from the first teaching of the Gospel. But let it be that, in all heathen and even in some Christian lands, Islam in its first and best days appeared as a reform. Still it is a reform which has stifled all other reforms. It is a reform which has chained down every nation which has accepted it at a certain stage of moral and political growth. As such, this system of imperfect truth must ever be the greatest hindrance in the way of more perfect truth. Because Islam comes nearer to Christianity than any other false system, because it comes nearer than any other to satisfying the wants of man's spiritual nature, for that very reason it is, above all other false systems, pre-eminently anti-christian. It is, as it were, the personal enemy and rival of the faith, dis-

puting on equal terms for the same prize. It has shown itself so in the whole course of history; it must go on showing itself so, wherever the disciples of Mahomet cleave faithfully to the spirit and the letter of their own law.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we may do justice to whatever is good in the system; we may admire whatever was good in its founder. We may lament that a man who began as so mighty an instrument of good in his own time should have changed into an abiding instrument of evil for all time. Still we may admire the personal virtues of the man, his constancy in the days of his adversity, his sublime simplicity in his days of triumph. And we can look with sympathy on earnest believers in his teaching, who labor to spread the knowledge of such imperfect truth as they have among those who are still further cut off from the knowledge of the right way. Islam, we should never forget, is still a missionary religion, one which still makes its way, by persuasion as well as by conquest, into the dark corners of the heathen world. We may sigh that the preaching of an imperfect creed proves everywhere the greatest hindrance to the preaching of a more perfect one; we may grudge the successes of the Mahometan missionary which condemn beforehand the labors of the Christian missionary to be in vain; but for the Mahometan missionary himself, giving himself to hand on to others such light as he himself has, we can feel

nothing but respect and sympathy. And we can feel sympathy too for earnest believers in Islam, devout students of the Koran, who have enough of faith in their own system, enough of good-will towards the followers of rival systems, to challenge men of rival creeds to meet them on the fair field of reasonable discussion. For our own part in the matter, we have gone but little into detail; we have preferred to record the impressions which we have drawn from the Koran and from its great German and English interpreters, chiefly as bearing on the great facts of history, and especially on the relations of Islam to other monotheistic creeds. But we shall be well pleased if we can send any in whom we can awaken a wish to study the subject more in detail, to the works of Weil and Muir, and those who are more enduring to that of Dr. Sprenger. But we feel that all that we do we are doing from an imperfect point of view, from the point of view of those who look to the history and religions of the East mainly in their relation to the European and Christian world. But a view from the side of purely Oriental learning can hardly fail to be equally imperfect. Till some superhuman genius shall unite in himself the lore of all ages and languages, scholars in different branches must be content to interchange the ideas which they have formed from their several points of view, and each one to profit by the experience of fellow-laborers in other fields.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE EARLY LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.*

LONDON fifty years ago was in many respects a very different city from the London of to-day. To name only one point, there were no railways; those huge roofs that span the long platforms and iron webs of Euston, Paddington, St. Pancras, London Bridge, Victoria, Charing Cross, were not yet shadowed forth in the wildest dreams of architect or engineer. The word "terminus" (which has risen, culminated, and is now going out—since we are not willing to accept any finality in physical progress) was then unknown to fame; nay, "omnibus," which preceded it, was

as yet in the womb of time. Where the huge station and hotel now dominate Charing Cross, used to be Hungerford Market, with old lanes around it leading to the river; and in one of these lanes, rather less than half a century ago, was a blacking-warehouse—a young and envious rival of the celebrated Warren's, of 30 Strand. It was "the last house on the left-hand side of the way at old Hungerford-stairs. It was a crazy, tumbledown old house, abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats." A little boy, about ten or eleven years old, who was at this time employed in the blacking-warehouse in a very humble capacity, afterward, when he was grown up, wrote an account

* The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Vol. I.

of the place and his own experience there: "Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening; first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label; and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot."

The chief manager of the blacking warehouse was a relative or connection of the little boy who was thus employed at the wages of six or seven shillings a week. He was a sort of cousin, and, though much older, had been friends with little Charley from the latter's cradle. Charley was born at Portsmouth, on the 7th of February, 1812, where his father, Mr. John Dickens, was then employed as a clerk in the Navy-pay Office.

A sister of Mrs. John Dickens had married a Mr. Lamert, a widower with two sons. Mr. Lamert died. His widow, and the younger of her two stepsons, James Lamert, took up their abode with Mr. and Mrs. John Dickens, and formed part of their family circle. From Portsmouth they all moved together (one infers) to London in 1814, and thence to Chatham in 1816. They were certainly all living together at Chatham. Here Mrs. Lamert married a second time, and her stepson James, "a youth of some ability," was sent to Sandhurst for his education, continuing to visit Chatham from time to time.

At Chatham little Charley Dickens stayed till he was nine years old. "He was a very little and a very sickly boy. He was subject to attacks of violent spasm which

disabled him for any active exertion. He was never a good little cricket-player. He was never a first-rate hand at marbles, or peg-top, or prisoner's base. But he had great pleasure in watching the other boys, officers' sons for the most part, at these games, reading while they played; and he had always the belief that this early sickness had brought to himself one inestimable advantage, in the circumstance of his weak health having strongly inclined him to reading. . . . He has frequently been heard to say that his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading, were awakened by his mother, who taught him the first rudiments not only of English, but also, a little later, of Latin. She taught him regularly every day for a long time, and taught him, he was convinced, thoroughly well. . . . Then followed the preparatory day-school, a school for girls and boys, to which he went with his sister Fanny." There was "a small collection of books in a little room upstairs," and from these the sickly boy rummaged out and read eagerly every thing in the shape of a story—*Roderick Random*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, and other famous works of fiction, and with these the *Spectator*, *Idler*, *Citizen of the World*, Mrs. Inchbald's *Collection of Farces*, and some volumes of voyages and travels.

"The usual result followed. The child took to writing, himself; and became famous in his childish circle for having written a tragedy called *Misnar*, the Sultan of India, founded (and very literally founded, no doubt) on one of the *Tales of the Genii*. Nor was this his only distinction. He told a story off-hand so well, and sang small comic songs so especially well, that he used to be elevated on chairs and tables, both at home and abroad, for more effective display of these talents." James Lamert took the child for his first visit to the theatre, at a very tender age, but he was old enough "to recollect how his young heart leapt with terror as the wicked king Richard, struggling for life against the virtuous Richmond, backed up and bumped against the box in which he was." During the last two years of Charles's residence at Chatham, he was sent to a school kept in Clover-lane, by a young Baptist minister, Mr. William Giles. "He was not much over nine years old when his

father was recalled from Chatham to Somerset House, and he had to leave this good master, and the old place endeared to him by recollections that clung to him afterwards all his life long."

Mr. John Dickens, as his son wrote afterward, was as "kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Every thing that I can remember of his conduct to his wife, or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business, charge, or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me, in his way, and had a great admiration of the comic singing." But he was easy-going, unapt for making way in the world; and having an increasing family, and at best but a very small income, (we infer that he was now withdrawn from active service, and placed on reduced pay,) gradually became involved in petty debts, and was beset by creditors. The family had to take up its abode in Bayham street, Camden Town, in "a mean small tenement, with a wretched little back-garden abutting on a squalid court." Poor Mr. John Dickens was decidedly sinking in the world. "In the ease of his temper" (writes his son, describing the case) "and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever. So I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning, and my own; and making myself useful in the work of the little house; and looking after my little brothers and sisters (we were now six in all;) and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living."

"The elder cousin of whom I have spoken, James Lamert, who had lately completed his education at Sandhurst and was waiting in hopes of a commission, lived now with a family in Bayham Street, and has not lost his taste for the stage, or his ingenuities in connection with it. Taking pity on the solitary lad, he made and painted a little theatre for him. It was the only fanciful reality of his present life."

Affairs went from bad to worse. The

father's "resources were so low, and all his expedients so thoroughly exhausted," that Mrs. Dickens resolved to make the experiment, however hopeless, of opening a Preparatory School. A house was found at number four Gower Street North, a brass plate put on the door, and circulars sent round. "Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that any body ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive any body. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested." The interval between the sponging-house and the prison was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands and carrying messages for the prisoner, delivered with swollen eyes and through shining tears; and the last words said to him by his father, before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea, were to the effect that the "sun was set upon him forever."

The poor family in number four Gower Street North had to make much use of the pawnbroker; "until at last even of the furniture there was nothing left except a few chairs, a kitchen-table, and some beds. Then they encamped, as it were, in the two parlors of the emptied house, and lived there night and day." Before they removed from Camden Town, James Lamert had ceased to live with them, (naturally enough!) though continuing on the old intimate terms.

Now a cousin of his, George Lamert by name, having apparently some money and no definite occupation, was, about this time, accidentally induced to go into an odd kind of business. There was a famous blacking manufacturer, Robert Warren, whose throne was at 30 Strand; and there was a relative and rival, but of less celebrity, one Jonathan Warren, at 30 Hungerford-stairs, Strand, who advertised against Robert, and solemnly asserted that he (Jonathan) was the original inventor or proprietor of the blacking recipe. Jonathan privately offered his business for sale. It could easily, by the aid of a little capital, be enormously developed, and so forth. George Lamert bought the "business and premises," and set up his cousin James as manager. And James, the connection and life-long intimate of the Dickens family and little Charley, seeing the boy doing nothing at home except boot-

cleaning and errands, learning nothing, earning nothing, and contributing one more hungry mouth to be supplied somehow ; the father in jail, every thing pawnable gone to the pawn-office—in this state of things James Lamert “proposed (says the autobiographer) that I should go into the blacking-warehouse, to be as useful as I could, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first, and seven afterwards. At any rate, the offer was accepted very willingly by my father and mother, and on Monday morning I went down to the blacking-warehouse to begin my business life.”

The boy was not placed among the other boys in the blacking warehouse, but in “a recess in the counting-house,” and “our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour—from twelve to one, I think it was—every day.”

The arrangement might well appear at the time as tolerable a one as could have been hoped for under all the circumstances, and a great improvement on poor little Charley's condition at home. But in after years he wrote with the utmost bitterness of his having been “so easily cast away at such an age.” . . . “My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge.”

It is true that the plan, as so often happens, did not take shape exactly according to the programme. As to the hour's teaching every day by Lamert, an “arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine ; and for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, string, scissors, and paste-pots, downstairs.”

After a while the house in Gower Street North had to be given up, and Charles was sent to lodge with a “reduced old lady, long known to our family,” in Little College Street, Camden Town. Seven shillings a week is not a large in-

come, certainly ; yet, (lodging and clothes already provided,) the little boy might have had enough wholesome food with it, with proper management ; but, he says, “I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise?—to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that, in going to Hungerford-stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham-court-road ; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll or a slice of pudding.”

Every Sunday Charles and his sister Fanny, (two years his elder, and a pupil in the Royal Academy of Music,) passed in the Marshalsea with their father. The prison was on the Southwark side of London Bridge. One Sunday night little Charles remonstrated with his father, with many tears, on the loneliness of lodging all by himself in Camden Town. “He began to think that it was not quite right. I do believe he had never thought so before, or thought about it. A back-attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent-court agent, who lived in Lant street in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made upon the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber yard ; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a Paradise.”

“From this time” (says Mr. Forster) “he used to breakfast ‘at home,’ in other words in the Marshalsea ; going to it as early as the gates were open, and for the most part much earlier. They had no want of bodily comforts there. His father's income, still going on, was amply sufficient for that ; and in every respect indeed but elbow-room, I have heard him say, the family lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it. They were waited on still by the maid-of-all-work from Bayham Street, the orphan girl of the Chatham work-house, from whose sharp little worldly and also kindly ways he took his first impression of the Marchioness in the *Old Curiosity Shop*.”

“Besides breakfast, he had supper also in the prison, and got to his lodging generally at nine o'clock. The gates closed always at ten.”

How long he had lodged with the reduced old lady at Camden Town (who, be it observed, was "long known to the family") does not appear, but it could not have been long, and was probably intended only for a temporary arrangement, until "something should turn up," for Mr. John Dickens was the original of *Micawber*.

At last the Marshalsea prisoner, who had been attempting to avoid the process of going through the Insolvent Court, found himself obliged to go through; a legacy of several hundred pounds left him by a relative having been first paid into Court. It does not appear that the family, at the worst of times, were ever in anything like actual poverty, though they had to endure many pitiful anxieties and embarrassments. "When the family left the Marshalsea they all went to lodge with the lady in Little College Street—a Mrs. Roylance, who has obtained unexpected immortality as *Mrs. Pipchin*; and they afterwards occupied a small house in Somers Town." "I am not sure," resumes the autobiographer, "that it was before this time, or after it, that the blacking warehouse was removed to Chandos street, Covent Garden. . . . Bob Fagan and I had attained to great dexterity in tying up the pots. I forget how many we could do in five minutes. We worked, for the light's sake, near the second window as you come from Bedford street; and we were so brisk at it that the people used to stop and look in. Sometimes there would be quite a little crowd there. I saw my father coming in at the door one day when we were very busy, and I wondered how he could bear it."

"At last, one day, my father and the relative so often mentioned quarrelled; quarrelled by letter, for I took the letter from my father to him which caused the explosion—but quarrelled very fiercely. It was about me. It may have had some backward reference, in part, for any thing I know, to my employment at the window. All I am certain of is, that, soon after I had given him the letter, my cousin (he was a sort of cousin by marriage) told me he was very much insulted about me, and that it was impossible to keep me after that."

To an unprejudiced mind the probability is, that, the Dickens family being in a more settled state and able to look about them, and Mr. James Lamert's promises in

regard to little Charles, on taking the boy under his charge, being evidently not in process of fulfillment, a strong remonstrance was now made on the subject. "My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back." Poor mother! with all her trials and anxieties, five children (one a young baby) and a *Micawber* for husband, was it wonderful if she "set herself to accommodate the quarrel" with their old friend James Lamert?—who on his part, doubtless, made renewed promises, and had very likely real intentions of promoting the boy when he could find a chance.

The end of the matter, and of this curious episode in the life of the world-renowned novelist, was that he finally left the blacking manufactory, being then about twelve years old, and was sent to school for two years in Mornington Place, Hampstead Road. He put many of the experiences and feelings of this period into the mouth of his *David Copperfield*. But before he had thought of doing this, he wrote an autobiographical account, which Mr. Forster has now published.

He writes of this period of his life with an agony of self-pity, with a bitter and unforgiving sense of wrong done to him, and evil suffered. But a cool, impartial reader, considering all the facts stated, sees clearly that there is not only no foundation for a charge of malfeasance against any body concerned, but nothing that deserves even the name of culpable neglect. As to James Lamert's part in the affair, he had his own troubles to think of. He had devoted his time to this business, which did not prove a successful one, and was by and by bought up by the rival, Robert Warren. Had it flourished, as was at first expected, there is no reason to doubt that little Dickens would, in due course of time, have been promoted by the manager of the concern, his old and steady friend, to a higher post and salary, most probably

in the clerk line. But he was, as yet, only eleven years old, and his whole experience of the blacking-warehouse (then struggling for existence) was confined to a few months. Mr. Forster dates this blacking-pot episode 1822-1824; and Dickens himself is vague as to its duration, and avoids giving any exact dates on the subject. "I have no idea," he wrote, "how long it lasted—whether for a year, or much more, or less."

This is extremely curious, when we recall the minute and retentive nature of the writer's memory; and, further, that there must have been a host of preceding, collateral, and subsequent incidents and facts, public and private, which would have enabled him, had he desired it, to give a more exact account.

It seems to us that the time during which he was left in charge of the "old lady long known to the family" in Camden Town, with, as he passionately declares it, "no advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support from any one that I can call to mind, so help me God"—that is while his mother was shifting her poor camp from Gower street North to the neighborhood of the Marshalsea Prison—may very possibly be reckonable by weeks.

At the Hampstead road school, Charles Dickens (in spite of all his trials) appears as a bright-faced, curly-headed, merry, healthy boy, "small, but well-built, with a more than usual flow of spirits. . . . He usually held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do, and there was a general smartness about him."* The boys often got up small puppet theatres, and "Dickens was always a leader at these plays."

After this school, he was, for a short time, at another; and then took upon him the functions of a lawyer's junior clerk or office-boy, first with a Mr. Molloy, and next with Mr. Blackmore.

"I was well acquainted," writes Mr. Edward Blackmore, of Alresford, "with his parents, and, being then in practice in Gray's inn, they asked me if I could find employment for him. He was a bright, clever-looking youth, and I took him as a clerk. He came to me in May, 1827, and left in November, 1828" . . . and had a salary, "first of thirteen shillings and sixpence, and afterwards of fifteen shillings

a-week. His taste for theatricals was much promoted by a fellow-clerk named Potter, since dead, with whom he chiefly associated. They took every opportunity, then unknown to me, of going together to a minor theatre, where (I afterwards heard) they not unfrequently engaged in parts. After he left me I saw him at times in the Lord Chancellor's court, taking notes of cases as a reporter."

Mr. John Dickens in the meantime had managed to take up the calling of newspaper parliamentary reporter, and to make it answer. In 1828, his son Charles resolved to follow the same employment, set resolutely to work to learn short-hand, and, moreover, became for a while "an assiduous attendant in the British Museum reading-room," (from which it appears that the existing rules as to age were not then in force.) For some two years the young reporter found grist for his stenographic mill in the Law Courts and Doctors' Commons. At last, being now nineteen years of age, he entered the gallery of the House of Commons as parliamentary reporter for the *True Sun*. Mr. John Forster was connected with that paper, and thus began the life-long friendship from which has resulted, among other things, the volume we are noticing. The *True Sun* got into difficulties. For two sessions young Dickens reported for the *Mirror of Parliament*; and, finally, in his twenty-third year, he became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. "A step far more momentous to him (though he did not know it) he had taken shortly before. In the January number for 1834 of what then was called the *Old Monthly Magazine*, his first published piece of writing had seen the light." The piece was called "Mrs. Joseph Porter Over the Way." But his reporting work was by no means confined to the House. He drove all over the country in stage-coaches and post-chaises, to public meetings, political banquets, elections, etc. "Mr. James Grant, a writer who was himself in the gallery with Dickens, and who states that among its eighty or ninety reporters he occupied the very highest rank, not merely for accuracy in reporting, but for marvelous quickness in transcribing, has lately also told us that while there he was exceedingly reserved in his manners, and that, though showing the usual courtesies to all he was concerned with in his duties, the only personal intimacy he formed was with

* A schoolfellow's letter (p. 58.) Another (p. 62.)

Mr. Thomas Beard, then reporting for the *Morning Herald*."

"The other occupation had meanwhile not been lost sight of, and for this we are to go back a little. Since the first sketch appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, nine others have enlivened the pages of later numbers of the same magazine, the last in February, 1835, that which appeared in the preceding August having first had the signature of Boz. This was the nickname of a pet child, his youngest brother Augustus, whom in honor of the *Vicar of Wakefield* he had dubbed Moses, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.'" For these nothing was paid; the magazine being in no sense a paying concern.

About this time a kind of off-shoot of the *Morning Chronicle* was started, called the *Evening Chronicle*; young Dickens was asked to contribute a sketch to the first number; did so; and proposed a series of similar light papers. The proposal was accepted; his salary being on this account raised from five to seven guineas a week. People read the *Sketches by Boz*, admired and talked about them. They were published in a collected form and made a decided *hit*.

How the first glimpse of *Mr. Pickwick* rapidly ensued we need not here recount; nor how the newspaper reporter became, at one bound, a highly popular author and pet of the public and the publishers.

It is one of the peculiarities of the series of writings now known and thrice famous as *The Works of Charles Dickens*, that the earliest of them show in full force all the very same qualities of mind, and are as well written, too, in a literary sense, as any that followed. The surprising observation of external details, the quaint fancy, the delight in oddities, the humor, (always depending much on exaggeration,) the clearness, brightness, vivacity, animal spirits, are all completely represented in the *Sketches by Boz*; his sympathy with the poor and struggling is strongly manifest, and the peculiar tones of his pathos and tragedy are also heard. His most extraordinary and emphatic powers of expression were already mature, and gained but little by the enormous practice of the next thirty years. Possibly a certain masterly freedom of

handling may be recognized in some passages of his later writings, which thus excel, in point of style, any thing in his earliest. But, on the other hand, there were certainly an increase of mannerism, and none of that great *desideratum*, good taste; and in the self-complacence of an actor sure of applause, the most artificial efforts at humor and pathos were produced without any gauging of their worth. We have written the word "actor" and it is no inappropriate term in this case. Never were books so like plays as these—author, stage-manager, scene-painter, property-man, and the whole troop of actors all comprised in one man's energetic person. The actual stage had always the strongest attraction for him. His favorite amusement in childhood and in boyhood was a puppet theatre. As lawyer's clerk, and all through his life, he steadily patronized the drama. His first published essay, "Mrs. Joseph Porter," is a droll description of private theatricals; and he was himself the very best amateur actor, probably, that ever wielded a hare's foot or a blunt sword. His small circle of intimates included a large proportion of actors.

Another noticeable thing is his immense and untiring activity. Every thing he undertook, labelling blacking-pots, short-hand writing, stage-managing, writing stories, he did "with all his soul and with all his might." Having found that he could write what the public was eager to read and to buy, he took off his coat, as the saying is, and went into the business of Fictionist, as he would have gone into that of railway manager, ship-broker, merchant, auctioneer, any thing; and made a fortune in it, as he would have made a fortune in any thing. One tale is thought about or begun before another is finished; incessant work is his chief delight. Such kind of authorship can only flourish in the soil of modern publishing. Dickens was a thorough businessman, had a sleepless shrewdness and tact in all practical affairs, and managed, after a struggle or two, to hold his own with publishers also.

We shall not now essay any estimate of his final position in English literature. We have confined ourselves, for the present, to some remarks on his early life, the facts of which have not, we think, been quite rightly appreciated by the narrator himself.

Dickens is the least *bookish* of all fa-

mous writers, at least in modern times; and in saying this we indicate some of his most delightful and popular qualities, and some of his most noticeable defects. As to his education, it was perhaps the most suitable on the whole, considering the character of his mind and the career that proved to lie before him, that he could possibly have received. He had no capacity for meditation, none for reasoning: he had no longing to deepen or extend his mental powers by varied culture, either by means of study or conversation. His objects in life were hard work in his *métier*

of story-teller and consequent success and fame, lively amusement of a "jolly" kind, and a circle of friends consisting exclusively of those who in a greater or less degree fitted in with and furthered his own views and enterprises. With help and encouragement to the needy, and especially those struggling to work, he was always ready and generous.

Mr. Forster's biography is that of a sworn admirer; but we esteem the book as a valuable gift, and it is one that no other hand could have bestowed upon us. •

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OUR BELL.

"Oh, the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They grow so green in the North Countrie!"

It was all settled one evening in the deep winter time. Outside, a sharp east wind was whistling around the solitudes of Bóx Hill; the Mole, at the foot of our garden, as it stole stealthily through the darkness, crackled the flakes of ice that lay along its level banks; and away on Mickleham Downs—and on the farther uplands that lay toward the sea—the cold stars were shining down on a thin coating of snow.

Indoors there was another story to tell; for the mistress of the house—Queen Titania, as we call her—a small person, with a calm, handsome, pale face, an abundance of dark hair, big eyes that are somewhat cold and critical in look, and a certain magnificence of manner which makes you fancy her rather a tall and stately woman—has a trick of so filling her drawing-room with dexterous tracteries of grass and ferns, with plentiful flowers of her own rearing, and with a crowded glare of light, that, amid the general warmth and glow and perfume, and variety of brilliant colors, you would almost forget that the winter is chill and desolate and dark.

Then Bell, our guest and companion for many a year, lends herself to the deception; for the young woman, though

there were a dozen inches of snow on the meadows, would come down to dinner in a dress of blue, with touches of white gossamer and fur about the tight waist and neck—with a white rose and a bunch of forget-me-nots, as blue as her eyes, twisted into the soft masses of her light-brown hair, and with a certain gay and careless demeanor, meant to let us know that she, having been born and bred a farmer's daughter in the North Country, has a splendid contempt for the mild rigors of our southern winter.

But on this particular evening, Bell—our Bell, our Bonny Bell, our Lady Bell, as she is variously called, when she provokes people into giving her pet names—had been sitting for a long time with an open book on her knee; and as this volume was all about the English lakes, and gave pictures of them, and placed here and there little tail-pieces of ferns and blossoms, she may have been driven to contrast the visions thus conjured up with the realities suggested by the fierce gusts of wind that were blowing coldly through the box-trees outside. All at once she placed the volume gently on the white hearth-rug, and said, with a strange wistfulness shining in the deeps of her blue eyes,

"Tita, why don't you make us talk about the summer, and drown the noise of that dreadful wind? Why don't we conspire to cheat the winter, and make believe it is summer again? Doesn't it seem to be years and years ago since we had

the long, light evenings; the walks between the hedge-rows, the waiting for the moon, up on the crest of the hill, and then the quiet stroll downward into the valley and home again, with the wild roses, and the meadow sweet, and the evening cam-pions filling the warm, sweet night-air. Come, let us sit close together, and make it summer! See, Tita!—it is a bright forenoon—you can nearly catch a glimpse of the Downs above Brighton—and we are going to shut up the house, and go away anywhere for a whole month. Round comes that dear old mail-phaeton, and my pair of bonny bays are whinnying for a bit of sugar. Papa is sulky——”

“As usual,” remarks my Lady Tita, without lifting her eyes from the carpet.

“——for though an improvised imperial has been slung on, there is scarcely enough room for the heaps of our luggage, and, like every man, he has a selfish hatred of bonnet-boxes. Then you take your seat, my dear, looking like an empress in a gray traveling-dress; and papa—after pretending to have inspected all the harness—takes the reins; I pop in behind, for the hood, when it is turned down, makes such a pleasant cushion for your arms, and you can stick your sketch-book into it, and a row of apples and any thing else; and Sandy touches his forelock, and Kate bobs a courtesy, and away, and away we go! How sweet and fresh the air is, Tita! and don't you smell the honeysuckle in the hedge? Why, here we are at Dorking! Papa pulls up to grumble about the last beer that was sent; and then Castor and Pollux toss up their heads again, and on we go to Guilford, and to Reading, and to Oxford. And all through England we go, using sometimes the old coaching-roads, and sometimes the by-roads, stopping at the curious little inns, and chatting to the old country-folks and singing ballads of an evening as we sit upon the hill-sides, and watch the partridges dusting themselves below us in the road; and then on and on again. Is that the sea, Tita?—look at the long stretch of Morecambe Bay and the yellow sands, and the steamers at the horizon! But all at once we dive into the hills again, and we come to the old familiar places by Applethwaite and Ambleside, and then some evening—some evening, Tita—we come in sight of Grasmere, and then—and then——”

“Why, Bell—Bell!—what is the matter with you!” cries the other, and the next minute her arms are round the light-brown head, crushing its white rose and its blue forget-me-nots.

“If you two young fools,” it is remarked, “would seriously settle where we are to go next summer, you would be better employed than in rubbing your heads together like a couple of young calves.”

“Settle!” says Lady Titania, with the least touch of insolence in her tone, “we know who is allowed to settle things in this house. If we were to settle any thing, some wonderful discovery would be made about the horses' feet, or the wheels of that valuable phaeton, which is about as old as the owner of it——”

“The wife who mocks at her husband's gray hairs,” I remark, calmly, “knowing the share she has had in producing them——”

Here our Bonny Bell interfered, and a truce was concluded. The armistice was devoted to a consideration of Bell's project, which at length it was resolved to adopt. Why, after going year after year round the southern counties in that big, old-fashioned phaeton, which had become as a house to us, should we not strike fairly northward? These circles round the south would resemble the swinging of a stone in the sling before it was projected; and, once we were started on this straight path, who could tell how far we might not go?”

“Then,” said I,—for our thoughts at this time were often directed to the great masses of men who were marching through the wet valleys of France, or keeping guard, amid cold and fog, in the trenches around Paris,—“suppose that by July next the war may be over, young Von Rosen says he means to pay us a visit, and have a look at England. Why should not he join our party, and become a companion for Bell?”

I had inadvertently probed a hornet's nest. The women of our household were at that time bitter against the Germans; and, but half an hour before, Bell herself had been eloquently denouncing the doings of the Prussians. Had they not in secrecy been preparing to steal back Alsace and Lorraine: had they not taken advantage of the time when the good and gentle France was averse from war to provoke a quarrel; had not the King openly

insulted the French Ambassador in the promenade at Ems; and had not their hordes of men swarmed into the quiet villages slaying and destroying, robbing the poor and aged, and winning battles by mere force of numbers? Besides, the suggestion that this young lieutenant of cavalry might be a companion for Bell appeared to be an intentional injury done to a certain amiable young gentleman, of no particular prospects, living in the Temple; and so Bell forthwith declared her detestation, not only of the German officers, but of officers in the abstract.

"I hate those tall men," she said in her impulsive fashion, although there was always a smile lurking about the blue eyes even when she showed herself most vehement, "with their legs like hop-poles, their heads smooth and round like turnips, their whitish-yellow hair cropped and shining above a red neck, their eyes green and starting out like two gooseberries. And even worse is the short and fat officer—all neck and stomach, like a flying duck—with his feet turned out like the two steps of a dog-cart—with a fierce array of gray hair and mustache, like a terrier looking at a cat——"

"Bell, Bell, will you cease those perpetual farm-yard metaphors of yours? You know that Van Rosen is like none of these things."

"I can remember him at Bonn only as a very rude and greedy boy, who showed a great row of white teeth when he laughed, and made bad jokes about my mistakes in German. And I know what he is now—a tall fellow, with a stiff neck, a brown face, perhaps a beard, a clanking sword, and the air of a swashbuckler as he stalks into an inn and bawls out, '*Kellnare! eene Pulle Sect! und sagen Sie mal, was haben Sie für Zeitungen—die Allgemeine?*'"

Ordinarily, our Bell's face was as fair, and smooth, and placid as a cornfield in sunshine; but sometimes, you know, the cornfield is swept by a gust of wind, and then it lays bare the blood-red poppies beneath. She was now in a pretty turmoil of half-affected anger; and Queen Titania merely looked on with a cold, indulgent smile. I ventured to point out to Bell that she might alter her opinion when Von Rosen actually came over with all the glamour of a hero about him; and

that, indeed, she could not do better than marry him.

Bell opened her eyes.

"Marry him, because he is a hero? No! I would not marry a hero after he had become a hero. It would be something to marry a man who was afterward to become great, and be with him all the time of his poverty, and his struggles, and his expectations. That would be worth something—to comfort him when he was in despair, to be kind to him when he was suffering; and then when it was all over, and he had got his head above these troubles, he would say to you, 'Oh, Kate, or Nell, or Sue,' as your name happened to be, 'how good you were during the old time when we were poor and friendless!' But when he has become a hero, he thinks he will overawe you with the shadow of his great reputation. He thinks he has only to come, and hold out the tips of his fingers, and say, 'I am a great person. Every body worships me. I will allow you to share my brilliant fortune, and you will dutifully kiss me.' *Merci, monsieur!* but if any man were to come to me like that, I would answer him as Canning's knife-grinder was answered—'I give you kisses? I will see you——'"

"Bell!" cried my Lady, peremptorily.

Bell stopped, and then laughed and blushed, and dropped her eyes.

"What is one to do," she asked, meekly, "when a quotation comes in?"

"You used to be a good girl," said Queen Titania, in her severest manner, "but you are becoming worse and worse every day. I hear you sing horrid music-hall airs. You draw caricatures of old people who ought to command your veneration. The very maid-servants are shocked by your willful provincialisms. And you treat me, for whom you ought to show some respect, with a levity and familiarity without example. I will send a report of your behavior to——"

And here the look of mischief in Bell's eyes—which had been deepening just as you may see the pupil of a cat widening before she makes a spring—suddenly gave way to a glance of imploring and meek entreaty, which was recognized in the proper quarter. Tita named no names and the storm blew over.

For the present, therefore, the project of adding this young Uhlan to our party was

dropped; but the idea of our northward trip remained, and gradually assumed definite consistency. Indeed, as it developed itself during those long winter evenings, it came to be a thing to dream about. But all the same I could see that Titania sometimes returned to the notion of providing a companion for Bell; and, whatever may have been her dislike of the Germans in general, Lieutenant von Rosen was not forgotten. At odd times, when

"In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear
As pebbles in a brook,"

it seemed to me that she was busy with those forecasts which are dear to the hearts of women. One night we three were sitting as quietly as usual, talking about something else, when she suddenly remarked,

"I suppose that young Count von Rosen is as poor as Prussian lieutenants generally are?"

"On the contrary," said I, "he enjoys a very handsome *Familien-Stiftung*, or family bequest, which gives him a certain sum of money every six months, on condition that during that time he has either traveled so much or gone through such and such a course of study. I wish the legacies left in our country had sometimes those provisions attached."

"He has some money, then," said my Lady, thoughtfully.

"My dear," said I, "you seem to be very anxious about the future, like the man whose letter I read to you yesterday.* Have you any further questions to ask?"

"I suppose he cares for nothing but eating, and drinking, and smoking, like other officers? He has not been troubled by any very great sentimental crisis?"

"On the contrary," I repeated, "he wrote me a despairing letter, some fort-

night before the war broke out, about that same Fräulein Fallersleben whom we saw acting in the theatre at Hanover. She had treated him very badly—she had——"

"Oh, that is all nothing," said Tita, hastily—and here she glanced rather nervously at Bell.

Bell, for her part, was unconcernedly fitting a pink collar on a white cat, and merely said, in her frank and careless way,

"How affecting must have been their meetings! 'Ah, da bist du ja mein Käthchen, mein Engel!' and 'Ach Gott, wie mir das Herz klopft!' Then I suppose she knitted him a comforter, and gave him a piece of sausage as he started for the war, with her blessing."

Bell sighed plaintively, and continued her work with the pink collar.

"On the contrary," I remarked again, "he left her in paroxysms of anger and mutual reproach. He accused her of having——"

"Well, well, that will do," says Queen Titania, in her coldest manner; and then, of course, every body obeys the small woman.

That was the last that was heard of Von Rosen for many a day; and it was not until long after the war was over that he favored us with a communication. He was still in France. He hoped to get over to England at the end of July; and as that was the time we had fixed for our journey from London to Edinburgh, along the old coach-roads, he became insensibly mixed up with the project, until it was finally resolved to ask him to join the party.

"I know you mean to marry these two," I said to the person who manages us all.

"It is not true," she replied, with a vast assumption of dignity. "Bell is as good as engaged—even if there was any fear of a handsome young English-woman falling in love with a Prussian lieutenant who is in despair about an actress."

"You had better take a wedding-ring with you."

"A wedding-ring!" said Tita, with a little curl of her lips. "You fancy that every girl thinks of nothing but that. My belief is that every wedding-ring that is worn represents a man's impertinence and a woman's folly."

"Ask Bell," said I.

* This is the letter:

"To the Editor of the *Hampshire Ass*:"

"SIR: If the Republicans who are endeavoring to introduce a Republic into this great country should accomplish their disgusting purpose, do you think they will repudiate the National Debt, and pay no more interest on the Consols?"

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"A LOVER OF MANKIND.

"BOGMERE, Jan. 18, 1870."

CHAPTER II.

A LUNCHEON IN HOLBORN.

"From the bleak coast that hears
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came."

No more fitting point of departure could have been chosen than the Old Bell Inn in Holborn, an ancient hostelry which used in by-gone times to send its relays of stage-coaches to Oxford, Cheltenham, Enfield, Abingdon, and a score of other places. Now from the quaint little yard, which is surrounded by frail and dilapidated galleries of wood, that tell of the grandeur of other days, there starts but a solitary omnibus, which daily whisks a few country people and their parcels down to Uxbridge, and Chalfont, and Amer-sham, and Wendover. The vehicle which Mr. Thoroughgood has driven for many a year is no magnificent blue and scarlet drag, with teams costing six hundred guineas a piece, with silver harness, a post-boy blowing a silver horn, and a lord handling the reins; but a rough and serviceable little coach which is worked for profit, and which is of vast convenience to the folks living in quiet Buckinghamshire villages apart from railways. From this old-fashioned inn, now that the summer had come round, and our long-looked-for journey to the North had come near, we had resolved to start; and Bell having gravely pointed out the danger of letting our young Uhlan leave London hungry—lest habit should lead him to seize something by the way, and so get us into trouble—it was further proposed that we should celebrate our setting-out with a luncheon of good roast-beef and ale, in the snug little parlor which abuts on the yard.

"And I hope," said Lady Titania, as we escaped from the roar of Holborn into the archway of the inn, "that the stupid fellow has got himself decently dressed; otherwise, we shall be mobbed."

The fact was that Count von Rosen, not being aware that English officers rarely appear when off duty in uniform, had come straight from St. Denis to Calais, and from Calais to London, and from London to Leatherhead, without ever dreaming that he ought not to go about in his regimentals. He drew no distinction between Herr Graff von Rosen and Seiner Majestät Lieutenant im—ten Uhlanen-Regimente; although he told us that when he

issued from his hotel at Charing Cross to get into a cab, he was surprised to see a small crowd collect around the hansom, and no less surprised to observe the absence of military costume in the streets. Of course, the appearance of an Uhlan in the quiet village of Leatherhead caused a profound commotion; and had not Castor and Pollux been able to distance the assemblage of little boys who flocked around him at the station, it is probable he would have arrived at our house attended by that concourse of admirers. Bell was unjust enough to remark in private that he knew well enough; and that he only came down in uniform that he might appear in the character of a hero. As for my Lady, she only expressed a dignified hope that he would not render us conspicuous by his costume or his manner so long as he chose to accompany us.

You should have seen the courteous and yet half-defiant way in which the women received him, as if they were resolved not to be overawed by the tall, browned, big-bearded man; and how, in about twenty minutes, they had insensibly got quite familiar with him, apparently won over by his careless laughter, by the honest stare of his light-blue eyes, and by a very boyish blush that sometimes overspread his handsome face when he stammered over an idiom, or was asked some question about his own exploits. Bell remained the most distant; but I could see that our future companion had produced a good impression on Queen Titania, for she began to take the management of him, and to give him counsel in a cold and practical manner, which is a sure mark of her favor. She told him he must put aside his uniform while in England. She described to him the ordinary costume worn by English gentlemen in traveling. And then she hoped he would take a preparation of quinine with him, considering that we should have to stay in a succession of strange inns, and might be exposed to damp.

He went up to London that night, armed with a list of articles which he was to buy for himself before starting with us.

There was a long pause when we three found ourselves together again. At length Bell said, with rather an impatient air,

"He is only a school-boy, after all. He has the same irritating habit of laughing that he used to have at Bonn. I hate a

man who has his mouth always open—like a swallow in the air, trying to catch any thing that may come. And he is worse when he closes his lips and tries to give himself an intellectual look, like—like——”

“Like what, Bell?”

“Like a calf poisoning itself, and trying to look like a red deer,” said Bell, with a sort of contemptuous warmth.

“I wish, Bell,” said my Lady, coldly and severely, “that you would give up those rude metaphors. You talk just as you did when you came fresh from Westmoreland—you have learnt nothing.”

Bell’s only answer was to walk, with rather a proud air, to the piano, and there she sat down and played a few bars. She would not speak; but the well-known old air spoke for her, for it said, as plain as words could say,

“A North Country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
She wept, and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,
‘I wish once again in the North I could be!’”

“I think,” continued Tita, in measured tones, “that he is a very agreeable and trustworthy young man—not very polished, perhaps; but then he is a German. I look forward with great interest to see in what light our English country life will strike him; and I hope, Bell, that he will not have to complain of the want of courtesy shown him by English women.”

This was getting serious; so, being to some small and undefined extent master in my own house, I commanded Bell to sing the song she was petulantly strumming. That “fetched” Tita. Whenever Bell began to sing one of those old English ballads, which she did for the most part from morning till night, there was a strange and tremulous thrill in her voice that would have disarmed her bitterest enemy; and straightway my Lady would be seen to draw over to the girl, and put her arm round her shoulder, and then reward her, when the last chord of the accompaniment had been struck, with a grateful kiss. In the present instance, the charm worked as usual; but no sooner had these two young people been reconciled than they turned on their mutual benefactor. Indeed, an observant stranger might have remarked in this household, that when any thing remotely bearing on a quarrel was made up between any two

of its members, the third, the peacemaker, was expected to propose a dinner at Greenwich. The custom would have been more becoming had the cost been equally distributed; but there were three losers to one payer.

Well, when we got into the yard of the Old Bell, the Buckinghamshire omnibus was being loaded; and among the first objects we saw was the stalwart figure of Von Rosen, who was talking to Mr. Thoroughgood as if he had known him all his life, and examining with a curious and critical eye the construction and accommodation of the venerable old vehicle. We saw with some satisfaction that he was now dressed in a suit of grey garments, with a wide-awake hat; and, indeed, there was little to distinguish him from an Englishman but the curious blending of color—from the tawny yellow of his mustache to the deep brown of his cropped beard—which is seldom absent from the hirsute decoration of a Prussian face. He came forward with a grave and ceremonious politeness to Queen Titania, who received him in her dignified, quaint, maternal fashion; and then he shook hands with Bell with an obviously unconscious air of indifference. Then, not noticing her silence, he talked to her, after we had gone inside, of the old-fashioned air of homeliness and comfort noticeable in the inn, of the ancient portraits, and the quaint fireplace, and the small busts placed about. We had not been in the snug little parlor a couple of minutes before he seemed to have made himself familiar with every feature of it; and yet he spoke in a light way, as if he had not intended to make a study of the place, or as if he fancied his companion would care very little what he thought of it. Bell seemed rather vexed that he should address himself to her, and uttered scarcely a word in reply.

But when our plain and homely meal was served, this restraint gradually wore away; and in the talk over our coming adventures, Bell abandoned herself to all sorts of wild anticipations. She forgot the presence of the German lieutenant. Her eyes were fixed on the North Country, and on summer nights up amid the Westmoreland hills, and on bright mornings up by the side of the Scotch lochs; and while the young soldier looked gravely at her, and even seemed a trifle surprised, she told us of all the dreams and visions she had

had of the journey, for weeks and months back, and how the pictures of it had been with her night and day until she was almost afraid the reality would not bear them out. Then she described—as if she were gifted with second sight—the various occupations we should have to follow during the long afternoons in the North; and how she had brought her guitar, that Queen Titania might sing Spanish songs to it; and how we should go down on river-banks towards nightfall, and listen to the nightingales; and how she would make studies of all the favorite places we came to, and perhaps might even construct a picture of our phaeton and Castor and Pollux—with a background of half-a-dozen counties—for some exhibition; and how, some day in the far future, when the memory of our long excursion had grown dim, Tita would walk into a room in Pall Mall, and there, with the picture before her, would turn round with wonder in her eyes, as if it were a revelation.

“Because,” said Bell, turning seriously to the young Uhlan, and addressing him as though she had talked familiarly to him for years, “you musn’t suppose that our Tita is any thing but an imposter. All her coldness and affectation of grandeur are only a pretense; and sometimes, if you watch her eyes—and she is not looking at you—you will see something come up to the surface of them as if it were her real heart and soul there, looking out in wonder and softness and delight at some beautiful thing—just like a dabchick, you know, when you are watching among bushes by a river, and are quite still; and then, if you make the least remark, if you rustle your dress, snap! down goes the dabchick, and you see nothing, and my Lady turns to you quite proudly and coldly—though there may be tears in her eyes—and dares you to think that she has shown any emotion.”

“That is when she is listening to you singing?” said the Lieutenant, gravely and politely; and at this moment Bell seemed to become conscious that we were all amused by her vehemence, blushed prodigiously, and was barely civil to our Uhlan for half-an-hour after.

Nevertheless, she had every reason to be in a good humor; for we had resolved to limit our travels that day to Twickenham, where, in the evening, Tita was to see her two boys who were at school there.

And as the young gentleman of the Temple, who has already been briefly mentioned in this narrative, is a son of the schoolmaster with whom the boys were then living; and as he was to be of the farewell party assembled in Twickenham at night, Bell had no unpleasant prospect before her for that day at least. And of one thing she was probably by that time thoroughly assured: no fires of jealousy were in danger of being kindled in any sensitive breast by the manner of Count von Rosen towards her. Of course he was very courteous and obliging to a pretty young woman; but he talked almost exclusively to my Lady; while, to state the plain truth, he seemed to pay more attention to his luncheon than to both of them together.

Behold, then, our phaeton ready to start! The pair of pretty bays are pawing the hard stones and pricking their ears at the unaccustomed sounds of Holborn; Sandy is at their head, regarding them rather dolefully, as if he feared to let them slip from his care to undertake so long and perilous a voyage; Queen Titania has arranged that she shall sit behind, to show the young Prussian all the remarkable things on our route; and Bell, as she gets up in front, begs to have the reins given her so soon as we get away from the crowded thoroughfares. There are still a few loiterers on the pavement who had assembled to see the Wendover omnibus leave; and these regard with a languid sort of curiosity the setting-out of the party in the big dark-green phaeton.

A little tossing of heads and prancing, a little adjustment of the reins, and a final look round, and then we glide into the wild and roaring stream of vehicles—that mighty current of rolling vans, and heavy wagons, and crowded Bayswater omnibuses, of dexterous hansoms and indolent four-wheelers, of brewers’ drays and post-office carts and costermongers’ barrows. Over the great thoroughfare, with its quaint and huddled houses, and its innumerable shops, in which silver watches, and stockings, and sausages form prominent features, there dwell a fine blue sky and white clouds that seem oddly discolored. The sky, seen through a curious pall of mist and smoke, is only gray, and the clouds are distant and dusky and yellow, like those of an old landscape that has lain for years in a broker’s shop. Then there is a faint glow of sunlight shining along the houses on the

northern side of the street; and here and there the window of some lobster-shop or tavern glints back the light. As we get farther westward, the sky overhead gets clearer, and the character of the thoroughfare alters. Here we are at the street leading up to the British Museum—a Mudie and a Moses on each hand—and it would almost seem as if the Museum had sent out rays of influence to create around it a series of smaller collections. In place of the humble fishmonger and the familiar hosier, we have owners of large windows filled with curious treasures of art—old-fashioned jewelry, knickknacks of furniture, silver spoons and kettles, and stately portraits of the time of Charles II., in which the women have all beaded black eyes, yellow curls, and a false complexion, while the men are fat, pompous, and wigged. Westward still, and we approach the huge shops and warehouses of Oxford Street, where the last waves of fashionable life, seeking millinery, beat on the eastern barriers that shut out the rest of London. Regent Street is busy on this quiet afternoon; and Bell asks in a whisper whether the countryman of Blücher, now sitting behind us, does not betray in his eyes what he thinks of this vast show of wealth. Listening for a moment, we hear that Queen Titania, instead of talking to him about the shops, is trying to tell him what London was in the last century, and how Colonel Jack and his associates, before that enterprising youth started to walk from London to Edinburg to avoid the law, used to waylay travelers in the fields between Gray's Inn and St. Pancras, and how, having robbed a coach between Hyde Park Gate and Knightsbridge, they "went over the fields to Chelsea." This display of erudition on the part of my Lady has evidently been prepared beforehand; for she even goes the length of quoting dates and furnishing a few statistics—a thing which no woman does inadvertently. However, when we get into Pall Mall, her ignorance of the names of the clubs reveals the superficial nature of her acquirements; for even Bell is able to recognize the Reform, assisted, doubtless, by the polished pillars of the Carlton. The women are, of course, eager to know which is the Prince of Wales's Club; and then look with quite a peculiar interest on the brick wall of Marlborough House.

"Now," says our bonny Bell, as we get

into the quiet of St. James's Park, where the trees of the long avenue and the shrubbery around the ponds look quite pleasant and fresh even under the misty London sunlight, "now you must let me have the reins. I am wearying to get away from the houses, and be really on the road to Scotland. Indeed, I shall not feel that we have actually set out until we leave Twickenham, and are fairly on the old coach-road at Hounslow."

I looked at Bell. She did not blush; but calmly waited to take the reins. I had then to point out to the young hypocrite that her wiles were of no avail. She was not anxious to be beyond Twickenham; she was chiefly anxious to get down thither. Notwithstanding that she knew we had chosen a capricious and roundabout road to reach this first stage on our journey, merely to show Von Rosen something of London and its suburban beauties, she was looking with impatience to the long circuit by Clapham Common, Wimbledon, and Richmond Park. Therefore she was not in a condition to be intrusted with the safety of so valuable a freight.

"I am not impatient," said Bell, with her color a trifle heightened: "I do not care whether we ever get to Twickenham. I would as soon go to Henley to-night; and to-morrow to Oxford. But it is just like a man to make a great fuss, and go in prodigious circles to reach a trifling distance. You go circling and circling like the minute-hand of a clock; but the small hand, that takes it easy, and makes no clatter of ticking, finds at twelve o'clock that it has got quite as far as its big companion."

"This, Bell," I remarked, "is impertinence."

"Will you give me the reins?"

"No."

Bell turned half round, and leaned her arm on the lowered hood.

"My dear," she said to Queen Titania—who had been telling the Count something about Buckingham Palace—"we have forgotten one thing. What are we to do when our companions are sulky during the day? In the evening, we can read, or sing, or walk about by ourselves. But during the day, Tita? When we are imprisoned, how are we to escape?"

"We shall put you in the imperial, if you are not a good girl," said my Lady with a gracious sweetness; and then she turned to the Count.

It would have been cruel to laugh at Bell. For a minute or two after meeting with this rebuff, she turned rather away from us, and stared with a fine assumption of proud indifference down the Vauxhall Bridge Road. But presently a lurking smile began to appear about the corners of her mouth; and at last she cried out—

“Well, there is no use quarreling with a married man, for he never pets you. He is familiar with the trick of it, I suppose, and looks on like an old juggler watching the efforts of an amateur. See! how lovely the river is up there by Chelsea—the long reach of rippling gray, the green of the trees, and the curious silvery light that almost hides the heights beyond. We shall see the Thames often, shall we not? and then the Severn, and then the Solway, and then the great Frith of the Forth? When I think of it, I feel like a bird—a lark fluttering up in happiness—and seeing farther and farther every minute. To see the Solway, you know, you have to be up almost in the blue; and then all around you there rise the wide plains of England, with fields, and woods, and streams. Fancy being able to see as far as a vulture, and to go swooping on for leagues and leagues—now up amid white peaks of snow—or down through some great valley—or across the sea in the sunset. And only fancy that some evening you might find the spectral ship beginning to appear in pale fire in the mist of the horizon—coming on towards you without a sound—do you know, that is the most terrible legend ever thought of?”

“What has a vulture to do with the Flying Dutchman?” said my Lady Tita suddenly; and Bell turned with a start to find her friend’s head close to her own. “You are becoming incoherent, Bell, and your eyes are as wild as if you were really looking at the phantom ship. Why are you not driving?”

“Because I am not allowed,” said Bell.

However, when we got into the Clapham Road, Bell had her wish. She took her place with the air of a practiced whip; and did not even betray any nervousness when a sudden whistle behind us warned her that she was in the way of a tramway-car. Moreover she managed to subdue so successfully her impatience to get to Twickenham, that she was able to take us in the gentlest manner possible up and across Clapham Common, down through Wands-

worth, and up again towards Wimbledon. When, at length, we got to the brook hill that overlooks the long and unbroken stretches of furze, the admiration of my Prussian friend, which had been kept forth by the various parks and open spaces in and around London, almost rose to a pitch of enthusiasm.

“Is it the sea down there?” he asked, looking towards the distant terrace which certainly resembled a small island with masts in the haze of the sunshine. “Is it not the sea? I almost expect to reach the shore always in England. Yet why do you show me so beautiful places like this Clapham Common—so much more beautiful than the sandy country around our Berlin—one to come to it? You have more than three millions of people—here is no lack of ground—why do they not come to the Clapham Common too, it is not uninteresting to people to walk in, as we should walk in Germany, and have a pleasant sea view, a garden, and the women sewing, and the husbands and friends come in the evening with music to make it pleasant, after the day’s work. It is nothing—a waste—a landscape beautiful—but not used. You have children on donkeys, and boys playing games—that is very good—but it is not enough. And here, this beautiful landscape is thrown away—no one here at all does not your burgomaster see the waste of requirement—of drawing away large numbers of people from so big a town to the air; and make here some amusement?”

“Consider the people who live all around,” said my Lady, “and who would have to suffer.”

“Suffer?” said the young Prussian, his blue eyes staring. “I do not understand you. For people to walk in the gardens, and smoke, and drink a glass of beer, or sit under the trees and read—surely that is not offensive to any person. And here the houses are thrown away—you can not see them down the hill to the windmill there.”

“Did you ever hear of such things as manorial rights, and freeholders, and copyholders, and the Statute of Merton?” he asked.

“All that is nothing—a fiction,” he retorted. “You have a government of the country representing the people; why do you take all these commons and use them for the people? And if the Government has not courage to do that, why do not

lities, which are rich, buy up the provide amusements, and draw e into the open air?"

ady Tita could scarce believe her earing a Prussian aristocrat talk y of confiscation, and exhibit no erence for the traditional rights of than if he were a Parisian social- then these boys of twenty-four e over the world's edge in pursuit ry.

too, as Bell gently urged our hor- rd towards the crest of the slope down to Baveley Bridge, Von t his first introduction to an Eng- scape. All around him lay the etches of sand and the blue-green f furze of the common; on either e wide and well-made road, the s were laden with a tangled luxu- f brushwood and bramble and ers; down in the hollow beneath were red-tiled farm-buildings half green maze of elms and poplars; scattered and irregular fields and , scored with hedges and dotted es, led up to a series of heights e wooded with every variety of es; while over all these undula- l plains there lay that faint pres- nist which only served to soften of the afternoon sunshine, and the strong colors of the pic- ough a veil of tender, ethereal

got down the hill and rolled along y, however, he was not much ith the appearance of our first public — "The Duke of Cam- y S. Lucas." There was a good qualor about the rude little build- s ramshackle outhouses; while the dlow showed us a small and stuffy ed with men who, having nothing sit and drink, might just as well a outside on this warm afternoon. less, there was something pictu- out even the dirt of the place; ducks and hens about, a brown l two or three splendid dray-horses tered at the wooden trough, gave the look of a farm-yard. Bell drove he Robin Hood, by E. Clark," a aner-looking inn, where Queen ointed out a sort of garden with ound it as our best imitation of an beer-garden; and here, having horses a little water, we turned

back a few yards, and entered Richmond Park by the Robin Hood gate.

Richmond Park, in the stillness of a fine sunset, was worth bringing a foreigner to see. The ruddy light from the west was striking here and there among the glades under the oaks; across the bars of radiance and shadow the handsome little bucks and long-necked does were lightly passing and repassing; while there were rabbits in thousands trotting in and about the brackens, with an occasional covey of young partridges alternately regarding us with upstretched necks and then running off a few yards further. But after we had bowled along the smooth and level road, up and through the avenues of stately oaks, past the small lakes (one of them, beyond the shadow of a dark wood, gleamed like a line of gold) and up to the summit of Richmond Hill, Queen Titania had not a word to say further in pointing out the beauties of the place. She had been officiating as conductor, but it was with the air of a proprietress. Now, as we stopped the phaeton on the crest of the hill, she was silent.

Far away behind us lay the cold green of the eastern sky, and under it the smoke of London lay red and brown, while in the extreme distance we could see dim traces of houses, and down in the south a faint rosy mist. Some glittering yellow rays showed us where the Crystal Palace, high over the purple shadows of Sydenham, caught the sunlight; and up by Notting Hill, too, there were one or two less distinct glimmerings of glass. But when we turned to the west, no such range of vision was permitted us. All over the bed of the river there lay across the western sky a confused glare of pale gold—not a distinct sunset, with sharp lines of orange and blood-red fire, but a bewildering haze that blinded the eyes and was rather ominous for the morrow. Along the horizon,

"where, enthroned in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits,"

there was no trace of the gray towers to be made out, but a confused and level mass of silver streaks and lines of blue. Nearer at hand, the spacious and wooded landscape seemed almost dark under the glare of the sky; and the broad windings of the Thames lay white and clear between the soft green of the Twickenham shores and the leafy masses of "umbrageous Ham."

"Doesn't it seem as though the strange

light away up there in the north and out in the west lay over some unknown country," said Bell, with her eyes filled with the glamour of the sunset, "and that to-morrow we were to begin our journey into a great prairie, and leave houses and people forever behind us? You can see no more villages, but only miles and miles of woods and plains, until you come to a sort of silver mist, and that might be the sea."

"And Bell stands on the edge of this wild and golden desert, and a melancholy look comes into her eyes. For she is fond of houses and her fellow-creatures, and here, just close at hand—down there, in Twickenham, in fact—there is a comfortable dining-room and some pleasant friends, and one attentive person in particular, who is perhaps a little sorry to bid her goodbye. Yet she does not falter. To-morrow morning she will hold out her hand—a tender and wistful smile will only half convey her sadness——"

Here Bell made a cut at Pollux, both the horses sprang forward with a jerk that had nearly thrown the Lieutenant into the road (for he was standing up and holding on by the hood), and then, without another word, she rattled us down into Richmond. Getting sharply round the corner, she pretty nearly took a wheel off the omnibus that was standing in front of the King's Head, and just escaped knocking down a youth in white costume and boating shoes, who jumped back on the pavement with an admirable dexterity. Nor would she stop to give us a look at the Thames from the bridge—we only caught a glimpse of the broad bend of the water, the various boats and their white-clad crews, the pleasant river-paths, and the green and wooded heights all around. She swept us on along the road leading into Twickenham, past the abodes of the Orleanist Princes, and into the narrow streets of the village itself, until, with a proud and defiant air, she pulled the horses up in front of Dr. Ashburton's house.

There *was* a young man at the window. She pretended not to see him.

When the servants had partly got our luggage out, the young man made his appearance, and came forward, in rather a frightened way, as I thought, to pay his respects to my Lady Tita and Bell. Then he glanced at the Uhlan, who was carefully examining the horses' fetlocks and hoofs. Finally, as the Doctor had no stables, Mas-

ter Arthur informed us that he had made arrangements about putting up the horses, and while the rest of us went into the house he volunteered to take the phaeton round to the inn. He and the Count went off together.

Then there was a wild commotion on the first landing, a confused tumble and rush down stairs, and presently Bell and Tita were catching up two boys and hugging them, and pulling out all sorts of mysterious presents.

"Heh! how fens tee, Jeck? gaily?" cried Auntie Bell, whose broad Cumber-landshire vastly delighted the youngsters. "Why, Twom, thou's growin' a big lad—thou mud as weel be a sodger as at schuil. Can tee dance a whornpipe yet?—wha nowther o' ye? Dost think I's gaun to gi a siller watch to twa feckless fallows that canna dance a whornpipe?"

But here Bell's mouth was stopped by a multitude of kisses, and, having had to confess that the two silver watches were really in her pocket, she was drawn into the parlour by the two boys, and made to stand and deliver.

CHAPTER III.

"PRINZ EUGEN, DER EDLE RITTER."

"What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?"

MEANWHILE, what had become of the Lieutenant, and Arthur, and Castor and Pollux, to say nothing of the phaeton which had now been transferred from its accustomed home in Surrey to spend the night under a shed in Twickenham? The crooked by-ways and narrow streets of that curious little village were getting rapidly darker under the falling dusk, and here and there orange lamps were beginning to shine in the blue-gray of the twilight when I set out to discover the stable to which our horses had been confided. I had got but half-way to the public-house, when I met Arthur. The ordinarily mild and gentle face of this young man—which would be quite feminine in character, but for a soft, pale-yellow mustache—looked rather gloomy.

"Where is the Count?" I asked of him.

"Do you mean that German fellow?" he said.

The poor young man! it was easy to

detect the cause of that half-angry contempt with which he spoke of our lieutenant. It was jealousy, with its green eyes and dark imaginings; and the evening, I could see, promised us a pretty spectacle of the farce of Bell and the Dragon. At present I merely requested Master Arthur to answer my question.

"Well," said he, with a fine expression of irony—the unhappy wretch! as if it were not quite obvious that he was more inclined to cry—"if you want to keep him out of the police-office, you'd better go down to the stables of the ———. He has raised a pretty quarrel there, I can tell you—kicked the ostler half across the yard—knocked heaps of things to smithereens—and is ordering every body about, and fuming and swearing in a dozen different inarticulate languages. I wish you joy of your companion. You will have plenty of adventures by the way; but what will you do with all the clocks you gather?"

"Go home, you stupid boy, and thank God you have not the gift of sarcasm. Bell is waiting for you. You will talk very sensibly to her, I dare say; but don't make any jokes—not for some years to come."

Arthur went his way into the twilight, as wretched a young man as there was that evening in Twickenham.

Now in front of the public-house, and adjoining the entrance into the yard, a small and excited crowd had collected of all the idlers and loungers who hang about the doors of a tavern. In the middle of them—as you could see when the yellow light from the window streamed through a chink in the cluster of human figures—there was a small, square-set, bandy-legged man, with a red waistcoat, a cropped head, and a peaked cap, with the peak turned sideways. He was addressing his companions alternately, in an odd mixture of Buckinghamshire *patois* and Middlesex pronunciation, somewhat in this fashion:

"I baint afeared of 'm or any other darned foreigner, the ———. An' I've looked arter awsses afore he wur born, and I'd like to see the mahn as'll tell me what I don't know about 'em. I've kept my plaäce for fifteen yur, and I'll bet the coöt on my bahck as my missus 'll say there niver wur a better in the plaäce; an' as fur thaht ——— furrener in there, the law 'll teach him summut, or I'm werry much mistaken. Eh, Arry? Baint I right?"

This impassioned appeal from the excited small man was followed by a general chorus of assent.

I made my way down the yard, between the shafts of dog-carts and the poles of disabled omnibuses that loomed from out the darkness of a long and low shed. Down at the foot of this narrow and dusky channel, a stable door was open, and the faint yellow light occasionally caught the figure of a man who was busy grooming a horse outside. As I picked my way over the rough stones, I could hear that he was occasionally interrupting the hissing noise peculiar to the work with a snatch of a song, carelessly sung in a deep and sufficiently powerful voice. What was it he sang?

"*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter — hisssssss — wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum kriegen — wo! my beauty — so ho! — Stadt und Festung Belgrad! — hold up, my lad! wo ho!*"

"Hillo, Oswald, what are you about?"

"Oh! only looking after the horses," said our young Uhlan, slowly raising himself up.

He was in a remarkable state of undress—his coat, waistcoat, and collar having been thrown on the straw inside the stable—and he held in his hand a brush.

"The fellows at this inn they are very ignorant of horses or very careless."

"I hear you have been kicking 'em all about the place."

"Why not? You go in to have a glass of beer and see the people. You come back to the stables. The man says he has fed the horses—it is a lie. He says he has groomed them—it is a lie. *Jott im Himmel!* can I not see? Then I drive him away—I take out corn for myself, also some beans—he comes back—he is insolent—I fling him into the yard—he falls over the pail—he lies and groans—that is very good for him, it will teach him to mind his business, not to tell lies, and to steal the price of the corn."

I pointed out to this cool young person that if he went kicking insolent ostlers all over the country, he would get us into trouble.

"Is it not a shame they do not know their work? and that they will ruin good horses to steal a sixpence from you?"

"Besides," I said, "it is not prudent to

quarrel with an ostler, for you must leave your horses under his care ; and if he should be ill-natured, he may do them a mischief during the night."

The Count laughed as he untied the halter and led Pollux into a loose box.

"Do not be alarmed. I never allow any man to lock up my horses if I am among strangers. I do that myself. I will lock up this place and take the key, and to-morrow at six I will come round and see them fed. No ! you must not object. It is a great pleasure of mine to look after horses, and I shall become friends with these two in a very few days. You must let me manage them always."

"And groom them twice a day ?"

"*Nee, Gott bewahre !* When there is a man who can do it, I will not ; but when there is no one, it is a very good thing to help yourself."

Lieutenant Oswald von Rosen had clearly learned how to conjugate the verb *requiriren* during his sojourn in Bohemia and in France. He made another raid on the corn and split beans, got up into the loft and crammed down plenty of hay, and then bringing a heap of clean straw into the place, tossed it plentifully about the loose box devoted to Pollux, and about Castor's stall. Then he put on his upper vestments, brought away the candle, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, humming all the time something about "*die dreimal hunderttausend Mann*."

When we had got to the gate of the yard, he stalked up to the small crowd of idlers, and said,

"Which of you is the man who did tumble over the pail ? It is you, you little fellow ? Well, you deserve much more than you got ; but here is a half-crown for you to buy sticking-plaster with."

The small ostler held back, but his companions, who perceived that the half-crown meant beer, urged him to go forward and take it ; which he did, saying—

"Well, I doan't bear no malice."

"And next time you have gentlemen's horses put into your stables, don't try to steal the price of their corn," said the Lieutenant ; and with that he turned and walked away.

"Who is the gentleman who came with me ?" asked my young friend, as we went back to the house ; "he is a nice young

man, but he does not know the difference between hay and straw, and I begged him not to remain. And he would not drink the beer of this public-house ; but that is the way of all you Englishmen—you are so particular about things, and always thinking of your health, and always thinking of living, instead of living and thinking nothing about it. Ah, you do not know how fine a thing it is to live until you have been in a campaign, my dear friend ; and then you know how fine it is that you can eat with great hunger, and how fine it is when you get a tumbler of wine, and how fine it is to sleep. You are very glad, then, to be able to walk firm on your legs, and find yourself alive and strong. But always, I think, your countrymen do not enjoy being alive so much as mine ; they are always impatient for something, trying to do something, hoping for something, instead of being satisfied of finding every day a good new day, and plenty of satisfaction in it, with talking to people, and seeing things, and a cigar now and again. Just now, when I wake, I laugh at myself, and say, 'How very good it is to sleep in a bed, and shut yourself out from noise, and get up when you please !' Then you have a good breakfast, and all the day begins afresh, and you have no fear of being crippled and sent off to the hospital. Oh ! it is very good to have this freedom—this carelessness—this seeing of new things and new people every day. And that is a very pretty young lady become, your Miss Bell : I do remember her only a shy little girl, who spoke German with your strange English way of pronouncing the vowels, and was very much bashful over it. Oh, yes, she is very good-looking, indeed ; her hair looks as if there were streaks of sunshine in the brown, and her eyes are very thoughtful, and she has a beautiful outline of the chin that makes her neck and throat very pretty. And, you know, I rather like the nose not hooked, like most of your English young ladies ; when it is a little the other way, and fine, and delicate, it makes the face piquant and tender, not haughty and cold, *nicht wahr ?* But yet she is very English-looking ; I would take her as a—a—a—type, do you call it ?—of the pretty young Englishwoman, well-formed, open-eyed, with good healthy color in her face, and very frank and gentle, and independent, all at the same time.

Oh, she is a very good girl—a very good girl, I can see that.”

“Yes,” I said, “I think she will marry that young fellow whom you saw to-night.”

“And that will be very good for him,” he replied, easily; “for she will look after him and give him some common sense. He is not practical; he has not seen much; he is moody, and nervous, and thinks greatly about trifles. But I think he will be very amiable to her, and that is much. You know, all the best women marry stupid men.”

There was, however, no need for our going into that dangerous subject; for at this moment we arrived at Dr. Ashburton’s house. Von Rosen rushed upstairs to his room, to remove the traces of his recent employment; and then, as we both entered the drawing-room, we found Bell standing right under the central gaselier, which was pouring its rays down on her wealth of golden-brown hair. Indeed, she then deserved all that Von Rosen had said about her being a type of our handsomest young Englishwomen—rather tall, well-formed, showing a clear complexion, and healthy rosiness in her cheeks, while there was something at once defiant and gentle in her look. Comely enough she was to attract the notice of any stranger; but it was only those who had spent years with her, and had observed all her winning ways, her unselfishness, and the rare honor and honesty that lay behind all her pretty affectations of petulance, and the wild nonsense of her tongue, who could really tell what sort of young person our Bonny Bell was. She was sufficiently handsome to draw eyes toward her:

“But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lovely spirit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

There dwell sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty.”

And it must be said that during this evening Bell’s conduct was beyond all praise. Arthur Ashburton was rather cold and distant towards her, and was obviously in a rather bad temper. He even hovered on the verge of rudeness towards both herself and the Lieutenant. Now, nothing delighted Bell more than to vary the even and pleasant tenor of her life with a series

of pretty quarrels which had very little element of seriousness in them; but on this evening, when she was provoked into quarreling in earnest, nothing could exceed the good sense, and gentleness, and forbearance she showed. At dinner she sat between the young barrister and his father, a quiet, little, gray-haired man in spectacles, with small black eyes that twinkled strangely when he made his nervous little jokes, and looked over to his wife—the very matter-of-fact and roseate woman who sat at the opposite end of the table. The old Doctor was a much more pleasant companion than his son; but Bell, with wonderful moderation, did her best to re-establish good relations between the moody young barrister and herself. Of course, no woman will prolong such overtures indefinitely; and at last the young gentleman managed to establish a more serious breach than he had dreamed of. For the common talk had drifted back to the then recent war, and our lieutenant was telling us a story about three Uhlans, who had, out of mere bravado, ridden down the main street of a French village, and out at the other end, without having been touched by the shots fired at them, when young Ashburton added, with a laugh,

“I suppose they were so padded with the watches and jewelry they had gathered on their way, that the bullets glanced off.”

Count von Rosen looked across the table at the young man, with a sort of wonder in his light-blue eyes; and then, with admirable self-control, he turned to my Lady Tita, and calmly continued the story.

But as for Bell, a blush of shame and exceeding mortification overspread her features. No madness of jealousy could excuse this open insult to a stranger and a guest. From that moment, Bell addressed herself exclusively to the old Doctor, and took no more notice of his son than if he had been in the moon. She was deeply hurt, but she managed to conceal her disappointment; and indeed, when the boys came in after dinner, she had so far picked up her spirits as to be able to talk to them in that wild way which they regarded with mingled awe and delight. For they could not understand how Auntie Bell was allowed to use strange words, and even talk Cumberlandshire to the Doctor’s own face.

Of course she plied the boys with all sorts of fruit and sweetmeats, until Tita, coming suddenly back from the campaign in France to the table before her, peremptorily ordered her to cease. And then Bell gathered round her the decanters.

"I say, Jack," she observed, in a whisper, though looking covertly at Queen Tita all the time, "what's good for a fellow that's got a cold?"

"I beg your pardon," said Master Jack, properly.

"What's good for a cold, you stupid small boy?"

"But you haven't got a cold, Auntie Bell."

"Oh, haven't I! You don't know there are all sorts of colds. There's the little fairy that sits and tickles you with a feather, just now and again, you know; and there's the sweep that drives a tremendous whalebone brush up and down, and makes you blue in the face with fighting him. Mind, when the sweep does get hold of you, it's a terrible bother to shunt him out."

"Bell," said my Lady, with a sharpness that made the boys look frightened, "you must not teach the children such phrases."

"I think it's very hard that a grown-up person can't speak three words without being scolded," remarked Bell, confidentially, to Master Tom; and that young ruffian, looking covertly at his mother, grinned as widely as a mouthful of apple would let him.

So the boys had their half-glass of wine, and Bell swept them away with her into the drawing-room, when the women left.

"A very bright young lady—hm!—a very bright and pleasant young lady indeed," said the Doctor, stretching out his short legs with an air of freedom, and beginning to examine the decanters. "I don't wonder the young fellows rave about her; eh, Arthur, eh?"

Master Arthur rose and left the room.

"Touched, eh?" said the father, with his eyes twinkling vehemently, and his small gray features twisted into a smile. "Hit hard, eh? Gad, I don't wonder at it; if I were a young fellow myself—eh, eh? Claret? Yes. But the young fellows now don't sing about their laughing Lalage, or drink to Glycera, or make jokes with Lydia; it is all dreaming, and reading, and sighing, eh, eh? That boy of mine has gone mad—heeds nothing—is ill-tempered——"

"Decidedly, Doctor."

"Eh? Ill-tempered? Why, his mother daren't talk to him, and we're glad to have him go up to his chambers again. Our young friend here is of another sort; there is no care about a woman tempering the healthy brown of the sun and the weather, eh?—is there, eh?"

"Why, my dear Doctor," cried the Lieutenant, with a prodigious laugh, "don't you think Lydia's lover—*Lydia, dic*, you know—he was very glad to be away from rough sports? He had other enjoyments. I am brown, not because of my wish, but that I have been made to work, that is all."

The Doctor was overjoyed, and, perhaps, a trifle surprised, to find that this tall Uhlan, who had just been grooming two horses, understood his reference to Horace; and he immediately cried out,

"No, no; you must not lose your health, and your color, and your temper. Would you have your friends say of you, who have just been through a campaign in France,

"Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales militat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frenis?"

Eh, eh?"

"*Temperat ora frenis*—it is a good motto for our driving excursion," said the Count; "but was it your Miss Bell who called your two fine horses by such stupid names as Castor and Pollux?"

"Nevertheless," said the Doctor, eagerly, "Castor was said to have great skill in the management of horses—eh, eh?"

"Certainly," said the Count. "And both together they foretell good weather, which is a fine thing in driving."

"And they were the gods of boundaries," cried the Doctor.

"And they got people out of trouble when every thing seemed all over," returned the Count, "which may also happen to our phaeton."

"And—and—and"—here the Doctor's small face fairly gleamed with a joke, and he broke into a thin, high chuckle—"they ran away with two ladies, eh, eh, eh?—Did they not, did they not?"

Presently we went into the drawing-room, and there the women were found in a wild maze of maps, eagerly discussing the various routes to the North, and the

comparative attractions of different towns. The contents of Mr. Stanford's shop seemed to have been scattered about the room, and Bell had armed herself with an opisometer, which gave her quite an air of importance.

The Lieutenant was out of this matter, so he flung himself down into an easy chair, and presently had both of the boys on his knees, telling them stories and propounding arithmetical conundrums alternately. When Queen Titania came to release him, the young rebels refused to go; and one of them declared that the Count had promised to sing the "Wacht am Rhein."

"Oh, please don't," said Bell, suddenly turning round, with a map of Cumberland half hiding her. "You don't know that all the organs here have it. But if you would be so good as to sing us a German song, I will play the accompaniment for you, if I know it, and I know a great many."

Of course, the women did not imagine that a man who had been accustomed to a soldier's life, and who betrayed a faculty for grooming horses, was likely to know much more of music than a handy chorus, but the Count, lightly saying he would not trouble her, went over to the piano, and sat down unnoticed amid the general hum of conversation.

But the next moment there was sufficient silence. For with a crash like thunder—"Hei! das klang wie Ungewitter!"—the young Lieutenant struck the first chords of "Prinz Eugen," and with a sort of upward toss of the head, as if he were making room for himself, he began to sing Freiligrath's picturesque soldier-song to the wild and warlike and yet stately music which Dr. Löwe has written for it. What a rare voice he had, too!—deep, strong, and resonant—that seemed to throw itself into the daring spirit of the music with an absolute disregard of delicate graces or sentimental effect; a powerful, masculine, soldier-like voice, that had little flute-like softness, but the strength and thrill that told of a deep chest, and that interpenetrated or rose above the loudest chords that his ten fingers struck. Queen Tita's face was overspread with surprise; Bell unconsciously laid down the map, and stood as one amazed. The ballad, you know, tells how, one calm night on the banks of the Danube, just after the great

storming of Belgrade, a young trumpeter in the camp determines to leave aside cards for a while, and make a right good song for the army to sing; how he sets to work to tell the story of the battle in ringing verse, and at last, when he has got the rhymes correct, he makes the notes too, and his song is complete. "Ho, ye white troops and ye red troops, come round and listen!" he cries; and then he sings the record of the great deeds of Prince Eugene; and lo! as he repeats the air for the third time, there breaks forth, with a hoarse roar as of thunder, the chorus "Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter!" until the sound of it is carried even into the Turkish camp. And then the young trumpeter, not dissatisfied with his performance, proudly twirls his mustache; and finally sneaks away to tell of his triumph to the pretty Marketenderin. When our young Uhlan rose from the piano, he laughed in an apologetic fashion; but there was still in his face some of that glow and fire which had made him forget himself during the singing of the ballad, and which had lent to his voice that penetrating resonance that still seemed to linger about the room. Bell said "Thank you" in rather a timid fashion; but Queen Tita did not speak at all, and seemed to have forgotten us.

We had more music that evening, and Bell produced her guitar, which was expected to solace us much on our journey. It was found that the Lieutenant could play that too; and he executed at least a very pretty accompaniment when Bell sang "Der Tyroler und sein Kind." But you should have seen the face of Master Arthur, when Bell volunteered to sing a German song. I believe she did it to show that she was not altogether frightened by the gloomy and mysterious silence which he preserved, as he sat in a corner and stared at every body.

So ended our first day: and to-morrow—why, to-morrow we pass away from big cities and their suburbs, from multitudes of friends, late hours, and the whirl of amusements and follies, into the still seclusion of English country life, with its simple habits, and fresh pictures, and the quaint humors of its inns.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Twickenham.*—"The foregoing pages give a more or less accurate account of our setting-out, but they are all wrong about Bell. Men are far worse than women in imagining love-affairs, and supposing that

girls think about nothing else. Bell wishes *to be let alone*. If gentlemen care to make themselves uncomfortable about her, she can not help it; but it is rather *unfair* to drag her into any such complications. I am *positive* that, though she has doubtless a little pity for that young man who vexes himself and his friends because he is not good enough for her, she would not be sorry to see him, and Count von Rosen—and *some one else besides*—all start off on a cruise to Australia.

She is quite content to be as she is. Marriage will come in good time; and when it comes, she will get plenty of it, *sure enough*. In the meantime, I hope she will not be suspected of encouraging those idle flirtations and pretences of worship with which gentlemen think they ought to approach every girl whose *good fortune it is not* to be married. T."]

(To be continued.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DESOLATION OF JERUSALEM.

THEY have crushed my pride! They have trampled me down in the dust!
 Whither, O God, shall I flee?
 To whom shall I turn?—in whom shall I put my trust?
 In whom, O Jehovah, but Thee?

For Famine and Pestilence enter through all my gates,
 And dark Death stalks in the street,
 And Murder at every corner skulks and waits,
 And Justice has bloody feet!

Thou hast trodden me down, and all I have loved is fled;
 I have moaned till my soul is sore,
 I have wept till my eyes are coals, and my heart is dead;
 'Tis useless to crush me more.

They have plucked the babe from my breast; the child in his play,
 While he laughed, they have stricken down;
 The grace of woman, and manhood's strength, and stay—
 And age with its hoary crown.

I have sinned—I deserve my Fate—yet hear me, O Lord!
 Oh forgive them not who have set
 Their feet on our necks, and Thy name and Thy law abhorred—
 Whose hands with our blood are wet.

Do unto them, O God, as they unto me and mine!
 Crush them, and beat them down,
 Like a tempest that swoops o'er the corn, and flays the vine
 With its darkening thunder-frown.

Mercy I do not demand for myself—and for them
 No mercy—but justice, O Lord!
 Let Thy swift sharp vengeance destroy them root and stem
 With the lightning of its sword.

I have sinned! I have sinned! Jehovah, Thou hidest Thy face;
 But, prostrate here in the dust,
 I adore Thee, the Holy One. Lift me in my disgrace,
 Oh help me! in Thee I trust.

The floods have all gone over me; nothing now
 Can torture me more or worse;
 Thy thunder hath crushed me flat, and Thine awful brow
 Hath frowned, and I feel Thy curse.

Not humbled by them, but quivering under the weight
 Of Thy tremendous hand;
 But Thou who hast punished wilt pardon! Thy pity is great!
 Oh raise up this desolate land!

I can wait, I can suffer, O Lord, for Thy law is just,
 Though terrible is Thy wrath;
 But this people is Thine, O Lord; in Thy promise they trust,
 To guide them and show them the path.

Thou shalt lift them at last when the debt of their sins is paid,
 All paid to the uttermost groat;
 And the balance shall turn in which their sins have been weighed,
 And the collar be loosed from their throat.

Years shall go by. They shall creep, they shall cringe, they shall crawl,
 Abject in the eyes of men;
 Loved by none, feared by few, but scorned and derided by all—
 And then, O Jehovah, and then

Thy voice shall be heard,—“Ye have drunk of the bitter cup,
 Ye have drained it and drunk it down;
 Come back, O my people, come back; I will lift you up,
 And place on your heads the crown.

“And joy shall again be yours, and triumph shall peal
 And ring through your laughing ways;
 And your strength shall be mine, and your battle be mine, and your steel,
 And your glory be mine, and your praise.”

W. W. S.

Popular Science Review.

STRANGE NEWS ABOUT THE SOLAR PROMINENCES.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

OUR knowledge respecting the sun has increased so rapidly of late that it is by no means easy for the astronomer to place in their due position all the facts which have become known. Some of these facts are indeed altogether strange and unexpected; they seem almost inexplicable at a first view, and the more carefully they are studied the more striking do they appear. Quite recently we have received from two different sources the narrative of observations which bear in a most important manner on the interpretation of solar phenomena. From Fr. Secchi, of Rome, we receive the records of a long and careful series of researches, confirming the start-

ling announcements made by Zöllner and Respighi, and adding other information of extreme interest. From Professor Young, of America, we have the account of a single solar outburst, but the most wonderful by far that has yet been witnessed, and affording highly significant evidence respecting the mighty forces at work in the sun's globe.

I propose to consider, here, the bearing of the information thus recently obtained, not merely on the subject of the solar prominences, but on those questions respecting the physical condition of the sun's globe on the one hand, and the nature of the corona on the other, which have re-

cently attracted so much attention. For I conceive that the great fact which is becoming more and more clearly discerned as observation progresses is this, that the phenomena presented by the sun's globe, or rather by the photosphere we see, are intimately associated with the phenomena presented by the solar corona; and that the bond of union thus associating the two series of phenomena is to be recognized in the processes at work in the colored envelope—the sierra or chromatosphere—which may be regarded as one of the solar atmospheres. We are waiting at present for further information on this very point from the observers of the eclipse of December 12th; but beyond all question very clear information was obtained during the Mediterranean eclipse of December, 1870. Spectroscopy and polariscopy did not avail to tell us all we wished to know respecting the corona; and through unfavorable weather photography failed in doing what it would assuredly have done had the sky at Syracuse cleared round the sun only two minutes earlier. In the last eleven seconds of totality, however, one good picture of the corona (the first ever taken) was obtained by Mr. Brothers; and that picture, besides showing what Mr. Brothers's method was capable of effecting, gave evidence of the utmost importance in relation to the physical condition of the sun. Combined with the spectroscopic charting of the prominences by Mr. Seabroke, (during the day of the eclipse, but not during totality,) and confirmed by the photograph taken in Spain by Mr. Willard, as well as by the direct observation of the inner corona by Professor Watson, this photograph indicates an association between the prominences, the inner corona and the outer radiated corona, which *must* be accounted for in any theory respecting the condition of the matter surrounding the sun's globe. Wherever the prominences were large and remarkable, there the inner corona was brightest and extended farthest from the sun, and opposite those same regions lay the great radial beams of the outer corona. Combining these relations with the well-known fact that the solar spot-zone is the region in which the prominences have their greatest activity, we see that we are on the traces of a law relating to the whole economy of the great ruling luminary of our planetary system.

Now the study of the solar spots, on the

one hand, presents difficulties so serious in their nature that we can scarcely wonder at the fact that hitherto no consistent theory has been put forward in explanation of their phenomena; and, on the other hand, the study of the solar corona is simply the most difficult of all the subjects of investigation which the student of solar physics can present to himself. Holding a place between the phenomena of the spots and those presented by the corona, and associating together these classes of phenomena, are the phenomena presented by the prominences; and *these* can fortunately be studied in a systematic and (all things considered) a satisfactory manner. So long as the prominences could be studied only during eclipses, it was almost hopeless to look to them for information respecting the difficult problems of solar physics; but so soon as a method was devised for examining their features when the sun is not eclipsed, the whole subject of solar research assumed a new aspect. Since that day the progress of discovery has been so rapid as to render it difficult to believe that the method was first applied only three years ago.

Passing over the first observations of Janssen, Lockyer, Captain J. Herschel, and Secchi, and giving less attention to the questions of the condition of the prominences as respects temperature and pressure than to the motions of the prominence matter, we find in the work of Zöllner and Respighi the first clear intimations of the wonderful activity of the glowing vapors surrounding the sun's globe. So far back as the spring of 1869, Zöllner recognized the action of solar repulsive forces—which he regarded and still regards as eruptive—in casting forth enormous masses of glowing hydrogen. In several papers he has discussed the evidence he has obtained respecting the energy of these forces, arriving at conclusions which were regarded at the time as startling in the extreme, but must now be considered as falling far short of the reality. He assigned 120 miles per second as the probable velocity of outrush in solar eruptions, and spoke of eighty or ninety thousand miles as the probable limit of height to which the erupted matter attains before, gradually descending, it spreads itself into the strange forms constituting the cloud-like as distinguished from the eruptive prominences.

Respighi was led to regard the repulsive

action of the sun as electrical in origin ; but as he agrees with Zöllner in regarding the prominences as solar eruptions, it is a matter of comparatively small importance that he considers the force producing the eruptions as something very different in its nature from the volcanic action believed in by Zöllner. At the present stage of our progress it is much more important to determine the extent and energy of the solar eruptions than the cause or causes to which they may be due. Respighi gave the following account of the appearances presented by the prominences. It is important that his description should be carefully attended to, as it supplies independent evidence of some of the remarkable observations made by Father Secchi. "When there are *faculae* on the sun there are usually prominences ; but over the sunspots themselves, though there are low jets, there are no high prominences. As respects the distribution of prominences round the sun's limb, it is to be noticed that great prominences are never recognized in the circum-polar solar regions, and the prominences actually seen, besides being small, are few in number, and last but a short time. At the solar equator the prominences are less frequent, less active, and less developed than in higher solar latitudes." He found that "the formation of a prominence is usually preceded by the appearance of a rectilinear jet, either vertical or oblique, and very bright and well defined. This jet rising to a great height is seen to bend back again, falling upon the sun like the jets of our fountains, and presently the sinking matter is seen to assume the shape of gigantic trees, more or less rich in branches and foliage. Gradually the whole sinks down upon the sun, sometimes forming isolated clouds before reaching the solar surface. It is in the upper portions of such prominences that the most remarkable and rapid transformations are witnessed ; but a great difference is observed in the rate with which prominences change in figure. Their duration, also, is very variable. Some develop and disappear in a few minutes, while others remain visible for several successive days."

Respighi agrees with Zöllner in considering that the well-marked basis of the eruptive jets "proves that the eruption takes place through some compact substance forming a species of solar crust," and also in believing "that the enormous

velocity with which these gaseous masses rush through the solar atmosphere implies that the latter is of excessive tenuity." The highest prominence observed by Respighi had an elevation of no less than 160,000 miles.

Secchi's recent researches, or the researches he has recently completed, result in a classification of the whole series of phenomena presented by the sierra and the prominences. In the first place, he remarks that the sierra or chromatosphere presents four distinct aspects. At times it has a perfectly smooth and well-defined outline, and is very little less brilliant at the edge than throughout the remaining portion of its depth. At other times, though the chromatosphere is quite smooth, and as it were calm, its brilliancy diminishes outward so gradually that no limit can be distinguished ; more frequently the sierra is surmounted by filaments all sloped in the same direction. And lastly, and most frequently of all, the chromatosphere has an irregular outline, and is fringed with small tongues of flame having no specific direction.

The prominences may be divided into three general orders — *heaps*, *jets*, and *plumes*.

The heaped prominences are of three kinds. First, there are slight elevations of the corona rarely more than fifteen or twenty seconds in height, and having an outline either diffuse like the second form of the chromatosphere, or fringed like the third or fourth forms of that layer. Secondly, there are brilliant masses resembling our cumulus clouds. Thirdly, there are large diffuse masses suspended above or attached to the tops of the larger prominences.

Next in order are the jets, the most interesting of all the prominences on account of the evidence they afford of mighty repulsive or eruptive forces.

Some of the jets are small, quickly variable in shape, and last but a short time. They resemble, in fact, as pictured by Secchi, a mere development and extension of the irregularities seen in the fourth form of the chromatosphere.

Next in order are jets. Such jets are not often met with on a great scale. Secchi terms them *cones*. Such cones often extend themselves into curved shapes ; the transformation occupying only about twenty minutes. Nor is the transfor-

mation gradual, but one form passes quickly into the other after a short interval of seeming tranquillity. "The luminosity of *jets* is always very great," says Secchi, "their roots being more luminous than the rest of the solar surface.* Their appearance is extremely beautiful; the most splendid display of fire-works would fall far short of realizing to the imagination the magnificent glory of the sublime spectacle they present. Sometimes the branches fall in the shape of parabolas more or less inclined; at other times they are like the heads of immense palms with the most graceful curving branches." "The branches," says Secchi, incline sometimes in the direction of the jet, sometimes recoil upon the stalk from which they spring. This kind of jet is always compact, filamentary to the base, and terminated at the apex without any clear, decided outlines. Their light is so bright that they can be seen through the light clouds into which the chromatosphere breaks up. *Their spectrum indicates besides hydrogen the presence of many other substances.*" (The italics are mine, and I invite special attention to the statement here made by Fr. Secchi.) "These I call *sheaves*. I frequently observe in sheaves a great variability in the refrangibility of the rays," (*that is, the indications of very rapid motions.*) "Frequently also, when they have attained a certain height, they cease to grow, and become transformed into exceedingly brilliant masses, which after a time separate and form fiery clouds. A characteristic of sheaves as of the flames is their short duration; they rarely last an hour, frequently only a few minutes."

The prominences of the third class—called *plumes* by Secchi—resemble the jets in some respects, but differ from them in being less bright, and in remaining longer visible; in having their extremities sometimes surmounted by or resolved into clouds; in attaining to a greater height; and lastly, in being seen all round the sun's limb, *whereas the jets are limited to the neighborhood of the spots.*

Plumes are sometimes simple, sometimes compound. Amongst other forms, Secchi

notes plumes terminated by diffuse clouds, or crossed by two or three sets of clouds, or doubled down upon themselves, or attached to a cloud by a tail. (Most of these clouds have been already described and illustrated.) Near the poles, "evidently on account of the absence of directing currents, they take an almost vertical form, with a diffused cloudy summit. Compound jets form appearances not readily classified. Some are reticulated, an arrangement due to the interlacing of distinct plumes. "These masses attain the enormous heights of from 150 to 240 seconds. Their summits are generally very much broken up, and strongly resemble the masses of cirro-cumuli which we see at the borders of rain-clouds. One fact with regard to them is very interesting; it is, that however distinctly marked and well-defined the separation of the streamers may be at their base, after a certain height they become completely mingled with each other, and form a mass which appears to be quite uniform in structure."

Secchi gives some interesting particulars respecting solar clouds,—as he terms those masses which float above the chromatosphere. "One class of clouds," he remarks, "is produced by the breaking up of plumes; others appear to be plumes which have ceased to be fed by the chromatosphere, and therefore become detached. The very curious phenomenon is sometimes presented of a cloud suddenly forming itself into plumes, showing that these plumes can take their origin from gaseous matter, and do not require an orifice of projection for their formation. M. Tacchini, of Palermo, has also made this observation, and we have both seen the jet directed downwards like a fiery rain."

Secchi's remarks upon the physical distinction between plumes and jets, as well as upon the association between prominences and the phenomena of the sun's surface, are of extreme interest and importance. "In distinguishing between jets and plumes," he says, "I have no intention to decide as to whether plumes are not also jets. The real distinction appears to be that in jets a part of the photosphere is lifted up, while in the case of plumes it is only the chromatosphere which is disturbed. It does not appear to be established as a fact that all prominences require an orifice of projection, and still less that the height of protuberances can be ta-

* Secchi here refers, of course, to the appearance presented in the spectroscope. If the jets were in any part of their extent actually brighter than the sun's surface, they would be visible without spectroscopic aid; which has never happened.

ken as a measure of the pressure which has projected the gaseous stream, since plumes have been seen to form themselves in the masses suspended in the free atmosphere, far above the possibility of a liquid origin. The persistence of *plumes* is very remarkable as compared with the continuance of the sheaves. In spite of the great mobility of the former, they may be found for two or three days in the same place; towards the poles their existence lasts still longer. On the other hand, the most beautiful sheaves generally last but a few minutes, in very rare cases a few hours. This confirms me in the opinion that sheaves are due to a veritable eruption, taking place at a great depth, the matter composing them having an exceedingly high temperature, and being propelled with immense velocity. The presence of jets and sheaves is the most certain sign that a spot is imminent. As to the connection between protuberances and the *faculæ*, it may be stated that jets, whatever may be their shape, are invariably accompanied by *faculæ*; but that plumes, more particularly if they are small, are often seen where there are no *faculæ*. A peculiarity worthy of notice is the feebleness of the light from prominences near the pole—an indication, as I have before stated, of less activity and a less powerful propelling force. The protuberances, both as to number and size, are in accordance with the solar activity as manifested by the spots; the fewer the spots the less numerous and the less extensive are the protuberances likewise. The dimensions of the protuberances are very variable. The largest that I have seen for some time have not exceeded four to four and a half minutes, from which it may be concluded that from the origin of their mass, their measure would be at least five to six minutes, being the height assigned by eclipse-observers to the highest part of the corona. The jets are in general not so high, seldom exceeding one to three minutes."

It will be evident that Secchi's observations bear in a most important manner on the question of an association between the prominences and the solar spots, though they do not make quite clear the nature of the connection. Further evidence is wanted before we can be sure that the eruption-prominences are directly connected with the outbreak of spots on the photosphere. Now Professor Young's re-

searches have supplied (as it appears to me) just the evidence which was required. He has actually witnessed the eruption of matter from the sun, and he has afforded us the means of measuring the energy of ejection and the velocity with which the ejected matter rushes through the lower strata of the solar atmosphere.

On September 7, at noon, he had been examining with the telespectroscope an enormous hydrogen cloud on the eastern limb of the sun. "It had remained," he says, "with very little change since the preceding noon," a long, low, quiet-looking cloud, not very dense or brilliant, nor in any way remarkable except for its size. It was made up mostly of filaments nearly horizontal, and floated above the chromosphere with its low surface at a height of some 15,000 miles, but was connected with it, as is usually the case, by three or four vertical columns brighter and more active than the rest. In length it measured 3' 45", and in elevation about 2" to its upper surface," (that is, it was 100,000 miles long by 54,000 miles high.) At half past twelve Professor Young was called away for a few minutes. At that time "there was no indication of what was about to happen, except that one of the connecting stems at the southern extremity of the cloud had grown considerably brighter, and was curiously bent to one side; and near the base of another at the northern end a little brilliant lump had developed itself, shaped much like a summer thunderhead."

On returning, though less than half an hour had passed, Professor Young found to his great surprise that "in the meantime the whole thing had literally been blown to shreds by some inconceivable uprush from beneath." "In place of the quiet cloud I had left," he says, "the air, if I may use the expression, was filled with flying *débris*—a mass of detached vertical fusiform fragments, each from 10" to 30" long by 2" or 3" wide, brighter and closer together where the pillars had formerly stood, and rapidly ascending. When I first looked some of them had already reached a height of nearly 4', (100,000 miles;) and while I watched them they rose, with a motion almost perceptible to the eye, until in ten minutes (1 h. 5 m. P. M.) the uppermost were more than 200,000 miles above the solar surface. This was ascertained by careful measurements; the mean of three closely accordant deter-

minations gave 7' 49" as the extreme altitude attained; and I am particular in the statement because, so far as I know, chromospheric matter (red hydrogen* in this case) has never before been observed at an altitude exceeding 5'. The velocity of ascent also, 167 miles per second, is considerably greater than any thing hitherto recorded.

"As the filaments rose they gradually faded away like a dissolving cloud, and at 1 h. 15 m. P.M. only a few filmy wisps, with some brighter streamers low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place. But in the meanwhile the little "thunder-head" before alluded to had grown and developed wonderfully, into a mass of rolling and ever-changing flame, to speak according to appearances. First it was crowded down, as it were, along the solar surface; later it rose almost pyramidally 50,000 miles in height; then its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads, which were most curiously rolled backwards and downwards like the volutes of an Ionic capital; and finally it faded away, and by 2 h. 30 m. had vanished like the other." "The whole phenomenon," he adds, "suggested most forcibly the idea of an *explosion* under the great prominence, acting mainly upwards, but also in all directions outwards, and then after an interval followed by a corresponding inrush; and *it seems far from impossible* (the italics are mine) *that the mysterious coronal streamers*, if they turn out to be truly solar, as now seems likely, may find their origin and explanation in such events."

Now, it is to be noticed in the first place, that although the explosion thus described is the only one of the kind that astronomers have yet witnessed, we can not safely infer that it was an exceptional solar disturbance. It is to be remembered that the sun is not always under spectroscopic surveillance, even in suitable observing weather, at American and European stations. Professor Young in America, and in Europe Lockyer, Janssen, Secchi, Res-

pighi, and Zöllner, with the few others who take a more or less systematic part in the work, are unable to devote the whole of the day—or probably even a large portion of the day—to observation of the sun. But apart from this we must take into account the occurrence of unfavorable observing weather, and Lockyer speaks of days seemingly fine, when certain indications in the appearance of the prominence-lines assure him that observation is useless. Doubtless the experience of other observers resembles his in this respect. But this is not all. During a great part of the 24 hours the sun is not above the horizon at any of the European or American observing stations. And then lastly, even when he is above the horizon, solar outbursts of enormous importance might take place without any possibility that terrestrial observers could become cognizant of the fact; simply because any outbursts in the central parts of the face turned towards the earth and of the half turned directly away from the earth, could not produce prominence-phenomena outside the solar limb. The spectroscope gives us an account indeed of disturbances taking place on the sun's face; but the account can be by no means so easily interpreted as in the case of prominences seen in the ordinary manner.

When we combine these considerations with the circumstance that a solar eruption lasts but a few minutes, and that the observer is unable to examine more than one portion of the sun's limb at a time, so that many important eruptions might occur even while he was engaged in the most attentive observation, we see that outbursts like the one witnessed by Professor Young may occur very frequently and yet be very seldom seen. Again, the jet prominences seen by Respighi, Secchi, Zöllner and others, though not appearing to extend to the height reached by the hydrogen wisps watched by Young, may (many of them) have reached to an even greater height, being reduced by simple foreshortening; and as these are phenomena frequently observed, we may not unsafely infer that eruptions really as important as the one witnessed by Professor Young are by no means uncommon.

But let us consider what the facts observed by Professor Young really imply. This is precisely one of those cases where an observation requires to be carefully dis-

* Professor Young probably means that he was observing the red image of the cloud and up-rushing matter—*i.e.* the image formed by rays corresponding to the C-line of hydrogen. Father Secchi mentions that he finds the indigo image (*i.e.* the image formed by rays corresponding to the G-line of hydrogen) the most perfect and the fullest in details.

cussed in order that its full value may be educed.

Now the main point of the observation is this—that glowing hydrogen was observed to travel from a height of less than 100,000 miles to a height of more than 200,000 miles in ten minutes. To be safe, let us take the limiting heights at 100,000 miles and 200,000 miles; and let us assume that there was no foreshortening. These assumptions both tend, of course, to reduce our estimate of the velocity with which matter was ejected from the sun.

Now we need not trouble ourselves by inquiring whether the hydrogen wisps which moved upwards before Professor Young's eyes were themselves ejected, or whether their motion might not have been due to the ejection of other matter impinging upon these wisps and forcing them upwards. Some matter *must* have traveled at the observed rate—or (if the hydrogen was not itself ejected, then) at a greater rate.

The question which we have to deal with is therefore this, What must be the velocity of ejection in order that matter may pass between the observed heights in the observed time?

But it may seem that the problem might be simplified by inquiring what must be the velocity of ejection in order that a height of 200,000 miles should be reached. This, however, introduces the question whether that was really the limit of the hydrogen's upward motion. The wisps seemed to dissolve away at that elevation; but we can not assume quite safely that the hydrogen there ceased to move upwards. On the contrary, it seems more likely that it neither diffused itself (so as to become invisible) nor ceased to ascend, at that level; but simply became invisible through loss of temperature, and therefore of brilliancy. It will be better, therefore, to take simply the flight between the observed levels; for then we shall be attending solely to observed facts. We may, however, inquire as a preliminary process, what would be the velocity of ejection necessary to carry a projectile (moving as if *in vacuo*) from the sun's surface to a height of 200,000 miles.

The calculation is not difficult. The formula for our purpose may be thus expressed. Let R be the sun's radius, or 425,000 miles; H the extreme height reached by a projectile from the sun; V the velocity of projection. Then a mile

being the unit of length and a second the unit of time,

$$V = 379 \sqrt{\frac{H}{R + H}}$$

(379 miles per second is the velocity which would be required to carry a projectile away from the sun altogether;) and we have only to put for H 200,000 (miles) and for R 425,000, to deduce the required velocity. We find thus that a projectile must have an initial velocity of about 213 miles per second to reach the height certainly attained by the hydrogen wisps watched by Professor Young.

Now the time in which a projectile with this initial velocity would traverse the upper half of its path is not so readily determined—in fact the formula is not altogether suited to these pages. I must, therefore, ask those readers who do not care to make the calculations for themselves, to accept on trust my statement that 25m. 56s. would be the time required for the upper half of our projectile's course.

It is already obvious, therefore, that the matter watched by Professor Young did not behave like a projectile *in vacuo*, having 200,000 miles as the limits of its upward course. It traversed a space in 10 minutes which such a projectile would only traverse in about 26 minutes.

Now two explanations are available. We may suppose that the real limit of the upward flight of the hydrogen was greater than 200,000 miles, and that, therefore, the 100,000 miles next below that level were traversed with a greater velocity than would correspond to the case we have just been considering; or we may suppose that the matter was in reality projected with a much greater velocity than 200 miles per second, and was brought to rest at a height of 200,000 miles by the retarding action of the solar atmosphere coöperating with solar gravity. And, of course, we may conceive that these two explanations co-exist, and that the two causes considered operate with any degree of proportional activity, between the relations which would make one or other the sole cause of the observed excess of velocity.

Now, to determine the actual height which must be reached by a projectile from the sun (*in vacuo*) so that it may pass from a height of 100,000 to a height of

200,000 miles in ten minutes, I have gone through a series of calculations which need not be discussed here, leading to the result (which may be accepted as trustworthy,) that 350,000 miles is the required height, and therefore 255 miles per second the requisite initial velocity. In this case the hydrogen wisps watched by Professor Young were in reality traveling at a rate of about 150 miles per second when they reached the highest visible part of their course and vanished from view as if by a process of dissolution.

On the other hand, it is not possible to determine the nature of the motion of hydrogen wisps, retarded by the resistance of the solar atmosphere, so as to travel from a height of 100,000 miles to an extreme height of 200,000 miles in ten minutes. We are very far from knowing how to deal satisfactorily with the motion of a solid projectile through our own atmosphere, which may be regarded as appreciably uniform during the projectile's flight, the action of terrestrial gravity being also appreciably uniform. But in the case of the solar atmosphere between the observed levels we have a problem infinitely more difficult, because the atmospheric pressure must be greatly less at a height of 200,000 miles than at a height of 100,000 miles, the solar gravity at these heights being also very different. Nor do we know what the atmospheric pressure is at either level. It would be mere waste of time to discuss a problem all the conditions of which are so vague.

But it will be worth while to consider the general relations which are involved.

In the first place, we may leave out of consideration the motion of the hydrogen before it reached the level of 100,000 miles. The retardation we have to inquire into is something taking place within the observed range of the projectile's motion, and we may consider the moving hydrogen precisely as though its motion had been due to some projectile force operating upon it when already at a height of 100,000 miles. Now we have seen that in order to traverse the next 100,000 miles above that level in ten minutes, it would require an initial rate of motion (at that level) sufficient to carry it to a distance of 350,000 miles from the sun's surface if unretarded. *But* as the matter (on the hypothesis we are considering) did not reach this distance (250,000 miles from its start-

ing-place), but, on the contrary, only traversed a distance of 100,000 miles before being reduced to rest, it is obvious that its initial velocity (at level 100,000 miles) must have been greatly in excess of the velocity which, at that level, would correspond to an upward range of 350,000 miles in all. In other words the hydrogen, when at a height of 100,000 miles, was traveling much faster than a projectile would cross that level if projected *in vacuo* at a rate of 255 miles per second. So that leaving out of consideration all the retardation experienced by the hydrogen before it reached the level 100,000 miles, its motion at that level corresponded to an initial velocity much exceeding 255 miles per second. But, if the retardation was so considerable between the levels 100,000 miles and 200,000 miles, as to reduce the hydrogen to rest at the last-named level, whereas *in vacuo* it would have reached a level much exceeding 350,000 miles, how much more effective must the retardation have been in the first 100,000 miles of the hydrogen's upward course? It is difficult to express how much greater must be the average density of the solar atmosphere between the photosphere and a height of 100,000 miles, than between the height 100,000 miles and 200,000 miles; but the disproportion must be enormous. Apart from this, the retardation, being always proportioned to the velocity, (though the law of this proportion is not known,) would have been much more effective in the lower part of the hydrogen's course, on this account alone. We have, then, this important conclusion, (on the hypothesis we are dealing with,) that *after traversing a range of 100,000 miles from the sun's surface under the action of a retardation enormously exceeding that operating on the hydrogen in the observed part of its flight, the uprushing hydrogen still retained a velocity far exceeding that due to a velocity of 255 miles per second at the sun's surface in the case of a projectile in vacuo.*

But we have now to consider toward which hypothesis we should lean, or rather which cause we should consider as chiefly operative.

In the first place, it is obvious that we can not dismiss the hypothesis of retardation entirely, for glowing hydrogen traveling through an atmosphere even of extreme tenuity at an average rate of 167 miles per second must needs be enor-

mously retarded. But I think that, apart from this, we can not for a moment accept the belief that the hydrogen wisps which Professor Young watched as they slowly vanished at a height of 200,000 miles were then traveling upwards at the rate of about 150 miles per second. So acute an observer could not but have recognized the fact that the hydrogen was still in rapid upward motion at the time. We are compelled then, as I judge, to regard retardation as operative to at least some considerable degree in that upper half of the hydrogen's course.

This being so, I do not know that a single word of what I have said on the hypothesis of retardation being *solely* operative need be altered. The italicized words at the close of the remarks made on that view must still be used in stating the conclusion to which careful reasoning would lead us.

And here I approach the point to which these remarks have been tending. If we regard the hydrogen erupted or in motion in these jet prominences as not less dense than other matter partaking in the motion of primary ejection, the above conclusion, interesting as it is in itself, yet has no bearing on the subject of the corona. The erupted hydrogen reached a certain enormous altitude, and there (so far as the extrusion of matter from the sun was concerned) the work of the solar eruption came to an end. But we have seen that the spectrum of the jet prominences indicates the presence of several other elements—amongst others, several metallic elements in the state of vapor. Now, it is highly probable that at a very early stage of the upward motion a large proportion of the metallic vapor would condense into the liquid form; and if so, such liquid metallic matter would thenceforward meet with far less resistance, and so would

travel to a far greater distance than the hydrogen. But without insisting on this point, we may yet feel assured that under similar conditions of temperature and pressure the vapors of the metallic elements far exceed hydrogen in density. Thus they would from the very beginning of their upward course be exposed to a much less effective retarding influence. They would, therefore, retain a much greater proportion of the velocity primarily imparted to the whole body of erupted matter; nor is it by any means an unreasonable or unlikely supposition that at a height of 100,000 miles some of these constituents of the erupted matter would be traveling twice as rapidly upwards as the hydrogen watched by Professor Young. So far, indeed, is this view from being unlikely that it is difficult to entertain any other opinion. Yet, on this view, the matter referred to would be traveling at a rate greatly exceeding 400 miles per second; and a much smaller velocity would suffice to carry it away forever from the sun's controlling influence. Much more, therefore, would the outrush of such matter suffice to explain the extension of the coronal streamers.

I shall merely note, in conclusion, that it would require only very moderate assumptions respecting the retarding influence of the solar atmosphere, to prove that the least of the jet prominences must have required a velocity of ejection competent to carry the vapors of metals as far as the outermost observed limits of the radiated corona. Now that we have such distinct and incontrovertible evidence of the retardation exerted above a height of 100,000 miles, the opinion respecting the corona discussed by me in *Fraser's Magazine* for last April, can no longer be regarded as other than a highly probable theory.

Macmillan's Magazine.

NATIONAL DEBTS AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

It is remarkable to observe with how little uneasiness the fact is regarded that with two exceptions every leading nation in Europe is habitually spending more than its income. If a similar fact were known with regard to individuals, no one would

doubt that their bankruptcy must ultimately ensue; but few people seem to anticipate so disagreeable a fate for France, Russia, Austria, and Italy. A few months ago the financial position of France was indeed regarded as rather serious; but the

manner in which the war indemnity loan of eighty millions was taken up seems to have dispelled all these gloomy forebodings. A slight investigation into the financial affairs of France will illustrate how far this confidence is justified, and will perhaps show that so far from being a token of the healthiness and elasticity of French finance, the eagerness with which the loan subscribed may be a sign of the most serious national difficulties. It must be remembered that the debt of France, including the war indemnity, now amounts to 1,100,000,000*l.* When Napoleon III. ascended the throne of France the debt was only 245,250,000*l.*; but since the accession of that sovereign, whose services to the material prosperity of France are always quoted as if they were quite undeniable, the debt of France, by continued deficits, or by wars, and lastly by the German indemnity, was raised to its present enormous total of eleven hundred millions of pounds sterling. Thus in a reign of eighteen years the average annual increase of the debt of France was more than 47,000,000*l.* Exclusive of the war indemnity, the average annual increase of the debt under the Second Empire was 18,500,000*l.*, a larger average per year than England borrowed during the Crimean war. From tables published in the *Statesman's Year Book* showing the actual receipts and expenditure, from the establishment of the Empire to the year 1863, it may be seen that while the ordinary revenue increased from 59,000,000*l.* to 90,000,000*l.*, the expenditure in the same time increased from 60,000,000*l.* to 91,000,000*l.* In the twelve years there was only one, 1855, (when the revenue was raised high above the average by special means,) without a large deficit. In estimating the true position of French finance at the present time, it must be borne in mind that not only has the nation to bear in payment of interest of the debt an annual burden of 40,000,000*l.*, but also that it will take some time for the national income to regain its former amount, and that the war has caused a very great stagnation in trade and manufactures. Will this stagnation be temporary or permanent? It is generally assumed as a matter of course that it will be only temporary, but the hugeness of the debt and the eagerness with which the loan was taken up would seem to indicate that the interest which it was necessary to offer in order to

obtain the money was so high as to attract capital which might otherwise have been devoted to production. It must be remembered that at the end of the war and of the revolution in Paris a great amount of capital must have been lying idle. During the two sieges of Paris little or no production could have been carried on within the city; very little capital was being distributed as wages, and the ordinary industry of the city must have been quite at a stand-still. For six months or more capitalists engaged in production in Paris had not been receiving any returns; and while their capital was thus lying idle, while Paris was still in a state of siege, and while the prospects of future tranquillity were, to say the least, extremely doubtful, this loan guaranteeing an interest of six per cent was offered. What more natural than that the Parisian capitalists having been so long without receiving any return on their capital, and not being able to see any immediate prospect of employing it in productive industry, should have eagerly taken up a loan which secured to them, without any risk and without any labor of superintendence, an interest of six per cent. If this is a correct explanation of the manner in which any considerable portion of the loan was taken up, it affords no evidence of returning financial prosperity; on the contrary, by absorbing capital which would otherwise have been in a short time reëngaged in production, it indicates the perpetuation of the most serious national impoverishment. The following passage taken from Mr. Mill's chapter on National Debt points out the exact danger of the present financial position of France. Assuming that there are circumstances when a loan is a convenient and even a necessary expedient, he continues: "What we have to discuss is the propriety of contracting a national debt of a permanent character, defraying the expenses of a war, or of any season of difficulty, by loans, to be redeemed either very gradually, and at a very distant period, or not at all. This question has already been touched upon in the First Book. We remarked that if the capital taken in loans is abstracted from funds either engaged in production, or destined to be employed in it, their diversion from that purpose is equivalent to taking the amount from the wages of the laboring classes. Borrowing, in this case, is not a substitute for raising

supplies within the year. A Government which borrows does actually take the amount within the year, and that too by a tax exclusively on the laboring classes: than which it could have done nothing worse, if it had supplied its wants by avowed taxation; and in that case the transaction and its evils would have ended with the emergency; while by the circuitous mode adopted, the value exacted from the laborers is gained, not by the State, but by the employers of labor, the State remaining charged with the debt besides, and with its interest in perpetuity. The system of public loans in such circumstances may be pronounced the very worst which in the present state of civilization is still included in the list of financial expedients." The only excuse, he adds, which such a system admits of is hard necessity; the impossibility of raising an enormous annual sum by taxation, without resorting to taxes which from their odiousness, or from the facility of evasion, it would have been found impracticable to enforce. It is probable that this excuse of sheer necessity may with justice be urged in defense of those who are now at the head of the government in France; and it must also be remembered that only that part of the loan which was raised in France is open to the objection that it will tend to perpetuate the stagnation of industry in that country by absorbing the funds destined to be again productively employed. That part of the loan which was raised in London, for instance, will not have any depressing

influence on the revival of French commerce; nor will it produce any ill effect on England's prosperity unless it can be shown, which is highly improbable, that money was in this country withdrawn from production in order to be invested in the loan. But notwithstanding all the extenuating circumstances that may be urged in defence of the loan, the fact remains that in so far as the money raised in France decreased the sum destined to be engaged in production, a corresponding influence is exerted to prevent the revival of industry in that country.

As France at the present moment leads the van of indebtedness, so during the reign of the ex-Emperor did she set the example of reckless expenditure in war and warlike equipments, which has proved so mischievous to the finances of nearly all the leading European nations. The continued series of deficits in a wealthy country like France, may be accounted for by her extravagant military expenditure; the example of France was followed by the neighboring nations, so that in a few years all the leading continental countries were provided with bloated armaments, to support which they all, with the exception of Germany, had to incur annual additions to their burden of debt. The following table shows the amount of the debt of the principal European countries, their average annual increase of debt, the numerical strength of their armies, and their military expenditure in 1865:

	Average Annual Increase.	Amount of Debt in 1870.	Numerical Strength of Army in 1865, on Peace Establishment.	Cost of Army in 1865.
England	Debt of England is decreasing.	£800,700,000	148,242	£15,060,237
France	From 1853 to 1870 £18,500,000.*	550,000,000*	404,192	17,384,961
Germany	Paying off fast	170,000,000	419,836	14,494,222
Russia	From 1854 to 1869 £11,500,000 .	300,000,000	1,000,000	21,656,052
Austria	Since 1849 £9,000,000	310,000,000	269,100	10,336,762
Italy	From 1861 to 1869 £22,000,000 .	285,000,000	196,100	11,556,500
Spain	From 1861 to 1870 £9,000,000 .	237,000,000	84,290	3,310,174
Turkey	From 1850 to 1870 £5,000,000 .	104,000,000	148,680	6,000,000

* Exclusive of the war indemnity.

Mr. Dudley Baxter, in his work on National Debts, shows that, within the last twenty-one and a half years, the total indebtedness of the world has increased by 2,218,000,000/., or at the rate of 103,000,000/., per year. Within the last twenty-

two years, France has increased her debt by 370,000,000/.; Austria, by 185,000,000/.; Russia, by 200,000,000/.; Italy, by 250,000,000/.; Spain, by 114,000,000/.; the new German Empire, by 120,000,000/.; and Turkey, by 100,000,000/. "These

amounts only include 65,000,000*l.* borrowed for the Franco-Prussian war; and omit more than 100,000,000*l.* borrowed by other nations during 1870, but not yet appearing in their official accounts."*. They also omit the amount to be paid by France as the war indemnity. It has been calculated by Mr. Baxter that only 12 per cent, or one eighth of the total of the national debts of the world, has been raised for productive purposes, and that the remainder, 88 per cent, has been spent in war, war-like preparations, and other unproductive purposes.

Excluding for the present any consideration of the indebtedness of England and Germany, the foregoing table, and the figures which succeed it, show that all the countries referred to are, in time of peace as well as in time of war, steadily spending more than their income; that this extravagance is in a great measure due to the example set by France in her military expenditure, and that in fact these nations are ruining themselves in order to be ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats. We often hear the present century spoken of as one of great enlightenment and civilization. If the extensive armaments of continental countries are necessary, in order to secure them from the rapacious designs of their neighbors, no boast should be made of the progress of civilization; if on the contrary these armaments are unnecessary, and the military expenditure is just so much money thrown away, then surely no boast should be made of enlightenment.

In a former page the condition of these heavily-indebted nations was referred to as if they were already on the high road to bankruptcy. We did not mean by this expression to imply that France, Prussia, Austria, etc., would go through an international bankruptcy court, and pay so many shillings in the pound. Nations, unlike individuals, are never called upon to pay up the whole capital of their debts; and as long as they can go on paying interest to their creditors, they are nominally solvent. But in the industrial competition among nations those countries will, *ceteris paribus*, be most successful who are least heavily weighted by taxation. It is therefore probable that those nations who are so recklessly heaping up the burden of

their debts may, in so doing, be sowing the seeds of their own industrial ruin. The rate at which they raise money will have to be increased if they go on borrowing in this extravagant manner, and the taxation necessary to pay the interest will be a heavy burden on industry, and will tend to diminish the profits of capital and the wages of labor. At the same time, the rate of interest having risen in consequence of the loan-operations of the Government, it will become relatively more advantageous to the capitalist to invest in the loan than to employ his capital in carrying on production, and hence a double tendency will be working to diminish commercial prosperity. There is also a special danger connected with the policy of taxation on native industries, the nature of which may be illustrated by the following example. At the present time, in France, a manufacturer may be employing his capital in a glove manufactory. Previous to the war, he could obtain in this industry a return on his capital of ten per cent, whereas in Government securities he would only have realized 4 per cent. After the war, the Government rate of interest is raised to 6 per cent, and a tax is placed on gloves in order to raise the extra revenue required to pay the interest on the new loans, and to defray the other expenses of the war. Hence the profits of productive industry are diminished to, say, 7 per cent. In this case the only reward which the capitalist will receive for his risk and for his labor of superintendence will be 1 per cent; for he could obtain six per cent by buying Government stock without incurring any risk, and without having to undertake any labor. This reward he would probably regard as insufficient, and he would either withdraw his capital from industry, and invest it in Government stock, or he would remove himself and his capital to another country, such as Belgium, where the manufacture of gloves was not subjected to onerous taxation. If he did either of these things, the productive industry of France would suffer by the withdrawal of the whole amount of the glove-merchant's capital. The obvious reply to such an argument is, that a tax on gloves would not diminish the profits of capital, but would merely increase the price of gloves; so that the incidence of the tax would be on the consumer, not on the capitalist. Quite true; but if a tax is

* "National Debts," by Dudley Baxter, M.A.

placed on French gloves, and their price is in consequence raised, it will be necessary simultaneously to place an import duty on all foreign gloves as well, or the consumer would avoid the tax by using Belgian or Spanish gloves rather than those made in France. Thus taxes on home products necessarily imply the imposition of duties on imports. It is almost unnecessary to point out that there is but one step between this policy and one of protection. As soon as the excise and import duties are imposed, and the natural consequence ensues, that owing to an increase in the price of commodities the demand for them diminishes, it will be thought that the slackness of the home trade is caused by foreign competition; and what then will be so easy as a return to the protective system by increasing the import duties while the taxes on home products remain unchanged? It can hardly be doubted that this course will be adopted by France, if she is merely waiting for the expiration of the commercial treaties in order to impose import duties on foreign goods; and this just at a time when it is beginning to be universally recognized that there is nothing so paralyzing to the industry of a country as Protection; when even in America the question "Does Protection protect?" is receiving on all sides a negative answer.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the French Budget in July last, says,

"It deeply interests Europe to know whether France is going to resume the system of protection which she abandoned in 1860; but it is still more interesting to learn how she is to pay her debts. The Chamber will not have duties on raw material; M. Thiers will not have income-tax. Two important elements of revenue are thus rejected, but the necessary money must be raised somewhere, and the Chamber has to select the source. The solution which is most talked about is an Excise-tax on clothes and furniture, or more correctly on the stuffs employed in the manufacture of those two classes of objects."

"But France can not impose duties on her home products until she can simultaneously lay equal taxes on similar articles imported from other countries; if she did, her own manufactures would be swept away from their own market. But as she can not tax foreign goods until the Commercial Treaties now in force have been modified, the consequence is that, however skillfully the new plan may be devised, it will be impossible to apply it, or to raise a shilling by it, until new Treaties have been made. Meanwhile, the revenue will fall short in proportion to the taxes not realized, and the deficit will grow in the same degree."

It has been already pointed out how

highly improbable it is that France, if she has recourse to import duties, will refrain from reëntering upon a protective policy. In fact, it is openly avowed that the discussions on the Budget really turn on the old controversy between Free-Trade and Protection; and it may be assumed that from the day in which the new taxes on home products are adopted, France will return to the policy of Protection, which she was for a short time induced partially to abandon.

In another column of the number of the *Times* just quoted, the American correspondent gives an abstract of a paper lately published by the Hon. David A. Wells, formerly United States Commissioner of Revenue, in which he demonstrates the disastrous effect of protection in America, and showing that it injures not only the consumers of the protected commodities, but also the manufacturers and laborers engaged in the protected industries.

If therefore, as appears likely, the same scale of expenditure is continued in France, it is more than probable that she will return to Protection. This has been the policy pursued in America, and even the boundless resources of the United States have not been sufficient to prevent or counteract its damaging effects upon industry, and upon the general well-being of the community. How much more disastrous, then, will this policy be in an old country like France, with few undeveloped resources, with no boundless extent of cultivable land, and with a people much less energetic and enterprising than the inhabitants of the United States?

The material prospects of France, in whatever light they are regarded, are of the most gloomy nature. She has saddled herself with an enormous burden of debt, which has probably withdrawn capital from productive employment, and to pay the interest on which vexatious and injurious taxation is necessitated. The one chance of recovering her position would be by a penurious economy, and by a reduction of the military expenditure to its very smallest dimensions. These are remedies which France will be the last country in the world to adopt. Even now, the most popular man in France would probably be he who would involve her in another war, where she would have a chance—however remote—of regaining her military prestige. Under existing circumstan-

ces, the debt of France must continue to increase, and the burden on her industry become each year heavier. What will be the effect of this on her position as an industrial country? It has been well pointed out that, in time of peace, the industrial competition of nations gives a great advantage in the markets of the world to the country least weighted by debt. If this is true, what will in the future be the industrial position of France and those other European nations which are each year adding millions to the burden of their debt? The debt of Italy for the last nine years has been increasing at the annual rate of £22,000,000; Austria is a country of uninterrupted deficits; Russia is the same; and the financial condition of Spain and Turkey is so notorious as to need no comment. In the industrial competition of nations, the indebtedness of these countries may in future be just sufficient to turn the scale against them; and England, Germany, and America would then be left as the three great industrial nations of the world.

It may perhaps be thought that if a heavy debt is sufficient to prevent industrial success, England would have succumbed long ago under the burden of what, until last year, was the largest debt of any nation in the world. But it must be remembered that though the capital of our debt overtopped that of any other country, yet during the last fifty-five years, the proportion per head of the population of debt-charge to income has been rapidly and steadily diminishing; while in other countries, notwithstanding the fact that their estimated incomes per head have in some instances increased more rapidly than the estimated income per head in England, the proportion per head of debt-charge to income has been scarcely at all reduced, and in some countries has been even augmented.

From the following tables, taken from Mr. Baxter's work on National Debts, illustrating the different relative position of England to other continental countries in 1815-20, and in 1870, it appears that while the estimated income per head in England has increased from £19 to £28, the annual charge per head has been reduced by considerably more than one-half, and the percentage of charge to income by more than two thirds. On the other hand, the estimated income per head in France has

more than trebled; the debt-charge per head has more than doubled; and the percentage of debt-charge to income has decreased by barely one third.

NATION.	Estimated income per head.	Annual debt-charge per head.	Percentage of debt-charge to income.	
United Kingdom .	£ s. d. 19 0	s. d. 34 8	9.	1815-20
France	6 10	4 7	35	
Austria	6 10	2 4	23	
Prussian and German States .	6 10	1 8	13	
United Kingdom .	28 0	15 9	55	1868-70
France	31 0	9 9	32	
Austria	16 15	7 3	23	
German Empire .	19 0	3 9	10	

A comparison of other figures in the tables, showing the condition of Austria, reveals even more startling results, and shows why it is that England, although incumbered by an enormous debt, is in a financial and industrial position very superior to that of those continental countries whose percentage of debt-charge to income is similar to her own. England is at present the greatest industrial nation in the world; America is fast treading on her heels, and she may in future anticipate a powerful rivalry from Germany. It will be interesting to examine what special points of advantage each of these three nations possesses in the great industrial competition of the future; and also what special disadvantages each country labors under.

Dealing in the first place with the indebtedness of each country, we find that Germany will, in a few years, be practically free from debt. Although, as previously shown, the nominal capital of her debt is £170,900,000, yet of this £68,315,000 has been spent on railways and other remunerative public works, so that the total unremunerative debt is £102,600,000. Considering the debt as a whole, the annual interest is £7,340,000, and the charge per head 3s. 9d. "But to pay this," says Mr. Baxter, "the German States have the net receipts of their railways, and the produce of the public mines and iron-works, which in Prussia and Saxony and other States (without the domains and forests) balance the interest of the debts. The French payments will cancel a large por-

tion of the debts, or be accumulated in funds or investments. The Germans alone of the great Powers will be practically free from debt, and not only so, but they will also possess great surplus funds and State property for the relief of taxation, and for use in war." This immense advantage of freedom from indebtedness is not shared either by England or by America. We have already referred to the condition of the debt of England, but the indebtedness of the United States remains to be described. On July 1st, 1861, the debt of the United States was £18,000,000. On July 1st, 1865, after four years of civil war, the debt had risen to £551,000,000. On January 1st, 1871, after five years and a half of peace, it was reduced to £466,400,000. Hence, in the four years of war, the debt was increased by the average annual rate of £133,000,000, while in the five years and a half of peace the average annual reduction has been more than £15,000,000. It is therefore evident that in relation to their indebtedness America and Germany are in a much better position than England; we can never hope to rival the rapidity with which the United States debt has since the war been paid off; and it is still more unlikely that we shall ever approach the freedom from indebtedness that will, in no very distant period, be enjoyed by the German Empire. But in other matters besides that of national indebtedness, the financial and industrial prospects of England compare unfavorably with those of America and Germany. At each end of the social scale in England there are vast numbers of unemployed and consequently unproductive persons. It is not intended to be implied that the production of wealth either directly or indirectly is the only worthy object of existence. It is not necessary to enter into any disputed questions of morality; it is simply intended to enumerate the circumstances which have a bearing upon the industrial position of a country; and among these circumstances must be included the proportion which the productive classes of the population bear to the unproductive classes. In no country are there such great extremes of wealth and poverty as there are in England. Profuse luxury in one class and abject pauperism in another have long been marked characteristics of English society. The luxurious unemployed and the pauperized unemployed are more

numerous, in proportion to the population, in England than perhaps in any other country. Beside these two classes of non-productive persons, there is another extremely numerous class in this country which is certainly less productive than the corresponding class in America and Germany. We refer to women. Except in the working class and in the lower middle class, the women of England are almost entirely non-productive. Nearly all trades and professions are closed against them. If they happen to be wealthy they seldom employ their wealth productively. When it is remembered that a married woman could, up to a year ago, be legally robbed by her husband even of her earnings, it is not necessary to point out any other circumstance to account for the fact that women as a class are not either productive capitalists or laborers. In America the marriage law offers no discouragement to women engaging in industry either in the capacity of capitalists or laborers. And women accordingly engage in trades and professions in far greater numbers than in this country. In Germany a great deal of agricultural and other labor is performed by women of the poorest class, whilst women of the middle and even upper classes do nearly all the household and domestic work, a great proportion of which is strictly productive. The conclusion is therefore inevitable that the wealth of England supports a larger proportion of non-producers, consisting principally of rich idlers, paupers, and women, than either America or Germany, and that therefore, compared with those countries, England in this respect also stands at a disadvantage.

There is another matter of great industrial importance in which again it must be confessed that England compares unfavorably with Germany and the United States; and this is education. England may be said to be now fairly awake to her shortcomings in this respect, and she has at last begun in earnest to set about educating her laborers; but there are most formidable difficulties in her way, arising from the extreme poverty and pauperism of large masses of her people, which render it certain that it will be many years before her population will attain to the educational standard of Germany and America.

Again, if we look at the undeveloped resources of the three countries, both England and Germany are far outdistanced by

America. But if, it may be asked, England is behindhand in so many respects, to what causes may be attributed the industrial predominance she has hitherto possessed? Her supremacy may be in part no doubt accounted for by the disadvantages under which other countries have labored. The resources of America are only now in process of development; up to the time of the civil war a large proportion of her soil was tilled by slave labor, with all its economic disadvantages; the political struggle produced by the Slavery question culminated in a civil war costing the American nation unprecedented sacrifices both of blood and treasure; added to these disadvantages, the industry of America is still suffering from the policy of Protection, which has nearly crippled and threatens completely to destroy some of her most valuable trades and manufactures. The political corruption of the United States, again, can not fail to have a bad influence on commerce as well as on every other national interest; and it has probably had its share in producing the tendency to wild and unscrupulous speculation which has of late years specially characterized monetary proceedings in America.

Political considerations are almost sufficient to account for the fact, that Germany has not been, up to the present time, a formidable rival of England. The consolidation of the German empire is one of the most recent of important political events; previous to its accomplishment, the fiscal, financial, and commercial systems of nearly all the small independent German kingdoms were as bad as they could be. The greater part of Germany was impoverished and devastated in the beginning of the century by the Napoleonic wars; and the recent wars in which Germany has engaged, though costing her, in consequence of her triumphs, a smaller amount of money than might have been expected, must yet have inflicted upon her the severest losses in the stagnation of trade, and in the prolonged absence and death of large numbers of her industrial population. As it has been in the past, so probably will it be in the future, that the industrial prospects of Germany have more to fear from political than from any other causes. The political future of America and of England will probably be similar to their political past. Changes there will necessarily be, but they will be

gradual and not spasmodic; they will be the progress of a free people towards further developments of the already accepted doctrines of equality and the Divine right of each individual to liberty; but who dares imagine that this will be the political future of Germany?—a country where political liberty is almost unknown, where the least sign of dissatisfaction with the despotism of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck is put down with a high hand, where democrats are thrust into prison merely for declaring their opinions, and where workmen on strike are shot down like dogs? There are plenty of signs that the German nation is beginning to be discontented with the continuance of the paternal tyranny it has so long endured; but the paternal tyranny is very powerful, and will die hard before it yields to the assaults of democracy. It is an important sign of the times, that the International Society contains about six times as many members in Germany out of a population of 40,000,000, as in England and America, with a joint population of 64,000,000. With despotism so strong on the one hand, and the spirit of revolt so active on the other, it can not be expected that the political future of Germany will be unbroken by storms.

England then, it would seem, owes her industrial supremacy partly to removable and removing causes which have operated to depress the industry of other nations; but partly also to the character of her people, to her financial and commercial policy, to her comparative freedom during the last half-century from war and political disturbances, and lastly, to her colonial possessions, which form at once a partial outlet for her surplus labor and a source from which vast accumulations of capital are derived. These comprise the chief of the advantages which England possesses in the industrial competition of nations. Her principal disadvantages consist of the magnitude of her national debt; the uneducated condition of her laborers; the rapid growth of pauperism, and the numerical strength of the unemployed part of her population. Can any of these sources of danger be removed? We have already referred to the very marked reduction of the percentage of debt-charge to income in this country during the last fifty years, and also to the legislative efforts lately made to provide for the education of the people. The more perplexing problems

of pauperism and idle luxury still remain, presenting no hopeful features, becoming each year more difficult of solution, and showing no tendency at all to solve themselves. With regard to the growth of luxury and of the numbers of unproductive persons, it may be urged that the total productiveness of the nation is as great as it is desirable it should be, and that leisure is as essential to the highest well-being of a nation as industry. This must be most readily admitted; we have never urged that there is too much leisure in England, but that this leisure is too unequally distributed. One class, for instance, passes through life surfeited with leisure; the principal occupation of the members of this class consisting of seeking means of killing time; while members of another class are reduced into mere human machines, rising early and late taking rest, in one unceasing round of work. We read in one column of a paper of railway servants, pointsmen, and engine-drivers being kept at work nineteen, twenty-four, and even thirty hours at a stretch; while we find another column filled with expressions of pity and sympathy for those sadly overworked public servants who pass the London season in going from laying a foundation stone to a flower show, from the flower show to pigeon shooting, from pigeon shooting to a banquet, from the banquet to a ball; and then, in order to complete the ghastly contrasts, one may find in another page an account of the life of the children employed in brick-fields. There are some instances in which babies of three years and a half old have been found at work in brick-fields; the usual age is from nine to ten. At this age children are employed to carry loads of clay almost as heavy as their own bodies; they are kept at this severe toil from fourteen to sixteen hours a day; and in going backwards and forwards with their load they frequently walk an average distance of fifteen miles daily. If the superabundant leisure which is nearly killing one class with *ennui* could be a little more equally distributed, might it not be hoped that these wretched brick-field children would come in for some share of it? The juxtaposition of repletion and starvation would then be less revoltingly frequent.

It is impossible in this place to do more than merely allude to the growth of pauperism—the remaining subject which we

enumerated as a source of danger to the industrial greatness of England. At the present moment there is in London a decided diminution in the number of paupers as compared with the returns of two or three previous years. It is, however, doubtful how far this improvement is produced by permanent causes; it may indeed be feared that the tide is steadily rising, and that the decrease of pauperism we are now witnessing is merely the recoil of the great wave of destitution that spread over London in 1866–7. We are far from imagining that pauperism or any other really great social difficulty can be removed by an Act of Parliament; but, though legislation can not cure an evil, it may be that past legislation has increased and aggravated it, and in this case much good work in the way of repeal can be done by Acts of Parliament. If it be true that “The State can have just as many paupers as it chooses to pay for, and that the number of paupers is really decided by Act of Parliament as much as the number of soldiers and sailors”—then the nation should demand through its representatives that legislation should do its utmost to remove the evil that legislation has produced.

Considering the recent alarming increase of pauperism and the manner in which it threatens our national prosperity, and considering further how large a proportion of our pauperism can be traced directly to the operation of the Poor Law, there is no subject at once so important and so practicable that can engage the attention of statesmen; but there seems unfortunately at the same time no subject on which a more perverse determination is shown to evade any recognition of the true cause of the evil. If this determination is persevered in, and if Poor Law reformers pursue the course they have hitherto generally adopted, of encouraging over-population by endeavoring to prevent or counteract its effects, pauperism must go on increasing; it will become each year more dangerous to the welfare of the State, and less amenable to the control of legislation. Of all the four sources of danger to England's commercial prosperity, previously enumerated, it is probably the most serious. Our national debt is decreasing; much can be done to diffuse education among the bulk of our people; the most serious disadvantages of the distribution of wealth and of leisure are moral and social rather than economic;

but the spread of pauperism is equally dangerous, whether it is considered from the industrial, social, or moral point of view: it is in reality the parent of the chief difficulties in respect to the education and the overwork of children and some other classes of laborers: there is hardly an important social difficulty that can not be traced to its agency. No speculations as to the industrial prospects of England are worth the paper they are written upon, if they do not take into account the probable future of pauperism. We therefore say in conclusion that if, in the future industrial competition of nations, England is to keep either first or second in the field, she must devise some means not only of checking the growth of pauperism, but of eradicating the disease from her social system. And those who deal with this question of pauperism should remember

that it is not to be remedied by cheap food, by reductions of taxation, or by economical administration in the departments, or by new forms of government. Nothing will permanently affect pauperism while the present reckless increase of population continues. And nothing will be so likely to check this increase as the imposition by the State on parents of the whole responsibility of maintaining their offspring. There is no doubt that the greatest authority on this subject was right when he said, "that if the government and constitution of this country were in all other respects (than this) as perfect as the wildest visionary thinks he could make them; if parliaments were annual, suffrage universal, wars, taxes, and pensions unknown, the civil list fifteen hundred a year, the great body of the community would still be a collection of paupers."

Temple Bar.

THE TALKING ANIMAL.

IN these alarming days, when such formidable discoveries are being made as to our genealogy, it behooves us on no account to let go or waive those old and respectable distinctions which have at various times been made with the laudable object of drawing a hard-and-fast line between us and those whom we suppose we are still permitted to describe as the inferior creatures. No one can well commit a more despicable action than is involved in repudiating or disowning his own flesh and blood; still there are circumstances and occasions which justify a person in striving to make out, if the relationship can not wholly be denied, that the connection is, at any rate, very remote. That is just the position, we take it, that, at the very worst, man can be said to occupy toward his anthropomorphic ancestors; and, therefore, without cutting them dead altogether, he may surely be allowed to show that the lapse of time, with its supervening broad lines of distinction, has made the kinship even more remote than is usually associated with an Irish cousin.

It is not likely that a better class-distinction, a more satisfactory assertion of superior caste, will ever be made, than is to be found in the good old definition that "Man is a talking animal." Our fair

readers—of whom we hope we have many—will not be offended by our informing them that when such a proposition as "Man is a talking animal" is put forward as a definition, it does not mean that he is one of the talking animals, but that he is the only talking animal. This being so, it follows that the definition must be given up as soon as stated, if by talk be signified a mere oral method of communication between one living thing and another. Ants are proverbially silent workers; yet it is probable that sharper ears than ours would detect something akin to the fussy hum we can ourselves observe in a hive of working-bees—to the hoarse notes of call and response we note in the social crow—to the whizzing clamor of fieldfares when bullied by or bullying an aggressive hawk, or to the sweet long-drawn pipings of our garden warblers when stirred to intercourse by love. Indeed, we might traverse the whole animal kingdom without being able to lay our finger upon a single family of whose members we could affirm with any confidence that they never communicate with each other by what may fairly be called speech. The horse is one of the most silent, the pig one of the most loquacious of animals; yet each alike knows how to summon his fellow by intelligible

sounds, in moments of appetite, anger, or excitement. Clearly, therefore, when it is said, and if it is to be continued to be said, by way of definition, that "Man is a talking animal," we must ascribe to the power of talk something more profound and extensive than the capacity of comparing wants and guarding interests.

The threshold of the inquiry is not encouraging. Not conversation, but the subject of conversation, being the note or distinguishing mark which is to enable us to say that we are not fratricides or cannibals, our efforts must be directed to showing that our topics are as lofty as our pretensions. That they are potentially so in all cases, and actually so in some, we shall see; but a survey of the lower lands of human discourse, rather strengthens than weakens the painful theory, which makes us at one end touch the creatures of flood and field. We will suppose a very common case, and sketch a scene that will be readily recognized. A party of well-to-do people, say from our own island—refined, gentle, educated, in the sense in which those words are generally employed—have been spending the day in travel. They are on their road from Rome to Florence,—from the most famous of ancient cities to the most beautiful of modern. They have means and leisure; and, spurning the cheap convenience of the rail, they are journeying by easy stages, under the care of a pleasantly-slow vetturino. What have they seen to-day? Perhaps they have visited Assisi, lifted loving eyes to the frescoes of Giotto, and lowered reverent ones before the last resting-place of the good and great St. Francis. Perhaps they have loitered at Cortona, wandered round its Pelasgic walls, or been set wondering by the sight of that marvelous female head, the most precious record of ancient pictorial art, found in the baker's oven of the famous city. Perhaps they have gazed into the still silvery depths of that pellucid stream, "a mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters," overlooked by the disputable Temple of "fair and delicate proportions." Perhaps the forenoon was spent at Perugia, in the Sala del Cambio, or in the sacristy of the San Pietro in Casinensis. Night has fallen. The lumbering carriage stands—without driver, without horses, without burden—in the solitary court-yard. The trusty team are feeding in the warm dusk stable. The swarthy

driver is sitting in the kitchen, eating his simple Italian supper. Our English travelers are upstairs, looking almost as cozy and comfortable as at home. They have finished their meal, and will soon retire to rest. They are talking. What about? About Spello, Foligno, Spoleto, the miraculous thirteenth century, the influence of Dante upon art, or of art upon Dante?—of something of this sort, no doubt? Alas! not at all. They have got hold of a book, and it is amusing them vastly. It is affording food for conversation. In Heaven's name, what is it? It is the visitors' book of the inn. After all they have seen this day, all that incites to reflection, suggests comment, and should provoke the amenities of discussion, they have fallen back, and with thankfulness, upon the empty catalogue of names which tells who have trodden these same paths before, and who have trodden them last. Has Jones been this way? Yes, here is the entry; and these refined, educated, traveled folks are at once with joy transported to Tyburnia or Westbourne Grove, and have found a topic worthy of sustained conversation, a topic that never flags. Need we go through the list of their friends concerning whom they find some entry in this diverting volume? How many such they stumble upon decides the hour at which they retire. If they meet with no familiar names, they soon are sleepy, and every thing has been barren from Dan to Beersheba.

Let the locality and the scene be changed. We are in an English drawing-room, happy abode of elegance and ease! We are in the centre of the highest forms of civilization. The ingenuity and genius of all the ages have gone to produce a score of inanimate objects around us, which, by reason of the profuseness of all that is agreeable to the eye, we scarcely notice. The history of wood-carving, the story of mediæval and modern art, the record of the triumphs of industry, might almost be written out of the materials around us. Emile Souvestre would have had no difficulty in writing a thousand volumes on the journeys he took up and down, round and about, such a chamber as this. One of the company has just made such a journey, after the rest of the party had for some time apparently been resting from their fatigues—so dead a silence had fallen upon them all. This adventurous traveler to the

table over there has been rewarded; he has found something. He returns with it, and suddenly he is the centre of a lively group. The spell is broken—they are silent no more. What has he found? A photographic album, and all the talking animals assert their distinctive superiority. Now the flood-gates of conversation are rolled back, and the stream of remark and comment, of quip and crank and criticism, rolls along merrily enough. It is just as at the little Italian inn. The old faces, the old names, the old people, have come to relieve the dullness and the boredom inflicted by the great unknown. People, people, people—the people one knows, or knew, or wants to know—behold the beginning and end of the wise prattle of the talking animal! It is surely well to be interested in one's species, and in the individuals who compose that species; but pray, is their welfare the stirring motive or the absorbing theme of all the hours upon hours of talk devoted to them? We trow not. Is it not their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and grandmothers; the legacies that came to them, the legacies they have missed, the legacies they intrigued to obtain so meanly; their wives and the little love they have for them, and the little love their wives bear them in return; their temper, their debts, their dinners, their inferior cellars, their excessive staff of servants, their sordidness, their extravagance; their thousand-and-one qualities and accidents in which they are no better or worse than their neighbors, but which are of absorbing interest, because the two, or three, or four talking animals live in the same county, have a house in the same square, or once danced in the same quadrille? Look at the books scattered about, for the first idle hand to open. They too are picture-books, and the pictures are an excuse for opening without reading them. Never was there a more dire invention of the enemy than illustrated books. It was once observed, as a most correct induction from experience, that music is an excellent background to conversation. It has now been discovered that poetry is an excellent background to pictures. Thus, ever further and further recedes the real, and ever nearer and nearer and more obtrusive comes the unreal, the delusive, the shallow sham. Helps to conversation are obtained by banishing from sight, or obscuring from observation, all

that makes converse worth the trouble of opening one's lips.

If we reflect for a moment, we shall perceive that this poverty, this meanness, this vulgarity of the topics of talk, springs from the fact that there are certain matters of interest common to us all, and that beyond these we must not attempt to travel, since, if we do, we shall find ourselves making the journey alone. If we reflect yet a little more, we shall recognize that one of the primary results of that material civilization which brings us more constantly together, provides no remedy for this evil, if indeed it does not aggravate it. Neither do the great triumphs of material science assist us. We all read the same newspapers, the same telegrams, the same speeches, the same articles, the same essays. No doubt this ought to increase the number of topics worth oral handling; but if we stop by simply inquiring, "Do you see what is said in this morning's *Thunderer*?" or by answering, "Yes—and did you see what was said in yesterday evening's *Universe*?" we are not much better for the plank thrown out to us. Accordingly, it is only the garrulous people—the people who wag their tongues when they see a human pair of ears, just as some folks swing their arms when they hear a piece of music—who take the trouble to make such inquiries. The rest, being perfectly aware that every body reads the *Thunderer* and the *Universe*, peruses and is silent. These are the wiser, and more properly deserve the designation of "talking animals," properly understood, inasmuch as they do not use a valuable gift without due provocation. Indeed, we should not be sorry to see introduced into society a law analogous to that old one by virtue of which a man proposed a new piece of legislation with a rope round his neck. If every body had to pay a severe penalty who started a conversation that led to nothing, we should all be the better for it. By leading to something, we do not mean that the conversation so started must end in demonstration or agreement. Conversation, like Art, is an end in itself; only, like Art, it should be somewhat elevated and elevating. Indeed, general conversation—which is what we are considering—has this distinguishing mark, as against special conversation, that nobody knows, or should know, where it will lead us. Special conversation is work, serious

work; general conversation should be the diversion of our leisure. Special conversation is to end in a resolve, and in action. General conversation ends, as far as any visible effect is concerned, with itself. Thus, what is familiarly called "shop" should be rigidly banished from the latter. There are moments when women may fairly compare notes about their servants, their children, their dress; when lawyers may fittingly discuss their suits, their clients, their courts, their reforms; when artists may properly canvass the time expended over certain pictures, their price, their technical merits, and so forth. But, be it understood, all this is business; it is nothing but "shop," let the conversation be carried on when it may. General conversation needs all of these—indeed, there is no aid that it scorns; but it needs them as accessories, not as principals. They should be used as the side-lights, the timely illustrations flashed upon the main theme, at moments when it is threatened with darkness or dimness. This main theme should be no one's in particular, but should seem to be any one's at times, and in turn. Thus only can be reconciled the two at first seemingly conflicting conditions of all good general conversation—that it should not be mean, common or vulgar, and yet that every body should have an interest in it. It is the humility of some, and the arrogance or egotism of others, that prevent the happy combination from being more common. People have only to begin with three axioms—the first of which is, that every body is entitled (indeed bound) to form his own opinion, quite irrespectively of any thing he may have read or been told; the second of which is, that every body is equally entitled to declare that opinion; and the third of which is, that every body's opinion is entitled to consideration, and that not only on the ground of courtesy, but because it is certain that any opinion honestly and independently formed is worth something, and, opportunely expressed, may contribute in a striking manner to a current discussion. But for this most desirable consummation to be reached, difference of opinion must no longer be thought to verge upon bad manners, and truth, or the pursuit of truth, not victory, must be the common quest. In the following stanzas we seem to see something of what is wanted, though it is declared to be but a vision:

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"And oftentimes was brave contention,
Such as beseems the wise,
But always courteous abstention
From over-swift replies.

"Age lorded not, nor rose the hectic
Up to the cheek of youth;
But reigned throughout their dialectic
Sobriety of truth.

"And if a long-held contest tended
To ill-defined result,
It was by calm consent suspended,
As over-difficult.

"Then verse or music was demanded,
Then solitude of night;
By which all-potent three expanded,
Waxeth the inner sight."

Here the talking animal reaches his throne, and need entertain no fear that he will be pursued by hydras and chimeras dire. Nothing on the earth or in the waters that are under the earth, share with him in any degree in the Divine privilege of communicated Thought, when Thought ceases to be concerned with mere interests—with food and raiment, with hunger and thirst, with individual peculiarities, with toiling and spinning, with rivalries and hates, lusts, jealousies, and all uncharitableness—but soars into the calm of a rarefied atmosphere, gazing down from which the ordinary cares and passions of earth appear so trivial. The Upper Ten Thousand of this world pride themselves upon being so vastly superior to the rest of the human race, that they are confidently justified to themselves when they strengthen the barriers which separate them from the common herd. We are not among the believers in the social equality of men; but we can not allow ourselves to be blinded by the spurious distinctions which now pronounce them unequal. Abolish distinction of dress, manner, and speech, and where is the difference between many a lady and her maid, between many a gentleman and his valet, between some peers and their grooms? The conversation of the drawing-room is, in too many instances, not one whit better or more elevated than the servant's hall, and the discussions of the smoking-room are perfectly on a par with those of the stable. And if we are to stick to our definition, does it not follow that he is the highest man whose conversation, *i.e.* whose thoughts—for, depend upon it, the two things are convertible—is habitually the highest and the most soaring? We do not want to see society composed of a circle of pedants and prigs; there is no necessity to bump against that Scylla. But

there should be something academic, something of the grove and the portico, in the general conversation of all educated and cultured people. No delight, save that which is given by music or by verse, can for a moment compete with it; and the three may readily be combined. Formal arguments not being the means, nor definitive conclusions the end, of all such lofty converse, let no one fear to quote appositely from any of the great teachers of mankind. At present we have hackneyed citations from a handy-book or none, just as we have no wit or the Joe Miller of the

period. There have been few ages in which the conditions were more favorable to the talking animal, as we would fain see him. Beliefs on nearly all subjects are very much unsettled, and the field is free to speculation. Men may say the thing they would. Let us be less narrow in our interests, less shallow in our thoughts, less intolerant in our views, and less testy in our tempers; and many a weary hour will be enlivened, many a dull circle diverted, many a scoffing philosopher silenced, and man remain still the glory, and perhaps the riddle, but no longer the jest of the world.

Cornhill Magazine.

QUAINT CUSTOMS IN KWEI-CHOW.

It has been said that China is the only country in the world where fashion is not synonymous with change; and there undoubtedly is an unparalleled degree of monotony in the customs, habits, and ideas of the whole pig-tailed race. With the exception of differences in the pronunciation of the language and of varieties of climate, Canton, or any large city in the south of China, is but a reflection of Peking or of any large city in the north, and *vice versa*. The same style of architecture is observable in the buildings, and exactly the same customs prevail among the people, who have been robbed of all originality and power of thought by the constant contemplation, as models of supreme excellence, of the ancients and their works. It is a relief, then, to find that amidst these priggish monotonists there are to be found people who know not Confucius, who despise pig-tails and their wearers, and to whom the *Book of Rites* is a sealed letter.

In the north-eastern corner of the Province of Yunnan rises a chain of mountains, which, winding its way through the southern portion of the province of Kwei-chow, passes through a part of Kwang-se, and gradually melts away into the plains on the east of the Kwang-tung frontier. The whole of this thin line of highland territory, measuring about 400 miles, and running through the southern centre of the Empire, is virtually independent of China. Its inhabitants acknowledge no allegiance to the Emperor, entirely ignore the authority of the mandarins, and hold only just as much communication with their more civilized

neighbors of the plains as suits their purposes. By these they are known by the generic names of Miao-tsze, which is made to include the numerous tribes who inhabit the whole range. Ethnology is not a study consecrated by the labors of Confucius, and is therefore lightly esteemed by his disciples, consequently little is to be learnt of the antecedents of the Miao-tsze from Chinese sources, and the difficulty of penetrating into the mountain recesses has left us equally ignorant of their manners and customs. They are by no means well disposed towards travelers, and show a decided preference for their money to their company. No European has ever ventured into their retreats, and Chinese travelers never willingly trust themselves amongst them. Enough, however, may be gathered from the brief notices to be found in Chinese books to affirm that they are, for the most part, offshoots from the great Lao nation which had its original seat in Yunnan, and which had spread its branches westward to South-Eastern India, southward to Siam, and eastward through the provinces of Kwei-chow, Kwang-se, and Kwang-tung. Though living in the immediate neighborhood of the Chinese of the surrounding plain-country, they have never shown any disposition to amalgamate with them. Inter-marriage between the two races is unknown, and almost the only means the two people have of obtaining intimate knowledge of each other are furnished by the perpetual foraging expeditions undertaken by the mountaineers upon the farms and villages

of the Chinese. Notwithstanding the contempt with which the latter effect to regard the Miao-tsze, they now studiously abstain from invading their territory, and have contented themselves with establishing military posts along the foot of the mountains to check their descents on to the plains. These garrisons to a certain extent fulfill their object, but are often overpowered; and not many years ago an army of 30,000 Miao-tsze soldiers utterly routed an Imperial force sent to chastise them.

Brief, dry, and not altogether trustworthy accounts of the Miao-tsze are to be found in some of the official topographical and dynastic histories common to Chinese literature; and wild legendary tales are told of them in badly-printed pamphlets, which are sold for a few cash in the cities in the vicinity of their haunts. Neither of these sources of information are in any way satisfactory. The histories, which are written with an evident purpose of making things pleasant to the reigning house, when dealing with the mountain tribes, only disclose such information possessed by the writers as is likely to find favor with their Imperial master; and pamphlets which describe the mountaineers as monsters in appearance and demons in cruelty can be of no possible value to any one. To students of ethnology, therefore, an illustrated Chinese manuscript in the British Museum possesses more than ordinary interest.

This work is anonymous, and relates only to the tribes which inhabit that part of the range of mountains above referred to, situated within the limits of Kwei-chow. The author is, or was, probably a native of that province, and, though his work lacks detail, he yet places before us a tolerably complete and evidently authentic picture of the various tribes and their customs, while the illustrations which accompany the text give us a very good idea of their physiognomy. Vaguely, they are all called Miao-tsze; but, more accurately, they should be classified in three divisions, namely, the Lao, the Chung-tsze, and the Miao-tsze; these, again, are subdivided by the writer into thirty-eight clans. The Lao, as their name at once points out, are a branch of the race which now inhabits the country to the north of Siam and west of Burmah. From some similarity of language, the Chung-tsze would also appear to be of the

same family, and to the Miao-tsze belongs the honor of being the descendants of the original occupiers of that part of China. The point which appears most astonishing in the work to which we have referred is the extreme diversity of customs, dress, and civilization existing between tribes which occupy a district of scarce a hundred miles in extent. In this limited space, a Chinese Darwin might study the different phases in the rise of man, from something very like a brute beast to a highly-cultivated state, in which arts and sciences flourish and excel. Cannibals, troglodytes, and nameless savages live within a few miles of tribes possessing the civilization of China, and more than her skill in mechanical arts. Men who marry their wives without form or ceremony, and bury each other without coffins, are neighbors of those who employ the whole paraphernalia of go-betweens and ritualistic ceremonies in securing their brides, and spend fortunes on the funeral cortéges which accompany their deceased relatives to their graves. Nor can we point to these distinctions as being peculiar to the people of either of the three races. Amongst the Miao-tsze, we find both the most savage and the most cultivated clans. We have, for instance, the Pa-fan-miao, who dress like Chinamen, lead quiet industrious lives, and employ agricultural machinery very little inferior to our own, and in the next district we find another Miao tribe of violent and lawless savages, who wreak supreme vengeance on their enemies by killing and eating them, possibly under the impression, common in New-Zealand, that by so doing they destroy both body and soul. In direct opposition to the Chinese custom, the widows of this clan make a point of remarrying, and invariably wait to bury their "dear departed" until their nuptials have been again celebrated. This they call "a funeral with a master," from which expression it would seem that their women are held to be incapable of presiding at any ceremony or feast. Fortunately for stray travelers, these cannibals celebrate their annual holiday in the eleventh month by bolting their doors and remaining at home, thus, for that time at least, rendering themselves harmless to their neighbors. The customs of some of the Miao clans are very similar to those of the hill tribes of Chittagong, more especially in the

matter of courtship, which is conducted amongst them in a free-and-easy way which is not without its attractions. In the "leaping-month," the young men and women of the Chay-chai tribe develop a decided taste for picnics by moonlight, when, under the shadow of trees in secluded glens, the girls sing to the music of their lovers' guitars. The singing of these women is spoken very highly of, and, adopting the principle of selection followed, according to Darwin, by birds, the youths choose as their wives those who can best charm their ears. This tribe are said to be descendants of 600 soldiers who were left in the mountains by a General Ma on his return from a victorious campaign in the south, and hence bear also the name of the "six hundred men-begotten Miao." But as this self-same story is told with variations of other highlanders in China, as well as of some in Burmah, it must be accepted *cum grano salis*.

The spring-time, with most of these children of nature, appears to be especially devoted to wooing and mating. It is then that young men and maidens of the "Dog-eared Dragon" clan erect a "Devil's staff," *anglice* a May-pole, in some pretty nook, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets, while the girls, posturing with bright-colored ribbon-bands, keep time with feet and voice. One can picture the contemptuous horror with which the Chinese chronicler, accustomed to the strict etiquette prescribed by the *Book of Rites*, regarded this custom, to which he applies these words, "In this irregular manner they choose their wives and marry." There are four subdivisions of this tribe, known respectively as the "Stirrups," the "Big-heads," and the "Tsang bamboos." Though there may be said to be little in common between the clan known as the Flowery Miao and ourselves, there is one bond which connects us. Their women wear false hair. Their manner, however, of obtaining it is somewhat different to that adopted amongst ourselves; for not having arrived at a sufficiently civilized state to have established a market in human hair, they take what they want from the tails of horses. These people, also, delight in open air amusements, and vary their *al fresco* musical performances on the "sang," a kind of rude hand-organ, and castanets, with dancing and frolicsome play, which not unfrequently ends

in precipitate marriages. Their funeral rites are peculiar. They bury their dead without coffins of any kind, and choose the ground for the grave by throwing down an egg. If the egg breaks in the fall the omen is unpropitious, and they try elsewhere; if it does not break they accept the sign as marking the spot as a fitting one for their purpose. One other clan of Miao, named the "Black," manage their love affairs in the same unrestricted fashion. They also choose the spring for their amours, and at that season the youth of both sexes assemble on the lofty mountain peaks to feast and make merry. The act of drinking together out of the same horn is considered as equivalent to the marriage bond. The young men of this tribe are called Lohan and the young women Laoupei. These words are not Chinese, but are probably in the dialect of one of the many mountain tribes who inhabit the country between Burmah and China. A peculiar and fantastic device is adopted by the youths and maidens of the Kea-yew-chung tribe to mark their preference for one another. In the "leaping-month" they make colored balls with strings attached, and throw them at those whose affections they desire to gain. Tying the balls together is considered a formal engagement of marriage. Only in one of these mountain tribes does there appear to be any trace of "marriage by capture." The women of the Ta-ya-kuh-lao tribe go through the marriage ceremony with disheveled hair and naked feet—evidently a relic of the time when brides were snatched from savage parents by savage wooers. Amongst them also we find the custom prevalent of disfiguring a woman on her marriage. The Chinese writer tells us that brides are compelled to submit to the extraction of their two front teeth in order to prevent their biting their husbands. The actual reason for which this piece of cruelty is perpetrated is of course the same as that which induces Japanese girls to blacken their teeth on marriage, namely, to diminish their personal attractions in the eyes of strange men. The queerest, but not the least known, custom observable among the Miao-tsze is that of the "couvade." When a woman of the Tse-tsze-miao tribe gives birth to a child, her husband takes her place in the bed while she gets up and performs not only her usual household duties, but nurses

with the utmost care the pseudo invalid. For a whole month the husband "lies in," and the completion of his period is made the occasion of feasting and rejoicing. Marco Polo mentions this custom as prevailing among the natives of Yunnan, and as it is entirely unknown amongst the Chinese, the probability is that the clan of which we speak are descendants of the Lao who inhabited that province in the days of the great Venetian traveler.

The religious belief of the various clans seems to be of the most primitive kind. Few traces of Buddhism are found amongst them, while the Chinese ceremony of sacrificing to ancestors is largely practiced, accompanied with many quaint customs. A man of the "White" Miao, when desirous of sacrificing, chooses a bullock from the herd, trims his horns, fattens him up, and when the time arrives, sets him to fight with his neighbors' cattle. If he comes off victorious, the omen is considered lucky, and he pays for his triumph with his life. The chief worshiper on the occasion wears white clothes, and divides the flesh of the bullock between his friends and acquaintances. With a tribe of Lao it is the custom, when the eldest son of a household has completed his seventh year, for the father to perform the ceremony known as "dismissing the Devil." To accomplish this laudable object the parent makes a straw dragon to represent his Satanic Majesty, and having stuck five variously-colored paper flags on his back, he takes him out into the desert and offers sacrifice to him. The ancient rite of sending away the scape-goat would appear to underlie this custom, and it is possible that the flags may typify the five Chinese cardinal sins. The gathering in of the harvest is attended amongst the Semiao with great rejoicings. In each district an ox is sacrificed, and men and women in holiday attire dance and sing round it to the tune of the "sang." This rite is called sacrificing to the White Tiger, and is followed in the evening by a feast of fowls and wine, after which the revelers "call on the spirits" by jödelling to one another.

The influence enjoyed by the women is here, as everywhere, in inverse ratio to the savageness of the tribes. In some an equality of labor with the men gains for them respect and consideration, and their good services in restraining the anger of

their husbands and settling disputes are in much request. Among one tribe of Lao, the widow, on the death of her husband, takes the lead in the family affairs, even to the exclusion of the eldest son, and is attended on horseback, and has the same respect shown to her as was due to her deceased husband. In this clan polygamy is allowed; but the children of the Naitch, or wife, are alone looked upon as legitimate. Among other tribes we find the women as uncivilized as those just referred to are respected, and as immodest in their attire as these are particular. A short jacket, open in front, is all that some of them wear on their bodies, and still shorter petticoats without trowsers complete their costume. They have also a most unladylike passion for strong drink, and are constantly seen lying about on the mountains in a most unmistakable condition. Their one redeeming quality is their love for cold water, and the wonder of the Chinese writer was not a little excited by finding them bathing in the mountain-streams in the height of winter. In common with some of the Miao, the Chung-tsze show a decided propensity for "the road." The wives of these footpads are left at home to mind the plow while their lords lie in wait in bands for solitary travelers. Having seized on a prize, they fasten a large wooden frame around his neck, and march him off to their encampment, where they rob him of every thing valuable he has about him. If they are disappointed in the amount obtained they often ill-treat their victim savagely. When meditating a predatory expedition, they seek to learn its issue by casting lots with bits of grass, and religiously regulate their movements in accordance with the answer obtained. The "Black" Chung-tsze, a tribe living in the neighborhood of the provincial capital, are by far the most advanced in the arts of commerce. They deal largely with the Chinamen of the plain in mountain timber, and have a regular system of borrowing money for trading purposes, on security furnished by their well-to-do clansmen. Their honesty in paying money thus borrowed is proverbial, and the means they employ of compelling occasional defaulters to meet their engagements is worth recording. On becoming aware of the fraudulent intention of his debtor, the creditor reports the matter to the surety, and then digs up from

the defaulter's ancestral tombs as many bones of his progenitors as he can carry away with him. This is called "seizing the white and releasing the black." As soon as the money is refunded the bones are released from pawn. The people of only one tribe, and that of the Miao, are mentioned as living in caves. These, for the most part, excavate their houses in precipitous cliffs, and gain access to them by means of bamboo ladders.

In appearance the various mountain clans differ very little from each other, but between their general physiognomy and that of the Chinese there is a wide gulf. They are shorter, darker, and are possessed of sharper features than their pig-tailed neighbors. In their habits they are less constrained, and there is a bright joyousness about the youth of both sexes which is very taking. For the most part the men wear turbans of either blue or red cloth, and almost invariably carry the

"dao," or knife, *sinicè* "tao," which is common also to the hill tribes of Chittagong. A few of the women wear a kind of cap; but only those of the tribe which admits them to the supreme management of family affairs wear turbans. That the existence of these small independent tribes should be possible in the midst of such a large and homogeneous race as the Chinese is passing strange; and although no doubt the inaccessible nature of their mountain fastnesses is their main protection, yet a further reason must be sought for their superior warlike spirit to account for their having been able to maintain their independent and distinct existence for so many centuries. The Chinese Government has never been indifferent to their presence, but though it has repeatedly attempted to subjugate and absorb them, it has always failed, and at present appears to be as far from attaining its object as it was a decade of centuries ago.

Contemporary Review.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.*

ON all or most of the different currents of religious tendency which in our own day appear to have put out for the same unfathomable sea, some, if not sufficient, criticism has been expended. Without having read and heard every thing it is impossible to affirm that no criticism has yet addressed itself to the task of mapping out these currents all in one view; trying to define common sources, if any; and also to predict certain or probable points of confluence. However, thoughtful minds must somewhere, and perhaps in many places, have at least contemplated such a survey; and those who have made some little way in it, but are hindered by want of leisure, would willingly, we presume, see the work taken up by hands and heads less heavily impawned. Some of these currents float down to us, as they pass, wrecks, broken salvage, and still more painful things; in all of them there is golden sand, and in some much more than that. None is more obvious or more fertile than that which may be roughly called the current of the Humanization of the

Divine. On this current have been borne to us products as strangely diverse as the heavy models, plans, and sections of Auguste Comte, who proposed to do every thing "sans Dieu," and—these flowers from the garden of "a God-intoxicated" man.

These flowers—none without some beauty, and many of them exquisite in chiselling, freshness, and odor, though often wanting in color and firmness of grouping—are "Works of Fancy and Imagination, by George MacDonald," collected into ten volumes, and inclosed in a case with a gilt design upon the face. The distinction between fancy and imagination can not be made final and decisive—the latter being the same power as the former, "leased by a stronger tenure to a higher and more impassioned service;" but the *working* difference between the two is well indicated by the design in question, and a pretty plain line of classification may be drawn between the writings themselves.

The order in which the works are arranged is partly chronological, and it may not be unadvisable to begin by giving a short account of them.

First, we have "Within and Without,"

* *Works of Fancy and Imagination.* By GEORGE MACDONALD. Ten Pocket Volumes. London: Strahan & Co.

dating, as we see by the dedicatory sonnet to the poet's wife, from 1855. From the title of this, the words "A Dramatic Poem," (which belonged to the first publication,) have been withdrawn.

Next comes "A Hidden Life." We can find nothing in the subsequent writings of Mr. MacDonald, of which the substance (by which we mean more than the germ) is not to be grasped in these two poems. Perhaps this may result in some degree from the treatment to which the author has since subjected them; but that is a question beyond the information at our command just now.

In the second volume we have "The Disciple," "The Gospel Woman," and the "Sonnets Concerning Jesus;" of which the two latter may be taken as studies following upon the point of view supposed to be caught at the last "departure" in the record of spiritual history indicated in the first. Here, also, we have the fine poem "Light," inscribed to the late A. J. Scott.

In the third volume are "Violin Songs," "Roadside Poems," "Poems for Children," etc. The "Violin Songs" include the "Songs of the Seasons," which are familiar to Mr. MacDonald's admirers—an odious word, for which perhaps we might substitute friends of the book-shelf, till his exquisite instinct finds some happier periphrase. The "Roadside Poems" include "The Child-Mother."

In the next volume come "Parables, Ballads, and Songs." The parables include "Death and Birth," "The Sangreal," and "Somnium Mystici;" but apparently the chronological order is here broken, for we remember in the volume of miscellanies, published by Longmans many years ago, some poems ("Light," for example) for which we must look elsewhere. As in the first volume we have the substance of all Mr. MacDonald's teaching, so we have in "Somnium Mystici" the most concentrated exhibition of its central ideas.

Now we arrive at the works of "Fancy and Imagination" which are not definitely poetic in form. Volumes v. and vi. contain the "faery romance" of "Phantasies;" in volume vii. is "The Portent," Mr. MacDonald's well-known story of "Inner Vision, or Second Sight."

The remaining three volumes contain various poetic parables told in prose; many of them fit for children, and all of

them childlike in spirit, though their whole scope and meaning are far beyond the range not only of children, but of all persons except those of considerable experience and observation of life, united with respectable culture, (high of its kind,) and some natural apprehensiveness of truth put into symbols. The "Light Princess" is included in these three volumes.

We do not know that the amount and quality of the alterations made in these very varied writings since their first publication are any great concern to the reader, who, it may be said, is bound in honor to take them from the author as *he* wishes them to be taken, and not inquire too curiously. But we hope few of them have been altered as much as "Death and Birth," in which we miss some most pregnant lines, and some not less pregnant side-notes. Of the latter one word. "The resentment of genius at the thumbscrew of worldly talent," struck us as particularly good. And where is the passage out of which the line,

"Kiss me, God, with thy cold kiss!"

stands up in our memory, with its marginal quotation, "I dreamt that Allah kissed me, and his kiss was cold?" We can not remember accurately enough to guess at reasons for such as these and other modifications; nor is this kind of criticism usually very fertile. Sometimes, no doubt, it proves otherwise; as, for example, in Julius Hare's powerful and convincing condemnation of the wretched changes Wordsworth introduced into the last verse of the "Loadamia;" but though Mr. MacDonald's mind has had, like other people's, a history, it shows no traces of having anywhere returned upon itself, or undergone a chill. If the spiritual ideas which rule in his mind have by any recent touches in these poems been more firmly outlined or more stringently drawn into the form of a personal *confessio fidei*—this was to be expected, and it would be only something more of that of which for ends of pure art, there was always something too much in the poet.

We are making no complaint whatever; and are, on the contrary, anxious to empty our mind and the reader's of all personal predilections and mere theories. In estimating the work of another it is first one's duty to see that one's own tastes for this, that or the other do not warp the judg-

ment: otherwise, it is as if one condemned this melody because he did not like the *timbre* of the violin on which it was played, and admired *that* because it was played upon the flute, an instrument of which the *timbre* pleased him. Many people do, in fact, judge music in some such way; and still more, books. That a thing suits some mood or need of their own or embodies some fact of their personal history is the secret reason of perhaps most of the literary likings of "general readers." To make some stand against these partialities is the greatest practical use of criticism; but critics, too, must go wildly wrong unless they remember that their canons are partly *ex post facto*, and that if a new product yields delight it vindicates itself and is entitled to insist on a modification of the canon. In fact, the critic is in the position of the grammarian, to whom the bad forms of yesterday may to-morrow become allowed and effective phraseology. But in each case there is a supreme logic which may not be violated with impunity. If in any particular a writer whose work is otherwise so exquisite as Mr. MacDonald's should disregard that supreme logic, the effect would be all the more inharmonious. But let us not anticipate.

Certain qualities of Mr. MacDonald's writings lie so immediately upon the surface, that it can scarcely be said that you notice them. Upon reflection, you *recall* them; but it would hardly strike you to say that he is singularly pure, elevated, and tender, or that he wrote beautiful English. Yet, of course, all this is true; and the transparency or lucidity of his style appears to be closely connected with, perhaps, the first peculiarity that an attentive reader can be said to notice. It reminds you of running water; and so, also, does the course of the author's thought. And yet the running water is not the right analogue, nor is the gushing water. "The cistern contains, the fountain overflows," says Blake; but it is not in that sense that Mr. MacDonald's manner reminds you of water. There is an abundant supply, and so far the comparison holds good. But we sometimes feel a little weary of this incessant out-flow or up-flow, (if the physicist will permit the latter word,) without any apparent *will* in it; and thus the very utmost spontaneity ends by having an air of arbitrariness. The late Sarah Williams (Sadie) has a remark expressly to the point here,

and it is a true one. In the design upon the front of the case which enshrines these volumes, the first letter of the word Imagination shows a pair of wings mounting towards a star. But if there were such a thing as a balloon or kite to the empyrean—the reader will smile, and so do we—that would more truly represent Mr. MacDonald's genius—*on the whole*. We miss the beating of the wings. It is exceedingly difficult to make this plain, but we believe most readers have already felt it for themselves, and will need no explanation. Nor is the case met by what we took to be Mr. MacDonald's own doctrine of the Imagination, as expounded by him in an article in the *British Quarterly Review*, which nobody could help at once assigning to its true authorship. The imagination may act ever so spontaneously, but there is a spontaneity of action as well as a spontaneity of receptivity; and the genius of Mr. MacDonald seems so very often as if it merely reflected what came to it, instead of going forth to seek, and gather, and bind, that at last the sense of a personality behind the work almost slips away. The watchful reader will notice how often, how very often, the poet starts from a *datum* of scene or incident—a *datum* in the strict sense. You notice it not only, for instance, in the "Violin Songs," but even in "The Disciple," where the author is before us in person, and recounting a personal struggle. His own very states of mind come before us as *data*, and nothing more.

We are referring to this point because it is related to a curious question which arises between Mr. MacDonald's prose and poetry, and to the question generally of his ordination. When we come to look at his prose writings, there is a change—

"A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt."

No, the "light" is not "fuller," it is of necessity more broken; but there is more movement in the air, and this is one reason why loving students of his writings, and good judges too, have set down his prose narratives of real life as his best work. The author's genius is, in *them*, obviously seeking, gathering, and binding, and the impression of power is proportionately stronger. In the stories of phantasy—notably in "Phantastes" itself—we receive,

as in the poetry, a sort of impression that the author's genius is something that only lies or sits and watches a mirror and occasionally longs; and the procession of "sights," to use Macbeth's word, looks too often as if it "couldn't help it." And the farther we get from the sphere of true poetry, the more does this impression about the product before us weaken. Nevertheless do we adhere to the opinion that Mr. MacDonald is truly and primarily a poet. It is in his poems that we find what perfect work he has done, and in them that we have opened to us the highest and sweetest sources of pleasure. There is a great deal *more* in "Robert Falconer" than there is in the "Somnium Mystici," "The Child Mother," "The Grace of Grace," or "Light;" but the latter have the unlimited and yet concentrated value that belongs to all poetry, and indeed, to all works of high art: in which, by the exclusion of what may be called the infirmities of the topic, and the (more or less successful) effort after perfect harmony of form and idea, the infinite is as abundantly suggested to the mind as it possibly can be by any human work. We would give a good deal of fine prose for this little song from "Phantastes":

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long!
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

"Alas, how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day."

Yet much of Mr. MacDonald's prose is of the very highest excellence, considered as to both content and form.

Of his prose writings we are, on the whole, inclined to say that "The Portent" is the best. Not the one to which we should the most frequently turn, not the most poetic, or the most fertile; but the work which most completely fulfills its own natural conditions. At the close the quasi-preternatural becomes a little too suddenly the merely natural, and there is even another and more serious fault. The tale wants what we will call *padding*. It is not alone "The Portent," it is a hurry of portents, and the magic-lantern slides come in too closely upon one another. It is, however, the first work of the author's which suggests the word masterly; and

why, in the dedication to "Duncan McColl, Esq., R.N., of Huntly," he should go out of his way to explain that it claims a place out of the category of "sensation novels," it would puzzle our old friend the Philadelphia lawyer to say. It is a very thrilling piece of work, with a true unity of its own, and, thank Heaven! no moral.

In passing we may note what this particular story discloses in much force—namely, the clearness with which Mr. MacDonald always conceives of relative place, and his strong grasp of mechanical conditions. His landscapes are the most clear and defined we know, in regard to the subject-matter of what cranioscopists call "the organ of locality;" and as his photograph is public property we suppose they may crow (especially in America) over the coincidence of the frontal development with the fact. They will probably add that in all his writings there is the traveler's instinct clearly visible. They will also perhaps look to see if they find his Constructiveness so large as to diminish the apparent size of his Ideality! The mechanical tendency is so obvious in the printed works that one of the first questions the present writer ever asked of a common acquaintance was whether Mr. MacDonald was fond of carpentry! It has been with the greatest surprise that we have seen some of his landscapes described as "hazy." Any thing but that. There is sometimes a haze *over* the landscape, and the detail is a little excessive; but all is as clear as a map-model.

Next to "The Portent" we place "The Light Princess," and perhaps "The Carasoy"—always speaking with the same reservation, and exclusively with regard to the collection now before us. In "The Light Princess" we find the work honestly done to order—the "order," that is, of the ruling conception—and only one thing in excess—the bad and inartistic pun upon the word "aspirate." In this delightful story, too, we have no "moral" intrusions, and we *have* some of the humorous padding which such works of phantasy imperatively need—except in rare cases. Yet, are there *any* exceptions? Would not even Fouqué's "Undine" have gained by touches of humor in relation to the water-maiden's "uncle" and the rather hardly-used Bertha? At all events, Mr. MacDonald never was in a more gracious mood than when he wrote "The Light Princess."

In richness and variety of conception "Phantastes," which received a warm word—perhaps many warm words—from Dickens, takes so high a place in the collection, that we hardly know what should rank before it. The symbols are easily read by an apprehensive mind; and how rapidly and easily they succeed, and "hang on," and interweave in this wonderful story of the man who went out to seek his ideal, and ended by being glad at having lost his shadow! Yet "Phantastes," rich in beauty and meaning, has grave faults. The machinery, so to call it, works with a little of the hardness and coldness of a young imagination; the symbols have not nested long enough to get warm and full-feathered; they are just a little callow. Then, again, we feel the want of a little more padding. There are one or two delicious bits of humor—that about the wooden men, for example—but not enough of them. The only way of making a tale of this go smoothly is to let superfluous matters—matters quite extraneous to the design, and yet honestly co-ordinated with the rest—slip or glide in, and act as buffers here and there. The thing as it stands wants flesh, or unction, except towards the close, where there is too much of the latter in another sense. The intellectual ground-plan shows too plainly through the symbols; and here, just where we want haze, we do not get it, but, on the contrary, every thing fits into every other with the nicety, and the hardness, of mosaic work. There is another fault: towards the close the frame-work is overweighted, and we almost fancy some leaves of "The Pilgrim's Progress" have got slipped in by mistake. Not that there is any thing which did not lie within the scope and prime conception of the work, but that the gradations are abrupt, and the morality far too obtrusive. Great part of pp. 168 and 169 is so bad—so *very* bad—that the reader, after so much delight, scarcely knows how to forgive this rude breaking of the spell. But in spite of his exquisite sensibility, there is some lack of the instinct of gradation in Mr. MacDonald's mind, though it is not easy to define where it is. We feel it when the little fairy of the dead rose-leaves leaps on to the floor at the opening. This is a *Contes des Fées* touch, thoroughly French. Then the stepping from the bed-chamber into Arca-

dia is damaged by too much detail—that about the ivy-leaves, for example. Neither can we relish a Greek name for a knight in fairy-land, and the "chamber of *Sir Anodos*" jars. The narrator had better have gone without a name: the significance of this does not reward us for its incongruity. The phrase "*church* of darkness," too, later on, strikes an utterly incongruous note. We are quite certain of the justness of these criticisms, and they might be extended. The puzzle is that a writer of such a fine tactile truthfulness (if the phrase may be lawfully coined) should make such mistakes. It does not meet the case to reply that there are spots in the sun; for these blots do not look like the necessary consequences of temperament or natural habit; but like, so to speak, exotic faults. We presume it is the result of the author's early training, and of a bent contracted in his pulpit experience and the approaches to it. At all events, he sometimes rips up his allegory before your very eyes in a most irritating manner. "The Sangreal" is a poem of much beauty, but the explanatory verse, beginning, "For he sought no more the best," is a blot which vexes a sensitive reader. If the parable was obscure, it ought to have been made plain with light from the inside, not with light thrown upon it. This reminds us to say the poem entitled "Light" has suffered from a similar cause. A thousand pities! for it is one of the finest of the author's poems: we have often been tempted to call it the *very* finest. It is free from any suspicion of morbidity, and if the singer's hand had been a little firmer on the strings, if there had been more grasp in it, it would have been sublime. Inevitably it reminds you of Wordsworth's Ode—the Ode—and the author may yet make it equal to that. It is too long: it should leave off a good deal sooner, and every thing that is not purely lyrical should be ruthlessly cut away from it. The shade of "A. J. Scott" would gladly sanction such a treatment of the poem, and we would joyfully see it take its place in English poetry as the flawless and undisputed peer of its immortal companion.

"Within and Without," an early poem, is, as a whole, not satisfactory; but some of the poetry which is incidental to the scenes of which it is composed will not be let die. Already the sonnet,

"And weep not, though the beautiful decay,"
the verses,

"Love me, beloved, and let me lie,"

and, above all, "Little White Lily," are classical; at least they have been classical in our thoughts ever since we saw the poem, though but for a few minutes, at its first appearance. Generally speaking, however, the workmanship is here not equal to the "good intentions" of the poet. All Mr. MacDonald's usual moral and spiritual subtlety and tendencies are there, and the story is full of the most lovely light. It is fine to see the characteristic manner in which Mr. MacDonald has made Julian's brother-monk and friend, who at first could not enter into Julian's spiritual longing and questioning, come face to face with the same needs by his own act in helping Julian to escape. As fine, too, in the fifth part, which is a vision, is the passage in which Julian is shown by the angel his ideal woman, perfect, naked, celestial, far above him, and it is told that she can clothe herself and come down. But will he choose between her and his earthly wife, stained, a wanderer, and more or less untrue, as he believes? In a pang of love, he chooses the woman who has shared his toils and lain in his bosom, earth-stained though she may be. Upon this, the ideal lady clothes herself, and lo, it is his wife! More pathetic, however, because more natural, is the passage in which the little child, Lily, can not see any thing in the poetry her father finds beautiful:

[He looks up, and sees that the child has taken the book to her corner. She peeps into it; then holds it to her ear; then rubs her hands over it; then puts her tongue on it.]

Julian (bursting into tears). "Father, I am thy child. Forgive me this! Thy poetry is hard to read."

But Julian is a little preachy, and though in a man who had been through such struggles, "the angel grace of unconsciousness" was impossible, one would have liked a little less of the opposite "grace." The hero is too business-like. When he stabs the villain (in fair fight) he observes, "If men will be devils, they are better in hell;" and then we have, "wipes his dagger on the coat of the dead man." The remark was a true one, but we feel that the speaker is rather too sententious for such a crisis. It is not given to all men to "temper" homicide "with epigram"

and forethought in this cool style. There is one more criticism. Julian tells his dear lady—not without cause, but seemingly speaking a little *de haut en bas*—that he is afraid her heart will not hold all the love with which he desires to fill it. But in spite of this the reader finds it difficult to understand how a couple, really loving each other, and of fine instincts, could get as far apart as Julian and Lilia do in their London home. We feel that something *must* have happened to crack the ice. A joke would have done it, only we can not conceive Julian joking. But there was the little girl. Did *she* never do any thing to precipitate a thaw—never make droll speeches or ever fall down a stair or two? It was a hard case, certainly.

The beauty of the poem entitled "A Hidden Life," pleads hard for a high place for it, and a high place it must hold. It is a story of a Scotch peasant lad, who in the intervals of labor on his father's farm, studied at college; but who, before he went to the city, had a seed of beautiful thought and impulse cast into his bosom by a casual meeting with a lovely lady on horseback. This poem has been altered, and is in one respect better for the alteration. Was there not at first a song in it beginning "Greet na', mither?" At all events it appears to us more healthy and breezy than it was before; but the letter which the dying youth dates from the church-yard to the unknown beauty is far too long, and far too hortatory; it breaks the idyllic sweetness and simplicity of the poem. The passages in which the transfiguration of common things is brought about in the lad's mind by the fleeting vision of the girl are extremely fine. Here, as in other places, (especially in the "Somnium Mystici,") if the reader will keep his eyes wide open, he will be able to gather up for use some of the recurring ideas of Mr. MacDonald's mind. The following noble lines might, like others in this poem, be slipped in between some of Wordsworth's very best, and in no way break the spell of the elder poet's work:

"All crowds are made
Of individuals; and their grief, and pain,
And thirst, and hunger, all are of the one,
Not of the many: the true saving power
Enters the individual door, and thence
Issues again in thousand influences
Besieging other doors. You can not throw
A mass of good into the general midst,
Whereof each man can seize his private share."

What is more, all this is finely true, and yet it reminds us to say what may as well be said at once, now that we are approaching the point for some sort of *précis* of the poet's characteristics. One of the leading suggestions is that, God being once known for what he is, trust must be complete or it is unworthy, and, in fact, illogical. This is true; but we should like to see the doctrine of trust stated by some one in definite language. At times it takes a shape in Mr. MacDonald's writings which would logically exclude any policy or conduct of life.* It is more than merely interesting to compare parallel ethical and spiritual touches or *dicta* in writers who so differ in their postulates. Of course there is one transcendental *tradition* to which both are affiliated. Which of them is logically faithful to it? If Mr. Emerson can consistently get all he teaches out of his own postulates, in what position are Mr. MacDonald's? And *can* the latter make the Semitic and the Transcendental traditions run on in one homogeneous current? Meanwhile, of all living writers Mr. Emerson and Mr. MacDonald are the most untiring preachers of the truth

"If my bark sink 'tis to another sea;"

and so far all is consistent. We shall have to refer again to the former.

Of the poems in detail we will only add a word or two here. "The Child Mother" is perfect, and to use a hackneyed formula, Wordsworth would have been proud of it. In the "Somnium Mystici," too, we can see no fault. The author's handling of the *terza rima* we like, and the soundless movement of the verse is perfectly adjusted to the solemn, silent, *beyond-world* conception of the poem.

It is an old dispute whether a poet of secondary merit in a high order is to rank before or after a first-class poet of low order. Mr. Browning and the best authorities decide that he must rank *before*, and we think so too. Mr. MacDonald will acquiesce, if we read aright what the little rose-leaf fairy says in "Phantastes,"—that size is accidental, form essential. At all events the order to which Mr. MacDonald belongs is at once determined by the spaciousness and large, free atmosphere of his best work. This decisively stamps him as of the high (lyrical) brotherhood, and re-

moves him out of the category of provincial classifications;—whether much or little of his poetry lives, and granting that some of it wants space and air, his *genius* is free, spacious, and luminous. His writings are too nearly uniform in mood, however—he is too much the poet of longing and listening; but that is what fixes his secondary classification. Now the "lyrical cry" is never *fierce* in him, as it is in Shelley; he never aspires to grasp or possess; his longing is a longing to be possessed or fulfilled of what he longs for. Shelley seems to say, with anguish, "Hélas, l'infini a disparu et j'avais tant de choses à lui dire!" If he addressed that Celestial Woman of Mr. MacDonald's poem, it might be with, "O femme que j'aurais aimée!"† But Mr. MacDonald, more receptive and passive, has actually waited, listened and heard, saw and loved, and his mind hovers—floats, we might almost say—with conscious certainty in the near atmosphere of the thing he desires. We are not at all comparing what Mr. MacDonald has produced with Shelley's writings or with what we can see by the "Cenci" and the dramatic fragments he was on the verge of producing. Still less, on the other hand, are we measuring Mr. MacDonald's total poetic capacity by what he has done—we merely use these things for a moment, and then throw them aside.

The more obvious qualities of his work it is not necessary to dwell upon; and intermediate qualities have been suggested in what goes before. But when we come to what he himself would desire should be presented as the central idea of his writings, we shall not be at all sure-footed; for we can not follow him. In Mr. Emerson's essay on "Nature," we find certain groups of conceptions familiar to the pure poetic vision. But in Mr. MacDonald we are to find these conceptions fused down into another. Or, to change the figure, we are to find them modulated into a new dominant. What we are about to quote will remind the attentive reader of a striking passage in "Robert Falconer;" but these lines are from the "Disciple;" and they are sufficient for our purpose:—

"Lord Jesus Christ, I know not how,
With this blue air, blue sea,
This yellow sand, this grassy brow,
All isolating me,

* See page 317, vol. i., "A Hidden Life," for a conclusive illustration.

† Both these quotations come from Michelet's "I'Amour."

"My words to thy heart should draw near,
My thoughts be heard by thee;
But he who made the ear, must hear,
Who made the eye, must see."

"Thou mad'st the hand with which I write,
That sun descending slow,"

and so forth. Now, the theme of this poem is lifted up to a higher plane, and there repeated, in the "Somnium Mystici." The soul, laid asleep in the beyond-world, awakes to be educated for the new life, and its training, beginning with the snow-drop, and passing through pure human love, and perfect glorified love, prepares it for the "coming of the Son of Man," in whom all beauty and all love are to be seen consummated. But, whether by accident or design, the language in this dream is artistically perfect; that is to say, it is the language of universal poetry; for the phrase "Son of Man" and the word "Lord" belong to the poetic vocabulary as such, and though they may carry an infinite mystic value, and even imply an antecedent judgment upon the total *deposits* of life and history, they invoke no judgment upon historical facts in series. But in the other poem the language carries with it the absolute identification of the historic with the mystic Son of Man*—a thing which is both poetically and logically impossible. The two things are not *in pari materia*. The Image of the historic Son of Man and Son of God does in the mind of any individual believer *coincide* with the mystic Son of Man and Son of God; but still no amount of historic proof, taken in series, as all such proof must be taken, can stand upon the same plane with assurance of vision or assurance of demonstration. The reader must steadily bear in mind the difference between judging of historic events in series, which is a matter of more or less certain belief, and judging a total historic deposit. Mr. MacDonald uses more than once the narrative of the woman taken in adultery—as the author of "Ecce

Homo" does, though acknowledging its doubtfulness. The evidence about that story is pretty equally balanced, the scale, we believe, dipping somewhat against it. Now, suppose for one moment that that story supplied a trait in the worshiped image of the Man-God, which nothing else could supply; and it is at once seen that the historic Image and the mystic Image can not be treated as absolutely the same. The human mind may receive the first verses of the Gospel attributed to John as representing some transcendent truths, of which it may some day know more; and A or B may assuredly believe that, taking things in series, he finds some resolution of the mystery in the historic Christ. But that does not prevent a shock to the mind when it finds the "descending sun" spoken of as *seen by the soul* to have been made by a particular child of Abraham. In one of Mr. MacDonald's stories there is a quaint little girl, who, when told that God made the tree in Cheapside, says, disappointedly, that she would rather a man had made it. Now, we are utterly, hopelessly unable to understand that—we can not put a glimmer of sense into it. And this is the conclusion. It seems to us that *this* humanization of the Divine must logically end in the peculiar pantheism of Mr. Emerson, in which the Divine comes to consciousness only in the Human. We can see no other terminus. It is plain that a whole school of religious thought do, or think they do, see another, and in Mr. MacDonald there is the most intense faith that he does—and that faith is the sun of his whole world of thought. But we can not follow all this, so we can not expound it. The reader will, however, go to Mr. MacDonald himself, not trusting wholly to a single word of ours. He will not find a solution of the difficulty we have put—for the impossible is unfindable—but he will find more treasure than he can carry, and yet it will not fatigue him.

Our reference to Mr. Emerson reminds us of a pleasant coincidence between him and Mr. MacDonald. In "Phantastes" we have this lovely song:

"Do not vex thy violet
Perfume to afford;
Else no odor thou wilt get
From its little hoard.

"In thy lady's gracious eyes
Look not thou too long;
Else from them the glory flies,
And thou dost her wrong.

* Though Spinoza was speaking of what is "necessary to salvation," some readers may be helped to apprehend the present question by these words of his: "Dico ad salutem non esse omnino necesse, Christum secundum carnem noscere, sed de eterno illo filio Dei, hoc est, Dei eternâ sapientiâ, quæ sese in omnibus rebus, et maxime in mente humanâ et omnium maxime in Christo Jesu manifestavit, longè aliter sentiendum." Compare with careful scrutiny, "Death and Birth," pp. 48, 49, 50; and "Within and Without," pp. 227, 228.

"Come not thou too near the maid,
Clasp her not too wild;
Else the splendor is allayed,
And thy heart beguiled."

Against this, set the following verse from one of Mr. Emerson's poems:—

"Leave all for love!
Yet, hear me yet,
One thing more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor—
Keep thee to-day, to-morrow, forever
Free as an Arab
Of thy Beloved!"

We can not just now find the passage in Mr. Emerson in which we are told, as in "Light," and almost in the same words, that there is nothing which light can not make beautiful—which is quite untrue, by the way—but it is only one more of numerous parallels to which reference might be made. More striking still are the parallels between the two writers as to what the Americans call "the influx," or "communications of the Deity" during sleep—a favorite topic of Mr. MacDonald's. See the last verse of "The Wakeful Sleeper." All literature is crowded with such correspondences.

If the reader is anxious to compare Mr. MacDonald with himself we can introduce him to a treat. Let him turn to the curious article on "The Imagination" in the *British Quarterly* for July, 1867, and compare with it chapter xiv. of "Phantastes." Anodos had "sung" his Ideal out of the alabaster in the cave, and then lost his newborn love by his own folly. After some troubles we find him in the Palace of Phantasy, seeking to recover his white lady, and set her upon a blank pedestal in one of the Chambers of Art. The following passage will furnish a clue, if any should be needed, to this characteristic study of the action (?) of the imagination:

"But the difficulty was to surprise the dancers. I had found that a premeditated attempt at surprise, though executed with the utmost care and rapidity, was of no avail. And, in my dream, it was effected by a sudden thought suddenly executed. I saw, therefore, that there was no plan of operation offering any probability of success but this; to allow my mind to be occupied with other thoughts, as I wandered around the great centre-hall; and so wait till the impulse to enter one of the others should happen to arise in me just at the moment when I was close to one of the crimson curtains."

The episode of a little girl who was trying to have wings, in the twenty-third

chapter of "Phantastes," is too long to reproduce in this page; but it is one of the most charming things Mr. MacDonald has ever written. The swarms of wooden men—"myrmidons, myrmidons"—who kept trampling upon the dear little aspirant, the uselessness of cutting them in pieces, and the happy and effectual thought of setting them on their thick heads, heels uppermost, make up the finest piece of irony in all Mr. MacDonald's writings, though there are not wanting touches similar in kind, visible enough to open-eyed readers.

We should very much like, if there were space, to exhibit some more of the passages in which Mr. MacDonald says or sings in his own dialect things which others have said or sung in theirs. In the sweet poem entitled "Wild Flowers," the notion of the flowers being hurt when they are torn up—an inevitable one which recurs in literature in many shapes—reminds you of a passage in a story of Tieck's—we forget the title, but it is the tale in which the man who thinks he can hear the flowers shriek goes back to the beautiful beldame of the forest, and delves again into the earth. Far more interesting is the next case. In "Phantastes" (page 158, vol. v.) we find this: "Joys can not unfold the deepest truth, although deepest truth must be deepest joy. Cometh white-robed Sorrow, stooping and wan, and flingeth wide the doors she must not enter." To this there are many parallels in literature; but the best we know is William Blake's proverb, "Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth." The metaphor is finer than Mr. MacDonald's, (it would have been unsuitable for his purpose,) and is, indeed, one of the most profoundly beautiful ever produced.

The action of Mr. MacDonald's imagination in seizing analogies in life and nature, making his thought quick with them, is, of course, the usual action of imaginative minds. There is only one final law in the matter. Unfortunately the usual phraseology about the "soul in nature," the "life of nature," the "interpretation of nature by spirit," and so forth, is inaccurate and poor, and we can not in short space justify new and accurate language upon the subject—that task can be dispensed with for the present, for we all know part of the meaning of such phrases. In the centre of Mr. MacDonald's mind, when the "life of nature" comes to him

for (what is called) interpretation by human analogies, there is a peculiar sense of the sadness of aimless effort, and a correspondingly vivid sense of the joy of effectiveness and fruition. Of all life, considered as a chain; of its actions and reactions; of life as an ascent of pulsations up to the Divine, he has an electrical consciousness; and it runs through all his writings. This gives his imagination a buoyancy which permits him to lay heavy burdens on light wings—but they float and we are deeply impressed, though the brightness of the page is not for a moment dimmed. Look at this: "The season went on, and the world, like a great flower afloat * in space, kept opening its thousand-fold blossom. Hail and sleet were things lost in the distance of the year—storming away in some far-off region of the north, unknown to the summer *generation*." Here the use of the word "generation"—totally unexpected by the reader—unfolds with a touch the panorama of history. Again: "The birds . . . awoke to utter their own joy, and awake like joy in others of *God's children*." Here the words "of God's children," again totally unexpected, bring thus with them a burden of love and hope which yet does not weigh down the rest of the sentence. Once more: "The birds grew silent, *because their history laid hold upon them*, compelling them to turn their words into deeds, and keep eggs warm and hunt for worms." Here the touch about "words" and "deeds" is not well managed, and carries with it a savor of "edification;" but the words in italics, "because their history laid hold upon them," show the hand of a master. In the hands of the greatest living novelist, George Eliot, the doctrine of

"That supreme, the irreversible past,"

becomes a gospel of despair for the individual soul. But in Mr. MacDonald's writings there is another "Supreme," and the happy use which he makes of "the past" in his narratives is one of the most striking of their distinctive peculiarities. If he would only not speak in the same way of truths of vision and truths of belief, (how-

ever strong the belief, and though it have been historically or necessarily an antecedent to the possibility of the vision,) the effect of his writings would be perfect. The incongruity in question appears always in proportion to the poetic receptivity of the producing mind. We do not feel it in reading Paley or Mansel; but we do in Mr. Lynch's exquisitely beautiful "Sermons for my Curates," though not so much as we do in reading Mr. MacDonald. In the prayers added to those sermons the incongruity almost wholly disappears; and so it should in poetry, where the general keynote is universal. It does not arise in a writer like Watts. But in Mr. MacDonald the atmosphere of the work is so charged with the electricity of vision or faith, that when any matter of "evidence" slips in, we feel as if we had suddenly dropped from wings to wheels.

The question will not be shut out, How is it that, if Mr. MacDonald's genius is primarily poetic, it is not in poetry that he has, to use a common phrase, made his very strongest mark? There is a great deal to be said in all such cases; for his is by no means singular. What would the reader say to a discussion of all the reasons—some of them known to but very few—for thinking that the *differentia* of Mr. Ruskin's mind was primarily poetic, and that his right course would have been to go on writing verse? At all events, Mr. MacDonald has, himself, in "The Disciple," and elsewhere, taken the world so far into his confidence that it is safe to affirm that his case has been that of his own nested birds—his "history" has "laid hold upon him," "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old [er] . . . another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." There is nothing to complain of; and there is all eternity to write poetry in—though even there one's history may lay hold of one in some unforeseen way! But, putting together the numerous hints scattered about the poetry and prose of Mr. MacDonald, we have little difficulty in drawing still another conclusion—namely, that he has had much illness, of a kind which compelled passivity of body and even of mental mood. This would account in great part for the mirror-like quality of so much of his poetry, and for the too frequent lack of the accent of the beating wing. Some-

* The idea of *floating* is one of the recurring ideas of Mr. MacDonald's mind. It seems to have run itself to a sportive climax in "The Light Princess." It is not impossible to make a psychologico-physiological guess at the reasons for all this.

thing, however, must still be allowed to temperament, especially as the same peculiar passivity appears in poems which are understood to have been by Mr. MacDonald's deceased brother. But this is not all. We are again going no further than Mr. MacDonald's own confidences, more or less direct, carry us, when we refer to the immense influence which his early training in Scotland, and his subsequent history in England, must have had in giving his mind a twist toward direct edification. Look at the Roadside poems in this collection. The "Child-Mother" is stimulating, if any thing on earth ever was. Mr. Martineau has defined the spirit of religion to consist in "*looking up and lifting up*," and the very essence of it is in that sweet idyl, *but without a word to call attention to the fact that it is so*. Now, as Aunt Glegg said, "Very well, that's the Dodson sperrit," by which we mean the true spirit of the muses. In the next in merit of these roadside poems, namely, "The Wakeful Sleeper," we come a little closer to "edification;" but still the beauty of the story itself, and its boundless suggestion, are not blotted or limited; for the last two verses are as indefinite as either. "The Sheep and the Goat," again, is beautiful; but such words as "let *priests* say the thing they please," strike a false note. In others of the same series the poetry splits sheer upon the rock of edification or conventionality; and the same peculiarity which makes the reader sometimes say, "Here are imaginative *data*, but a want of imaginative action," exhibits itself in a too great tendency to "occasional" poetry.

We believe then that illness of a peculiar kind, prolonged training in differing, though

continuous, schools of "edification," much susceptibility to social influences *expressed in quintessential forms*, and something of personal temperament, have, in the case of Mr. McDonald, combined to this result: We can see that he is primarily a poet; he sometimes reaches that perfection of poetic form which carries with it the infinite suggestion that may make a small poem more valuable than a big prose book, however good. Yet the superiority in point of force and profusion rests with his prose works; and, since we are not there so exacting in points of artistic form, we see less of his shortcomings than we do in his poetical writings. This may seem, to impatient people, a very complex verdict, but we have not the shadow of a doubt that it states, or at least contains, the truth upon the question at issue.

The prose writings generally of Mr. MacDonald, from "David Elginbrod" onwards, are not before us. It would have been better for variety of effect if they had been, for the *field* of comment in his more finely imaginative writings is not wide. Of his wide—and always genuine—culture, and of the varied apprehensiveness of his mind, we should speak more easily in dealing with his prose. It may be a hazardous thing to say, but he reminds us more of Mendelssohn than of any *writer*. We have already hinted that we take his genius to be, on the whole, the flower of certain spiritual tendencies of our time, and a very beautiful and fragrant flower it is. In the dainty little casket which shuts over these ten volumes there is more of a talismanic virtue than the reader will appropriate in a lifetime.

HENRY HOLBEACH.

Fortnightly Review.

THE CLOUD CONFINES.

THE day is dark and the night
 To him that would search their heart;
 No lips of cloud that will part,
 Nor morning song in the light:
 Only, gazing alone,
 To him wild shadows are shown,
 Deep under deep unknown
 And height above unknown height.
 Still we say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know
 That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
 Named new, we name it the old;
 Thereof some tale hath been told,
 But no word comes from the dead;
 Whether at all they be,
 Or whether as bond or free,
 Or whether they too were we,
 Or by what spell they have sped.
 Still we say as we go,—
 “Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day.”

What of the heart of hate
 That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
 Red strife from the furthest prime,
 And anguish of fierce debate;
 War that shatters her slain,
 And peace that grinds them as grain,
 And eyes fixed ever in vain
 On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
 Still we say as we go,—
 “Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day.”

What of the heart of love
 That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
 Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
 Of fangs that mock them above;
 Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
 Thy hope that a breath dispels,
 Thy bitter forlorn farewells
 And the empty echoes thereof?
 Still we say as we go,—
 “Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day.”

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
 Aweary with all its wings;
 And oh! the song the sea sings
 Is dark everlastingly.
 Our past is clean forgot,
 Our present is and is not,
 Our future's a sealed seedplot,
 And what betwixt them are we?
 What word's to say as we go?
 What thought's to think by the way?
 What truth may there be to know,
 And shall we know it one day?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Cornhill Magazine.

SPAIN: HER MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS.

IN our recent imperfect but (we venture to say) impartial sketch of Spain's social condition, we found ourselves obliged to leave for separate treatment those lighter, gayer aspects of her domestic and familiar life which illustrate, if they do not explain, the politics, morals, and economy of a nation. Every change, in fact, in a people's history is accompanied with a corresponding change in its manners and amusements; and this is one of the reasons why the very gravest blockhead—if he has sense at all—is forced to admit that novels, essays, satires, and all that we class under light literature, is not without solid value for the student of a nation's development. When Scotland—a country which is so far like Spain, (without admitting the soundness of Mr. Buckle's curious parallel between the two,) that it has a strongly-marked type of history and character, was passing from an unusually rough and poor Catholic country into the respectable and prosperous Presbyterian land which we know—what happened? what continued to happen for a long time? All the familiar sports were made war upon, and many of them destroyed, as if you had blown away the purple crown from the thistle, and left nothing but the prickles. In that highly curious legal compilation, where most Scottish gentlemen may find some of their ancestors mentioned—*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*.—we come across the setting up of a "Robin Hude," and the "singing round simmer trees," punished as offences against the State and law. As the severity wore off, new forms of recreation came up. And just so in England, and all over the world, forms of ceremony, habits of dress, and types of festal indulgence have been modified along with the political institutions, and in an always recognizable harmony with the modification. It is not so great a thing to be noble in France, or elsewhere, as it was when only nobles wore red heels to their boots, or carried swords, ruffles, and lace, or were expected to be able to bow gracefully, and dance a minuet. These are small things in themselves, but their disappearance is related to the abolition of privileges and rotten boroughs, and the increased strength of dissent, as well as to the introduction of monkey-jack-

ets, short pipes, and the politer forms of slang.

Now, Spain is an interesting country, (though, in other respects dull enough to live in all the year round,) just because she is slowly, and in a late period of history, going through the kind of changes which, to countries in advance of her, are matters of history and antiquarianism. One sees everywhere, in things tragic, and in things commonplace, the relics of by-gone days—oddities of conduct or custom, which might serve to furnish materials to editors of our old English satirists and playwrights. Enter the Cortes. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is explaining why he resigns—he compares himself to a shipwrecked mariner clinging to a plank, with a dark sky overhead, and a wild sea around. In plain English, he does not think that he has been properly supported by his colleagues. Pass into the street. The first acquaintance you meet parts assuring you that he is at the feet of the lady—he means that he desires to be remembered to your wife. Visit a prison: it is in the condition of our prisons before Howard's time; a country town, its smells would kill Mr. Chadwick. Go on board a man-of-war. She is an iron-clad of the first magnitude; but she has been built in England, and is navigated upon the calculations of English astronomers, while her compasses were made at Marseilles. Yet the theory of the nation is that it has a fine navy of its own, and the squadron which retired from before Callao, while batteries were still firing, is spoken of as we hardly speak of the squadrons of Blake and Nelson. There is the queerest possible mixture of antique formal bombast with an adoption ready-made of the inventions of other nations, and with a practical barbarism in the roads, water-supply, hotels, postal communication, paving, mendicancy, and such points, wonderful to behold. The universal triumph of the New over the Old is not, in Spain, as with us, a triumph by way of absorption, where the Old accepts something of the New, and lasts; or the New receives from the Old in establishing itself a part of its substance and color. In Spain the two elements battle eternally, each being of an extreme and unyielding type; or when one

of the two gains a good start, it rushes into extremes and leaves the other helpless and silent. Every tendency is in excess. Marquesses of Carabas are confronted by *sans culottes*—the monks of Erasmus and Rabelais are jostled by pamphleteers of the latest French infidel pattern. There are railways, (constructed by foreigners,) but they are, in many parts, not fenced in, to the grievous peril, and occasional destruction, of old women who jog placidly across them upon overloaded donkeys. So great was the interruption to Spanish country ideas of the railways that, at first, the peasantry, charmed by the sight of a level road, used to walk upon them, and only gradually learned to move out of the way when they heard the whistle—their first impression being that the train ought to stop to let them change their position at perfect leisure. Tramways are now being introduced into the large cities, and not long since the first tramway omnibus at Madrid had to be protected by police. The Madrid populace had nothing to say against it, except that it was an innovation. But that was quite enough in a country where foreigners are stared at like wild beasts, (and fleeced, if they don't look out, like tame ones,) and where a foreigner is always taken at first for a Frenchman, because France is near, and all beyond it *terra incognita*. This jumbling together of the changes imported from abroad with the traditions of local superstition and Gothic and Moorish customs and ideas—this array of obsolete prejudices and ignorances alongside finance operations worthy of the latest dodges of Capel Court—this it is which makes Spain an amusing country—a land of the comic no less than of the serious—picturesque. Indeed, Spain has never yet had justice done her from a humorous point of view. Ford has admirable flashes of witty sarcasm, but they are fitful and desultory, and his main and serious business is with the Past. Writers of Southey's school deal only with the romantic, like Washington Irving; while Théophile Gautier, in his brilliant little volume, cares for nothing but the brilliant and picturesque, barbarous or not. He was, in fact, delighted to find that you could get with so much ease from the life of the boulevards into a life that had little more in common with it—Madrid once quitted—than Tunis or Bagdad.

There are two elements in Spanish life

equally distinct from that of England, the one which is Spanish purely, the other which Spain has in common more or less with the Latin races generally. And there is still a third element—the provincial—to be allowed for, according to its importance, as necessity requires. But the last is of little consequence for our present purpose, since it is certain that, however strong the differences between province and province in Spain, Spaniards are much more like each other, come from where they may, than they are like any other nation. Barcelona is considerably "French," for instance, in some respects, and there are ten or twelve thousand French subjects in it. But the French are not less foreigners in every thing than the far scantier English, and a Frenchman would feel insulted rather than otherwise, if you took him for a Catalan. No doubt a Catalan woman, again, with her large feet, raucous voice, and over-dressed look, is at least as unlike the fairy-light vivacious Andalusian, whose delicacy Gautier compares to that of the build of the Arab horse, as she is unlike the smart Parisian, neat in dress and lively of tongue. But she has the same kind of traditional ideas, and the same kind of social habits and education as the Andalusian; and these broad resemblances, based upon history and politics, are the essential things to be considered when national character is discussed.

Spanish manners are gradually changing, as Mr. Ford saw them changing among the generation which has now nearly passed away. But enough remains to show their feudal type tinged with Orientalism. The regular Castilian grandee, the hidalgo of old days, whom Raleigh knew, was something between a pasha of the best Osmanli breed and Lord Herbert of Chisbury. He was grave and impassive, but he loved adventure; was ready to fight for his king or his mistress; and was punctilious in all that regards ceremony and courtesy. And, to this day, in districts quite remote from the Castiles, one still sees that a figure of this kind is the ideal upon which the manners of society have been formed. The unreality of the whole affair only reveals itself and suggests ludicrous emotions gradually. At first there is something imposing in a solemnity which seems raised above all that is little, and attractive in a politeness which places the house where you visit—*à la disposition de*

Usted—at the disposition of your worship or grace. “I kiss the feet of your grace, lady,” says the gentleman. “I kiss the hand of your grace, cavalier,” answers the lady. “*Guste Usted á comer?*” is the invitation to eat, given by every body, as he moves off to his meal, or, more briefly, “*Guste Usted?*” if it makes its appearance while you happen to be in the house. Even an old woman eating a sardine upon a bit of bread in her shop, makes the offer to a casual customer. So in smaller matters. A Spaniard raises his hat slightly on entering the waiting-room of the railway-station, and salutes the strangers whom he finds in a railway carriage. It is, perhaps, on paper, however, that the true Spanish ceremoniousness comes out best. A letter has B. S. M——, kisses his hands, (the use of the third person, by the way, adds greatly to all these effects,) even on the outside. And the style is that of a dispatch rather than of every-day concerns. Nothing is mentioned without some swelling epithet of praise. You read of “this cultivated and enlightened city”—a city where you may hunt all day in vain for a novel of George Sand’s. A warehouse, as likely as not, is an *illustrious warehouse*, or a *renowned place of industry*. The biographer of a local worthy will talk of the elevated rank of his family, and in the next paragraph you find, most probably, that he was the son of a rather well-to-do apothecary.

All exaggeration of this kind is akin to the exaggeration just described in the manners of every-day life. It rests upon a vanity without limit, which flourishes in proportion to the isolation and ignorance of the untraveled, unread community in which it grows. Nay, the very politeness of which we hear so much springs more from vanity than from kindness. We are a *pueblo hidalgo*—a people of nobles and cavaliers—and it is our duty to bow and smile, and bandy fine phrases; *this* is the sentiment that a studious observer finds, by degrees, to lie at the bottom of a society which is, so to speak, always on parade. Otherwise, something in the way of services, or good offices, or hospitality, would follow upon these mighty professions, which foreigners of all nations know never to be the case. Meanwhile, politeness in forms, the ceremonious part of politeness, by no means exhausts the range of that civilized virtue. We must not forget that “manners,” like *mores*, is a word with two signi-

fications, of which one is more important than the other. When Cowper says of his brother,

Peace to the memory of a man of worth.

A man of letters, and of manners too—

he is not thinking only of the kind of way in which his brother carried himself in a drawing-room or a stage-coach. And we confess that we should relish Spain’s high-flown courtesy better if the same men who are “at the feet” of women would learn not to stare brutally at them,—sometimes, indeed, to speak to them,—in the *Alamedas*, *Ramblas*, or *Plazas* of Spanish cities. As a rule, no young ladies can walk alone in such cities, and this is not merely a part of the semi-Oriental watchfulness exercised over them, but a practical precaution due to experience. What fruit the watchfulness, assisted by the confessional, bears in the after and married life of Spanish women, let the well-known *mores* of Madrid tell. But to waive these too large and too delicate questions, and to return to Spanish manners in the lighter sense of the word, the reader must not fancy that the man who kisses his hands, on paper, will not thrust him to the wall (if big enough) should there be any thing like pressure at a railway, an opera, or a ball. The courtesy of the country is a courtesy of forms, holding good when the forms can be complied with easily and comfortably, but giving way under the least pressure of selfishness. We have seen ladies looking vainly for seats in a splendid café, glittering with mirrors and gilding, and frequented by the best society—the *sociedad elegante*. Not a swarthy *caballero* moved, but all remained smoking (and spitting) at their ease. Yet such men, knowing—literally—less about Europe than an educated Hindoo, would be sure to uphold Spanish manners as something unique. The truth is, that it is a mere delusion either that the manners of the *grandees* are equal to those of well-bred Englishmen, or that the general masses of Spain are more civil and agreeable than those of England. The inflated bowing and complimenting style of “deportment” has a certain “high-life-below-stairs” character nowadays in Spain. It looks as if it were a bad imitation of the Oriental stateliness of the Moor, and the feudal pride of the Goth, by their horse-boys and valets. And it is based upon an assertion of self, closely connected with envy. Every body would like to be

hidalgo, in order that nobody may be *hidalgo*.

The mixture of sentiments upon which all this rests is by no means to be considered unimportant, or valuable only as illustrating the manners of the country. It has an influence upon Spain's politics and fortunes. The ex-Queen would not have held out so long if she had not been *muy Española* in these matters as in others. A good anecdote is told of her from this point of view. When she was in the Biscayan provinces in the autumn of 1868, before the revolution broke out, but when the atmosphere was felt to be charged with coming storm, her Majesty paid a visit to one of her men-of-war. The captain received her as became her rank, and their chat was agreeable. "But does not your Majesty know," said the officer, presently, "that you are in my power here, and that I can sail away with you to Cadiz, or anywhere that I like?" "Of course, I know it," Queen Isabel answered; "but I also know that you are *caballero Español*, and that, therefore, it would be impossible for you to do such a thing!" One of the charms of her Majesty was a sweet voice, and doubtless this went for something in the effect of her little speech. But the essence of it was the artfully matter-of-course appeal to the captain's *caballerosidad*. And it may fairly be doubted whether Spain is yet ripe enough for a full appreciation of the far simpler, but essentially truer, type of kingly politeness, shown by Amadeo the First, in his September Progress. In time his dynasty, if it lasts, may supply a new ideal of conduct to the upper and middle classes. It would be a great blessing; for the present obsolete and imitative one indirectly supports the pretentiousness, isolation, indolence, the want of respect for enterprise, industry, knowledge, and good faith, which make the Spanish name so cheap and the Spanish loans so dear.

The strange want of hospitality among the Spaniards is so distinctly a national feature that it deserves a few words to itself. The odd thing is, that they lay claim to it, along with all other virtues; and that hospitality is attributed, in public, to cities in which nobody receives a stranger, just as culture to cities where there are no pictures nor books. The pretence in this matter is perhaps the queerest of all pretences. The foreigner is told that a house is "at his dis-

position," and the quantity of house-property he acquires of this very peculiar kind is respectable. But he is not expected to call at his house, and he is never invited specially to it. This is more or less true of all Spain; less true, perhaps, of Madrid than of other cities; and less true of the Biscayan provinces or Andalusia, than of Catalonia; but true, in the main, of the whole peninsula. Where did this strange element come from? It is not "Latin," for the Romans were dinner-givers from the beginning, like the Greeks, and much of the best fun of the comic writers, from Plautus to Petronius, turns upon that side of their sociable and brilliant life. It is not "Oriental." The Arab is ready with his tent, his bread and salt and dates; and, in calling upon a pasha, if you are not sure of kabobs or pillau, you are at least never dismissed without pipes and coffee. It is not "Gothic." The Goth was of many varieties and of many lands, but he was always more or less given to keeping open house; and Adam Smith has taken the trouble to give a philosophical explanation of the hearty welcome and honest cheer of the old mediæval life. The truth seems to be, that the races enumerated, being conquerors only, and no way related to the bulk of the indigenous population, which was far more numerous, never penetrated deeper in their influence than a little below the surface, and thus affected the formal manners of Spain, without much actual impression upon the national character. Scratch a Russian, said Napoleon, and you find a Tartar. Scratch a Spaniard, he might have said, and you find an Iberian. We certainly have known and seen incidents of Spanish hospitality worthy of the Iberians of Strabo. In one case a Spanish family asked some foreigners to a dance. The dancing went cheerfully on till about half past one, when the lady of the house bowed affectionately to her friends by way of bowing them out. The family, she said, were going to supper! Yet families of this kind have no objection whatever to sup—ay, and right well, too—at the foreigner's expense. We remember a Yankee man-of-war giving a ball in a Spanish Mediterranean port. Yankee officers are well paid, and the most cheerful of hosts. Champagne cocktails are found to enliven the eagle, and are freely supplied to the friends of that bird. So the supper was excellent, and the effect upon the

Spaniards was extraordinary. Stout old ladies were heard exclaiming, through mouthfuls of unwonted fowl and tongue, that if they had thought it would have been any thing like *this*, they would have brought *Tío Forge*—Uncle George. Where was he on such an occasion? Why was not he having a slice off the *estranjero*? The nephews of these old girls, meanwhile, organized a cutting-out expedition, and having discovered where more champagne was, made a gallant attack upon the stores. A British vessel on the Mediterranean station, detached to the coast of Spain, sometimes makes the mistake of attempting to begin friendly relations by a ball. The result, in every instance, is the same. The society of the place flocks to the entertainment, and the entertainers never hear of their guests afterwards.

Some vestiges still exist, however, of a friendly little custom which was wearing out in Mr. Ford's time. It has happened to ourselves, at least once, to find, on settling with the *mozo café*, that our shot had been paid by a Spaniard, who has done us that honor from observing (we fear from our accent) that we were strangers in the land. Once, also, in another city, at a *table-d'hôte*, some officers sent the waiter round with their sherry-bottle, the contents of which were all the more welcome because good sherry can hardly be got, except by ordering it expressly from Andalusia, and average sherry is as dear as in London. These humane practices, though falling into desuetude, are not extinct; and the foreigner who finds himself dining in public may send a glass of champagne to a lady without impertinence, and it will be a good preparation for a little chat. The Spaniards are sociable when thrown in one's way in traveling, in hotels, etc.; and are not haunted by the reserve which Johnson used to blame our people for, nor by the inward pressure of class feeling from which many honest Britons suffer. Unfortunately, traveling is very uncomfortable work in Spain; and a *table-d'hôte* makes severe demands upon the stomach, the nerves and the temper. To see a man using a knife as if he were a professional cut-throat about to practice upon himself; to see such a man spit freely during the meal; to have a whiff of his tobacco-smoke flying lightly over your omelette,—these are among the pangs of exile! We welcome, therefore, a new edition of a Spanish cook-

ery-book,* which (in the interest of our readers) we bought the other day, and which contains some excellent observations on behavior at table.

"The man who is not a good gastronome," says our writer, "uses the same spoon for every plate, strikes his fork against his teeth, and picks them with it into the bargain." This unhappy being is warned that such things are ridiculous and disagreeable among people of fashion—*gente de moda*. The good gastronome is next brought forward to set him an example. *He* employs spoon and knife on proper occasions, according to the dish,—well aware that if he makes a mistake in helping fruit, ices, or pastry, he is giving proof that he has not been brought up in a house where such dishes are known. Haste in sitting down, the choice of a seat that does not belong to him, an ostentation of puerile appetite, eyes greedily fixed on the eatables, and a gluttonous air, *un aire guloso*, are all avoided by *el buen gastrónomo*. To eat in a hurry argues misery and hunger, and that the guest has only come to eat. Nor is silence to be maintained; the guest is to enliven the table with jokes and festive conversations, since it is no place for treating of serious events; yet he is not to be a mere buffoon, lest the terrible suspicion should be aroused that the wine has got into his head. Those who follow exactly these precepts, maintaining self-possession and decency, and using tooth-picks, (adroitly introduced in the concluding paragraph,) will enjoy the pleasures of the table: "celebrating them with the enchantments of festive poetry, and being at the same time the delight of society." (p. 50.)

In this little treatise we recognize the spirit of a man of genius, and a reformer, animated by a true ambition for the improvement of his race; a man, in fact, whom we do not hesitate to rank with the patriots of the Revolution that it fell to our lot to witness in 1868. Such change as he recommends in Spanish habits will, no doubt, be brought about slowly, and they are—to employ a figure which our readers may have heard before—steps in the right direction. Of the cookery receipts of our friend we can not speak so well as of his labors in the cause of the moral reform at the table. He is too fond of garlic, (*ajo*), that

* *Nuevo Arte de Cocina, Teórico y Práctico*. Por Juan Altimiras. 1871.

cicutis allium nocentius which is so disagreeable an element in the dishes, and the breaths, of the sweet south. He is for destroying the flavor of partridges by cooking them with sardines inside, with laurel-leaves, orange-juice, and what not. But, indeed, cookery is at as low an ebb as any other art in Spain. The materials for the artist are inferior to begin with. The meat and poultry are badly fed; the sea-coast people fish as little as possible; even the fruit is poor for want of cultivation—and that in a country where oranges ripen in the open air. It is often difficult to get fresh butter in the greatest cities, where an oil unsavory enough to spoil an Englishman's salad serves as the native substitute. Thick chocolate, *bacalao* or salt-fish, a *puchero* or stew, supplying first a rather watery soup and then some stringy *bouilli*, make up, with tomatoes, olives, and cakes, the ordinary fare of a Spanish household. Foreigners can not take to it kindly, unless by beginning young; but they can do no better except by resorting to some *restaurant* kept by a Frenchman; or laboring to dine in the English manner in second-rate style, at prices for which excellent provender can be obtained in London. The inferiority of kid to Scotch or Welsh mutton; of ewe-cheese and goats' milk to the produce of British dairies; the total absence of such things as salmon, grouse, pheasants, venison, etc., not to mention the humbler luxuries, gooseberries, and ginger-beer (in a climate, too, so suggestive of *shandy-gaff*!); these are not considerations to be despised by any means. On the other hand, it is difficult to master such "acquired tastes" as a taste for snails, (*caracoles*), although the ancients not only ate them, but had *cochlearia*, or *cochlearum vivaria*, in which to keep and fatten them. The Spaniards are fond of snails in soup and other forms. And after a thunderstorm, with its wild showers, has passed away, you may see the lights of the snail-gatherers twinkling along the hill-side, in the evening, as they search for their prey in the moist earth.

We may, perhaps, at the risk of over-refining, connect the comparative discomfort of Spain home-life at once with the vulgarities of the *table-d'hôte*, and the tumid extravagance of the politeness of the streets. Simplicity in good breeding is one of the last results of refinement, and refinement begins at home. The lowest vulgarity is to put a diamond ring on dirty fin-

gers, and the exact analogy to this is the affectation of stately manners by people whose domestic habits are sordid; their rooms musty, and so arranged that the very kitchen itself is in awkward proximity to the most incongruous parts of the building. In the promenade, however, the corridors of the theatre, and so forth, the sham-baronial ideal resumes its ascendancy; and throughout the country, manners are colored by the prevailing influence of non-domestic habits. Hence the increasing *dressiness* of Spanish women, whose *naturalness*—their most famous charm—is observed to be losing its delicate bloom, and going the way of the mantilla. Just at present, we are glad to say that there is a reaction in favor of the veil; but the general tendency of the times is to supersede the old poetry of traditional Spanish costume by all the showy extravagances of the modes. These destroy the grace of the Andaluzas, and turn into grotesque comedy the prosaic commonplace of the Catalanas. As for the men, their dress, now, is in a general way imitated from the French; and about as "romantic" as if it had been modeled upon the queer sketches of men of fashion, which adorn the windows of enterprising Jew-tailors in some quarters of our own capital. It is curious to see how dependent the Spanish are upon the French—whom they dislike so cordially—for the little things as well as the great things of life. We showed in our last paper that they only know English books, and only a few of them, by translations made *through* the French. Even French fans are easier to get than Spanish in a country where fans are universally carried, in-doors and out of doors, and are as indispensable as petticoats.

We might almost say that, nowadays, the one *entirely distinctive* feature of Spanish life left is the bull-fight. And this is a very distinctive fact. It shows that the essential Spanish character still remains unchanged, however much the novelties of external speculations and external habits may play upon and modify the country. Nay, the barbarism of the national sport has been adapted to the new world of railways in a business-like way; and from one point of view, it has expanded itself, and gained in strength, within the lifetime of the present generation. The sport, (originally, as we all know, a Moorish one,) was long confined to Andalusia and Ma-

drid, or chiefly cherished in those parts of Spain. It was a new thing in Barcelona so lately as 1835, and the massacres there, that year, began with the dragging of a bull that had displeased the populace through the streets—no uncommon introduction to Spanish tumults generally. What would England say if Manchester should suddenly take up the prize-ring, or announce to the public the establishment of a new League for the restoration of bear-baiting and cock-fighting? Now Catalonia is Spanish Lancashire, with Barcelona for its Manchester, as Mr. Ford observes; and yet it not only adopted this old African recreation so recently as we have seen, but its bull-ring is the second in size of all Spain. It holds some eleven thousand spectators, and there are bull-fights in it every year. Having naturalized the bull-fight, Catalonia in a few years more accepted the railway system; and the railways of Spain have assisted in keeping bull-fighting up, for the “stars” of the ring go “starring” the provinces, when Madrid and Seville can spare them, just as our actors go to Liverpool and Edinburgh, and take the bulls with them. The bulls are at first left in some field near the city in which they are to perform and be performed upon; and we once knew an Englishman, when out shooting, drop upon a collection of them, to which he bid a civil and very rapid farewell.

The town is soon extensively covered with play-bills, in which a bull with formidable horns is a prominent object. The public is informed from what breeding-grounds the animals come, the best being as well-known as the stables of our trainers of race-horses. A list of the different classes of the performers follows; and tickets are sold at the confectioners’ and elsewhere. The entertainment is always presided over by the competent authority, generally the civil governor; and thus the State makes itself responsible for the effect upon the popular character of the amusement.

The perverse sentimentalism with which things Spanish are usually regarded by the wandering British tourist weighs upon us at this point. Shall we be thought destitute of a feeling for the picturesque, or cynical, or effeminate, or all three, if we venture to say in plain English that we think the Spanish bull-fight a degrading, savage, and rather stupid and tiresome exhibition?

Be it so, if so it must be. But the truth is, that no writer has yet taken, not the bull, but the bull-fight by the horns properly. Even the admirable Ford is too lenient, which is not his usual fault—although, by the way, his comparative gentleness on this point will not atone, in Spanish eyes, for his loyal labors in honor of the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington. Already, in his time, within thirty years, the graves of our Peninsular heroes (when they did get graves) required an Old Mortality.

“But the bull-fight is such a capital thing to describe!” Yes; and that is precisely why we do not choose to describe it. An honest description would be sickening. It would be a picture of a shambles; a lively sketch of a knackers’-yard; something that would not be allowed to be hung up in a Smithfield tap-room. It may seem unfair to say that the modern bull-fight is a show, where people go to see broken-down cab-horses ripped up by half-wild bulls. But this is the exact truth, nevertheless; and the proof of it is, that all compromises, all displays of trained bulls or bulls with tipped horns; mere feats of manly agility and grace, unaccompanied with downright slaughter, flanks streaming with gore, and entrails trailing in the dust—all such displays, of which torture forms no part, fall utterly flat, and hardly meet any patronage. The yells for “*caballos*” when the carnage runs short, show what the public want; and they are content to wait for the concluding chapter, the butchery of the bull, till they have seen some more screws kicking in anguish upon the sand. Anciently, as still in theory, the bull-fight was a combat between a well-mounted and skillful horseman, with assistants on foot, and a wild animal. But it has degenerated, like every thing else, till the pleasure of seeing a screw’s side turned to receive the bull’s horns has become the essential pleasure of the holiday. If the bull stops to gore a half-dead horse, in running round the arena, there is a general laugh. Surely, there is nothing either picturesque or skillful in a detail like that?

And, indeed, the “picturesque” and “skillful” elements of this decrepit game are what writers for effect most exaggerate. The sweeping circles of a Southern crowd, rising row above row under a sky of milky blue, do undoubtedly produce an effect; but it is essentially an effect of the

moment. The mass of spectators is temporarily impressive, but when you examine it, however briefly, the ruffianly elements stand forth so prominently that the poetry vanishes, and a reaction against the mere brute force of numbers rises strongly within you. Then, as to the skill displayed. It sometimes happens that the bull is "got at" before he is let out, and more or less disabled by some cowardly blow. But in any case the odds are so conclusively and overwhelmingly against him that "*fight*" is not the proper word for the game; and that so far from regarding the bull as an enemy, you find yourself wishing that, once in a way, he would get the best of it, and hint a little lesson of humanity to his tormenters by giving them a friendly poke in the ribs. No doubt there are pretty interludes. It is pretty to see the *banderilleros* charge the bull—light as dancing-girls, steady as skirmishing riflemen—and dart the gaudy *banderillas* of gay color and keen edge into his dense hide. It is exciting also, and without the coarse excitement of mere cruelty, to watch a wary performer, handkerchief in hand, receive a bull's charge, sitting on a chair, and evade it at the last instant by the most dexterous bound aside that one can imagine. But all such little touches are few and rare; and the steady rending of horses' bellies, the successive butchery of bull after bull, make up the real staple of the afternoon's pleasure, and are at once loathsome and wearisome. The bull, of course, ought to die at last by one subtle thrust—*buen estoque*. But such artistic stabs of the *mata-dor* are rare. The majority of bulls are killed by repeated blows, and many of them with a poniard or dagger. The dragging away of the huge carcass by a train of mules galloping and jingling their bells is a favorite part of the display. When an unpopular man is assassinated in Spain, or a criminal's body falls into the hands of the *populacho*, a dragging of the poor dying victim, or the more fortunate corpse by the heels, *more taurorum*, is still common. Cases of it have happened more than once not far from where we are writing, since the Revolution of 1868.

Perhaps the best omen regarding the future of the bull-fight, is a certain sensitiveness among the better-educated Spaniards to the opinion of foreigners regarding it. They are glad to see Englishmen going there; but would find it difficult to

prove that Englishmen of good condition and culture, or still less, English women, ever make a habit of going. To do a thing from curiosity, or in order to acquire a right to criticise it, once in a way, is a very different matter from doing a thing for pleasure and as an amusement in harmony with a man's ordinary occupations. But the Spaniard is most unlucky when his *Españolismo* prompts him to defend his national sport, which, he often says, a foreigner thinks barbarous, because he is not "used" to it; as if all nations had not once been "used" to practices which their mature taste rejects; while the suggestion that the habit is good because it is a habit, begs the question in the most barefaced manner. Finding this position untenable—for, indeed, reasoning is not his *forte*, and his isolation in Europe makes it difficult to him to understand European feeling—our Spaniard carries the war into the British camp, and boldly affirms that what bull-fights are to Spain, prize-fights are to England. But, even admitting all that can be said against the prize-ring, when was it ever such a national institution, so powerful for influence over popular character, as the bull-ring? When did Queen Victoria ever take her young consort to see Tom Spring set-to with Deaf Burke—(we beg pardon of these great men's memories if this be an anachronism)—which would have been just what the new King of Spain felt obliged to do, in the corresponding position, t'other day? What would the most faithful Liberal journals say, if the wives of the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet were to prepare the colors for a couple of bruisers about to meet each other, before 12,000 or 14,000 people, in Hyde Park?

But, although some Spaniards begin to see that the bull-fight is an obsolete and demoralizing barbarism, there is little chance of its disappearing for generations to come. It will probably outlast the Carnival, which decays with the decaying severity of the Lent, for which it is a preparation. Besides, the Carnival appeals to the love of fun and color only; whereas deeper and more enduring Spanish instincts are gratified by the bestial joys of the arena. The Barcelona Carnival is the most famous of Spain. The Rambla, with its long carriage roads running alongside the trees which border its central pro-

menade, is admirably suited to the grotesque and vivacious show. There, during the crowning three days, flow in steady streams, round and round, the motley equipages of the procession; and of those who come out to see the general harlequinade. Mounted Indians, Moorish chiefs, and figures in antique uniforms, ride by on horseback; while carriages containing the most dissimilar groups—a British swell sitting silent and *blasé* beside his haughty spouse—niggers, masquers with hideous noses in striped garments, and fighting parties armed with pellets of white dust, roll on in unbroken line. The balconies are crowded from end to end; the central promenade likewise; and the roar which passes along the line seems to shake the leaves of the sycamore-trees. The roar is loudest at the points, where, from clubs or hotels, a knot of warriors has planted itself to defy the war-chariots passing below. The heroes in the latter spring to their feet, and launch at the hostile balcony a glittering snowy shower, which is replied to with equal force. More gentle combatants drop upon a passing carriage a rain of spring-flowers, or dart at a mounted officer a malignant sugar-plum. Satire plays a part in the Carnival as in the ancient *Saturnalia*; and it quickly felt the operation of the Revolution. Byron tells us in *Beppo* of the Venice Carnival,

All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose.
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye free-thinkers, I charge ye.

But Spain, too, has her free-thinkers, *libre pensadores*—(there is a regular association of them in Barcelona)—and the Revolution has made public demonstrations easier for them. So at Barcelona, in the Carnival, a coach full of burlesque priests may be seen among the other oddities—the maskers, with squeaking voices, sitting on the sides of their friends' carriages, and the rest. We must not touch on the obscene element, characteristic of Southern corruption, from which the Carnival is not altogether free. It exists, however; and we may mention as a slight trait of Spanish manners, that a ball is given by the richer Spanish youths at Carnival times, the tickets to which might be seized in England, under Lord Campbell's Act.

By out-of-door amusements, as we call them in England, the Spaniards would mean almost exactly the contrary of what

we do, if they used the expression. It is extraordinary how little they walk, ride, shoot, swim, or use any kind of exercise. At their schools the youngsters have sometimes a garden; but it is as little a scene of gymnastics, as of Athenian conversations on philosophy. The absurd custom, too, at their schools, of putting in uniform lads destined to be pettifoggers, or half-trained doctors, tends to foster an early priggism, to keep them out of harmony with nature, and so to prepare them to seek relief from premature ennui in premature vice. For this want of exercise, "the climate" is the excuse; as "the government" is for other kinds of individual inferiority. And one excuse is as absurd as the other. Some parts of the summer are severely hot, though even in them the mornings are delicious. But there are several winter months, when any sort of open air exertion is not only possible, but delightful. In the long run, the climate is emphatically "temperate," running to no great excess either way; and would be still more enjoyable, and would be free from its occasional dangers, if the best use were made of it. Yet, although bragged of on the one hand, it is, on the other, cruelly made accountable for the most various shortcomings. Even educated Spaniards will tell you that "the climate" is too hot for severe labors in letters or the sciences. Ask him, "How, then, did the Greeks and Romans manage to do these things?" and the answer will be the usual shrug of the shoulders—which, according to the occasion, serves to express contented ignorance, defeat, indifference, or despair. But shoulders were made, not to be shrugged, but to bear burdens; and till the Spaniard understands this, Spanish constitutions will be mere ceremonies, and Spanish boasts idle as the smoke of cigarettes.

Of course, a few persons here and there dabble even in field-sports. We once heard a landed proprietor proving, at much length, to a large group in a club, that in order to hit a bird flying rapidly across you, you must aim somewhat ahead of it. Here, at least, was a discoverer of no common merit. So, again, a young man, "bucketing" up and down the road on a hack trained in the military style, may be seen occasionally. Nay, a horse-race absolutely was started in one great city, being held in nothing less than a HIPODROMO, for any race-course of an inferior

dignity of appellation would have been unworthy of the national pre-eminence. The running was comic. But the Spaniards were so delighted that they got up hurdle-races also, at the first of which three out of the four riders were spilt, and one of them seriously hurt. We have not read of any further efforts. By the way, a lady's riding in Spain is a kind of portent, and attracts about as much attention as a comet.

With regard to swimming, the same deficiencies prevail. Nothing can be meaner than the provision made for bathing on the shores of the Mediterranean. With what regret one looks back to the bright-colored white-awninged shore-boats of Malta, and their neat ladders, in which one was rowed out to old Bighi Bay, to take a glorious header in the sparkling blue! On the Spanish coast, mean dirty boats for the purpose are difficult to get and dear to hire. The bathing-machine, again, Cockney, but comfortable, is unknown. There are buildings on the beach with cabins, (and a bench common to the public,) from which you descend by wooden stairs into a place where the surf breaks, fortified by stanchions, bars, and ropes. The Spaniard usually holds on by a rope, and dips under at intervals; or if he tries to swim, girds himself with *calabazas*, (pumpkins or gourds,) suggesting, as he floats with his friends, that a market-boat has been capsized among them. Bathing is more a sanitary matter than any thing else with them, and lasts but a short part of their long, warm summer. The domestic tub, regular with an English gentleman as his daily bread, is in Spain hardly known.

What, then, are the "sports?" Well, there is shooting at rabbits and pigeons carefully tethered within easy range. And there are dog-fights, (*riñados de perros*), chiefly on Sundays. And there are baitings of calves by dogs. And there are combats in which two or three dogs are let loose upon a donkey, the noble animal defending himself with his heels. Cock-fighting, too, exists, although not on any brilliant scale. There is, in fact, nothing *thorough* in Spanish amusements, brutal or otherwise. And those we have just enumerated are, to do the people justice, not the pleasures of any great number of the people. The many hours they spend out of the house are spent, by preference, in strolling, gossiping, sitting under the trees,

until the time has come, according to the season, for the theatres of the city, or the garden-theatres of the suburbs.

The famous old Spanish drama has had a fate not unlike its own rival in Europe—our own. But most of us Englishmen have had twenty good opportunities of hearing Shakspeare, or Massinger, for one which most Spaniards have had of hearing Calderon or Lope. The old plays are scarce ever played in Spain; nor is there (on the other hand) either that critical study of them by individuals, or that vague general, respectable acquaintance with them in society, which in some degree atones to our old English dramatists for their absence from the stage. Spain, however, has little society-pieces by living writers which are well spoken of; and which hold their own fairly against the competition of the serious opera of Italy, and the comic opera of France. It is characteristic of Spain, where the *grandiose* enjoys a kind of worship, that although she can not afford—(that fatal *falta de recursos* which the stranger hears of as the explanation of every thing!)—to engage the highest singers, she has, in the *Liceo* of Barcelona, perhaps, the largest opera-house—in Europe. The house is really magnificent. But being above the natural wants of the city, so much of its cost fell upon rich men, who hold, as proprietors, the best boxes, that no management can afford to vie with the great cities of Europe in bidding for artists. The roominess of this place is something surprising. There are two or three sitting-rooms behind some boxes, where cards and cigars can be as comfortably enjoyed as at a club, and every box has at least one, where you can escape from the performance if it happens to be a bore. It is pleasant to know that Spaniards do not absolutely smoke within the theatre itself. But between every act what a rush there is to the lobbies, and what a platoon-firing—the rattle of chatter with rolls of smoke—begins!

The Spaniard listens with much gravity to music. He esteems himself a critical connoisseur; is as severe upon a false note as upon a bad peseta; and hisses unmercifully. There is no more tenderness for a tenor, than for a *toro*, if either of them fails in what is expected from him. The Spaniard is not looking at the matter, in either case, as one of taste only, but as one of money, and he rigidly exacts his

money's worth. The loose liberality in matters of cash that is seen in the North is only found among Cubans. But a Cuban hardly cares to be called a Spaniard. To him, Cuba is "my country," and he spends his dollars like a Yankee.

The influence of France, so frequently touched upon in these papers, has given an actress who finds her audience heavy a sure charm for awakening it in our days. The opera, which ought to be comic, is—let us suppose—hanging fire. Clouds are gathering over the dusky faces. Fans move more impatiently than usual. "*Ay, dios mio!*" exclaims Dolores, wearily. "*Madre de Dios!*" sighs Pilar. And the young ladies in green silk in yonder box, who are supposed each to have a herd of ten thousand cattle for dowry, in South America, flirt with more activity than ever. Suddenly, the orchestra strikes up a few bars, of a peculiarly lively tune. The actress, seizing her dress, and thrusting forward one leg with a familiar and beloved gesture, dances two or three—and only two or three—steps in front of the chief comic man. The whole scene changes as if by magic. A delirium of delight seizes the audience. It is the *cancan*! But the delight is brief, for, as we all know, *moralidad* is one of the watchwords (perhaps the most amusing one) of the Revolution, and the civil governor has ordered that the *cancan* shall not be danced. Spaniards, with all their rant about liberty nowadays, take quite kindly to being policed. The habit of obedience to the man in office lies deep in their blood. So a "moral" governor just prohibits a dance, or shuts up a club where he thinks there is too much gambling, by his own fiat. And it is difficult to see how a country like Spain could be ruled in any other way. She is scarcely more fit for self-government, in our British sense, than the Zoological Gardens.

Apropos of gambling, let us notice the extraordinary prevalence of it in Spain. More than any thing else, it is supposed to have ruined the fortunes of the nobility; and the most famous modern soldiers, whose names are in every body's mouth, have been notorious for it. All Spaniards are believed to like it, from the urchin who puts in his *cuartos* at a wheel of fortune or a raffle, to the grandee who stakes his *onzas* (sixteen-dollar gold-pieces, fair to see!) on the turn of a card. San Sebastian is now the summer headquarters of

gaming, but it goes on all over the country. Cards are more played than any thing else in Spain. The pack consists of forty-eight, divided into *espadas*, or swords (spades?); *oros*, circular pieces of gold; *copas*, or cups; and *bastos*, clubs. The court-cards are *rey*, the king, *sota*, the knave, and a mounted figure, *caballo* which makes up for the want of a queen. The ace is called *as*. In regular gambling, *monte*, where the mere draw of a card settles the gain or loss, is one of the best-known games. But the game answering to our whist, and which may be played for high or nominal stakes equally, is *tresillo*. In *tresillo* there are three players—the fourth hand being in common. The first player *nominates* trumps, according to the strength of his hand; but may be superseded by the second player, if he, with the help of the common hand, finds himself still stronger in any class of card. Trumps once constituted, the game goes on in a general way like whist. Long before dark, you may see respectable old Spanish fogies at their *casino* or *circulo*, employed upon this game. The Spaniards do not attempt clubs upon the English scale; nor can you get any thing in the way of refreshment there, except what may be conveniently brought in from a *café*. But the rooms are handsome. There are Madrid and French newspapers,—most probably, also, *The Times* and *Illustrated London News*, and sometimes *Punch*. Not, of course, that you would find these luxuries in such sleepy old capitals as Zaragoza and Pamplona, where a dignified indifference to modern life prevails, and the narrow antique streets, with their quaint population gazing at the stranger, hardly seem to belong to the century. Yet every Spanish town has its *café*, with, its loungers and players at dominoes, its glasses of hot milk, orgeat, and rose-syrup and its endless clatter amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke. Even a revolution or insurrection does not disturb the current of existence in a Spanish city as much as the reader may perhaps suppose. You hear that barricades are being erected in such and such a quarter. The population are ordered to keep in-doors after a signal gun from the citadel. Troops bivouack in front of your house; musketry is heard in the distance. But, next morning, the cooks are all going to market, for "there is always an hour allowed for that," says your

cocinera, who has seen her country ruined and saved a dozen times, and never found that it much affected the price of tunny-fish, kid, or tomatoes. The cooks well in, firing recommences, and "prodigies of valor" are declared by the local papers to be going on on both sides. "Both are valiant," exclaims the editor, urging peace. In a little while all is over. The revolt has failed. Nobody seems to know that any soldier has been hurt, although there are rumors that a poor wine-shop keeper

has been killed in cold blood, because the black stains on his hands were mistaken for marks of gunpowder. The Captain-General rides through the city with a showy staff behind him. Order is safe. The Captain-General is to have the grand cross of *Juana la Loca*. Shops and theatres open again; and the foreigner finds that he has added one more little chapter to his experience of the Manners and Amusements of Spain.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HAUNTED ENGHENIO.

SOME years since, I chanced to be in Rio de Janeiro. I had just returned from a trip into the interior, and was idling away the last few days of my stay in South America, enjoying the incomparable beauty of the scenery of that sierra-locked harbor. To avoid the heat and bustle of the town, I had taken up my abode at a small *venda* on the northern shore of the bay; and there one evening I was as usual sitting out in the veranda, enjoying my after-dinner cigar and cup of coffee. I was gradually sinking into a reverie, trying to fancy myself surrounded by the dear ones at home, wishing that they too could with me sit and watch the ever-changing dreamy beauty of the scene. "As the Thames (below Blackwall) is to the Bay of Naples, so is the Bay of Naples to the Harbor of Rio," thought I, when my cogitations were interrupted by the sounds of a mule's hoofs pounding along the sandy beach-road which passed in front of the *venda*. In another moment the mule and its rider were in sight, and rather to my disgust I perceived that the latter evidently was bent on patronizing the same house as myself. I did not feel in the mood to be disturbed, and the new-comer was of any thing but a prepossessing appearance. So coated was he with white dust and dried mud-splashes that it was next to impossible to make him out, but I mentally put him down as some stray Portuguese or fazendiero from some neighboring coffee estate. His mule, though seeming nearly "played out," was a powerful beast, and the saddle certainly English. I saw too, as he dismounted, that he was well armed, and wore a revolver and knife on his hip Yankee fashion. There was no

bell, and the house blacks having carefully made themselves scarce, the stranger had to lead his own mule off to the stables in rear of the *venda*. I had almost forgotten the new arrival, and was watching the sunset on the bald peaks of the Sugar-loaf and the Corcovado, when I heard a step in the room behind me, and the stranger came out into the veranda where I was sitting. I should hardly have recognized him, a wash and change of clothes had made such an alteration. Now, though, that the dust and mud were washed from his face and beard, I could see that he looked fearfully worn and ill. He was a good deal sun-burnt, but sallow and colorless, and, though not yet a middle-aged man, stooped considerably. I still took him for a Portuguese, and was fairly startled when he addressed some remark to me in the purest English.

"You will, I trust, excuse me; but I have been living for so long among natives and niggers that it is quite a treat to hear one's own language again, and I could not fail to recognize you as a countryman."

"Well," said I, "for my part I confess I did not take *you* for one."

"Not likely; my best friend of six months since would hardly know me now, for I have been 'down' with swamp-fever, and half dead; and besides, I am just 'off' a 150 miles' ride in four days. Not bad work over the sierra this time of year."

We chatted on for some time, and I soon found that he was the manager of a large coffee plantation in the interior belonging to the Visconde de B——. From

coffee culture our conversation naturally turned on slavery, and I remember how strongly, whilst listening to him, the idea impressed itself on my mind, that the practical views of one unprejudiced man, who really understood the habits and nature of the blacks, was worth more than all the well-meaning nonsense ever talked in Parliament, or the vindictive cant of a Jamaica Committee assembled in Exeter Hall! After a pause in the conversation, during which we each puffed away at our respective cigarettes, my new acquaintance abruptly asked, "Did you ever see or ever hear of—a black ghost?"

"Can't say I ever did," replied I, with a laugh; "thought they were always white."

"No, I don't mean *that* exactly; I mean the ghost of a black man. I have seen a good deal of native races myself—natives of every hue and species, from yellow Chinese to black niggers—but till a couple of months ago I never came across any thing resembling the ghost of one. I remember once a rabid slave-owner in the Southern States trying to prove that niggers were cattle! and one of his points was that a nigger had no soul! 'for,' says the Southern chap, convincingly, 'there never was a white man yet (or a black one, for that matter) who ever set eyes on a nigger's ghost.'

"'Guess not,' struck in one of the crowd; 'a nigger's ghost (if he's got one) must be black, mustn't it? and as you only see ghosts in the night, how the thunder could you see a black ghost in a black night? no, siree. Happen, though, if you could fix up a *white* night you might see—a few.' But, if you like, I will tell you a rather uncomfortable experience I myself had a short time since; mind I don't say it *was* a ghost, and you need not believe it, but it *was* uncomfortable—*very*."

I expressed my delight at the prospect of a "yarn;" and so, without further preface, he commenced.

"I was telling you just now that the fazenda of which I am the manager is a very large one, and that it has been cultivated for a great number of years—that is, for *this* part of the world.

"Twenty, or five-and-twenty years ago, the district which we are now working was all virgin forest, and the only part of the estate under coffee and sugar was the

'Boa Vista,' the eastern end of the estate, ten miles from where we now are. The old fazenda of Boa Vista is standing yet, and is as lovely a spot as you could well find. There are almost miles of avenues of fruit-trees—mangoes, oranges, cachoes, palms, bananas, and numbers of others; whilst the roads through the coffee-mills are literally hedged with pines; but every thing is going to ruin, faster and faster each year; and the place forcibly reminds you of what the garden of Eden might have been, if, after Adam's expulsion, a joint-stock company had taken it up, gone bankrupt, and got into Chancery. It was the grandfather of the present Visconde who first founded the estate, and, according to the faint reports still current, he must have been one of the real wicked old sort one reads about as having lived in the dark ages. On his vast estates he was absolute as the Czar, and he used his power like a tiger. I have heard grim stories told of the poor blacks he had flogged to death—strong men, ay, and women too! He had a large establishment, perhaps five hundred field-hands, and he ruled them with a rod of iron. I have heard that, should he see a black touch with the handle of his hoe one coffee-tree whilst clearing the roots of another, the unfortunate slave was sure of a hundred lashes. Well, some he murdered outright, some fled to the woods, and lived like wild beasts, whilst others, more happy, died of ill-usage and starvation; when suddenly a strange complaint appeared. By twos and threes the slaves died off, week after week, month after month, year after year. The muster-roll became smaller and smaller. The old Visconde was frantic. Bribes, medicines, and floggings were all tried, and proved equally powerless to check the strange complaint. Perhaps I am wrong to call it a complaint; it was not one—it was *poison*! Yes, poison. I myself, whilst in Brazil, have known several isolated instances of this, but never any thing approaching to the wholesale 'killing' that for years went on amongst those poor people at Boa Vista. I can never feel quite certain of the cause. Whether was it owing to the fearful misery of their lives, their wish to die, and so in a manner be revenged on the old tyrant who owned them, or was it a sort of contagious, murderous mania that spread through the whole mass of slaves? I myself fan-

cy the former; but, possibly, both causes combined. The negro, you know, as a rule, does not go in for suicide. The Malay or Javanese does; and down South there, (whilst making the Panama line,) literally thousands of Chinamen hanged or drowned themselves when fever and starvation brought them low and made their lives miserable. But, from whatever cause it arose, the blacks of Boa Vista died off at a fearful rate; and at last two Portuguese factors disappeared, murdered by the slaves, no doubt. In a few years the muster-roll dwindled from 500 to 300; and, do what he would, the Visconde found the work getting ahead of the overtaxed slaves. Then, partly owing to the mouth of the river silting up, and partly to the dykes being neglected, one rainy season a part of the river-bank was swept away, and never being repaired, hundreds of acres of level land, on part of which sugar had been successfully grown, were flooded, and soon degenerated into marsh. The natural consequence, of course, was, that the malaria soon bred fever of the most malignant type, and the blacks died off faster than ever. Finally, the old Visconde abandoned the fazenda in despair; sold off all his slaves, dispersing them in small gangs to various distant districts; bought 150 new ones, and cleared and planted the hill-ground, ten miles from the old one, where now the new fazenda stands. Though practically deserted, and now, thanks to the ever-increasing marsh, rendered quite uninhabitable owing to the fever, the plantations (where not entirely overgrown with jungle and *sapakyia*) are still valuable; so every year, when the picking-time comes, a party of thirty or forty blacks is sent over to get what coffee they can; every year the yield becomes less and less, and this year not more than 800 arrobas were gathered. We should have got more; but the fever suddenly appeared, though I took every precaution — keeping the people away from the low ground toward evening, and giving them extra rations, including spirits, and changing the gang every few days. In spite of all it attacked us, and in three days we had a dozen on the sick-list. I, of course, gave up work and retreated to the hills; one poor fellow sank after we got home, though. Well, the coffee, or at least a good part of it, was picked, and out on the drying-grounds; but as the

blacks could not be left there to take care of it, it stood a fair chance of being stolen, since the river ran close past the terreiros, and a canoe-load could be taken in a few minutes. Some one had to take charge of it, and as the only man I could trust besides myself had only just arrived from England with his wife and family, and had not yet gone through a course of tropical hardening as I had, I thought it best to do the work myself. We generally sent a couple of hands over every morning to turn and spread the coffee. As the place was safe enough by day, they remained there, and towards evening heaped it up again and returned home; so the night was the only time I had to care for. Accordingly, after a day's work—ploughing, draining, sugar-planting, or clearing forest-land—I used to lie down for a couple of hours in my clothes, be called at about 9 P.M., and ride over to the deserted old fazenda of Boa Vista. I had a half-unbroken mule—not the one I am riding now, but a beast that would hardly break her gallop the whole way there—so it did not take me long to get to the clearing, (though I had a river and two wide swamps to cross *en route*.) The old Enghenio was, of course, situated close to the drying-grounds, and there I used to establish myself for the night. The left wing of the ruinous old building had been formerly the sugar-house, and in it I used to tether my mule; and with the help of a bundle of cigars and an occasional nip of spirits and quinine, I should have passed the night comfortably enough had it not been for the mosquitoes. I used to sit there (myself hid in the deep shadow of the building) and watch the white mist, reeking with poisonous miasma, seething up from the great marsh. How closely it enveloped one, and how strangely and fantastically each well-known object around loomed through it! The brightest moonlight could but dimly struggle down on the weather-stained and time-worn old ruins, so dank and cold and desolate. No sound ever broke the silence but the occasional cry of some night-bird from the marsh, the chattering of bats, and the never-ceasing hum of the mosquitoes. Oh! how dreary those long nights were! I used to watch the moon, (when now and then I could get a glimpse of it, pale and hazy, through the drifting fog,) and guess how long it would take to sink behind the

forest-clad sierra ; and often I have quite longed to catch sight of some skulking rascal making free with the coffee. I don't think much provocation would have been required to make me pull trigger with a clear conscience, but no one ever came ; and from what I afterwards heard, I believe a pile of dollars would have been pretty safe ; for the old fazenda had, I found, a 'bad name,' and both blacks and Portuguese are, you know, superstitious enough for any thing. So I fancy that not a man in the district would have ventured about the old place after nightfall. Well, one night I had ridden over as usual, though dead tired and sleepy, as you may think, for I had spent the whole day working in a rice-swamp under a grilling sun. I had almost reached the fazenda. The last half mile or so of the road ran through an avenue of the finest bamboos I ever saw. They must be fifty feet high at the very least, and met overhead in an arch. In daylight it was a shady ride, but by night, even when the moon was well up, it was all but pitch dark, and, of course, one had to ride at a foot's pace. The avenue was quite straight, so that, like coming out of a tunnel, you could see an arch of light in front of you long before you reached it. Beyond the end of the bamboos the road swept sharp round to the right, for perhaps a hundred yards or so, through scattered clumps of orange-trees, guava-scrub, etc. ; beyond which, on the right, was the half-ruined Enghenio or machine-house, and directly fronting it, on the other side of the road, the terreiros or drying-grounds, now scraped clean of the year's accumulation of weeds, and covered with heaps of half-dried coffee. I had ridden slowly through the bamboo avenue, and was within a few yards of where the white moonlight streamed across the road at its termination, when my mule gave a start aside and suddenly stopped short. No doubt a snake was crossing the path, or she had scented some skulking puma. But at the moment I was half asleep in the saddle, (the sun had been more than usually powerful that day, and I confess I was thoroughly fagged.) I was thinking (almost dreaming, perhaps,) of the former history of the ruined fazenda, and mixed up with these thoughts of the past were vague speculations as to the present—the chances of a meeting with coffee thieves, etc., when the sudden halt of my mule

brought me back in a moment to a state of thorough wakefulness. Instinctively I grasped my revolver, and was ready for action. For some time, as I advanced, I had heard, without listening to them, the various and ordinary night-sounds of a tropical swamp, the dabbling and splashing of water-fowl, the endless chorus of frogs and such like ; but now, after the first moment of attention, I became convinced that a fresh sound was added to them. Surely I could not be mistaken. No ; there it was—a sound that I had heard for hours together every day of my life at the hill fazenda—the quick regular beat of a water-wheel, and the steady rush of water through the sluices. In a moment it flashed across me that the suspected thieves had come early, and were making a night of it, coolly cleaning our coffee with our own machinery, which was still in a condition to do its work in a sort of way.

"A touch of the spur sent the mule going again, and in a few seconds I was round the bend, and caught a glimpse of the upper story of the Enghenio looming up above the orange-clumps and guava-scrub. I noticed the old building seemed to be lit up, and I could hear the rush of water and the beat of the wheel plainer than ever. I guided my mule off the road so as to approach without being heard, and, revolver in hand, cantered through the orange-grove. As I first caught sight of the terreiro, I shall never forget my astonishment at the sight before me. I had only an end view of the Enghenio, but four of the front windows seemed to be open, as I could see the broad streams of light thrown strongly across the drying-ground, which, strange to say, was literally crowded with blacks. I could see them distinctly—their dusky forms flitting backward and forward from the drying-ground to the Enghenio, carrying in the coffee in large baskets. Several had torches, and I could even distinguish a couple of overseers directing the work. The blacks I noticed were all working silently, and 'at the run.' The first idea that struck me was, that one of our worthy neighbors, whom I knew to be quite capable of robbery or any thing else, had brought down the whole of his people, and was intent on making a clean sweep of our coffee. Insensibly I slackened speed as I dodged my way through the

last clump of orange-trees. As I did so a thicker wreath of mist seemed to seethe up from the marsh; the ruddy flow of light from the open windows appeared to fall out, and the hurrying slaves, whom a few minutes before I had so distinctly seen, seemed to melt away into the darkness. Another stride carried me clear of the orange-trees at a point within twenty yards of the Enghenio. I pulled up with a quick jerk, utterly bewildered, for there, close before me, was the drying-ground, covered with its regular heaps of coffee, not one displaced—nothing stirring, nothing visible—the whole place as silent and solitary as when I last visited it the night before. I sat there for perhaps a minute, unable even to think, but with a strange feeling of awe creeping over me; for up to that moment it had never struck me that I was subject to an illusion. Even then I could hardly force myself to believe that what I felt morally certain I had actually *seen* was not real, and I half expected to see the troops of blacks come hurrying out of the Enghenio again. No—not a trace of them. Then I thought of the great water-wheel. I had *heard* that going, and *could* not be mistaken. With a feeling not far from dread I rode past the Enghenio toward the sugar-house, which was the right wing of the building, (the machinery was all in the centre, and the coffee-stores in the left wing nearest to me.) As I slowly rode along the front, I saw that the windows, from which so shortly before I had seen the streams of light issuing, were closed as usual, with shutters, gray and steaming with damp, shining coldly in the pale moonlight. The centre door, leading into the machine-house, was fast, and the rusty padlock and chain seemed untouched. The sugar-house was open on one side, and into this I rode my mule, dismounted, and tethered her, and then unfastened a small lantern which I always brought with me, struck a light, and proceeded to explore the building. Nothing seemed changed; there was no trace of any one having visited it since I was last there. Then I went into the machine house. Squeezing between the mandioca-mill and a disused sugar-press, I made my way to the part of the building partitioned off for the water-wheel. I knew *it* would satisfy me. Several of the planks had rotted, and fallen back into the watercourse below; they had left a large gap in the partition,

through which I looked at the wheel. A cold chill passed through me as I did so. The broad floats were as dry as tinder, and the wheel itself was held locked by a fallen rafter which had passed through its arms—it had not moved for a year; and there, twelve or fifteen feet below me, I could see the water unconfined by sluice or shuttle, which had long since been washed away, running silently along the chute, and not even touching the lowest float of the wheel. Two or three bats, disturbed by the light, fluttered up past me, and they were the only signs of life I could see. Then I *knew* that what I had seen could not be real—but how to account for the noise of the wheel, and the stampers too! How my head ached that night! (it does now, for that matter;) but I sat there in the sugar-house puzzling over the strange sight I had seen till near daylight, and then rode home again. I could eat no breakfast, I remember, but went out to see some fresh land they were clearing; but I turned ill, and had to come home; and by evening I was down with swamp-fever, and raving. I had a baddish turn of it; and a precious row, they tell me, I made. And the odd thing is, that I can remember many of the delusions which I had then, as clearly as if they had been facts; but the real facts I have either forgotten entirely, or only remember as one does a dream. Now, sir, that's my story, and it is for you to judge whether it was the fever that brought me the niggers' ghosts, or the niggers' ghosts the fever. I hope I am not in for another dose of it; my head feels very queer. Well, anyhow, I have had a long day, and so will turn in—good-night."

He rose, and, shivering slightly, moved off to his room; and I, after musing a while over the strange story which I had heard, followed his example. The next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I asked José, the factotum of the venda, if the stranger had yet gone out.

"No, Senor, he's ill—has the fever, and I have been with him for the last two hours; he wants to speak to you, Senor."

Accordingly I repaired to his room, and found him, as José had said, down with fever; he was quite sensible, though, and thanked me for coming.

"I thought very likely you would be crossing the bay to Rio this morning; if you do, would you kindly ask the English

doctor to give me a call? I have got a touch of this wretched fever back again. José tells me that early this morning I was talking a great deal of nonsense, but I hope I did not disturb or bore you last night."

I assured him to the contrary, and in the course of the morning found out and sent the doctor to see him. His attack

was very light, and in a few days he was about again, but he never again mentioned the long night's watching in the old Enghenio. Was the fever-madness in him when he saw that strange sight at the abandoned fazenda? Or was it so when he told me the story before his second attack. I'm sure I know not, but it was a strange weird tale either way.

Chambers's Journal.

MATRIMONIAL CURIOSITIES.

MISS LYDIA LANGUISH, so dismayed at the thought of being married in ordinary humdrum fashion, would have heartily sympathized with the eccentric Yankee couple who were able to inform those whom it did and did not concern that upon a certain day they were married at Omaha, "on the east half of the north-west quarter of section twenty-two, township twenty-one, north of range eleven east, in an open sleigh, and under an open and unclouded canopy," or, if the chance had been given her, would have been charmed to imitate the Pittsburgh pair, who after being made one flesh in a balloon, went on a bridal trip two thousand feet above the earth. But with all her love of romance and horror of commonplace, Sheridan's wayward heroine would scarcely have cared to have made herself and her dear Beverley happy under the shadows of the gallows. Some of the sex have, however, proved equal to entering the holy state even in that ominous manner. In 1725, a woman petitioned King George I., praying she might win pardon for a malefactor by wedding him under Tyburn Tree. The belief that a condemned felon could be thus rescued from the hands of the executioner is placed by Barrington in the category of legal vulgar errors. It is one, of course; but such a singular idea could hardly, one would think, have taken possession of the popular mind unless there had been some foundation for it. Supposing such a custom ever prevailed anywhere, it is difficult to decide if it were complimentary or uncomplimentary to the saving sex. Women might indeed claim it as an acknowledgment that Love is lord of all, when the professed love of a woman was held powerful enough to override the decree of justice; while, on the

other hand, it might be argued that the criminal had only a choice of equal punishments. If Manningham, himself a lawyer, gives a true version of the condition, the latter view is the correct one, for marriage in such a case might well prove worse than hanging. He says, "It is the custom, not the law, in France and Italy, that if any notorious professed strumpet will beg for a husband a man who is going to execution, he shall be reprieved, and she may obtain a pardon and marry him; that both their ill lives may be bettered by so holy an action. Hence grew a jest, when a scoffing gentlewoman told a gentleman she heard that he was in some danger of being hanged for some villany, he answered, 'Truly, madam, I was afraid of nothing so much as you would have begged me!' In England it hath been used, that if a woman will beg a condemned person for her husband, she must come in her smock only, and a white wand in her hand, as Sterill said he had seen."

Among the ballads preserved in the Roxburghe collection is one dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, setting forth how a merchant of Chichester killed a German at Emden-town, and how, after he had made his last dying speech on the scaffold, no less than ten goodly maidens begged for his hand and life:

"This is our law," quoth they;
 "We may your death remove,
 If you, in lieu of our good will,
 Will grant to us your love."

None of the compassionate virgins, however, were goodly enough for his taste, and he quietly asked the executioner to do his office: then another damsel intervened, and by force of her charms or her eloquence persuaded the merchant to accept her kind offer; so

Hand in hand they went
 Unto the church that day;
 And they were married presently
 In sumptuous rich array.

Less impressionable was the fellow whose
 obdurate ungallantry is commemorated in
 the lines,

"Come, marry a wife, and save your life!"
 The judge aloud did cry.
 „Oh, why should I corrupt my life?"
 The victim did reply.
 "For here's a crowd of every sort,
 And why should I prevent their sport?
 The bargain's bad in every part;
 The wife is worst—drive on the cart!"

Montaigne tells a similar story of a Picar-
 dian, who, seeing a lame damsel advan-
 cing to claim him for her own, cried out,
 "She limps, she limps; dispatch me quick-
 ly!" The famous border thief, Scott of
 Harden, had the like alternative, rope or
 ring, given him. He had driven the cat-
 tle of Murray of Elibank; but the latter
 managed in turn to drive Scott, his follow-
 ers, and the stolen beasts, back to Elibank
 Castle. Upon telling his wife he should
 hang the thief, now he had caught him,
 she suggested it were a pity to hang such
 a winsome fellow when they had three
 such sorry girls pining in single blessed-
 ness at home. Taking the shrewd hint
 of his better-half, Murray sent for the
 ugliest of his daughters, and presenting
 Meg-o'-mouth Murray, as she was called,
 to his astonished prisoner, gave him his
 choice, either to make Meg his wife or
 dangle from a tree. The cattle-raider flat-
 ly refused to take the lady until he felt the
 rope tightening round his neck, then he
 gave in; returning to Harden a married
 and a sadder man, to repent at leisure the
 unlucky raid that had brought him to such
 a pass.

If the belief in gallows' matches was a
 strange one, it was no stranger than the
 notion, that if a bride lacked modesty as
 well as money, she could throw off her
 debts with her dress, and by going to
 church in but one garment, make her cre-
 ditors shift for their due as though Law
 were a lion, losing all fierceness before
 an unclad Una. A beauty thus unadorn-
 ed once skipped across Ludgate Hill to
 change her name by the aid of a Fleet
 parson. On the 17th October, 1714, John
 Bridmore and Anne Sellwood of Chiltern
 All Saints, Wiltshire, were made one, and
 against the record in the parish register
 was written, "The aforesaid Anne Sell-

wood was married in her shift, without any
 clothes or head-gear on." Some ten years
 later, a similar performance took place at
 Ulcombe, Kent. Kalm, in his *Travels in
 North America*, (1747,) relates that a poor
 widow, whose husband had left her no-
 thing but debts, upon marrying a second
 time, went to church in her chemise, there-
 by relieving herself and her new partner
 from all liabilities; and in recording the
 fact, Kalm remarks that such things often
 took place. In 1766, a Whitehaven bride
 sought to attain the same end by going to
 church as became a decent woman, un-
 dressing herself to her undermost garment
 for the ceremony, and putting on her
 clothes again as soon as the knot was
 tied; and somewhere between the years
 1838 and 1844, a Lincolnshire curate offi-
 ciated at a wedding where the heroine of
 the occasion stood before him enveloped
 in a sheet. Such attempts to evade the
 law of debtor and creditor evinced a lau-
 dable desire on the part of the bold brides
 to spare the pockets of the men of their
 choice, which is more than can be said of
 the means adopted not long ago by a
 Staffordshire woman to evade paying cer-
 tain moneys she had received on behalf of
 the turnpike trustees. She had been sued
 in the County Court, and ordered to pay
 the money, and appearing in answer to a
 summons for contempt, coolly produced a
 marriage certificate, and pleaded that her
 husband was now liable for the debt. She
 had married a traveling tinker the day af-
 ter judgment was given against her, and
 where he was to be found, she neither
 knew nor cared.

The artful toll-taker was too anxious to
 have a spouse of some sort to be fastidious;
 and for honester reasons, poor orphaned
 Thomas Robbins of Abergavenny was as
 desperately determined to wed, when he
 wrote to the chairman of the Hereford
 Board of Guardians, "I do want to marry
 a young girl about nineteen or twenty
 from the Union House, if you have one
 that will have me, and will come and live
 in this town. I do live in Mill street,
 Abergavenny. I will take her off the
 parish for good, and keep her. I do want
 to know if you will marry me in the Union
 House at the Board-day, and please let me
 know about it as soon as you can, as I have
 no father or mother in the world to do for
 me. I do want to be married as soon as
 I can." Certainly, Thomas, willing to take

any girl the guardians chose to allot him, could not have said, like the countryman, when a Wiltshire coroner asked him how he came to be so foolish as to wed a woman with a cough, that he "s'posed he liked her!" Not a whit more burdened with sentiment was the Dorsetshire laborer who put forth the following *Bill for a Wife*: "Charles Warren, Marnhull, Dorset. My family is as follows: the eldest boy is thirteen years old, the youngest boy five years old, and a girl eight years old. My house is my own, and have no rent to pay. I have an acre of potatoes, half blues and half whites, this year. My wife has been dead twelve months ago, last Shroton Fair; the children lives with themselves in the daytime, but I am always at home with them at night. I do think it would be better if there was a woman to look after them, both for the children and myself. I have got eight shillings a week for my work, and the boy two shillings a week, and have constant employ. I want a good steady woman, between thirty and forty years old, for a wife. I do not want a second family. I want a woman to look after the pigs while I am out at work.—July, 1832." Equally practical-minded was the collier groom who demurred to utter the all important "I will," until he had received from his blushing bride a satisfactory answer to the question, "Wi' ta clean my boots?"

Some persons about to marry have shown such supreme indifference, that one wonders how they ever compassed the preliminary courtship. A couple appeared at a parsonage in Ottawa, and expressed their desire to be united; but just as the clergyman was about to commence proceedings, the lady discovered she was minus one of her gloves, and requested the gentleman to go and get her a pair, and to be quick about it, or she might change her mind! He obeyed. Clergyman, witnesses, and the bride waited and waited, but neither gloves nor groom came to hand, until things looked so serious that the good parson himself started off in search of the dilatory bridegroom. After a long hunt, he was discovered comfortably seated in the veranda of a hotel, with his feet on the back of a chair, quietly enjoying his cigar. Upon the clergyman demanding an explanation of his behavior, the nonchalant gentleman said, with all the coolness imaginable, that he

was waiting to see if she was going to change her mind! This indifferent individual was one of that take-it-easy school to which the late Duke of Sutherland belonged, if Mr. Grant's story of that nobleman be true. Just two hours before the time fixed for his marriage with one of the most beautiful women in England, a friend came upon him in James's Park, leaning carelessly over the railing at the edge of the water, throwing crumbs to the water-fowl. "What! you here to-day! I thought you were going to be married this morning?" "Yes," replied the duke, without moving an inch or stopping his crumb-throwing; "I believe I am." The same writer tells a story of a living nobleman to much the same tune. This easy-going personage left his father to choose a bride for him, and make all the necessary arrangements; but concerned himself so little about the matter, that he had arranged to meet a friend in Long Acre on the very morning of the marriage, which fact he announced in the following words: "It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the duke to-day, I fancy I am going to be married!" The force of indifference could hardly further go; but in this case the lady interested must have been as easy-going as her intended husband, and of a very different temperament to the Virginian lass, who, finding her swain could not raise the dollar for the clergyman's fee, entreated the latter, if he could not marry them full up for less, to marry them twenty-seven cents' worth, and they would call for the rest some other time.

Recklessness in matrimonial matters has brought many to grief and repentance; but, for all that, wedded bliss is more likely to wait upon heedless than over-cautious marriers. An unhappy result may safely be predicated of a union when the parties to it have so little confidence in each other as to formally bind themselves over to good behavior by a pre-nuptial contract. When Jacob Sprier and Deborah Leaming, of Philadelphia, both of whom had experienced the joys of matrimony before, resolved upon making a second experiment jointly, mindful of the source of conjugal jars in such cases, they drew up an agreement of twenty-two clauses, the last of which at any rate was a sensible one, "That the said Jacob

Sprier shall not upbraid the said Deborah Leaming with the extraordinary industry and good economy of his deceased wife; neither shall the said Deborah Leaming upbraid the said Jacob Sprier with the extraordinary industry and good economy of her deceased husband; neither shall any thing of this nature be observed by either to the other of us with any view to offend and irritate the party to whom observed; a thing too frequently practiced in a second marriage, and very fatal to the repose of the parties married."

Still more fatal to the repose of such parties is the untimely resurrection of a defunct spouse. Your rambling husband has an awkward knack of getting himself reported dead, and then turning up "very much alive," to the consternation of his consoled relic, and the upsetting of the domestic arrangements of her consoler. Enoch Ardens are no rarities, although not often of such a retiring disposition as the laureate's hero. Only the other day our morning paper told us of two dead husbands coming to life. Ten years ago, a merchant captain married a lady of Soleure, Switzerland; the honeymoon had just waned, when the new-made Benedict received orders to depart on a voyage. Before many weeks had passed, the grievous news came that his ship had gone down with all hands, off the coast of Africa. For half a dozen years the captain's widow remained faithful to his memory. Then a trip to Paris brought her an acceptable wooer, and Switzerland saw her no more. Four years later, a bronzed and bearded gentleman entered a café on the Boulevard Montmartre, and called for refreshment. While waiting its coming, he looked around him, until his eyes rested upon a comely lady busy at the desk; a long searching look, and he was at the desk too; a few words were exchanged, then with a loud scream the lady fainted, and the whole place was in an uproar. She was the beauty of Soleure, and the traveler was her sailor husband, who, after vainly seeking his bride in the land wherein he left her, had thus accidentally found her—the happy wife of another man, and the proud mother of three fine children. The second case came to light in Worship street police court, when a man applied for magisterial assistance to enable him "to get a little matter settled." He had, twelve months ago, married a widow, the

widow of a drowned sailor. While he was at work one day, some one came to him and told him his "missis" was at home with another man. Throwing down his tools, he hurried home to see into it, and, sure enough, found his wife with another man's arm round her neck. He told the intruder she was his wife, but the man said, "No, she was *his* wife;" an assertion the object of dispute verified by going off with her old love, leaving her second mate at his wits' end; and so in his trouble he came to the magistrate "to get the matter settled one way or the other." The poor fellow left the court in a very dissatisfied mood, because all the worthy magistrate could say was, that he thought the matter *was* settled the other way already. London magistrates are sadly plagued by folks who believe their worships can set any matrimonial difficulty straight at a minute's notice. One of them was much perplexed by a woman complaining she was very much ill used by a woman who was her husband's wife, and a man who was another woman's husband. Under pressure, she made the affair clearer: "I am my husband's wife, and he's got another wife. I want to take proceedings against my husband and his wife; they lead me a rare life, particularly my husband's other wife!" When the magistrate interrupted her with, "He can't have another wife," the indignant dame proceeded, "But he has got her, and I paid for it. I don't mind what I do to him or to her. I should like to get rid of them both. First he is with me, and then he is with her, and then they are both at me together. I want to prosecute him for marrying the two of us."

Men with a weakness for bigamy can not now in Mormon-land indulge themselves to their hearts' content; but that they could do so, witness this announcement in a newspaper of Utah: "Married, in Salt Lake City, on the 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Brigham Young, to Mrs. J. M. Martin, Mrs. L. M. Pendergrist, Mrs. R. M. Jenkinson, Miss Susie P. Cleveland, Miss Emily P. Martin, all of the county of Berks, England." Fancy one man marrying three widows, all at once! Old Mr. Weller would have had an apoplectic fit at the idea, and we ourselves are so overcome by it that we can say no more about matrimonial curiosities.

Chambers's Journal.

THE KEMBLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.—JOHN PHILIP.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757, in a farmhouse, according to Mr. Fitzgerald; but this statement is contradicted by a gentleman, who, in a letter to the *Times*, says the house in which the tragedian was born stands in a main street of the small town. It seems unlikely that the Kembles, then traveling with a company of strolling players, should have lodged anywhere but in the town. We do not find any mention of the boy's having displayed special talent as a child, in which respect, as in every other, his gifted sister went ahead of him, for she was an "Infant Phenomenon" when little more than a baby. But the decent respectable stroller, Roger Kemble, whose weakness for ancestry had its commendable side, could not afford to dispense with the aid of his children, even when they were as little as they were numerous, and at intervals, during the gallant struggle he and his good wife maintained, the children were temporarily borrowed from school to tread the boards of the "circuit." Roger Kemble prized education for his children. We have seen how Sarah was sent to respectable day-schools, no doubt of the Protestant persuasion, for, according to a strange arrangement, prevalent until lately, the children of mixed marriages were brought up, the girls in the mother's faith, the boys in the father's—and Mrs. Kemble was a Protestant. John Philip was a Catholic, like his father, and began life with an imaginary vocation for the priesthood. At ten years old he was sent to Sedgeley Park, near Wolverhampton; and four years later, he went to Douai, to begin his regular divinity course at the English College, there being no place in England where a priest could make his studies. He had played a few times, as a child, in some of the wonderful jumbles which formed the entertainments offered by the strolling company—such dignified characters as "James, Duke of York, (afterwards king of England,)" and no doubt had thus early imbibed his stately notions and solemn style. The performance of *Charles I.* by the full strength of the company must have been a tremendous

exploit, with "singing between the acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble."

John Philip Kemble remained nearly six years at Douai, by which time he was satisfied he had no vocation for the priesthood. He was a diligent student, and all his life retained some of the learning he had acquired there. The celebrated Dr. Milner, who was one of his fellow-students, told how much Kemble's power of declamation was admired, and his prodigious memory. Once he generously took on himself an "imposition" of two books of Homer that were to be learned by heart by the whole class, and amazed the master by repeating fifteen hundred lines. When Kemble had to deliver an oration at one of the public exhibitions of the college, all the professors and scholars poured in. "Was it some secret turning to the stage," asks Mr. Fitzgerald, "that caused him to abandon the proposed sacred calling? Considering what his genius proved to be, this was no doubt the case, though his taste was not of the overpowering, irresistible sort which drove Garrick into the profession. It was more likely a repugnance to the state of life appointed for him; but his acting always was marked by a semi-ecclesiastical flavor, a measured deliberation, which came of his old Douai training."

John Philip was not kindly received on his return to England, and his early experiences in life were undeniably hard. He landed at Bristol, at Christmas-tide, in 1775, and went to Brecknock, where he found the strolling company. His father refused to receive him, and the *corps* made up a small subscription for him, to which the irate Roger was with difficulty induced to add a guinea. He then set off to join Crump and Chamberlain's company at Wolverhampton, but his services were declined, and he tramped on to Liverpool in search of his sister, Mrs. Siddons; but she had gone to London, for her first appearance at Drury Lane. After a while, Crump and Chamberlain—who seem to have been the Richardsons of their day, and were respectively nicknamed, as a testimony to the rudeness of the one, (Crump,) and the roguery of the other, (Chamberlain,) "Fox

and Bruin"—accepted him, and he made his appearance first as Theodosius, in which he was not successful, and secondly as Bajazet. Mr. Fitzgerald gives an amusing account, which is not unpathetic, of these small beginnings.

"There was," he says, "a sort of 'handy' fellow, named Jones, who enjoyed Garrick's patronage, took leading characters on the circuit, and was popular. Kemble, feeling his way, and ready to use every aid to help himself on, would put in the bills that he would play the particular part 'after the manner of Mr. Jones!' His general relations with his managers soon became intolerable, and he was said to have abandoned the corps, leaving some doggerel chalked up on the door of the barn which served for theatre :

I fly, to shun impending ruin,
And leave the Fox to fight with Bruin.

He had no means, and the stroller's son no doubt suffered all the traditional privation of the craft, and had to serve a sore apprenticeship to poverty and humiliation. Lewis the actor relates how, when on a starring tour among the little country theatres, he was greatly struck by a young man who was acting Lovewell in the *Clandestine Marriage* in a very ridiculous dress, but which his correct playing made the spectator forget. He found that this was a Mr. John Kemble.

It was in 1778 that Kemble's prospects began to brighten, and there can be little doubt that the rude discipline of the past benefited him in all the future. Like his sister, he was cold, and confident in himself, and had a natural solemnity of manner and taste, which inevitably must have made him the founder, not the follower of a school. His opportunity had not yet come, but it was coming. In October, 1778, we find him playing Macbeth at Wakefield, after having played Captain Plume. His grave, collected style was attracting attention, and his decorous manner and superior education made friends for him. At Hull he had a benefit, and contributed a drama of his own on the subject of Belisarius. At York he played Orestes, Ranger, and Edward the Black Prince; and there he gave the first striking example of the personal dignity and self-respect which distinguished the Kembles, and largely contributed to raise their profession from the degradation which had hitherto characterized it. A woman, who occupied, with some militia

officers, the stage-box in the very small theatre, openly and loudly proclaimed her dislike of Mr. Kemble's style, and greeted the best scenes of the play with screams of laughter. At last Kemble stopped abruptly, and when the house called on him to go on, he replied that he would do so when the "lady" had finished her conversation, "which the tragedy was only interrupting." This skillful hit produced an effect, and the lady was hissed out of the theatre. The next day he resolutely declined to make any apology to the militia officers, who presented themselves as this woman's friends. At the theatre that night, the officers saluted him with a loud call for an apology. The rest of the audience took his side, and encouraged him with shouts of "No apology." He commenced to explain how he had been treated, when the officers bade him hold his tongue, "stop his impudence," and ask pardon without further parley. With a natural and lofty scorn, which he later introduced into *Coriolanus*, he exclaimed, "Ask pardon?—never!" and walked off the stage.

He worked very hard, not so hard as his sister did, but not far from it; and his playing was not more conspicuous than his good breeding and cultivation. There are few sentimental, and no romantic episodes to be found in Kemble's career. He resembled his sister in steady, matter-of-fact respectability, against which even his habit, later acquired, of drinking largely, never seriously militated. He was devoted to Mrs. Inchbald, a woman whose character justified his devotion, as it explained her husband's passionate attachment. When Mr. Inchbald died suddenly, all their common acquaintances believed Kemble would make her an offer. But he did not: he wrote a Latin inscription for Mr. Inchbald's tomb, addressed a blank-verse ode to his memory, played for the widow's benefit, and remained until her death her fast and faithful friend. By July, 1781, he had made his way to Edinburgh, where he played Puff. His diligence and steadiness were bearing fruit; he was beginning to be heard of as a safe, sound, effective actor; and Mr. Daly, the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, engaged him for the season at the "star" salary of five pounds a week. "He must," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "have hailed this translation with delight. The Dublin audiences were critical but enthusiastic, and if they approved heartily,

that passport was sure to throw wide open the doors of the London houses."

The turn of his luck had come, but the tide of it rose with only moderate force. His acting was much admired in Dublin, but Daly put him on in injudicious parts. He was almost as ill-treated in this respect as his famous sister, of whom Garrick and others were obstinately bent on making a comedian. Fortunately, a popular Castle equerry, one Captain Jephson, brought out a play called the *Count of Narbonne*, which made a great success, and advanced Kemble immensely in public favor. He had considerable social success too, and though convivial enough, was always dignified and composed. In the cast of Captain Jephson's play, there appears the insignificant name of Miss Francis, which its unfortunate owner was to change for that of Mrs. Jordan. Miss Younge and Kemble divided the triumph of the season, then played at Cork and Limerick, and returned to Dublin with all the advantage derived from Mrs. Siddons's extraordinary contemporaneous success in London.

When Kemble made his first appearance in London, excellent comedians abounded; but Henderson was the only tragic actor of any pretension left. His career, too, was shortly to close; so that the new actor, like his sister, had every advantage of opportunity. On the 30th September, 1783, a few days after his brother Stephen had appeared at Covent Garden, John Philip first trod the boards of Drury Lane as Hamlet. From the beginning to the end, he was perfectly successful. His singularly handsome figure and grace, his elegant dress, his extraordinary likeness to his sister, reaching even to the voice, and his perfect self-possession and deliberation, struck every critic. Though his first appearance was not an extraordinary and tumultuous success like his sister's, like Garrick's, like Kean's, it is interesting to read the account of it, remembering the great career which lay in the future beyond it:

"His reading of the part was different from Garrick's or any other player's. He threw a softness and tenderness over the character. His performance was evidently the result of careful and intellectual study of the play—there was the most judicious elocution, and a new emphasis. The same imperfection that had imperiled the success of his sister on her first appearance was noticed in his voice, but this was

imputed to his being accustomed to the smaller Dublin house. Still, in its softer inflection, it showed uncommon feeling. John Taylor was struck with the laboriously critical tone of the character, but owned he never saw such an improvement as study and repetition brought to the representation—an improvement owing in no slight degree to the laborious exercise of having written out the part no less than forty times."

The brother and sister appeared together for the first time in the *Gamester*; but Kemble did not make much of Beverley. Then came the triumph of a royal command, and they played in *King John* splendidly. Court favor, then only bestowed on real merit, and unattainable by low burlesque actors and idiotic comic singers, meant much in those days, and was lavishly bestowed upon the Kembles to the last. From that moment, Mrs. Siddons reigned supreme as an interpreter of Shakspeare, and her brother advanced on his slow and steady course, making every step sure. His Othello, to which Mrs. Siddons played Desdemona with exquisite grace and softness, was an advance towards those grand and majestic interpretations for which he was later to be famous. He played Othello in the dress of an English general officer. Soon his magnificent performance of Macbeth, for his own benefit, supported by his sister, was to throw all his former feats into the shade. Beside this masterpiece, Othello was a failure. For the first time in his career, John Philip Kemble was greeted with tumultuous and abounded applause. On this success ensued two monotonous years, full of triumph to the sister, and of hard work and study to the brother, who was cautiously and patiently trying experiments in great parts. To this period belongs the story of his marriage which surprised every one, and certainly was inconsistent with his cautious, calculating, and self-seeking character. The lady was the widow of Brereton, a handsome man, and an indifferent actor, who died in a lunatic asylum in 1787. She was pretty, interesting, but not clever, and quite penniless. He signified his intentions to her in a royal manner, informing her that she should shortly hear some very good news. Her mother, interpreting the oracular utterance to indicate a proposal of marriage, bade her acquiesce, which she did. She made him a very good wife, and was apparently

a very happy woman. Charles Kemble married the pretty Miss De Camp, a French dancer.

The story of Kemble's management of Drury Lane, under the chief proprietorship of Sheridan, is the story of every one who had any transactions with that brilliant scoundrel—fascination, speculation, delusion, and loss. Kemble succeeded King in the management, and began with a good company, and a fair opening for himself to the playing of important parts, in consequence of the retirement of one or two actors. He now played Romeo, Sciolto, Zanga, and several leading characters in comedy, in which, taking the average of the various criticisms, he does not appear to have thoroughly succeeded. A splendid revival of *Macbeth*, and that of *Coriolanus*, the leading character of which became identified with Kemble himself, whose physical and mental qualities suited it to perfection, were the leading features of his first season of management. Mrs. Siddons made a great success as Volumnia; and the result of the two great undertakings satisfactorily proved Kemble's fitness for his post. At the end of that first year, Mrs. Siddons, tired out by Sheridan's intolerable conduct—she was the only person whom he did not cheat courteously; to her he was rude—retired from the theatre. Sheridan boasted that they were so strong in comedy that they could do without her; there is no doubt public taste did turn toward comedy just then for a while; but the next season he made prodigious efforts, happily successful, to induce her to return. This season was made remarkable by the revival of *Henry V.* and the *Tempest*, and by Kemble's ridiculous performance of Don Juan, the most ill-judged attempt he ever made. In this year, too, 1791, Old Drury, having been formally condemned by the architects, was leveled to the ground; and the new theatre, which was to be the scene of such strange events, and to meet with such *opportune* destruction, was commenced. Mr. Fitzgerald describes the demise of the old house as the herald of the death-hour of a good school of acting, which was to disappear with the destruction of the walls within which an audience could see and hear. "With this old and classical structure," he says, "passed away a host of reverent associations. There Johnson, and Reynolds, and Goldsmith had sat and criticised; there Garrick, a

young man about town, had gone on as harlequin; there Woffington had captivated all by her Sir Harry; there, in the front row of the pit near the 'spikes,' had Churchill sat and taken notes for his *Rosciad*; there the greatest school of English actors had been formed, traditions of which, even at 'third' hand, now make the excellence of any acting that is at all respectable."

The relations between Sheridan and Kemble were very peculiar and embarrassing. Sheridan never dreamed of keeping his word if it suited his temporary convenience to violate it, and thus it became a sheer impossibility for Kemble to carry out the plans he arranged, and he found himself constantly involved in quarrels and disputes, highly derogatory to his superabundant personal dignity and high sense of honor. Sheridan's keen humor was constantly tickled by the majestic, somewhat buckram solemnity of the tragedian, who never unbent, but whose temper was not sullen, and gave way before the blandishments of Brinsley. Kemble had the profoundest admiration for his clever friend. He knew nothing of politics, and scarcely ever looked into a newspaper, but any allusion to Sheridan was certain to make him break out in raptures over his hero. At the same time, the sense of the treatment he met with from the god of his idolatry threw him into an amusing conflict. "I know him thoroughly," he would say angrily, "all his amusing tricks and artifices;" and then he would threaten to join a political society, "The Friends of the People," and go there to expose him. The new theatre—which differed from the old in all points material for keeping up the drama as an art, and guarding it from the mere upholstery and spectacle of these degenerate days—was inaugurated by the performance of *Macbeth*. Even Mrs. Siddons was excited on the occasion, on which her powers were subjected to totally new conditions, and the reign of "sensation" may be said to have commenced. "I am told," she writes to Lady Harcourt, apropos of the preparations, "that the banquet is *a thing to go and see of itself*." Before this day, such a sentiment had never been heard, and Mr. Fitzgerald says, "this short and enthusiastic note positively contains an epitome of the decay of the stage." On this occasion, John Philip Kemble introduced his brother Charles to the audience.

He was an interesting young actor, destined to achieve reputation in certain parts, but had no greatness about him. Kemble then introduced the dreary pieces which we know generally, and inaccurately, as *the German Drama*, and which had a success which we, to whom their dull horrors and sickly sentimentality are altogether repulsive, find it difficult to understand. After a brief retirement, in disgust, Kemble again undertook the management, in 1800-1801, and his own and his sister's troubles with Sheridan recommenced at once, to be terminated only by their final retirement in 1802, when Sheridan was so foolish as to make no exertion to satisfy their just demands. Charles and Stephen remained, but they were only ordinary stock actors. From that time a steady decay settled upon the theatre, which must have led to universal confusion and the ruin of all concerned. "Nothing," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "short of a grand conflagration could bring matters to a simple issue."

Mr. Harris of Covent Garden was the exact opposite of Sheridan, punctual in his payments, and honorable in his dealing. Through his old friend, Mrs. Inchbald, and aided by Mr. Heathcote, who lent him a large sum of money, Kemble negotiated with Mr. Harris the purchase of a sixth share in the great "house," where he became stage-manager, deriving an income from Covent Garden of two thousand five hundred pounds a year, and mustering a strong party of Kembles under his direction. Then he went abroad, and was "overwhelmed with distinction" by the English in Paris, the great Talma doing the honors of the beautiful city to the "Le Kain of England," but not admiring him too cordially. In 1802, old Roger Kemble died, and in John Philip's letter to his brother on the occasion there is heartfelt grief and pathos and no touch of the pedantry which generally disfigured his style, and contrasted unfavorably with his sister's vigorous and unaffected prose.

On his return to Covent Garden, Kemble, or "Black Jack," as they called him, was found to have greatly developed his "gift" of drinking, and it is fact that this, his only moral defect, helped to soften much of the prejudice caused by his austere manners. In 1803, he made his appearance in Hamlet; and three days later, his sister played Isabella, just as they had done at Drury Lane. This season was

marked by the absurd and contemptible episode of the "Young Roscius," a discreditable folly not matched in the history of the stage. The Kembles could well afford to smile at it, and wait until it had passed by; but it is even now provoking to stage historians to have to record that an enthusiasm exceeding what was excited by Garrick or Siddons was caused by Master Betty, a boy of thirteen, and that his twenty-eight nights' playing brought Sheridan nearly twenty thousand pounds receipts.

On the 8th September, 1808, the season commenced with *Macbeth*, and on the 20th, the great theatre was burned to ashes. The loss of property was immense, twenty lives were sacrificed, and the insurances were for only fifty thousand pounds. The actresses' jewels, the performers' valuable wardrobes, Handel's organ, the wines of the Beefsteak Club, opera scores of Handel, Arne, and others, original manuscripts of plays, made the loss most disastrous. For Kemble it was a terrible blow. He had to begin the world after thirty years' hard work. But the deserving actor found true friends. The Duke of Northumberland offered him a loan of ten thousand pounds on his simple bond; and a few weeks later, when the first stone of the new theatre was laid, canceled the bond, and made him a present of the whole sum. In less than eight months, the new building, destined also to be destroyed by fire half a century later, was completed, and while it was being built, Drury Lane was burned down; a disastrous finale which very conveniently concluded Sheridan's financial connection with the theatre, and is associated with one of his most famous *impromptus faits à loisir*.

The story of the O. P. Riots, which ensued on the opening of the new theatre, is too well known to need repetition. The only person not involved in the disgrace of these proceedings was Kemble. In 1812, Mrs. Siddons retired. Her brother led her off the scene of her splendid triumphs, and then withdrew from the stage for a while. He had many warnings that his own time of supremacy was to be short. He was a sufferer from severe gout, and a rival was uprising. Edmund Kean had made his appearance, and the town, familiar with Kemble's cultivated elocution for thirty years, was carried away by the young actor's novelty, force, and fire. There was danger from another quarter. Young was

attracting notice; and when he played Cassius to Kemble's Brutus, there were those who said he was the better actor of the two. That such things should be, were stabs for the decaying great player. The prosperity of the theatre began to decline; and at length Kemble, though he might have counted on making a good income for some five years longer, decided that he would not linger, as his sister had done. "'Twere well that 'twere done quickly.'" In 1817, he took leave of his Scotch friends, giving a round of farewell performances in Edinburgh. He played Coriolanus splendidly, but appropriately selected Macbeth for his final performance. The scene has been finely described by Sir

Walter Scott. The 23d June, 1817, was fixed for his last appearance on the stage of his own theatre. He had given a long and grand series of farewell performances, and took his leave in his fine character of Coriolanus.

For six years, he and his wife lived abroad, very happy, and universally respected. On the 20th February, 1823, he died, quite unexpectedly, and deeply regretted. His wife survived him for twenty-two years. He was a great actor, and an eminently respectable man. It would be well for the stage and the public if, in both respects, there were more adherence to the tradition of John Philip Kemble.

Good Words.

HINTS FOR ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

WE wonder at the marvelous devices in the animal and vegetable world for preventing any thing being carried to an extreme. Even pain has its limits. But we often fail to see that there is the same beneficent arrangement in the moral world. Take, for instance this fact—that a common hatred, or dislike, or fear, forms one of the strongest bonds of liking and attachment. This great law has helped to preserve the balance of power; has saved the existence of states; and, even in private life, has prevented hatreds and dislikes going into universal disruption.

So strong is the feeling produced by community of dislike, that, though it may be a ludicrous thing to state, it is nevertheless true, if a person began by disliking two other persons, he might eventually become attached to both of them, by perceiving and sympathizing with their dislike of each other.

In history, the effect of this law has been manifest. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the perpetual combinations, caused by dislike and fear amongst the great powers of Europe, gave a large opportunity for civilization to develop itself, effectually preventing the predominance of any one power, which predominance would have been a great evil for the world.

Thus we may see how such an untoward element in human life as hatred, or dislike,

is made to conform eventually to the highest and best purposes. And thus it is that hatreds unavoidably flow into combinations of affection, regard, and conjoint action.

Disproportion, some say, is the cause of the keenest misery in the world; for instance, the disproportion between the powers, capacities, and aspirations of man and his circumstances—especially as regards his physical wants.

The power of speech given to man seems to be disproportionate to his other qualifications. It seems as if man, to have that power, should be a better creature than he is. Now contemplate a family quarrel in which you are a disengaged bystander—all the persons engaged in the quarrel coming and telling you their respective grievances. You can not fail to notice how each one has embittered by some injudicious remark, or injurious epithet, the original cause of quarrel; and thus has made a general reconciliation much more difficult. You rise from the contemplation of this quarrel, saying, "These people really ought never to have been trusted with the power of speech, so bad is the use which they have made of it, by unkind sarcasms, injurious epithets, and unwarrantable innuendoes. All their communications ought to have been made, not in speech, but by barking, like dogs; and

then the quarrel might easily have been brought to a happy conclusion. Their power of speech is quite disproportionate to their other, and much smaller gifts, of rationality, charity, and tolerance."

Lavater says "that you never know a man until you have divided an inheritance with him." I would also say that you never know a man until you have got into a scrape with him, and can see whether he is willing to take his fair share of the blame. Men are hardly ever so ungenerous as when they have been colleagues in some affair which has turned out to be unfortunate.

Most persons show great favoritism in their likings and dislikings of moral qualities. They have their pet virtues, and there are vices which they especially abhor. It would be but a shallow explanation of this fact to say, with Butler, that men—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The cause of this kind of favoritism lies much deeper than that. I own that I think with him, who says that cruelty and jealousy are the vices which he delights most to inveigh against. They seem to be the deepest and the most lasting. Mere sensuality, or even falsehood, would vanish away in a new state of existence; but cruelty and jealousy seem to be ingrained in a man who has these vices at all. Milton has shown much judgment, as it appears to me, in making jealousy the cause of rebellion amongst the fallen angels.

Moreover, jealousy is such a stupid, illogical passion. Somebody likes you better than me, therefore I am to hate you. Thus jealousy reasons, but seems to forget one of the most obvious facts in human life, namely, that one is liked by any person, accordingly as one presents a likeable appearance to that person. Nothing can prevent the operation of this natural law. It is no good your urging that you are the father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or lover, of the person by whom you wish to be supremely loved. If you are not lovable to him, or her—all argument, all exhortation, all passion, is thrown away, which is intended to produce love. You can force the outward show, but not the inward feeling. A jealous person will exclaim, "Why don't you confide in me?" The real answer is, "You are not a person

to be confided in;" and all claims for confidence come to nothing when confronted with that important fact. Jealousy is, therefore, the peculiar vice of stupid people.

In domestic rule, esteem is more potent than indulgence, or even than forbearance. When boys or girls go wrong, a very frequent cause is that they are not esteemed at home, or fancy they are not. This esteem must be genuine; it can not be pretended or counterfeited. Hence, in a governing person there are few qualities so valuable as readiness to appreciate merits, or ingenuity in discovering them, especially the latter. In every large family, or small circle of friends, there is generally some very difficult person to understand. This person is often exceedingly troublesome, and, to use a common expression, very "trying." His or her merits (for he or she is sure to have some) have not been found out. Find them out and appreciate them: a great deal of the trouble of dealing with that person will be removed. The value of imagination, in domestic government, is very great. If we could have statistics on the subject, we should find, I think, that the children of unimaginative people are particularly prone to go wrong.

It may be noticed as a curious fact, that a real belief in unreal merits will serve the purpose. An illustration of this is afforded in a work of fiction. In "David Copperfield" my aunt's belief in Mr. Dick's sagacity saves that poor man, and properly saves him, from becoming the inmate of a madhouse.

There have been a great many books written about old age; but to my mind they are for the most part eminently unsatisfactory. It is rather an offensive word to use, especially considering the greatness of the writers who have treated the subject, but their lucubrations seem to me to be twaddly. They dilate upon the comforts of old age; and what they say applies scarcely to any body, for where is the old man who admits to himself that he is old? Indeed, an old man often feels that he is younger than when he was what is called young.

The world exclaims (that is the young world) how can men whose expectation of life is, according to the calculations of an insurance office, only five years at the most, commit themselves to a policy which

will need generations to be carried out in all its fullness? and how can they undertake undertakings of which they can not expect to see the budding, much less the fruitage? But all history denies the validity of this remark. Several of the greatest things in art, in science, in literature, in arms, and in policy, have been done, or begun, by old men.

The poets and other writers of fiction have been much truer to real life in this matter, than the essayists and the moralists. Most of these writers have depicted fiery old men who have shown the utmost resolve at the latest periods of life. Moreover, both in history and in fiction, men have been described and depicted commencing vast undertakings, and putting the seal to an arduous course of policy, when laboring under mortal sickness, which is surely an equivalent to old age. For fellness of purpose commend me to an old man. Perhaps the causes of this fellness are that he has outlived sentiment; has acquired a great distrust of the world; and, therefore, is not to be diverted from his purpose by any minor considerations.

Again, both the physical and the mental powers of old men are greatly underrated by the young and the middle-aged. It is true, perhaps, that they can not see as well; can not ride as well; can not find their way across the country as well as younger men. But how little these small disqualifications have to do with the great events of life! Judgment is almost always strengthened by increase of years. Resolution is as often increased as diminished. And, to meet the main delusion which besets the minds of the young when talking of the old, it may be observed that men, even in extreme old age, are as fond of the world, care as much for the world, and even take more interest in the future of the world, than the very young man who sees the world opening before him, and thinks that he is to do great things in it.

If I am right in what I have said above, the moral to be drawn is, that you rob a State of some of its most precious materials for thought and action when you place a bar, by reason of age, against the employment of old men even in those situations and those commands which some people fancy can only be well filled or wisely undertaken by those who are comparatively young.

It may appear, at first thought, that the word "worldly" should convey much reproach, and be a very unwelcome epithet even to the most worldly people. The word is terribly significant. When it is applied to man or woman, it does not merely mean that he or she desires advancement in the world; but it implies a base compliance with the world, and indicates the worst of cowardice. You know that when many persons condemn you, the worldly man or woman, if ever so much called your friend, is sure to go with the majority. Nay, more; it indicates that the person possessed by the world has no higher aspirations than those which are worldly, and has abjured his individuality. According to the deeper meaning of the word, a person may be intensely worldly who lives quite out of the throng. There have been worldly monks and nuns, and even worldly saints; while, on the other hand, there have been persons living in the full current of what is called the world, who have been most unworldly. The original meaning of the word "world," as taken from the Scriptures, means "this order of things;" and mankind is so great, at least in aspiration, that the meanest-minded person does not quite like that it should be said of him that he goes entirely with this order of things. Happily there is much less of worldliness than is generally supposed. Very often, behind apparent worldliness, there is an element of unselfishness, and even of romance, which entirely contradicts the supposed worldliness. For example, the great satirist of modern times has satirized worldliness in the heads of families—a worldliness which is often nothing more than devotion to the interests, real or supposed, of children. Again, when the worldliness is directed even to self-advancement, it often has a touch of romance in it, and does not imply all the baseness which would belong to any one who really believed in the world, and was content to subject himself entirely to "this order of things." There is a great difference between loving the honors and rewards of the world, and using the world to gain these things, and being really worldly.

The world is imposed upon by action. This may be seen in many ways. For instance, what has been called a "masterly inactivity" does not yet gain its just credit.

Few people can estimate what has been the amount of thought when they do not see any distinct action arising from that thought.

Another very striking instance of the weight and credit that are given to action is to be seen in the way with which people deal with responsibility. It is almost absurd to see how men suppose they have got rid of their own responsibility, by throwing it upon others, or by adopting a negative, instead of a positive course—just as if you avoided responsibility, or did not in some measure decide, merely because you decided to do nothing yourself.

Those who flatter grossly are for the most part very stupid people, or very deficient in tact; and one of the signal proofs of their stupidity is, that they make no distinction between the flattery that may be expressed in writing and that which is expressed in speech, in the presence of the person intended to be flattered. Now most men will receive, without much objection, and even with considerable pleasure, flattery of the former kind, while even the vainest men are apt to resent, almost as an insult, the flattery which is addressed to them *vivâ voce*.

A good maxim for worldly men, is to be very chary of offending those persons whom they observe to have good memories. Revenge is chiefly a function of good memory. You can not expect those persons who remember well to be as forgiving as other men. Memory is a faculty which has, comparatively speaking, but little choice in the exercise of its functions. It would surprise men of feeble memories if they could know with what clearness and intensity a long past injury or insult comes back to the mind and soul of a man of potent memory. He flushes up with anger at the remembrance, as he did at the first reception of the insult, or the injury. He must be a man of extraordinary sweetness of disposition if he can always continue to forgive. In short, with the majority of mankind, forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness.

There is a common error in reference to a quotation constantly made about style. Buffon is made to say, "The style is the man." Whereas what he did say was, "The style is of the man." And you might as justly say the handwriting is

"of the man," or his mode of walking is "of the man," simply meaning that these functions are very significant as to the nature of the man. It must, however, be admitted, that hardly any thing is more significant of that nature than the style of his writing.

I presume to think that several of those persons who have great reputations in the world for their style of writing, are singular examples of a bad style of writing. Take Tacitus, for instance; he is, to my mind, an eminently bad writer. Three scholars were lately employed in translating a passage from Tacitus. They had mastered the passage thoroughly; but it was not to be made intelligible to the English reader without great additions and large explanations. Now, for a style to be good, I maintain that the language should be easy translatable into another language.

Gibbon affords another instance of a great writer having a very inferior style of writing. Before you can thoroughly understand many of his sentences, you have to unveil the sneer, or to recollect the allusion which gives pith and force to the sentence.

The style which deals in long sentences, or in short sentences, or indeed which has any trick in it, is a bad style.

The best thing which, to my mind, has been ever said about style was said in a metaphorical way, the writer declaring that the style should, as it were, involve and display the subject-matter, as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure. The man who has one style of writing, which he applies to all the various aspects of the subject he writes about, is a bad writer. To exemplify this by the question of whether long sentences or short sentences should be used, it may be observed that the nature of the subject ought to govern the length of the sentence. Here, to get the fullness of the sense of what you are saying, a short sentence is required, which makes the statement clear and concise; there, with the same object in view, you have to produce a long sentence, with many clauses, and with much parenthesis, because the subject requires it, and the mind of the reader is to be kept in a state of balance until the sentence comes weightily to a conclusion.

Easy reading is the thing to be aimed

at. The intelligence of the reader is always to be kept in mind. You lamentably fail in writing if you add by your style one jot of difficulty to the difficulty inherent to the subject of which you are treating. There are cruel writers in the world, who hardly ever seem to think of their poor readers, and who write as if it were a fine thing to add complexity of style to the difficulty of the subject. They have their reward. The busy world has no time to give to their vagaries of style; and surely it is a signal instance of failure, when a man ceases to make his meaning clear to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen who understand the words that he uses, but are grievously puzzled by the collocation of these words, or by the omission of certain words that ought to be there.

It is a bold thing for an author to write about style; but one may perceive errors and deficiencies without being able to rectify them in one's own conduct.

I can not help adding a sort of postscript to this short essay; and it is, that learned and thoughtful men who have much to say to the world, which the world would be the better for its being said to them, are laboring under a great mistake if they suppose that the humblest and the least educated of the common people are not able to comprehend great ideas, to sympathize with grand emotions, and even to master a long-continued series of facts, if only these things are communicated to them in language the order and method of which do not add any difficulty of comprehension. We are now entering upon a new and enlarged system of education. This will give the people of this country a great means of understanding the meaning of words. Let the authors of this country take care so to write, that they may be well understood.

Among the benefactors of mankind, those whom I would call Improvers, are the rarest, as also the least appreciated according to their merits. No statues are put up to them. So far so good: it is an undoubted gain for them. But it would be well if, during their lifetime, they were more estimated and more attended to.

There are three elements in the right arrangement and balancing of which mostly depends the greatness and well-being of a State. These elements are destruction,

inaction, construction. They correspond to three classes of mankind. It would be a very shallow mode of looking at this matter if we were to make this classification coincident with political opinions. On the contrary, men are to be classed as Destructives, Inactives, Constructives, not according to party divisions, which are often purely accidental, but according to innate difference of mind, and, perhaps, variety of culture. For example, there are Conservatives in politics who are by nature essentially destructive. There are Radicals who are by nature essentially constructive.

Now let us look at the merits and the failures which beset respectively these three classes of mankind. They are each in their way eminently useful. But the rise and fall of empires depend upon a just preponderance of one of these classes in critical periods in the history of nations.

To begin with, the Inactives, or rather, as it should be said, those who counsel inaction, who may be any thing but inactive themselves, are very useful. It is a dreadful thing to live in a State, where any fine day you may get up and find that such an alteration has been made in your laws, that your social, political, or religious relations are, in some important respect, entirely changed without your having had a word to say about the matter. At the same time these inactive people are very dangerous; for, if they hold the preponderance for any long period, there is sure to come one of those sudden changes which they, of all men, most detest and deprecate.

Then there are the Destructives. We could not do without them: they are to the body politic what oxygen is to the material world. And, in short, the civil and political world would utterly stagnate without them. It is to be observed, as a remarkable instance of the limitation of powers in individual men, that it is rarely found that the same man has a peculiar aptitude for destruction and construction. Whenever a man comes forward, who has a great capacity for both of these modes of exertion, he is infallibly a great statesman, and deserves the implicit faith of his people.

Lastly come the Constructives. They are the salt of the earth, politically and socially speaking. But there is a great

difference to be discerned in their characters and modes of procedure, leading to a very marked division into two sub-classes, which may be denominated as Constructives from the beginning and Improvers. It was mainly to point out this important difference that this short essay was written. Both of these sub-classes may have equal aptitude for, and delight in construction. But the Constructives from the beginning, as I have called them, must have a clear field for their operations. Everything must be brand new for them to delight in their labors. Somehow they do not take to other people's labors. They must lay the foundations for themselves. They can not build their cathedrals upon the ruins of Roman temples. They can not adopt other people's sites, however well chosen. This is often a great hindrance to the success of their labors.

Whereas the modest Improver, who must not be supposed for a moment to incline to the inactive party, is one who, for the most part, understands the world he lives in, cares so much for the end he has in view, that he does not wish for the fame which naturally attends a Constructive from the beginning, but is content to make the utmost possible use of all that has gone before him, and of every thing that can be turned into the direction in which he seeks to produce judicious movement.

It may seem that I have pronounced too high a panegyric upon these Improvers; but any one who will carefully consider the progress of the world, will see how much of what is good in that progress depends upon the Improvers—more, indeed, upon them than upon any other class of men.

Appleton's Journal.

HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM.

THE position occupied in the world of thought by the subject of the present sketch is no longer doubtful; he is placed in the foremost rank by the suffrage of the foremost men. Mr. Darwin, in his late work, speaks of Mr. Spencer as "our great philosopher;" Mr. J. S. Mill long since pronounced him "one of the most vigorous as well as boldest thinkers which English speculation has yet produced;" Mr. Lewes says, "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy;" and Dr. McCosh, in his late lectures in this city, recognized him as the master-spirit of the school to which he belongs. The influence of that school is thought by many to be mischievous, but few will deny that it represents the most advanced and powerful intellectual movement of the age. To have attained the leadership of such a movement, and to be the recognized author, in the present advanced state of knowledge, of a new *organization* of philosophy, broadly based in the sciences of Nature, involve such transcendent powers of mind, and such immense force of character, as abundantly to vindicate the remark of an eminent clerical teacher, himself an influential leader of advanced opinion, that "Spencer is king of the thinkers of this age."

Mr. Spencer's life has been quiet and un-

eventful, furnishing little material for biographical curiosity. Its course may be summed up in a few words: He was born in Derby, in 1820, and was an only surviving child. His father was a teacher, and directed his son's education with much judgment. At twelve years of age he left home to reside with an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, with whom he studied mathematics and prepared for the profession of a civil engineer. This was his avocation for eight years, when the great railroad revulsion of 1845 threw him out of business, and he took to literature as a profession. He at first wrote extensively for the reviews, and then published the several volumes of miscellaneous works which are well known to the public.

In 1860 he commenced the publication of a "System of Philosophy," broader in its scope than any thing which had been previously undertaken. It was an attempt to organize our latest and highest knowledge of Nature, life, mind, and society, into a unified system. The time had come for bringing these great divisions of knowledge into closer relations. If the order of things around us is capable of being understood, such a system must be possible, for the oneness and grand interdependence of Nature are undeniable.

The great principle from which he started, and which guarded the whole course of his inquiry, was that of progress, or the gradual unfolding of the universe in time. The foundation of his philosophy is the law of Universal Evolution. The history of the solar system and of our own planet has been a history of progressive unfolding on a mighty scale. The career of every living thing is an evolution, and such has also been the career of the earth's historic life. Mind follows the law of life, and undergoes evolution, so that this principle gives us the deepest interpretation of mental philosophy. Humanity, as it consists of progressive elements, is also progressive. Knowledge, art, science, religion, civil institutions, and the whole social scheme, have exemplified the same principle of growth, or unfolding to a higher condition. Mr. Spencer maintains that all these changes have been governed by one great principle; and that, as all matter obeys the simple and universal law of Attraction, so all orders of existence, in the on-goings of time, are obedient to a universal Law of Evolution. Mr. Spencer has made it the great object of his life to trace out this law in its causes, conditions, limits, and in the varied phases of its manifestation, and this is the comprehensive purpose of his philosophical system. Because all things human are imperfect, that system, no doubt, has its imperfections; but that it brings us nearer than ever before to an understanding of the true order of things around us; and that, however incomplete as yet, it opens the great line of inquiry which the human mind must pursue in the coming centuries, can hardly be doubted by any who have given it the serious attention which so vast a subject demands. The Philosophy of Evolution is no vain or empty speculation. It has been foreshadowed for a century; its witnesses are on every hand; it is becoming more and more verifiable with every step of advancing knowledge; it is a philosophy which reconciles conflicting systems, which explains to us the past, which illuminates the present, and glorifies the future. If any think that we are here indulging in rhapsody, we appeal to the exposition itself. Four volumes of Spencer's system are now published. "First Principles" lays the foundation of the scheme, and works out the general law of evolution. The "Biology," in two volumes, applies the law to the world of life.

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In Volume I. of the "Psychology," the phenomena of mind are treated from the same point of view. By the parts thus already accomplished, the system may be fairly judged, and there is no hazard in saying it will rank among the noblest monuments of the intellectual genius of man. Any one who will take the trouble carefully to compare the four volumes of Jowett's "Plato," just published, with the four volumes of Spencer's philosophy, will gain an impressive idea of the mighty advance that has been made in our knowledge of the order of the universe, while for the purpose of such a contrast no other modern work is at all comparable with that of Spencer.

This is no place to go into an exposition of Mr. Spencer's philosophy; but it is a fit opportunity to correct certain gross misrepresentations by which many have been prejudiced against examining it. Mr. Spencer's system has been charged with being atheistic and materialistic. We will here consider the first of these charges, and take up the second at a future time. Let it be observed that Mr. Spencer denies holding atheistic doctrines, and repeatedly condemns atheism as an absurd and unthinkable view of the universe; but those who assume that they know more of his system than he knows himself insist that the obnoxious doctrine is nevertheless *there*. But, if not avowed, it must be inferred. What, then, are the grounds on which it is inferred that this scheme of doctrine is atheistic?

In constructing a system of philosophy, by which Mr. Spencer means an organized body of thought that shall represent the truth of the order of Nature, he was confronted at the outset with the problem of the legitimate bounds of inquiry. His first question was: Is it possible for man to know every thing? Are all the imaginings of the human mind equally valid? Is the realm of past speculation coextensive with the realm of legitimate knowledge? To these questions Mr. Spencer replies that, as man is finite, there is a limit to his power of knowing; that there is a sphere of knowable and verifiable truth, and a sphere beyond it where inquiry leads only to pseudo-knowledge—an appearance of knowledge without the reality. Obviously, if the human mind can waste its energies over fruitless speculations, and, transcending its due limits, can attain to

a semblance of knowledge which may be mistaken for that which is real, it is of the highest possible moment to determine where this limit is to be found. The question was a practical one for Mr. Spencer; yet it had been already substantially settled—settled by a complete historic revolution of ideas.

It is a noteworthy fact, in the history of the advance of thought, that primitive opinions are often not only erroneous, but are the exact opposite of the actual truth; that they not only undergo modification, but total reversal. The earth, at first supposed to be flat, turned out to be round; it was at first believed to be stationary, it is now known to have various and rapid motions; it was believed to be recent in origin, it is now found to have had a vast antiquity; the early notion was that man was descended from the gods, the latest notion is that he is derived from the humblest creatures. A like contrast exists between the earlier, and the later views of what it is possible for man to know. In the infancy of speculation it was held that physical Nature can not be understood, but that beyond Nature there is an ideal sphere to which reason can penetrate, and from which it can pluck forth the profoundest secrets of being. But, as the speculative faculty became disciplined, it was at length perceived that thought *can* comprehend the order of natural phenomena, and that a science of the phenomenal is therefore possible; while to get beyond phenomena into that transcendent sphere of pure truth, or absolute being, is impossible to the human faculties.

This is the position taken by Mr. Spencer in fixing the scope of his philosophical system. He accordingly prefixed to it an introductory argument of one hundred and twenty-three pages, entitled *The Unknowable*, in which he circumscribes the philosophic ground, and indicates where inquiry, having real knowledge for its object, must ever stop. That limit is found to inclose only the phenomenal order of the universe. As man is finite, he can only know the finite; and by the very constitution of his faculties is debarred from penetrating the mysteries that are beyond it. Of matter in its kinds and properties, as masses and particles, elements and compounds; of force in its various affections, as heat, light, gravity; of mind, as manifested in the phenomena of feeling and

thought, man can inquire and understand; but of the ultimate nature, essence, or cause of matter, force or mind, he knows nothing—these things are buried in impenetrable mystery. Mr. Spencer maintains that this result follows from the very constitution of the mind and the quality of intelligence. What is it to know? To know, we have to know *something*; and, of course, we have to know it as this or that, as like something else, or different from something else. We know things by their contrasts and resemblances; that is, we know them in their relations to each other. All analysis of intelligence brings out this as its essential element, and the principle is designated the *relativity* of knowledge. Whatever transcends relations, and can not be compared or classed; whatever is unrelated, unconditioned, or absolute, is, therefore, beyond our mental reach—is unthinkable and unknowable.

Fully to unfold this doctrine and the reasons on which it rests, would take more space than can be at present allowed, and and we are not here concerned as to whether it be a true or a false doctrine. What does concern us is, that it is the basis on which the charge of atheism is brought against Mr. Spencer's system.

To this it may be replied, first, the doctrine is not Mr. Spencer's—it has been long and extensively held by philosophers and theologians, so that, if it be atheism, half the thinking and religious world will have to be dragged into the abyss with him; and, second, the doctrine, as explicitly held by Spencer, falsifies the charge.

In the first place, then, be the doctrine, in its implications, what it may, it is not Mr. Spencer's, and he nowhere claims it as his own. All he has done is, to give a forcible and expressive exposition of it, and put it to the practical use of defining the sphere of his work. He had, in fact, no choice in the matter, for the principle had been arrived at by the general advance of intelligence, and nothing was left for him but to recognize it. The doctrine that knowledge is limited and relative, and that human thought can not transcend it—that, "to know more, man must be more"—was recognized ages before Spencer was born, and had grown into a definitely-formulated and widely-accepted philosophical belief before he began to write.

No man has seen more clearly or deplored more eloquently that false pride of

the human mind by which it has been led to scorn the field of its proper action, and spend itself in regions of futile and impossible inquiry, than Lord Bacon. He said "The real cause and root of all the evils in science is this, that, falsely magnifying and exalting the powers of the mind, we seek not its true helps." And, again, "Man, the servant and interpreter of Nature, can only understand and act in proportion as he observes and contemplates the order of Nature; more he can neither know nor do." Locke also perceived the limitation of the human faculties — that there are things beyond it, to which access is forbidden—and to those who regarded this as a derogation from man's dignity he replied, "We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us, for of that they are very capable; and it will be an unpardonable as well as a childish peevishness if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given because there are some things set out of reach of it."

The doctrine thus explicitly enunciated in a general form centuries ago has been proclaimed by recent thinkers as an inevitable result of the analysis of the human mind. Sir William Hamilton maintains it as a fundamental tenet of his philosophy. He says, "To think is to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. . . . The mind can conceive, and consequently can know only the limited. . . . It can not transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which, exclusively, the possibility of thought is realized. . . . We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than the science of the conditioned, is impossible."

Dr. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," says, "The very conception of consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifested, necessarily implies *distinction between one object and another*. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known as that which it is by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence

which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has." When we attempt in thought to transcend the finite, the result arrived at, according to Dr. Mansel, is, not truth or knowledge, but constant confusion and contradiction. "The conception of the absolute and infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, whether alone or in conjunction with others; and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It can not, without contradiction, be represented as active, nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It can not be conceived as the sum of all existence, nor yet can it be conceived as a part only of that sum."

Nor is this doctrine to be regarded as a mere speculation of a few erratic thinkers. Sir William Hamilton, whose acquaintance with the history of philosophic opinion has been excelled by no man in modern times, says, "With the exception of a few late absolutist theorists in Germany, this is, perhaps, the truth of all others most harmoniously reëchoed by every philosopher of every school." And among these he names Protagoras, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Boethius, Averroes, Albertus, Magnus, Gerson, Leo Hebræus, Melancthon, Scaliger, Francis Piccolomini, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Bacon, Spinoza, Newton, Kant.

It would be sufficient to rest the case here, for Mr. Spencer may be well content with his company; and if it were stated with whom the opprobrium of this obnoxious charge is to be shared, there would be no complaint; but this is by no means the whole case. Even if the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as held by Hamilton and Mansel, and taught from their text-books in half the colleges of the country, be an atheistic doctrine, it is not, as thus expounded, the belief of Mr. Spencer. As maintained by him, the principle is rescued from any such possible interpretation. Hamilton and Mansel hold that, beyond the relative, the human mind can find *nothing*. Their logic brings them to absolute negation. Mr. Spencer insists

that this is a totally erroneous view—the result of incomplete analysis—and that the deepest implication of the law of relativity necessitates a reverse conclusion; or, that The Unknowable is not a negation, but an absolute reality.

We can not give his acute and masterly reasoning on this important point, but will state his conclusion: "Every one of the arguments by which the relativity of our knowledge is demonstrated distinctly postulates the positive existence of something beyond the relative. To say that we can not know the absolute is, by implication, to affirm that there *is* an absolute. In the very denial of our power to learn *what* the absolute is, there lies hidden the assumption *that* it is; and the making of this assumption proves that the absolute has been present to the mind, not as a nothing, but as a something. . . . It is rigorously impossible to conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only, without at the same time conceiving of a reality of which they are appearances; for appearance without reality is unthinkable. . . . At the same time that by the laws of thought we are rigorously prevented from forming a *conception* of absolute existence, we are by the laws of thought equally prevented from ridding ourselves of the *consciousness* of absolute existence."

It is true, Mr. Spencer holds, that the Infinite Power of which all things are the manifestations, as it transcends the knowable, can never be *known*; but are not Scripture and theology full of the same doctrine? The phrases, "Can man, by searching, find out God?" "A God understood would be no God at all;" "To think that God is, as we think Him to be, is blasphemy," are attestations of the common belief that we can not know the Infinite Cause. For ages it has been customary to apply to the Supreme Being the terms, Incomprehensible, Mysterious, Inscrutable, Unsearchable, until these terms have come to be actually employed as substantive titles of the Divine Being. What does this imply but that the Divine Nature can not be known? Moreover, this view has prevailed increasingly in the ratio of man's increasing intelligence. In his lowest state, the god he worships may be a visible object; as he grows more intelligent, the conception of divinity becomes more abstract and spiritualized, until at last

it passes all understanding. If, therefore, Mr. Spencer, rising to grander conceptions of the knowable universe than perhaps any other man has ever attained, is overwhelmed with the impossibility of forming any conception of its Infinite Cause, and chooses to mark his own sense of limitation and humility by designating the Supreme Power as The Unknowable, who shall assume to construe such a course as a denial of the Divine Being?

It is a profound mistake to suppose that Mr. Spencer's philosophy is a system of negation or denial; on the contrary, it is eminently a constructive and synthetic system. He is no iconoclast bent upon the demolition of men's cherished and sacred convictions; he cordially recognizes the soul of truth in these convictions, and builds upon it. So far from seeking to strike away the Supreme Object of religious faith, or to cast discredit upon the religious principle, he affirms the validity of both in the most unqualified and impressive manner. So far from regarding the religious feeling in man as baseless, transient, or unreal, he holds it to be an essential and indestructible element of human nature.

Mr. Spencer is as catholic in his sympathies as he is wide and clear in his perceptions, and, while his system takes no account of the dogmas of sects, at the very outset it affirms religion for humanity. And here again the world is probably destined to a complete reversal of one of its ancient and cherished beliefs. Hitherto religion has been held to consist in adherence to the ever-changing creeds by which faiths and sects have been separated, while but little value has been assigned to that which is common and essential to all; but with increasing enlightenment dogmatic differences will slowly disappear, and that which was at first unrecognized will at length become supreme. This tendency is already strongly marked among the better-instructed classes of society, and Mr. Spencer but gives it a final and permanent expression. It is the eminent claim of his system that it opens the way to a resolution and adjustment of the old and rankling antagonisms of belief. Searching for the deeper concords of truth, and habitually regarding man in all the elements of his unfolding, more than any other system that has ever appeared it is the philosophy of harmony and reconciliation.

E. L. YOUNG.

London Society

A B O U T C A T S .

"DIED, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Gregg, a single lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, remarkable for her benevolence to cats, no fewer than eighty being entertained under her hospitable roof at the same time . . . Her maids being frequently tired of their attendance on such a numerous household, she was reduced at last to take a black woman to attend upon and feed them." She left this sable attendant an annuity, conditional on the due care and sustenance of the cats.

So said Sylvanus Urban, eighty years ago. And there have been other cases nearly similar: such as that of a gentleman at Hackney, who earned for himself the soubriquet of Cat Norris, on account of the numerous cats which he cherished. Grimalkin once now and then attracts a spurt of popular attention; and it is perhaps right that it should be so, for he appears to have had a good many hard rubs to bear. If Cattle Shows, Horse Shows, Pigeon Shows, Poultry Shows, Bird Shows, and Dog Shows—even Baby Shows and Barmaid Shows—why not Cat Shows? If people persist in doubting whether there has ever been such a being as a tortoiseshell tom cat, why should not others try to answer the question in the affirmative? If Persian cats are shorter in the back and longer in the legs than others, why should we not know it? Did a cat ever live twenty-six months without drink? and has a cat ever been known to exceed thirty years of age? and was there not a remarkable police-court case lately, touching the personal identity of a white Persian cat? If we like such subjects, have we not a right to discuss them?

The tortoiseshell problem is one of the toughest relating to cats. Every one admits that the combination of red and yellow in the male animal, if observable at all, is very rare; and the rarity gives rise to a high commercial value—just as in the case of old pictures, old china, and uniques of various kinds. Some breeders have found that, cross how they might, they can never produce this phenomenon; if tom then a few black or white hairs mixed with the yellow and red; if no black or white, then tom's sister, perhaps, but not tom.

Some persons have suspected, and even asserted that nitrate of silver is occasionally used to sophisticate the color of tom's coat. There was once a tortoiseshell cat named Dick; but the animal lost both name and fame on becoming the mother of a litter of kittens. The *Times* newspaper has not been without its allusions to this subject. In one issue there was an announcement: "A handsome Tortoiseshell Tom Cat to be disposed of on reasonable terms." In another: "'To be sold, a real Tortoiseshell Tom Cat, fifteen months old, and eight pounds weight;" and diligent readers of the paper could doubtless find other examples. About sixty years ago there was one of these rarities sold by auction in London, and fetched such an enormous price as to become quite a public topic. Mr. Bannister, the comedian, made fun about it in an entertainment called the "Budget," while song-books and broadsheets reveled in the song of "The Tortoiseshell Tom Cat," or (in another form) "Tommy Tortoiseshell." The song puts the Cat into a Catalogue issued by Mr. Cats-eye of Cateaton Street; and brings in the syllable *cat* in plentiful abundance. Men, as well as women, it seems, helped to run up the biddings to more than two hundred guineas:

"E'en nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the
fashion caught as well
As ladies in their biddings for this purring piece
of tortoiseshell!"

Four other lines ran thus:

"Of its beauty and its quality 'tis true he told us
fine tales;
But as for me I would as soon have bought a cat-
o'-nine-tails.
I would not give for all the cats in Christendom
so vast a fee
To save them from the cataracts or Cataline's
catastrophe!"

Not only the tortoiseshell, but the yellow, and also the tri-colored, are subject to the same problem: are there any toms included in the number? Again, white cats are reputed to be always deaf and dumb; but some possessors assert that their *protégés* are as wide-awake as any other cats. Again, there is the problem about tails. We all hear of the flagellatory cat-o'-nine-

tails; but are there any cats wholly without such appendages? There are, unquestionably, cats in the Isle of Man thus bereft; and hence the saying, that "Manx cats are tailless;" but whether a cat once lost her tail by accident, and thus established a new breed, or whether (as has been rumored) crafty and cruel rogues sometimes curtail poor puss, in order to obtain a high price for a so-called Manx cat, are matters open for discussion.

According to Pennant, King Howel laid down a good stiff value for cats in Wales nine hundred years ago: "The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse twopence;" provided the little one passed a good examination by certain tests. "If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece, and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat, suspended by its tail, (the head touching the floor,) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail."

Pussy has unquestionably been a favorite with many persons. Witness Mrs. Gregg and Cat Norris; and witness Richard Robert Jones, an eccentric who died in 1826, and who kept copies of all the pictures and all the verses he could meet with about cats. One of Gray's lighter minor poems, his "Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat," gives a pleasant picture of a well-fed and well-treated puss:

"Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw—and purr'd applause."

She was looking at her own reflected image in a stream; she saw two fish swim by, and dipped down her paw to catch them; but overtopped, fell into the water, and was drowned.

On the other hand, some persons have a great antipathy to cats. Such is said to have been the case with Napoleon. A story is told that, after his brilliant victory at Wagram, and while temporarily sojourning at the humbled Emperor of Austria's palace at Schönbrunn, he one night called out hastily in his bedroom for assistance. An equerry or aide-de-camp entered, and found his potent master half-undressed, agitated, perspiring, and dealing intended blows at something or other. In truth, a

cat had secreted herself behind some tapestry hangings in the room, and Napoleon was making desperate lunges at her through the hangings, almost as much in terror as puss herself.

But the modes of making use of a cat as a symbol, metaphor, representative, or type, are much more varied than the actual show either of fondness or aversion; although, it must be confessed, puss is seldom complimented on these occasions. As to the signs of taverns, such as the "Salutation and Cat," "Cat and Bagpipes," and "Cat and Fiddle," much conjecture has been hazarded concerning their origin, but without any very definite result. Some of the learned say that "Cat and Fiddle" comes from "Catan Fidèle"—faithful Catherine; but this leaves unexplained our old familiar,

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle," etc.

Not less difficult is it to trace the origin of certain old saws and sayings—such as this, that if you butter a cat's feet she will become domesticated in your house; or this, that if a cat sneezes or coughs, every person in the house will soon catch cold. Then, what is the meaning of "Cat's Cradle," that wonderful see-saw of thread or string in which children delight, and which they often call "Scratch Cradle?" Some think that it ought to be "Cratch Cradle," cratch being still a name for the hay-rack over the manger in a stable; and that it was associated, in mediæval times, with some rude semblance to the Holy Manger; if so cats have evidently nothing to do with the matter. The old saying that "Cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them," is sometimes attended with discomfort to puss, who is hurried away from the soft surroundings of baby, lest she should verify the proverb. Why is a particular game called Cat? No one knows. It has something of cricket, something of trap-ball, but is neither; what we know is, that the little bit of wood called the Cat is troublesome to passers-by. The term Gib-cat, once applied to tom, is supposed to have come from Sibert, familiar for Gilbert; but this does not help us much, for it leaves unexplained why a tom cat should be called Gilbert. Then there is the simile, or standard of comparison, known as the Kilkenny cats, implying mutual destruction, the story being that two cats be-

longing to that locality fought so long and so fiercely that nothing was left but a bit of one tail. A Kilkenny man, within the last few years, has expressed an opinion that the saying had an origin which had nothing to do with cats. Many generations ago, there were two distinct municipal or corporate bodies in that city, called respectively Kilkenny and Irishtown; the boundaries of their jurisdictions had never been marked out or clearly defined; they were at litigation on the subject for nearly three hundred years, until both were nearly ruined by law expenses.

Nobody knows why a particular kind of whistle is named a cat-call. Addison, in his humorous and sarcastic essay on this subject, in the *Spectator*, contrives to glide from cat-calls to cats. "A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes, very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals. "And what," says he, "more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat has contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general."

Art-connoisseurs are acquainted with a picture by Breughel called the "Cats' Concert," in which about a dozen cats are assembled before an open music-book; the music, as is denoted by a small sketch, is a song about mice and cats; most of the cats are singing, with humorously varied expressions of countenance; one is blowing a horn or trumpet, one wears spectacles, and two or three are beating time with a front paw. Something approaching to this was actually attempted at one time at Paris; a Cat Concert, or "Concert Miaulant," was got up, in which several cats were placed in a row, with a monkey as conductor; when he beat time they mewed, the drollery depending chiefly on the different tones and qualities of the cats' voices. Whether it is the voice, or the manner, there is something that has tempted the more spiteful class of satirists to liken women to cats. For instance, Hud-

desford, who, in the early part of the present century, wrote a "Monody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat," launches out into this diatribe against various kinds of women:

"Calumnious cats, who circulate *faux pas*,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill cats, whom fierce domestic brawls delight;
Cross cats, who nothing want but teeth to bite;
Starch cats, of puritanic aspect sad;
And learned cats, who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded cats, who cough, and crow, and cry;
And maudlin cats, who drink eternally;
Fastidious cats, who pine for costly cates;
And jealous cats, who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes, who, when they're asked the question,
squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails;
Cat gossips, full of Canterbury tales;
Cat grandames, vexed with asthmas and catarrhs;
And superstitious cats, who curse their stars!"

A more pleasant bit of fun, with which Thomas Hood enriched his "Comic Annual," is a letter supposed to be written by one Thomas Frost to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society, revealing a most unexpected value of dead cats in gardening. "I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think might be maid Transaxtionable in the nex Reports. My Wyf had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell, and a Grate faverit, we had him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the Carks deposited under the roots of a Gozberry Bush. The Frute being up to then of the Smooth Kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gozberries was all hairy—and more Remarkable the Catpi-lers of the same Bush was All of the same hairy discription."

The instinct of the cat has not escaped the attention of naturalists. Every one agrees that the dog is far more intelligent, faithful, unselfish—attached to his master by something more than mere cupboard love. Still there are occasional instances of puss coming forward as a thinking being, laying plans, and adapting means to ends. As to cats suckling the young of other species of animals, this may possibly arise from some kind of maternal yearning, not simply such as we might call kindness of motive. At Guilford, some years ago, a boy brought indoors a couple of blind young rabbits; the father, rather brutally, gave them to a cat, under the supposition that she would summarily treat them as rats;

instead of which, she suckled them and took care of them. At Overton, in Hampshire, a cat suckled her own kitten and a squirrel at the same time. In White's "Natural History of Selborne" an incident is related of a cat who had been robbed (in a way familiarly known to most households) of her kittens, nursing a young leveret which had lost its mother: the marvel to Gilbert White was that a carnivorous animal should thus suckle one of the graminivorous order. At Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a hen died, leaving two eggs to bemoan their loss. The eggs were placed under a cat when suckling her kittens; the warmth hatched the eggs, the chicks came forth, and the cat looked after them as attentively as after her own kittens.

Poor puss sometimes looks as though she would, if she could, tell her troubles to those around her. A kitten died one day, a natural and not a violent death; the cat brought it indoors in her mouth, laid it at her mistress's feet, and moaningly looked up for succor and sympathy. The instinct of dogs, in finding their way to places under circumstances which would baffle their masters, is paralleled in one instance, if not in many, by the cat. A certain puss had her kitten taken away from her, put into a basket, and carried three miles off, to the other extremity of a large town. Puss disappeared some time afterwards; but when the street door was opened early next morning, in she composedly walked, with her kitten dangling from her mouth, and replaced it on her own particular cushion. How she had managed her night journey no one knew. A child six years old ran a splinter in his foot, sat down on the floor, and cried so lustily as to wake a cat who was sleeping by the fireside; the cat got up, went to the child, (who was a playmate of her's,) gave him a good hearty cuff on the cheek with her paw, returned to the fireside and resumed her nap, as if under the belief that the unusually loud crying was merely the result of "tantrums." A cat belonging to a convent received her food only when the bell was rung at meal times. One day she happened to be shut out at this critical period. On gaining admission, an hour or two afterwards, she saw no trace of any allowance on her platter; whereupon she set the bell ringing, much to the astonishment of the establishment generally. The *Scotsman* newspaper, in 1819, told an anecdote of a cat

that was left on shore by mere accident, much to the regret of the shipmaster. When he returned to Aberdour from his voyage, about a month afterwards, puss at once walked on board with a kitten in her mouth, and went directly down to the cabin. It was ascertained that she had lived in a neighboring wood, coming to have a peep at all the vessels that entered the harbor, but paying no further attention to any except the one which she regarded as her home. And here we may remark that there is said to be a law or rule that if a live cat is found in an abandoned ship, it will prevent the vessel from being treated as derelict, or the property of the finder. If it be so, the rule probably applies to other live animals besides cats; at any rate, it is known that shipowners and shipmasters like to have a cat on board. One more instance of thought, sagacity, or whatever we may call it. A certain pantry window in the country was frequently found to be broken, and was as frequently mended; to guard it, a board was nailed across the lower part of the sash. One night the master of the house, when in bed, heard taps against the pantry window, just below him. On looking out he saw a cat with her (or his) hind feet on the pantry sill, the left front paw clinging to the top edge of the board as a holdfast, and hammering away against one of the panes of glass with a small stone held in the right paw.

There is some justification for the belief that a new career of honor is opening for puss. Cat shows are likely to become institutions among us. When the Crystal Palace folk entered upon this matter half a year ago, there were no data from which the probable degree of success could be inferred. It was not known whether the owners of fine or rare cats would submit them to public view. But they *did*; and the display was a success. The famous question of questions was not quite solved. There was a tortoiseshell tom, but it was admitted that he had a few white hairs about him. People flocked in very large number to the north nave of the Palace, where the cats were ranged in cages; and newspapers and family circles were, for a week afterwards, discussing the merits of the Duchess of Sutherland's British wild cat, the white Persian cats, the blue-eyed deaf cats, the Siamese cat with the puppy pug-like nose, cats without tails, cats with

superabundant toes, cats with less than the proper number of toes, cats weighing more than 21 lbs. each, cats with the brown tabby coat, so rarely seen. And so this first Cat Show having been a success, a second was determined on; and still more decidedly is pussy now in favor than before. The cats were vastly more numerous; and so were the visitors. No fewer than 349 mewling, purring beauties competed for public admiration and favor, reclining pleasantly on their cushions. The animals were grouped in forty classes, and three prizes were given in each class: so that about every third exhibitor had a prize, of course much to his or her satisfaction.

The short-haired and the long-haired were duly classified; while the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered prizes for choice examples of workmen's cats. Good; kindness to animals ennobles a dustman and a duke alike. The brown, blue, and gray tabbies were in strong muster; the rare mauve-color was present; the Australian and the Abyssinian had not been forgotten; there was a cream color, which the enraptured owner valued at 100*l.*; there were 20 lb. cats, and hybrid white cats, and fawn-colored cats, and—oh, rarity of rarities!—a real tortoiseshell tom, in whose coat not one white hair could be found! PHILO-FELIS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT. Boston: *Patrick Donahoe.* 2 Vols. 1872.

As the elaborate and eloquent introduction which prefaces these volumes draws toward its pathetic close, the author expresses the hope "that the reader who is sufficiently patient to follow me to the end will come forth from this study with a soul at once tranquilized by the sweet influences of the purest virtue, and stimulated both by the love of all that renews and exalts human nature, and by aversion for every thing which taints and debases it." This modest hope must be realized, we think, in every case, and but few will rise from their perusal without an added respect for the "Holy Mother Church," a fairer and juster conception of the great ecclesiastical agencies which illustrated her principles and extended her influence in the Middle Ages, and a new veneration for the noble and pious worker whose recent death carried mourning to the hearts of enlightened Christians throughout the world.

"The Monks of the West," though it lacks the completeness which he designed for it at the start, is the crowning work of Montalembert's life, and is the one which must carry his fame to posterity. Commenced in the later years of his life, he brought to it the full maturity of his marvelous learning, all the resources of the most finished and practiced literary art, and all that fine enthusiasm which neither physical suffering, nor the many disappointments of his life, nor the cares and responsibilities of political office seem ever to have permanently dampened. The plan, as laid down, was never carried out in its entirety, but the reader perceives little of omission or incompleteness, and "The Monks of the West" is beyond doubt one of the noblest and most brilliant contributions that recent years have made to the literature of Christendom. We can commend it cordially to Protestants and Catholics alike, for though Montalembert was as devoted a son as the Roman Church ever had, he was no less devoted to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and though his work is a glowing eulogy of an institution which Protestants are accustomed to regard with

suspicion and dislike, no inspiration can be derived from its pages but a renewed love and veneration for those Christian graces and virtues which belong to no sect and no creed, but are broad as Christianity itself.

It is somewhat saddening to look back over the career of Montalembert, to reflect how much his life and writings inspired a new respect for Roman Catholicism throughout Europe, and how greatly he contributed to the revival of religion in his native France, and then to remember that he barely escaped the ban of his church, and that his closing years were embittered by ecclesiastical persecution. But the Count was "born out of his due time;" he lived long enough to be compelled to take sides in the great modern conflict between the most bigoted form of ecclesiasticism on the one hand and secular liberty on the other, and though he was reluctant to take issue with the Pope, his attitude was no hesitating one, as the following extract from his Introduction to the present work will show:

"Twenty years ago all studies favorable to the reestablishment of Catholic truth, especially in history, were received with indulgent sympathy by the faithful and the clergy. In their ranks, in their hearts, we found an assured asylum against the disdains and derisions of our natural adversaries, and against the absence of that great public favor which for a long time has belonged exclusively to productions hostile or indifferent to religion. Now it is no longer thus; the merits of the defenders of the Catholic cause are too often judged according to those oracles who inflict wilfully, on all who reject their authority, the reproach of *liberalism*, *rationalism*, and, above all, of *naturalism*. I have achieved a right to this threefold reproach. I should be surprised, and even mortified, not to be thought worthy of it, for I adore liberty, which alone, in my judgment, secures to truth triumphs worthy of her. I hold reason to be the grateful ally of faith, not her enslaved and humiliated victim. And, lastly, although animated by a lively and simple faith in the supernatural, I have recourse to it only when the Church ordains, or when all natural explanation fails to interpret undeniable facts. This will

be enough to call down upon me the anathema of our modern inquisitors, whose thunders we must know how to brave, unless, as said by Mabillon in an encounter with certain monastic denunciators of his time, 'unless we choose to renounce sincerity, good faith, and honor.' "

The American reading public is indebted to Mr. Patrick Donahoe for publishing this noble work in a style commensurate with its merits. Few of our publications will compare with the two large volumes, in which it is issued, in point of elegance and legibility; and those who are desirous of making a place for them in their libraries, can purchase with the full assurance that the place will be in all respects worthily filled.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. New-York: *Orange Judd & Co.*

THE "Hoosier Schoolmaster" belongs to that class of books which like "Georgia Scenes" and "Wild Western Scenes" aim rather to sketch local scenes and local characteristics than to tell a story or analyze character. For this reason they are not merely novels, but if well done, attain to something of the significance of history, and must be read and studied in the future by those who would understand the various phases which society has passed through in this country. Not that they are to be relied upon always, for the scenes and experiences which they depict are so grotesque in themselves that the temptation to exaggeration is almost irresistible, and in fact is seldom resisted; but from Mr. Eggleston's reputation, and the profound impression which his story seems generally to have made, we judge that "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" is a fairly accurate as well as very vivid sketch of what life was twenty years ago in the backwoods region of the Far West.

The story is laid in Hoopole County, Indiana, and relates the adventures, trials, and final triumph of a cultivated and rather modest young man who took upon himself the duties of schoolmaster in the Flat Creek "deestrick," which had the reputation even among Hoosiers of being the most difficult and unruly in the State. The narrative is intensely interesting, of course, and in parts highly dramatic; there is some very good outlining of character; and the author displays unmistakable powers both as a story-teller and as a humorist.

As a whole the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is well worthy of the great popularity which it attained in the columns of *Hearth and Home*, and should be widely read in its present form. It is not merely of current interest, but is a valuable contribution to that department of our literature, not nearly so full as it ought to be, which portrays a phase of life impossible elsewhere than on our frontiers, and even there rapidly passing away if it have not already disappeared.

The book is appropriately illustrated, and its appearance is creditable to the publishers who, we believe, are new to this field.

The Science of Religion, with Papers on Buddhism. By Professor MAX MULLER, M.A. New-York: *Scribner & Co.* 1872.

THE first, and perhaps the most important, portion of the contents of this volume has already been placed before the readers of last year's volumes of the *ECLECTIC*, namely, the Lectures on the Science of Religion, delivered at the Royal Institution, during the Spring of 1870. These Lec-

tures are in every way remarkable, not only because of the reputation and dialectic skill of their author, but because they are the first attempt to discuss, in a popular manner, the various religions of the world, in their purely scientific aspects. We are glad to see them appear again in book form, and it is to be hoped that they will receive more than the casual attention which seems to have been attracted to them as originally published.

The "Papers on Buddhism," which fill up the remainder of the book, are a lecture on "Buddhist Nihilism," delivered before the general meeting of the Association of German Philologists, which met at Kiel, September 28th, 1869; and a translation (from Pāli) of Buddha's Dhammapada, or "Path of Virtue." This latter forms a part of the Buddhistic Canon, and consists of four hundred and twenty-seven verses, which are believed to contain the utterances of Buddha himself. Some of these verses, or parables, might very well have been taken out of our New Testament; and, taken altogether, they form a very respectable code of morals, and reflect credit on Buddha as a teacher.

The volume is uniform with Max Muller's previous works, which are also published by Messrs. Scribner & Co.

Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses. By HENRY ABBEY. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

MOST of the pieces which fill this little volume have already appeared in the various magazines and weeklies. They are all pleasant reading, and many of them are altogether above the level of what for want of a better classification has become known as "magazine poetry;" but, pitched uniformly in the minor key, they are somewhat monotonous perhaps when read consecutively and at one sitting. Mr. Abbey has genuine poetic susceptibilities, considerable facility and power of expression, and a cordial love of nature with a tendency to see "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing." He is steadily winning for himself a good reputation among our younger poets, but we would suggest that the disposition to take an ethical and even melancholy view of things is now the chief error against which he should guard his muse.

Messrs. *D. Appleton & Co.* have just published *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by W. H. Lecky, author of "The History of Morals" and "Rationalism in Europe." The book is made up of four essays, "which appeared anonymously many years ago," on Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. They are extremely able and vigorous, and are written with that singularly lucid and fascinating style which distinguish Mr. Lecky's later productions.

The same house publish Sir Henry Holland's *Reminiscences of Past Life*; and also the Duke of Somerset's remarkable essay on *Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism*, which created such an excitement recently in England.

SCIENCE.

What is the Cause of Thermal Springs?—This question is asked in a paper in the *Geological Magazine* by Mr. Henry Woodward, F.G.S. He thinks that water descending to deep levels

the strata meets at some point with steam at a high temperature, which, being converted into water by contact, raises the temperature of the water, which in turn, as the store of heat is accumulated, rises by rent and fissures to the surface in the form of thermal springs. There seems no doubt that hot springs have a direct connection with volcanoes. 1. Hot springs are present in all volcanic areas. 2. Where not connected directly with volcanoes, they are found situated, as in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Himalayas, upon lines of dislocation and disturbance, where volcanic force, if not visible at the surface, has been in operation far down beneath. 3. Hot springs distant from volcanic disturbances are nevertheless affected by them. Thus the "Source de la Reine," at the baths of Luchon, in the Pyrenees, was raised suddenly during the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, from a tepid spring to 122° Fahr., a heat which it has since retained. Although springs, as a rule, carry carbonate of lime and sulphate of lime in solution, the hotter thermal springs alone contain large quantities of silica in solution. For example: the hot spring of St. Michael, in the Azores, having a basin 30 feet in diameter, is surrounded by layers of travertin many feet in thickness, composed of siliceous matter deposited on wood, reeds, ferns, etc. The hot springs of New-Zealand are, perhaps, the finest, exceeding even the Great Geyser in Iceland, which also deposits enormous quantities of silica from its waters on cooling, originally held in solution.

The Construction of the Heavens.—Mr. Proctor, speaking of the evidence respecting the construction of the heavens derived from his chart of 324,198 stars, remarks, "Struve's general conclusion that the stars of the first nine or ten orders of magnitude are more densely aggregated along the galactic zone is abundantly justified. But instead of a gradual increase of density such as his statistics suggested, we recognize in the chart a distinctly marked aggregation within those very regions of the heavens where the Milky Way is brightest to the eye. In other words, we have clear evidence that it is not towards a certain zone that the stars are gathered, but in those irregular cloud-like masses, those streams, projections, and interlacing branches, which constitute the Milky Way as it is actually presented on clear nights to our study." "In the chart, however, we see the projections carried much farther away from the main branch." "A circumstance of some interest is to be recognized in the fact that the branching extensions are found to lead, in almost every instance, towards regions of the heavens where many nebulae exist."

The Royal Society and its Presidents.—The Royal Society have done so much for science, that their choice of a president becomes interesting not only to themselves, but to that large section of the community who take pleasure in science under her familiar and popular aspects. Since our last, the venerable Society above mentioned have listened to the farewell address of Sir Edward Sabine; and have elected in his stead Mr. G. B. Airy, the Astronomer-royal. Sir Edward's scientific activity has been remarkable: his connection with the Society dates from half a century ago; and though his advanced years (beyond eighty) compel him to resign the presidential chair, he has not ceased to work. The great task of his life has

been the working out of the facts and phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, and on this he is still engaged, hoping to complete it before finally laying down the pen. What he has already accomplished may be read in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in that important work will the remainder be published—a memorial alike of the author and of the Society.

Mr. Airy, the new president, by his researches in astronomy and physical science, has made the Greenwich Observatory famous all over the world; hence we may hope that the scientific reputation of the Royal Society will continue to grow under his presidency. It must have been Greenwich that Emerson had in mind when, in describing our *English Traits*, he said that with the worst climate in the world, we have the best astronomical observations.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Some New Inventions.—It is reported from New-Orleans that a way has been discovered to use ammonia as a motive-power, the principle being that of the ice-making machine; motion is obtained by rapid evaporation and energetic absorption. An ammonia engine is said to have made eight hundred trips, and drawn a car at a much cheaper rate than it could be drawn by horses. In Philadelphia, an electro-magnetic hammer has been invented for use in dentistry—and especially in plugging the teeth. A discontinuous current passes through the instrument, the hammer is thereby vibrated with great rapidity, and the plugging tool is driven forward at each blow exactly at the will of the operator. By this the precision of an operation may be secured, and the time thereof shortened. From the same quarter we learn that porous iron is the best material for the making of water-filters, as it possesses remarkable powers of purification; and that an electro-magnet has been constructed for the Stevens Institute of Technology near New-York, which is truly American in its dimensions and capabilities. It weighs sixteen hundred pounds, and will lift from thirty to fifty tons.

Velocity of Vision.—The last number of Pflüger's *Archiv für Physiologie* contains a paper by M. Baxt, of St. Petersburg, "On the time requisite for a visual impression to arrive at the consciousness, and upon the duration of the period of consciousness, caused by a visual impression of definite duration." From the experiments of Helmholtz and Exner it has been shown that, if a number of ordinary letterpress letters be exhibited to the eye on a white ground, sometimes one, sometimes two or more of them are distinguished from the row according to the duration of the impression, and that of the positive after-image. M. Baxt proceeded on the same principle, and his apparatus was similar to those employed by Helmholtz, and consisted of two disks, which could be caused to revolve at known speed, but the posterior of which rotated twelve times quicker than the anterior. From the numerous experiments given (too complicated to be here inserted) it appears—1. That the consciousness of a given excitation is only realized or perfected by degrees; and, 2. That under the particular circumstances of his experiments, a period of 1-20th of a second must elapse between the occurrence of a relatively simple excitation of 6 or 7 letters suddenly placed before and withdrawn from the eyes and its reception or formation in the consciousness. In other experiments he found that the time required for the

comprehension of a complex figure was much greater than that for a simple figure, the proportion between an ellipse and a pentagon for instance being as 1 : 5. Researches on the time requisite for the production of consciousness with various strengths of illumination gave the result that this time was proportionate within rather wide limits to the degree of illumination; but if the illumination was excessively strong or weak, it increases.

A New Southern Observatory.—It is probable that before many years are passed astronomers will be able to extend the system of charting advocated and practiced by Mr. Proctor, to the southern heavens. At the Cape observatory Mr. Stone is already busily at work reducing the observations made during the last fourteen or fifteen years. Dr. B. A. Gould writes to the Astronomer Royal respecting the present position of the work at the new observatory of Cordoba. The special instrumental observations which Dr. Gould has in purpose have not been commenced, the observatory not being yet sufficiently complete; but considerable progress has been made in Uranometry. Dr. Gould has a catalogue of over 7100 stars visible to the naked eye on good nights, reaching to the magnitude 6.6. The space within which these stars lie is about .587 of the complete celestial sphere; and therefore the numerical richness corresponds to about 12,100 stars for the whole heavens—a much larger number than is usually supposed to be visible to the naked eye. It will be interesting to notice whether the seemingly remarkable richness of the southern heavens as thus newly surveyed corresponds to the peculiar distribution noticed by Mr. Proctor, who remarks, in the Preface to his larger Star-Atlas, that 1132 stars may be counted in the south polar maps, as against fewer than 400 in an equal northern area.—*Popular Science Review*.

Glacial Era.—After the deposition of the pliocene rocks, occurs a more recent series known as the pleistocene, embracing the gravels, brick earths, and peaty moss, etc., and strata now in course of formation. It was after the time in which the above-named pliocene rocks were deposited, and before the commencement of the pleistocene period, that the epoch known as the glacial occurred. Of the mammalia existing at the time the coralline crag was deposited, nearly every species is now extinct; an analysis of all the fauna belonging to this period gives about 30 per cent as allied to existing species. The red crag gives about 80 per cent, and embraces among other forms the rhinoceros, hippotherium, beavers, pigs, tapirs, Irish elk, tiger, wolves, hippopotamus, etc. In the mammalian crag 80 to 90 per cent of the species found are now existing; there are elephants, three species, horse, deer, beaver, otter, etc. The plants found in the forest beds consist all of genera and species now living. Judging from the fauna and flora of the crag deposits, the climate of Europe was warmer than at the present time, and at the period of the forest beds it was much the same as now, thus showing a tendency in a colder direction from its previous condition. Great Britain was at that time united to the Continent of Europe. Physical changes in the geography of the northern hemisphere occurred, much of the land was gradually submerged beneath the surface of the then existing seas, leaving the higher table lands and moun-

tain summits uncovered, the climate increased in coldness, vast masses of ice were formed which the summer heat failed to melt, these continually increased until the whole northern region of the globe was one immense shroud of ice, forming glaciers of immense extent, thousands of feet in thickness; these flowing slowly onwards at the rate perhaps of a few hundred yards per annum, bearing with them millions of tons of rock and earth, pursued their courses, grinding, tearing, leveling, and scooping vast hollows in the earth, till nearly the whole northern hemisphere was covered. The valley of the Rhone at this period was filled with one immense glacier, fully 3000 feet thick; a great circular hill of rubbish, similar in character to one of the moraines of modern glaciers, occupies the south of Switzerland, extending in length to 60 or 70 miles, and 16,000 feet in height, testifying to its immensity and marking the finish of its course. All the great lakes of Switzerland and North America are simply hollows scooped out by ice action; Loch Lomond, in Scotland, and Llanberris, in Wales, are in our own country but types of the mighty force of glaciers which have scooped out Geneva and Maggiore, Erie and Ontario. It is extremely doubtful whether man inhabited Europe prior to the glacial epoch; the question still remains in abeyance; evidence has been produced in the affirmative, but it is not sufficiently decisive, he probably existed in more southern latitudes. According to Professor Ramsay, symptoms of prior glacial periods are to be found as having occurred in Miocene, Permian, and Devonian times.—*English Mechanic*.

The Anatomy of the Skunk.—Dr. J. S. Parker, in a paper published in the *American Naturalist*, says, in regard to the glands which secrete the well-known odor emitted by this animal: "When I resumed operations, on the parts now weighing only about two ounces out of a Mephitis of nine pounds, I had a strip of skin with the anal lips, the suspicious calices or cones in their cup-like cavities, and the pouches. Microscope was at hand, magnifying glasses, spectacles, and dissecting case that had done much human duty. I began by severing the two muscular pouches, and found no connection between them. Books say, 'The animal gives its peculiar and penetrating odor from two glands, situated external to the pelvis.' I found the 'glands' to be *clear muscular fibre*, with not a particle of smell, or a trace of any glandular structure. So much truth there is in old sayings, repeated for years or ages past! Further to test the matter, I cut slowly to the middle of the mass of *muscular* not *glandular*, fibres, and came upon a thick, white, leathery capsule, like the crop of a chicken, with the source for the contents, provided by the little glands about it. Now putting on old clothes, and sitting to the windward, I cut through this white capsule; a bright yellow fluid came out, and I instantly felt that distance would 'lend enchantment to the view.' But I was not to be baffled. So I dipped the point of my scalpel in the yellow fluid, put the tenth or twentieth of a drop of it on a glass, covered it with another strip of glass, and placed it under a power of forty diameters in my microscope. The appearance was peculiar. It looked like molten gold, or like quicksilver of the finest golden color. Pressure on the strips of glass made it flow like globules of melted gold."

The Geology of Salt Lake City.—Mr. W. P. Blake has written a letter to Professor Silliman in which he describes briefly, but pretty generally, the geology of the Salt Lake City. He says that he left New-Haven hurriedly to reach the Emma Mine and examine it. It is a remarkable mine. Within a little more than a year it has yielded ore worth over \$2,000,000, and this without any special outlay. It is a great mass of soft earthy-looking ore, the result of the decomposition of argentiferous galena. It is dug out with shovels and picks, sacked, and sent to Liverpool, where it sells for about \$175 per ton. The mass is between strata of limestone, the middle members of a series of strata over a mile thick. The lower members are slate and quartzite, and rest upon the immense masses of syenitic granite which form the picturesque Alpine-like peaks of the Wahsatch. These strata are all much uplifted and contorted, some of the harder beds surging up into peaks at least 11,000 feet above tide. The mine is at an elevation of 8500 to 9000 feet. At the head of the cañon upon the side of which it is situated, there is a fine exposure of syenitic granite for about a mile, with rounded polished backs—*roches moutonnées*—probably 9000 feet above tide. These rocks give conclusive evidence of the former existence there of a large glacier. Much of the polish upon the surface has been removed by the action of the weather. The patches that remain are dark brown in color, while the syenite is light gray, and they show the same peculiar scale-like crusts seen on the partly weathered glaciated surfaces above the Yosemite.

ART.

The "Golgotha" of Gérôme.—The gallery of Mr. Knœdler, (Goupil & Co.,) Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, is always an attractive place of resort; but it has probably never been more worthy of a visit than it is at the present moment. There are many pictures on exhibition there that will afford the critic material for profitable comment, and richly reward the lover of the beautiful for the time spent in their examination. It is of one of them only that we purpose to say something to-day—a painting which is a rich acquisition to the art treasures of America, though it will go ere long into a private collection. This is the "Golgotha" of Gérôme.

The genius of this eminent French master has heretofore been so exclusively associated with other classes of subjects, that when, four years ago, it was announced in Paris that he had selected for his greatest work the Crucifixion of our Lord, there was excited among connoisseurs a feeling of surprise. He had reveled in eastern sunlights and ancient architecture; he had depicted the barbaric pomp of the Moslem and the imperial cruelty of the Cæsars; Pagan sensuality and Parisian follies had been delineated with equal effectiveness by his pencil. We remember the street scenes of Cairo and the arid expanse of the desert; the Nubian butcher and the conspirators hastily leaving the Senate chamber where they had slain "the foremost man of all the world;" Hyperides unveiling to her judges the irresistible loveliness of Phryne, and Pierrot borne off across the blood-stained snow of the Bois de Boulogne in the "Duel after the Masquerade;" and recalling these we should never

think of Gérôme as undertaking to represent the most majestic and appalling event of all the ages, in comparison with which the butchery of the gladiators on a Roman holiday in the Coliseum, the subject of another of his higher works, was but a trivial and vulgar spectacle. Yet not only has Gérôme selected the Crucifixion for his *chef d'œuvre*, he has executed his task in a manner at once unique and extraordinary.

With the works of the old masters which represent the same awful scene, notably with the great picture of Rubens in the Cathedral of Antwerp, this painting suggests no comparison, for it deals not, as they do, with the material facts and details of the tremendous agony. The appeal is made to the imagination and not to the eye of the beholder. The figure of our Lord does not appear upon the canvas. We are thus spared the contumely and the bodily outrage, the crown of thorns and the spear of the executioner, the faces of the brutal populace and the Divine anguish of the awful close. The stupendous sacrifice has been accomplished. *Consummatum est.* Across the foreground of the picture, which is luminous with a supernal light, are projected from right to left the shadows of three crosses with the figures of the crucified victims of the Jewish law. This is all of the great transaction that appears; and it will be readily caught that the artist has only just hinted to the beholder the fearful significance of the event, yet hinted it in such manner that no visible dying Saviour, feebly set forth as to the blending of his human and Divine nature in countenance and form, could produce half the emotion that it excites. Never again in the returning cycles of time shall such a shadow be cast upon the rocks of Judea or any other part of this round world. For in the distance, accurately drawn in its topographical and architectural features, so far as archæology can enable us to determine, rises the irregular and somewhat somber city of Jerusalem, girt with its lofty walls and ramparts. In the intermediate space, across the hills that lie in the direction of Calvary, we see, slowly wending its way back to "the dim rich city," and, indeed, already entering at one of its gates, a straggling procession made up of the Roman cohorts and the miscellaneous multitude that have carried out or witnessed the Crucifixion. The figures in the procession are greatly reduced, but the treatment of the tortuous line enables us to recognize here a fluttering standard and there the head of a horse lifted above the throng, and relieving, by a variation of outline or color, the general uniformity. Last of all, it may be mentioned, above the city rests a portentous gloom of gathering clouds, in effective contrast with the strong light of the foreground, in the midst of which a segment of the blood-red disk of the sun is faintly discernible.

The power of this painting, as has been said already, lies less in its actual portraiture than in its wonderful intimations. The almost creative suggestiveness which lends to the finest passages of Tennyson their truest charm imparts to the canvas of Gérôme its strongest fascination. In the nude form of Phryne we are impressed with the sensuality of the polished Greek; in the march before Cæsar to the deadly combat we recognize the brutality of ancient Rome; the domino of the duellist of the *bal masque* only half conceals the hollowness of the life of the second French Empire; and so in this last and noblest illustration of Gérôme's genius the mere material objects and

persons represented are as nothing to what we might call its hidden meaning ; but this meaning is patent to all whose sensibilities have not been deadened by the materialism of much of our modern art, whose minds have not been belittled by the trivialities of the popular *genre* painting of the time. How eloquent is the very indifference of that returning multitude ! The legionaries of Pilate and the rabble of Jerusalem, Roman masters and Jewish priesthood, make their careless way homeward as from an every-day spectacle, while the veil of the temple has been rent in twain, and the dead have come forth from the tombs, and all Nature has been in agony at the sight of her expiring God. Around and above the devoted city the hurrying clouds impend with a presage of disaster, as if the day were already at hand when the armies of Titus should lay it low, and not one stone should be left upon another to testify to its former magnificence. Nor is the murky sky wholly without a foreshadowing of that yet more awful day of doom, and we can almost fancy in looking into its depths that we hear the peal of the mediæval hymn :

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

—*Evening Post.*

Memorial to Franklin.—The Philadelphians are constructing a gorgeous stained-glass window to perpetuate the memory of Benjamin Franklin. This is to be placed in the college at Philadelphia, of which Franklin was the founder. The cost is defrayed by the alumni of the college. The window will be divided into three compartments, in which it is proposed to put a portrait of Franklin, the coat-of-arms of William Penn, who granted the first charter to the college in 1675, and of the State of Pennsylvania, which granted the present charter in 1791. The lower portion of the window is divided by mullions into five panels. On the centre panel will be inscribed, "*Eripuit calo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,*" and underneath a civic crown. On the panels on one side of the centre will be placed pictures of the Old Academy in Fourth Street, of the printing press used by Dr. Franklin in London, and of the first discovery of electricity. On the other side, a picture of the present University, of the latest improvements in the printing press, and of the newest telegraphic machine.

They are about to do a good thing for the fine arts in Paris—a thing which has been urged there over and over again, and with hardly less frequency recommended here,—of course, as regards pictures, without effect. This is the establishment of a museum of copies of art which are in collection foreign to France. For ourselves, thanks to the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, considerable progress has been made in this direction, and a large number of articles, to many of which we have called attention, has been brought together, even including some copies of paintings, the dates of which declare their interest to be rather archæological than artistic, *e.g.*, facsimiles of mosaics, etc., which have been found in Rome and elsewhere. By this means we shall possess a collection of inestimable value. What is most desirable both here and in Paris is a collection of fine copies of paintings in foreign galleries. The first object of this order acquired for Paris is a copy, by Steuben, from Raphael's "Leo

the Tenth," and which belonged to M. Mundler. —*Athenæum.*

Wood-Engraving by Machinery.—A process for engraving on wood by the cutting action of a sand-blast is described in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute." A photographic copy of the drawing or object to be engraved is formed on a suitable matrix. This is then acted upon by a jet of sand, the particles of which have a very high velocity, so as to cut away to varying depths the surface of the block. The block is then electrotyped, and the engraving is printed from the electrotype. For various cutting and polishing purposes, the sand-jet seems likely to prove extremely valuable.

A black marble slab, bearing the following inscription in brass characters, has just been placed over the grave of the late Sir John Herschel, in the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey: Johannes Herschel, Gulielmi Herschel, natu opere fama filius unicus "Coelis Exploratis," hic prope Newtonum, requiescit generatio et generatio, Miracilia Dei Narrabunt, Psalm cxlv. 4 : 5. Vixit lxxix. annos. Obiit undecimo, die Mali, A.D. mdccclxxi.

The advantages derived from photography during the siege of Paris have been so highly appreciated that the study of photography is now obligatory for aspirants and military students admitted to the Ecole Militaire. Since the month of July last there have been few communications read before the *Academie des Sciences* which have not been supported and attested by photographic illustrations.

A New House of Parliament is to be erected at Berlin, Prussia, and the architects of all nations have been invited to compete in the presentation of designs. The plans must be sent to Berlin before April 15th. A prize of \$4220 will be given for the best design, and prizes of \$844 for each of the four next best designs.

The Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre, which was closed in August, 1870, has been reopened. To its contents have been added certain pieces of buhl, which were saved from St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere.

A fund is being raised to erect a bronze statue of Horace Greeley on Printing-House Square, opposite the statue of Franklin. Subscriptions to the amount of over \$10,000 have already been signed for.

Rosa Bonheur has incurred the displeasure of the French newspapers for having painted the war-horse of the Emperor of Germany.

VARIETIES.

Father Hyacinthe and Papal Infallibility.—A short time ago, a letter was sent by Father Gratry to the Archbishop of Paris, expressing his acceptance of the dogma of infallibility. The following is a reply addressed to Father Gratry, by Father Hyacinthe, who is now in Bavaria :

"MUNICH, Dec. 23d, 1871.

"MY DEAR FATHER : Before I heard the fact reported as a common rumor, you yourself informed me of your submission to the Council of the Vatican. *Non privata audacia sed publica auctoritate procedendum est*, you wrote, quoting St. Thomas Aquinas. At the same time, you indirectly exhorted me to follow your example, and adde

the following kind words, (for which I thank you :)

'I will not cease to pray for you and love you.'

"Be persuaded, my Father, that outward submission would not trouble me, if inwardly I were convinced; neither would I hesitate to acknowledge my error before the world, if I could also acknowledge it before my own conscience. I have never believed in my own infallibility, and I have never tried to persuade others to believe in it; I can not even understand how it can be so difficult, as is commonly reported, to acknowledge an honest mistake, and I am persuaded that by such an acknowledgment, a sincere and earnest man will always raise himself in the esteem of those whose esteem is really worth acquiring.

"Permit me to observe, that when one has written such soul-stirring pages as those of your last letters, it is not enough for him ingenuously to say that he blots them out. He must also blot out the bright but painful traces which they have left in the souls of men.

"Why, my reverend Father, it was only a few months ago, that you suddenly arose, like a prophet in the midst of troubled Israel, assuring us that you had received commands from God, and that, in order to fulfill them, you were ready to suffer all things! You then wrote that argument as logical as it was eloquent which has been ridiculed but not refuted; and, after proving by assured facts that the question of infallibility is an unwholesome question—I use your own expression—you gave utterance, in your holy indignation, to those words, which are resounding still, *Numquid Deus indiget mendacio vestro?* Does God require your lies?

"And now, to-day, standing before so many consciences which you have troubled and left in doubt, you are satisfied to write to your bishop, in so composed a manner as to occasion both sadness and surprise:

"'I desire, Monseigneur, to simply say to you what, it seems to me, is scarcely necessary to be said, that I, like all my brethren in the priesthood, accept the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Whatever I may have written in opposition to these decrees, before their adoption, I now blot out.'

"Is it thus that the truth and the disciples of Jesus Christ are hereafter to be treated?

"When St. Augustine wrote that beautiful book, his *Retractationes*, which is often referred to by those who do not understand its nature or its bearing, he was very careful to determine the particular points in which he believed he had been mistaken, and to make known the facts which had convinced him. This it is that gives such sincerity, dignity, and utility to those admirable confessions of his soul; this it is that makes his very errors serve to secure the triumph and firmer establishment of the truth. Imitate this great mind, my Father, and by refuting yourself, you will help to enlighten and pacify us.

"If you have ceased to see in the Council of the Vatican a body without authority, because it was not free, say so clearly; and do not content yourself with simply saying this, but give us the facts which have convinced you, and inform us by what signs we can hereafter distinguish a pseudo-council from a legitimate and ecumenical council.

"If you accept the two so-called dogmas of the personal infallibility of the Pope, *absque consensu*

Episcopi, and of his universal jurisdiction, do not try to give them an interpretation contrary to their plain, natural meaning, the only interpretation which the Roman authority imposes or accepts: but show us how this meaning accords with the facts of history which you have already so learnedly discussed and established.

"Then, my dear Father, and not till then, will you have recognized your answer and your attitude, as you say in your letter to the Archbishop of Paris, and then only will you have acquired a new right to direct the course of religion, so sadly compromised at the present time.

"What I most fear is not the frank and open skepticism of the opponents of revelation; it is rather the unconscious skepticism of those who place false authority and false unity before the truth.

"The first of these strengthens the sacred edifice by the very assaults which it makes upon it from without; the second secretly undermines it from within, by breaking away the two foundations on which it rests, sincerity of faith and integrity of conscience.

"Receive, I pray you, my dear Father, an assurance of my sorrowful but respectful regard, and permit me, in turn, to say to you that I will not cease to pray for you and love you.

"HYACINTHE.

"To Abbé Gratry."

When Do Men Die?—Medical experience proves that, in chronic diseases, the greater number of deaths occur just before dawn. This is eminently true of brain diseases, and of all those related cases where death results from an exhaustion of the vital power, through overwork, excessive excitement, or nervous prostration. It is at the hour of five o'clock in the morning that the life force is at its lowest ebb, and succumbs most readily to the assault of epilepsy, or paralysis, or of the fatal lethargy that comes in those vividly beautiful picture-dreams, for which medical science has as yet found no name, and of which it has taken no sufficient cognizance. Nine-tenths of those who die in this way expire in their sleep. In many such cases, if a friend were at hand to waken the sleeper when the attack comes on, or if he were to be awakened by some accidental noise, he might, by the use of a few simple precautions, prolong his life for many years; for the shock which proves so fatal to the man wrapped in deep sleep, when the system is passive and relaxed, would be victoriously repelled were it armed with all its waking energies. Men who do brain work, and who are on the shady side of forty, should be on their guard against this insidious enemy. They should beware of five o'clock A.M., for it is a perilous hour. Do you find yourself unable to sleep, when you retire for the night, exhausted with your day's work? Do you, in vain, turn from one side to the other? Does your brain persist in working when you would fain have it rest? Do old saws, and scraps of rhyme, repeat themselves in your memory with wearisome iteration, defying your utmost efforts to silence them? Then, I say to you, beware! You will be sure to sleep at last. It is only a question of time; for, sooner or later, nature will assert her right.

East Indian Forests. Although the forests of India are still very large, owing to a climate highly favorable to vegetation, they do not present so imposing an aspect as those of America. Bound

less regions of trees growing close to each other, entwined and interlaced by innumerable creepers, opposing the progress of the traveler, are not to be found in India. There are no solitudes which human feet have never violated, or giants of vegetation which add layer to layer of growth for centuries, and end by reaching dimensions an idea whereof can scarcely be formed: and which, as they have taken ages to increase, so decrease as slowly, losing now and then a branch, until completely deprived of foliage, their sap dried up, they fall of themselves, restoring to the soil all that they have drawn from it, and making a void in the forest, which young trees soon fill up. Nature in India has not this majesty; men have worn it out; the landscape has but too often the appearance of old age, painful to see: uncultivated land is only abandoned land; the forests, worked over many times, are cut out into clearings, and peopled by scattered villages, which seem to date from the earliest periods. It is the part of the globe where our species first planted itself, and from that day, thousands of generations have succeeded each other, demanding from the same soil the same miserable existence. The forests supplied what was wanted for their huts and cooking: they settled down with their flocks, cutting down the trees for the space necessary to grow rice and millet; then, when the ground was exhausted, they began the same work of desolation farther on. A large portion of the mountainous part of India has thus been traversed: frequently in the thickest jungle, the traveler will come upon ruins of ancient villages, abandoned tombs; and even now many wandering tribes find their home deep in the woods. It is only in the most retired valleys and almost inaccessible mountains that forests are found containing trees important in their number and their height.

The variety of species is, however, very great; it has been reckoned as the largest in the world, without adding to it an infinite variety of shrubs. Starting from the southern point of Hindustan, and advancing northward to the summits of the Himalaya, the kinds which grow in every climate may be met with, from those which belong especially to the tropical zone, to those which characterize the Alpine flora. Around the villages are the palms, the cocoa-nut tree, the sacred fig; then in clumps scattered on the plains, are the tamarind, the teak, the mango. More to the north, the palms disappear; but the brilliancy and size of the flowers, with the evergreen tints of the forest, still give a tropical character to vegetation. The trees growing on the slopes of the Himalaya recall those of our own country, such as cedars, firs, and oaks. They are of the same family, though different in species; the green oak being the only one really resembling what is met with in the south of Europe. In the immense basin of the Sutlej, to the north of the Himalaya, magnificent groves of the deodara cedar are found, which, sometimes alone, or mixed with pines, oaks, and cypress, cover the sides of the principal valley and its innumerable branches. It is at the base of these mountains that real forests show themselves; vegetation gradually disappears in the higher regions, until nothing but graminiferous plants are seen.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Treaties with Japan.—It is understood that one of the changes in the commercial treaties with Japan, which the embassy now in this country desires to effect, relates to the exercise of judicial

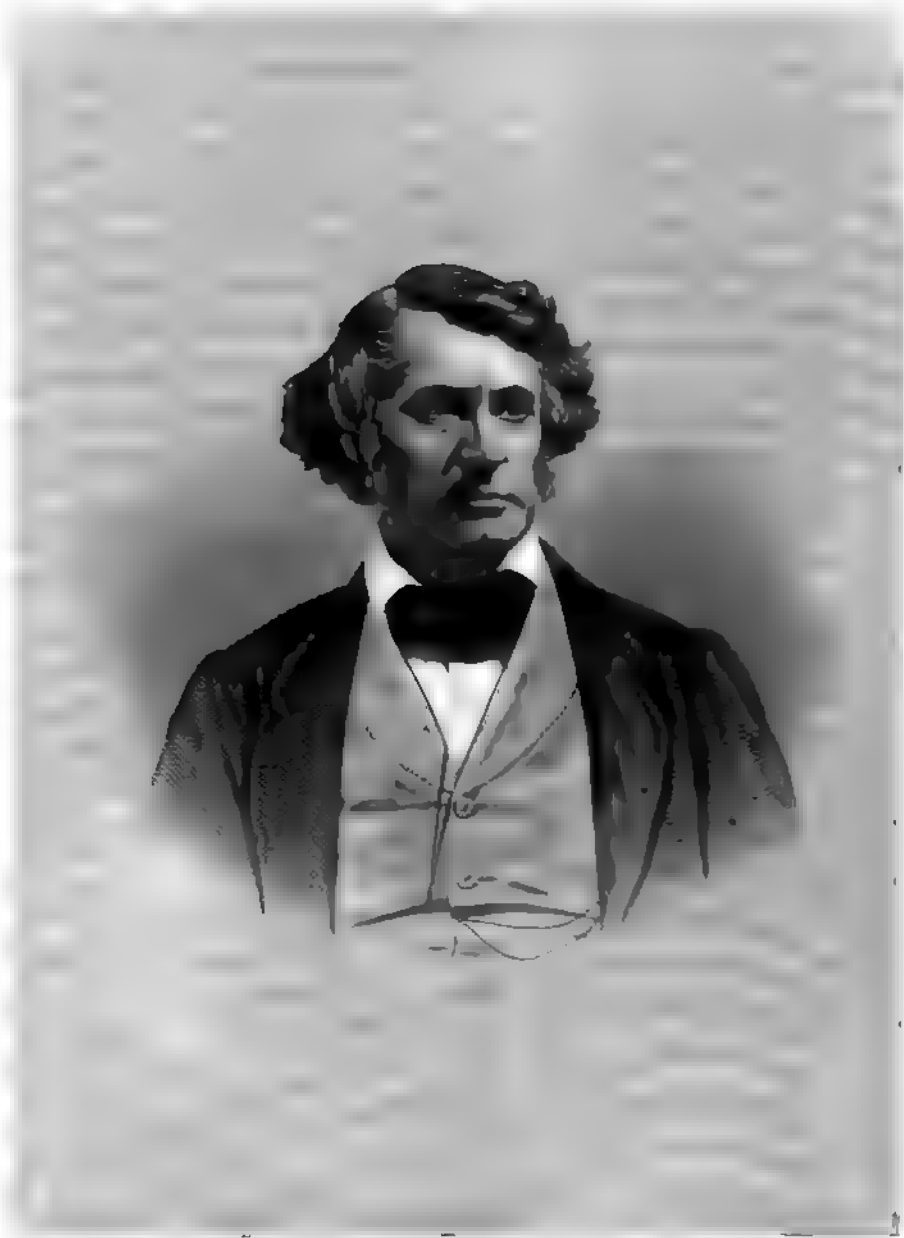
functions by foreign ministers and consuls. It is provided by the Yeddo treaty of 1858 that Americans committing offences against the Japanese shall be tried in American consular courts, and that Japanese offending against Americans shall be tried in their own courts. Suits for debts are subject to the same provision. A similar but less comprehensive article regulates the same matters in the Chinese courts. All the civilized nations have insisted upon these conditions when making treaties with the eastern nations, and so long as there remained a strong hostile sentiment toward foreigners such conditions were doubtless necessary for the security of justice. It is said that some of the European nations have attempted to give a forced construction to this treaty stipulation, and to claim sovereignty over those parts of the country opened to the residence of foreigners, but we do not know that any charges of this character are brought against the United States. Nevertheless, the Orientals regard the stipulation as vexatious and humiliating, and consider its abrogation essential to the recognition of their proper position among the nations of the earth. There are other regulations in existing treaties which seem to them similarly disparaging and offensive. Some idea of the growth and importance of our trade relations with Japan appears from the following: In 1860, the trade carried on in American vessels amounted to but \$193,865; in 1866, the commerce in American vessels had increased to \$884,122, while the total commerce of the islands in foreign vessels was \$2,348,136. In 1869, the commerce in American vessels amounted to \$5,125,645, and the total commerce to \$7,201,378. In this year the total tonnage of the United States entered at the five open ports of Japan was 509,098, which was nearly one half of all the foreign tonnage at these ports. This commerce has increased quite as rapidly since 1869 as at any time before, and the prospect is that by virtue of our favorable situation we shall, if wise and prudent, control most of this valuable trade.

CHARTREUSE.

(*Liqueur.*)

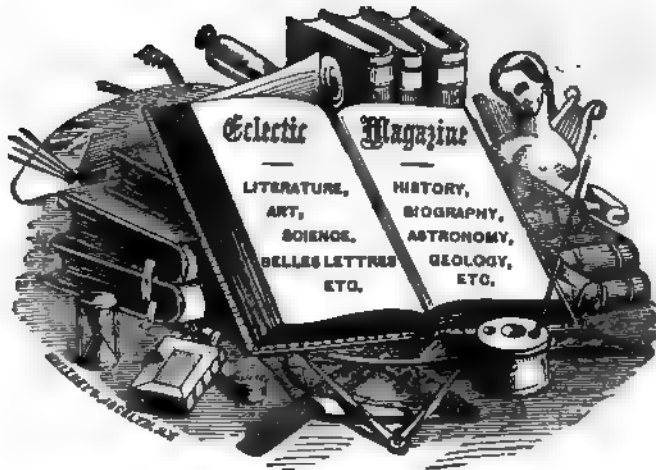
WHO could refuse
Green-eyed Chartreuse?
Liqueur for heretics,
Turks, Christians, or Jews;
For beggar or queen,
For monk or for dean;
Ripened and mellow,
(The *green*, not the yellow,)
Give it its dues,
Gay little fellow,
Dressed up in green!
I love thee too well, O
Laughing Chartreuse!

O the delicate hues
That thrill through the green!—
Colors which Greuze
Would die to have seen!
With thee would De Musset
Sweeten his muse:
Use, not abuse,
Bright little fellow!
(The green, *not* the yellow.)
O the taste and the smell! O
Never refuse
A kiss on the lips from
Jealous Chartreuse!



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Quarterly Review.

THE LATER ENGLISH POETS.—SWINBURNE—ROSSETTI—MORRIS.*

OF the many remarkable poetical appearances in the early part of the present century, there was none more remarkable in its character and its influence than the poetry of Keats. Differing both in thought and style from all his contemporaries, and still more from all his predecessors, his writings have, we think, done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet. Though his own death is said to have been hastened by the hostility of his critics, his immediate successors have not only monopolized the field of poetry and silenced opposition, but, as a last triumph of ascendancy, have turned criticism itself into their tool. Keats was the first purely literary

English poet who had appeared since Spenser, and, since Keats, English poetry has had an exclusively literary mark.

Till the extraordinary epoch to which we have referred, the character of our poetry, like that of every nation which has had vigorous institutions and a great history, was distinctively national. There is scarcely a prominent feature in our religion, our politics, or our landscape, which is not illustrated in our verse. Our old drama was as indigenous as that of Attica. Almost every one of our great poets is indebted to his country for some inspiring theme. At the very threshold of our literature we find the unfaded portraits of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The studious Spenser sums up his flattering allegory in the person of his Queen. Even Milton, whose imagination in the "Paradise Lost" transcends the bounds of space and time, has filled "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus," with the most enchanting descriptions of Eng-

* 1. *Songs before Sunrise*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1871.

2. *Poems*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1870.

3. *The Earthly Paradise*. By William Morris. 4 vols. London, 1871.

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thor takes a serious farewell of the remote themes which had once attracted him, and announces himself as the poetical apostle of the Universal Republic.

While we are quite prepared to congratulate Mr. Swinburne upon the more manly tone he has adopted, we can not say that we think he has at present shown the qualities of a great political poet. In the first place, he scarcely appears to us fortunate in his theme. That the cause of the Revolution could stimulate poetical fancy to high enthusiasm is sufficiently proved by the poetry of Shelley. But the themes that fired the enthusiasm of that unique genius were the downfall of dynasties, the overthrow of superstition, the regeneration of the human race. Such was the direction which the spirit of destruction at first took, and such are the objects over which the fancy of Mr. Swinburne still broods, but such is no longer the life of the Revolutionary cause. It is not now the destruction of empires, with which the most advanced apostles of Revolution are really concerned, but the organization of labor against capital, and the confiscation of property. This may be a more practical scheme than that of the old French philosophers, yet it would scarcely have roused the enthusiasm of Shelley. All that is left of the old republican faith is its phraseology. Liberty, fraternity, equality, are as much as ever the party catchwords; the months are still called by their revolutionary names; the Bible is still perverted and parodied according to the old traditions, except that, while Camille Desmoulins spoke of "le bon sansculotte Jesus," the modern Communist speaks of Marat as a Messiah.

Were the qualifications for a political poet nothing but the ability to decorate a party dialect, no more fitting representative than Mr. Swinburne could be found. To an unequalled command of metre he adds a faultless instinct as to the capacity of a phrase, or even of an idea, for the purposes of metrical expression, and an equal skill in transplanting, without any appearance of effort, the old flowers of rhetoric into his own style. These are great gifts, but they can not cover the absence of that strong expression of genuine conviction which is demanded by the subject which Mr. Swinburne attempts. We can not estimate his qualities better than by comparing him with the poet whom above all others he admires. It is clearly his belief that he

has received his poetical torch from the hand of Shelley, as Shelley from the hand of Milton, yet we think his genius has scarcely any thing in common with either of these poets. The mind of Shelley, to use his own words once more, was "nourished on musical thoughts," which he instinctively clothed in appropriate language. Mr. Swinburne's mind has been nourished on musical metres, to which he adapts thoughts and words as they appear conformable. Shelley's atheism is rarely thrust into prominence; his leading thought is always the golden future of mankind, and his assaults are directed against what he considered superstition, as the hindrance to the ultimate happiness of the race. Yet, whenever he attacks Christianity, his style is marked by an almost appalling plainness, which is too repulsive for quotation. But if any one who is curious on the subject will compare Shelley's lines, beginning—

"O that the free would stamp the impious name"—

with those of Mr. Swinburne's—

"Thou madest man in the garden; thou temptedst man and he fell"—

he will be struck with the difference between the two poets. There is something frightful to the ears of Christians in the energy of Shelley's invective, but there can be no doubt of the earnest conviction of the writer. Mr. Swinburne's words are in themselves more horrible than Shelley's; but the expression of the passage is too fluent for strong feeling; we detect also that the rhetoric is borrowed partly from the Hebrew prophets, partly from the English Litany. We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Swinburne formed his style before he elaborated his opinions. Nor is this the only deduction to be made from the force of the passage; for we have already been told—

"God if a God there be, is the spirit of men, which is Man."

What, then, is the meaning of all this vamping against a being who is believed to be a nonentity? It is simply an invective against the idea of God, or, to speak more plainly, against the primary instincts of the society that holds the insulted belief. Such trivial tricks of rhetoric betray a want of common sense beyond what can be attributed to Shelley. They fail even to excite the feeling that was intended;

for, instead of being astounded at the poet's blasphemous daring, the reader is disgusted at his shameless indecency. Mr. Swinburne might have remembered that Shelley was wise enough to suppress the publication of "Queen Mab."

Shelley perceived that atheism, being mere negation, was incapable of being axalted into a creed; but Mr. Swinburne, caught with the abstract idea, is determined to embellish it, and, not content with invectives against Christianity, parades, by way of contrast, a worship of his own. Hertha, an embodiment of Heraclitus's doctrine of the identity of contraries; Isis, or the Earth, "the Ghost of God, the mother uncreated;" and a certain "Mater Triumphalis," (Mr. Swinburne's deities are always feminine,) such are the empty abstractions before which he literally prostrates himself with an air of religious fervor. These theatrical postures are so strangely blended with expressions of passionate conviction that in remarking on the attacks which, for the sake of his goddesses, as it appears, Mr. Swinburne makes on the Christian religion, we are in doubt whether to blame him most for his want of decency or want of sense.

In the more purely political poems, the same stage effects are repeated, with the same effort to compensate for deficiencies of feeling by exuberance of language. Though the different odes in the volume are apparently far more definite in their scope than the visionary flights of Shelley, the thought expressed in them is really much more indistinct. It appears to us that, with a few alterations, the "Ode on the Cretan Revolt" might serve equally well for one on the Liberation of Italy, or for a future uprising in Ireland. There is, indeed, no lack of perfunctory protestation. The different nations are appealed to in amorous language, but the constant intrusion of the poet's personal concern into his poems seems to us less passionate than impertinent. Take, for instance, these lines upon Italy:

"O sweetest, fairest, first,
O flower, when times were worst,
Thou hadst no strife wherein we had no share!
Have not our hearts held close,
Kept fast the whole world's rose?
Have we not worn thee at heart whom none
would wear?"

Were this the composition of an Italian patriot, we should certainly blame his ef-

feminate taste in comparing his country to a flower, but we should accept the feeling of the passage as genuine. Coming, however, from an Englishman, a mere well-wisher of Italian unity, the words are sheer nonsense.

We are, therefore, of opinion, on the whole, that Mr. Swinburne has chosen his themes not so much under the influence of political enthusiasm as from a keen literary perception of the advantages they offered to his peculiar rhetoric. And, viewing him as a master of metre alone, it is impossible to admire too much the taste that has led him to perceive, and the tact with which he has applied, the poetical resources of the religion which he so grossly assails. The solemn supplications of the English Litany are transferred to the nations of Europe in their appeal to their mother Earth. Imagery, borrowed from the Crucifixion, the Burial, the Resurrection, is applied to the revival of Italy, while France is represented under the character of the repentant Magdalen. No praise, we think, can be too high for the metrical faculty that has discovered a musical modulation in the simple words—

"Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven
thee,
Because thou hast loved much."

Of the arts of rhetoric, on the other hand, which extend beyond artifices of style, Mr. Swinburne knows little. He describes himself not inaptly, when he says—

"I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers,
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings."

His verse is always pitched in the highest key. With the use of contrast and relief he is unacquainted, and of exaggeration he knows enough only to abuse it. Exaggeration is, doubtless, a legitimate resource of poetry. Thus it is flattery, but poetical flattery, when Virgil, at the opening of the "Georgics," raises Augustus by anticipation among the stars. Yet, even when applied to the great and famous, there is danger of such complimentary poetry passing into the ridiculous; and the keen-witted Sylla paid a poet who had composed an ode in his honor not to recite it. Far more perilous is it when it is employed to exalt persons of little distinction, or is exchanged between members of a mutual admiration society. In a poem, called "Blessed among Women," Mr. Swin-

burne addresses the Signora Cairolì as the superior of the Virgin Mary. Her claims to this position rest on the fact that four of her sons perished in the revolutionary crusade against Rome :

“ Four times art thou blest,
On whose most holy breast
Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung ;
And thence a four-fold Christ,
Given to be sacrificed,
To the same cross as the same bosom clung.”

The poem is in a perfectly serious strain ; and as Mr. Swinburne seems to have no suspicion that this passage is offensively profane, it is, perhaps, no wonder that he does not see it is ridiculous.

His poems do not aim at terseness, and many of them run to an inexcusable length through their iteration and diffuseness. So ignorant is he of the value of conciseness, that he fails to perceive that the point of Byron's inscription, “ Cor Cordium,” on the tomb of Shelley lies in its brevity, and expands it into a sonnet, in which the following interjections occur in the space of nine lines :

“ O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire !
O wonderful and perfect heart !
O heavenly heart !
O heart whose beating blood was running
song !”

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Swinburne's reverence for Shelley, but it is impossible to help thinking of Bottom as Pyramus :

“ O grim-looking night ! O night with hue so
black !
O night who ever art when day is not !
O night, O night ! alack ! alack ! alack !”

We select one more passage, as a specimen at once of runaway rhetoric and of the author's favorite practice of combining sonorous words in a preconceived measure, so as to subordinate, if not to sacrifice, sense to tune. Speaking of great republican examples, they were, he says—

“ Undisbranched of the storms that disroot us,
Of the lures that enthrall unenticed,
The names that exalt and transmute us,
The blood-red splendor of Brutus,
The snow-bright splendor of Christ !”

We are inclined to think this the most harmonious dance of words upon the brink of nonsense with which we are acquainted. These extracts show, we think, that a poet may have at his disposal a vast store of English words, and yet have no real command of English idiom ; they no more

represent the genuine language of English poetry that Euphues the language of English prose. Yet there are passages in Mr. Swinburne's volume where, freed from the trammels of artificial enthusiasm, and inspired by great themes of general interest, his verse rises into high natural eloquence. The following description of Greece will confirm our words :

“ There where our East looks always to thy West,
Our mornings to thine evenings, Greece to thee,
These lights that catch the mountains crest by crest,
Are they of stars or beacons that we see ?
Taygetus takes here the winds abreast,
And there the sun resumes Thermopylæ ;
The light is Athens where those remnants rest,
And Salamis the sea-wall of that sea ;
The grass men tread upon
Is very Marathon,
The leaves are of that time-unstricken tree
That storm nor sun can fret,
Nor wind, since she that set
Made it her sign to men whose shield was she :
Here, as dead Time his deathless things,
Eurotas and Cephissus keep their sleepless springs.”

There are few finer passages than this in English lyric poetry ; in contemporary poetry we doubt if it has an equal. It is great, because it possesses the native qualities of our verse, which Mr. Swinburne's style generally lacks, genuine feeling, manly self-restraint, direct simplicity, and idiomatic vigor. A few sustained lyrics of this stamp would do more to establish an enduring reputation than volumes of fluent invective against religion or glittering rhapsodies on the Universal Republic.

The passions of modern life, which appear to Mr. Swinburne so full of sound and fury, die completely away, or at most make themselves but faintly audible, in the poems of Mr. Rossetti. The latter describes himself as a poet of the order that haunt

“ The vale of magical dark mysteries.”

In one of his sonnets he speaks approvingly of the religious symbolism of ancient art, and advises the moderns to retrace their footsteps to the old starting-point. A similar impulse, we presume, leads him to attempt in poetry a revival of the mystical style of Dante's “ Vita Nuova.” Such, at least, appears to be the intention of his sonnets, which, we think, contain all that is most characteristic of his work.

The objections to such a scheme are not far to seek, and lose none of their force

after an examination of Mr. Rossetti's poems. The period for which Dante wrote was theological, learned, and enigmatical. Our own day is scientific and matter-of-fact to excess. The complete body of physical and metaphysical philosophy which Dante compiled throws light upon the otherwise dark enigmas of his style. In the riddles of the modern mystic every thing is of private interpretation, and depends upon the kind of communication established between the author and the reader. Lastly, in the "Vita Nuova" Dante gives us a detailed history of his connection with Beatrice, and explains the occasion and the meaning of each sonnet in turn. Mr. Rossetti affords us no clue to the collection of sonnets which he terms "contributions towards a work to be entitled 'The House of Life.'" We fail to find in it any sign of unity or arrangement. We see that some of the sonnets express the feelings of a lover in happy possession of his mistress, and others in despair at the loss of her; others, again, are in a vein of philosophical reflection; but how the philosophical sonnets are connected with the love sonnets, or the love sonnets with each other, there is nothing to declare. The result of all this is that, whether or not the reader of Dante fathoms the depth of the poet's meaning, he finds enough to interest him strongly in an orderly and beautiful work; while the reader of Mr. Rossetti has to content himself with guessing at mysteries, which often turn out to be nothing but word puzzles or literary conceits.

We propose to set the work of the master and disciple side by side, that our readers may judge of the difference in quality. The following is a translation of the last sonnet in the "Vita Nuova," describing Dante's sigh passing into heaven to Beatrice:

"Beyond the sphere that has the largest sweep passes the sigh that issues from my heart: the new apprehension that love in grief leads him draws him heavenwards. When he arrives where he desires, he sees a lady who receives honor and shines so brightly that, through the midst of her splendor, the pilgrim spirit beholds her. He sees her in such wise that when he reports her to me I do not understand him, so subtly does he speak to the sorrowing heart that makes him speak. I know that he speaks of that gentle one, because he often names Beatrice, so that I understand him well, dear ladies mine."

The drift of this is plain enough, and niceties of the thought can be easily understood by the light of Dante's own com-

mentary. Here, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Rossetti's most finished sonnets on what appears to be a parallel occasion:

"I sat with Love beside a woodside well,
Leaning across the water, I and he;
Nor ever did he speak, nor looked at me,
But touched his lute wherein was audible,
The certain secret thing he had to tell:
Only our mirrored eyes met silently
In the low wave; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;
And with his foot and with his wing feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's
drouth.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And, as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth."

Both these poems make pictures, but Dante's is full of a deep and tender meaning. Mr. Rossetti's is a picture, and no more; or if there is a meaning to the gross image in the concluding line, it is of a kind that we would sooner miss.

This difference is continued throughout the sonnets of the two poets: Dante being always simple and tender, Mr. Rossetti rarely any thing more than picturesque. Thus both of them describe abstract passions by means of persons and images. Dante, for instance, speaks of Love "driving from his breast the exile sighs that went out wailing." Mr. Rossetti's abstract characters are also numerous—Love, Sleep, Death, and the like—but they are much more finely dressed than Dante's: they live in groves, wear aureoles, and carry gonfalons. So laboriously picturesque is he that he sometimes spoils a symbol with a really felicitous meaning by overloading it. It is poetical to speak of sleep as a fallow-field; but Mr. Rossetti, wishing to connect the idea of sleep with love, writes "the love-sown fallow-field of sleep," and so destroys the beauty of the metaphor. Death may appear to Mr. Rossetti as a child, but why need he go on to speak of "Death's newborn milky eyes?" or what is the point of saying of Song that his hair

"Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a wreath?"

To picturesque symbolism of this sort, however, we have no objection, except in so far as it pretends to be profound. But there is another kind of symbolism which Mr. Rossetti affects, and for which no terms of condemnation can be too strong. We allude to certain sonnets, in which he endeavors to attach a spiritual meaning to the animal passions. The fourth and fifth sonnets describe, with a revolting pictur-

esqueness, the sexual relation, which, with a profanity the more gross because it appears to be unconscious, he speaks of in the second sonnet under the metaphor of the sacramental bread and wine. We have no hesitation in stigmatizing such a deification of the animal instincts as emasculate obscenity. Mysteries of this sort are intelligible enough, but they belong to the worship of no deity but Priapus. There are, indeed, no other passages in the sonnets so objectionable as those which we have noticed; but the whole spirit of Mr. Rossetti's love poetry is of the earth, earthy. Love, as he represents it, appears not as romantic passion, or even as natural ardor, but as pious sensuality. If the lover of his verse wishes to praise his mistress, he describes her as one—

"Whose speech truth knows not from her thought,

Nor love her body from her soul."

Her "brows, hands, lips, heart, mind, voice, kisses, and words," are so many terrestrial revelations of the heavenly Deity; and when death deprives him of her company, the force of love, as we have seen, calls up her image from a spring so vividly that her "lips bubble with brimming kisses at his mouth." It can, of course, be urged that, as what is obscure may be profound, love poetry of this sort is an expression of refined passion: for ourselves, we confess that the religious tone in the amatory sonnets reminds us forcibly of the language of the Agapemone.

The character of Mr. Rossetti's thought is reflected in his style. The construction of his verse is generally musical, and his language is sometimes happily epigrammatic, as in the description of the light-of-love ladies—

"Who kissed Love's wings that brought him yesterday,

And thanks his wings to-day that he is flown."

Great pains have evidently been taken to give every thought an uncommon aspect, and to elaborate the language in which it is expressed. The value of the thought, however, often seems out of all proportion to the labor spent upon it, as in the following sonnet called "A Day of Love:"

"While Love's spell

From his predominant presence doth compel

All alien hours, an outworn populace,

The hours of Love fill full the echoing space
With sweet confederate music favorable."

Here, we suppose, if Mr. Rossetti, like Dante, were to translate himself, he would say he wished to express that the time was full of love; that he therefore represented Love expelling the memory of past hours from the present moment, the perfect delight of which he described by the image of music. But we think it clear that a feeling so simple can not be really intensified by so much elaboration and such remote imagery.

The practice of looking at every thing in an uncommon way extends itself to the commonest objects. A love-letter is thus addressed:

"Warmed by her hand and shadowed by her hair,
As closed she leaned and poured her heart
through thee,

Whereof the articulate throbs accompany

The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness fair,

Sweet fluttering sheet!"

Passing over the grammatical looseness of these lines, and making allowance for a lover's enthusiasm, we must say we have never known ink and paper apostrophized in terms of such elaborate and Oriental respect.

Obscurity of thought may sometimes be condoned in a mystical poet, but wherever his thought is clear in intention he has no excuse for not presenting it in the clearest language, especially when, like Mr. Rossetti, he opens his volume with the notice that nothing is included which is believed to be incomplete. What, then, are we to say of lines like these?

"Because our talk was of the cloud-control

And moon-track of the journeying face of Fate.
Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate,

And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal."

When translated into English prose we suppose this means, "Our talk of the uncertainty of events made her kisses falter on her lips, while her eyes appeared to contemplate some distant goal." We see in fragments the metaphor by which the thought is conveyed, but to extract any clear image from the words in the first two lines is, we venture to say, a sheer impossibility. In the next sonnet, called "Parted Love," we read

"What shall be said of this embattled day,

And armed occupation of this night,

By all thy foes beleaguered—now when sight
Nor sound denotes the loved one far away?

Of these thy vanquished hours what shalt thou
say—

As every sense to which she dealt delight

Now labors lonely o'er the stark noon-height
To reach the sunset's desolate disarray?"

How can we sympathize with a lonely lover, however weary of the time, who can not speak more plainly than this?

We have commented severely upon these sonnets because their defects appear to us considerably to exceed their merits. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Rossetti to deny that his poetical qualities—and they are not mean—sometimes combine to produce a really happy result. The following sonnet is entitled "The Portrait:"

"O Lord of all compassionate control,
O Love, let this my lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise thy name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole;
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw,
And reflux wave of the sweet smile, may
know

The very sky and sealine of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me."

If "Lord of all compassionate control" is not one of the author's many affectations, it is, at any rate, not idiomatic English. "Long lithe throat" has rather too much of the jargon of the studio. But with these exceptions the sonnet seems to us as good as it can be. Appropriate symbolism is united to ingenious fancy, and expressed in language of natural feeling. It is a singular comment on the general tone of Mr. Rossetti's love poems, that as the expression in the portrait is appropriately made a revelation of the lady's soul, so the bodily traits of the lady herself are elsewhere exalted as revelations of the supreme and invisible Love. But in the former case the symbolism represents the glow of natural feeling; in the latter it is an unnatural conceit.

Mr. Rossetti's volume also contains several ballads, which are mostly exercises on remote subjects in a semi-antique style, generally ingenious and complete. One in particular, called "Sister Helen," deserves the praise due to poems of this class as being forcibly imagined and very dramatically contrived. The effect of the others is a little spoiled by their tiresome and unmeaning burdens.

We purpose to close our remarks on Mr. Rossetti's verse with some reflections on a poem which, we think, reveals charac-

teristically the incapacity of the literary poet to deal with contemporary themes in an effective and straightforward manner. "Jenny" is a poem on the subject of unfortunate women. A man is supposed to have accompanied a girl of this description to her house, where she falls asleep with her head on his knee, while he moralizes on her condition. The majority of the poets have, as we think, wisely, avoided subjects of this sort. But assuming that success might justify its treatment, one of the first elements of success is that the piece should be brief and forcible. "Jenny" is nearly 400 lines long. The metre at the opening reminds us of one which Mr. Browning uses with characteristic force, but which in Mr. Rossetti's hands soon degenerates into feeble octosyllabic verse. The thought throughout is pretentious but commonplace. The moralist, beginning with something like a rhapsody on the appearance of the girl as she lies asleep, wonders what she is thinking about; he then reflects that her sleep exactly resembles the sleep of a pure woman; her face he feels might serve a painter as the model of a Madonna. We are thus imperceptibly edged on into the author's favorite regions of abstraction:

"Yet, Jenny, looking long at you
The woman almost fades from view.
A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust past, present, and to come
Is left. A riddle that one shrinks
To challenge from the scornful sphinx."

Exactly. So this profound philosopher, whose somewhat particular reflections on the charms of the sleeper have brought him at last face to face with the mystery of evil, coolly remarks—

"Come, come, what good in thoughts like this?"
packs some gold into the girl's hair, and takes his leave. What good indeed? But why in that case, and if Mr. Rossetti had no power to deal otherwise with so painful a theme could he not have spared us an useless display of affected sentiment and impotent philosophy?

The style of the poem is as bad as the matter. Descriptions repulsively realistic are mixed up with imagery like that in Solomon's Song; the most familiar objects are described by the most unusual paraphrases; a London schoolboy, for instance, being called "a wise unchildish elf," while the similes are painfully far-fetched. The heart of the woman is said to be—

"Like a rose shut in a book
 In which pure women may not look,
 For its base pages claim control
 To crush the flower within the soul;
 Where through each dead rose-leaf that clings,
 Pale as transparent psyche wings,
 To the vile text, are traced such things
 As might make lady's cheek indeed
 More than a living rose to read;
 So nought save foolish foulness may
 Watch with hard eyes the sure decay;
 And so the life-blood of this rose,
 Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows
 Through leaves no chaste hand may uncloze."

Affectation and obscurity make the application of this difficult enough. It will not, however, escape notice that the simile is radically false; for, whereas the point is that the woman's heart is alive in the midst of corruption, the rose in the book, to which the heart is compared, is dried and dead.

Without in any way affecting the character of a mystic, Mr. Morris withdraws himself, perhaps, even farther than Mr. Rossetti from all sympathy with the life and interest of his time:

"Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing,

I can not ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasures of past years,
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,

Remember me a little then I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
 That weigh us down who live and earn our bread,

These idle verses have no power to bear;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Or long time take their memories away
 From us poor singers of an empty day."

Such is Mr. Morris's apology for taking us back to a kind of mediæval legend for the scheme of his "Earthly Paradise." "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway having considered all that they had heard of the 'Earthly Paradise' set sail to find it, and, after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land of which they had never before heard; there they died when they had dwelt there certain years much honored of the strange people." The

narrative of their wanderings is told with much grace and pathos. A proposal by a priest of the strange people that feasts should be instituted, for the wanderers to hear some of the tales of their Greek ancestors, connects the stories of the poem with the introduction. Mr. Morris ascribes his inspiration to Chaucer, but we think that the design of "The Earthly Paradise" bears much more resemblance to the "Decameron" than to "The Canterbury Tales." The characters are far more like the colorless ladies and gentlemen who left Florence during the plague, and serve so conveniently as narrators and audience of the Tales in the "Decameron," than Chaucer's vivacious company of pilgrims. At the end of each of Boccaccio's stories, his ladies "praise the tale," or "laugh very pleasantly," or "feel their cheeks suffused with blushes." In like manner Mr. Morris's wanderers "watch the shades of their dead hopes pass by," sit "silent, soft-hearted, and compassionate," or are "wrapped up in soft self-pity." We are never interested in their actions, as in the quarrel between the Frere and the Sompnoure; indeed it is clear that the racy incidents of real life would be out of place among his legendary shadows. The symmetrical division of the Tales by periods of time is after the manner of the "Decameron;" but the institution of monthly feasts for the mere purpose of telling stories is a somewhat clumsy contrivance for connecting the tales with the introduction, and for giving the poet an excuse for a graceful prelude to every month of the year. In spite, however, of small blemishes, there is a beauty and completeness in the design of the "Earthly Paradise," which gives it a fine distinction among the crowd of chaotic fragments that darken modern literature.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris has executed his task we can not speak with unmixed praise. In the first place, it is clear that he has expended his whole skill upon investing his poems with an antique air. The closeness with which he reproduces the effect of the old romance style in his loosely-constructed verse is often surprising as a poetical *tour de force*. A passage in the "Lovers of Gudrun," where Guest the seer watches the sons of Olaf bathing, strikes us as particularly noticeable; but there are many parts of his tales

and especially the openings, where the ancient simplicity has been imitated with great fidelity. In his description of nature, also, the out-of-door freshness and *naïveté* of the romances has been very happily caught.

His command of the ancient style has, however, been acquired at the cost of other qualities far more essential to real success in narrative. In delineation of character, vivacity of incident, and energy of versification, Mr. Morris shows himself either negligent or incapable. His poetical method may be contrasted not unfairly with that of Ariosto. Like that great poet, he professedly appears "in raiment clad of stories oft besung." Ariosto's style, however, is extremely idiomatic, and generally ironical. Yet, though no revivalist, and while looking on the marvels of Turpin's Chronicle with the eye of a humorist, he had a poet's appreciation of all that was noble in the idea of chivalry. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, while trying above all things to tell his stories in the language of romance, often misses the romantic spirit; indeed, so far is he from feeling it, that he is forever breathing into his Neo-Gothic verse the expression of that decrepit love-longing, which is the peculiar product of modern poetry. There is nothing heroic about his heroes. They perform great deeds, it is true, because the old stories so represent them; but the only adventures in which Mr. Morris shows any interest are their love affairs. Thus when Perseus falls in with Andromeda, several pages are taken up with a recital of all that they felt and said; but when the sea-monster appears, he is dispatched in as many lines. Perseus is armed with the Gorgon's head, a weapon of such tremendous power, that he ought to have felt it should be used only on great occasions; yet he employs it on the least provocation, and against the most ignoble foes, merely, as it appears, that Mr. Morris may have the pleasure of conducting him back as quickly as possible to the embraces of Andromeda. Ruggiero, in the "Orlando Furioso," has a similar enchanted shield, but he keeps it carefully under cover, and when on one occasion he gains the victory, by the accidental removal of the case, he flings the shield into a well. Even the lovers in Mr. Morris's stories do not command our respect. In the "Lovers of Gudrun," perhaps the best story of the

collection, our sympathy is claimed for Kiartan, who is deprived of his mistress by the treachery of his friend. In the old story we should probably feel compassion for such a man; for, though the knights of romance are by no means immaculate, their infidelities are generally lightly passed over in the *naïve* simplicity of the narrative. But how can we waste our sympathy on Mr. Morris's soft-hearted lover, who loiters in Norway, scarcely sending a meagre message to Gudrun, while he amuses himself with the king's sister Ingibiorg, who

"More than well
Began to love him, and he let her love,
Saying withal that naught at all might move
His heart from Gudrun; and for very sooth
He might have held that word; and yet for
ruth
And a soft pleasure that he might not name,
All unrebuked he let her soft eyes claim
Kindness from his?"

More tiresome still is Acontius. This youth having fallen in love with a lady whom he has just seen "through half-shut eyes," learns to his horror that she is to be sacrificed to Diana. Yet though he afterwards sees her twice, he has never the heart to speak to her, much less to effect her escape. It is characteristic of Mr. Morris, that after a thousand lines filled with languishing and lamentation, without one act of courage or ingenuity on his part, this most detestable of lovers, through the intervention of Venus, is rewarded by the hand of the beautiful Cydippe.

The heroines of the tales, on the other hand, are as forward as the heroes are languid. We have no objection to their falling in love at first sight—though the occasional appearance of some shrewish Katharine would certainly be a relief—but it appears to us that their unconcealed complaisance would have disenchanted any lovers more particular than Mr. Morris's. Even Aslaug, fostered in the rudest retirement, on the appearance of a ship off her coast, speculates whether "the great lord" to whom it belongs will fall in love with her. Mr. Morris, in fact, seems to think that shame and reserve are qualities incompatible with simplicity. Yet he might remember that Homer's Nausicaa, on approaching her father's town with Ulysses in her wagon, bids him leave her, lest she should provoke comment by appearing in the company of a stranger.

Again, the author has the very slenderest appreciation of the value of incident. This is not the fault of his originals. Both the Greek and the Norse legends have their full complement of the marvelous, but for the marvelous Mr. Morris cares nothing. We confess that we approached these stories with delighted expectation. The reappearance of the dragon in poetry, and in the face of a skeptical age, is an event which all readers of poetry should welcome. We recalled the spirit-stirring combat between Ruggiero and the Ork, and the magnificent description of the dragon in the first book of the "Faery Queen." But Mr. Morris can not "see" a dragon, much less can his dragons fight. When the Chimæra appears, the messenger who reports it to King Jobates confesses to having been so frightened as to be unable to say what it was like. When Mr. Morris himself has to describe the sea-beast killed by Perseus, this is all he has to say of him :

"He beholding Jove's son drawing near
A huge black fold against him did uprear,
Maned with a hairy tuft, as some old tree
Hung round with moss *in lands where vapors be*!"

It excites neither surprise nor admiration that this most feeble and incapable monster should succumb beneath one whisk of the hero's magic sword.

Lastly, the natural languor of Mr. Morris's style makes his verse at once diffuse and tedious. An incurable habit of gossiping causes him to loiter in his narratives, when he should be swift and stirring. If one of his heroes, say the man born to be a King, sets out on a journey of life and death, we are told all that he thought about, whether the apples that he saw were ripe, and how many old women he passed, going to market. If a princess has occasion to look out of a window, Mr. Morris peeps to see what sort of a carpet she is standing on; and when he has married a pair of lovers in the middle of a story, he pauses to breathe a tearful blessing after them, telling them to make the most of their time, as they will probably some day grow tired of each other's company, and at any rate they will have to die.

This tendency to diffuseness is encouraged by the metre of the poems. The heroic couplet, properly so called with all its proved capacities, is set aside in favor of the elementary style of Chaucer, who, if he were now alive, would be the first to

own that the noble metre which he invented had received its last development from later hands. But Mr. Morris is far more diffuse than Chaucer himself. The latter, though he does not observe the couplet, rarely makes a break in the middle of a line, so that his rhymes are clearly marked. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, writes by sentences, and, as his chief aim is to give each sentence an archaic turn, his verse resembles old prose with incidental rhymes. In this way his rhymes become useless not only as points of rhetoric, but as points of limitation. We select a passage at random to illustrate our meaning.

"So Bodli nothing loth went every day
When so they would to make the lovers gay,
When so they would to get him gone, that these
Even with such yearning looks their souls might
 please
As must be spoken, but sound folly still
To aught but twain, because no tongue hath skill
To tell their meaning. Kinder, Kiartan deemed,
Grew Bodli day by day, and ever seemed
Well nigh as happy as the happy twain,
And unto Bodli life seemed nought but gain,
And fair the days were."

The octosyllabic metre, with its inherent facility, does not become vigorous in the hands of Mr. Morris, nor can we approve of his revival of the seven-line stanza, after its long supersession by the Spenserian stanza. It is in this measure, however, we think, that Mr. Morris writes best; indeed, when obliged to consider the ways and means of metre, he shows that he can be concise and forcible enough. The following stanza describes the feelings of Atalanta at her first interview with Milanion before the race :

"What mean these longings, vague, without a
 name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and
 more?
Why does she tremble as the time draws near,
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?"

In the graceful epilogue to *The Earthly Paradise*, Mr. Morris sends forth his book to find the spirit of Chaucer, who, he says, will understand and sympathize with his attempt

"to lay
The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day."

We confess we do not think that Chaucer, however gratified he might be with Mr. Morris's preference and real apprecia-

tion, would at all sanction his method of laying ghosts. Of all poets Chaucer shows the most vigorous enjoyment of the activity and incident of life, from which his fastidious scholar so delicately withdraws himself. With his quick perception of character and his genial humor, we believe that the father of our poetry would never have found the present a mere "empty day." Such a phrase might characterize the society that existed at Rome under the latter empire, where all the springs of political and social life were dried. But a nation like England, whose historical fame is still recent, and whose liberties are not extinct, does not subside at once into such a state of torpor as the expression indicates. It is true that the picturesqueness of life that marked the period of Chaucer, has almost entirely disappeared; it is true also that other arts like those of journalism and novel-writing have done much to supersede poetry in the representation of national manners; yet after all deductions, enough remains of passion in politics, and individuality in character to give opportunities to the poet who knows how to seize them. That the opportunities have not been seized argues, we think, less the emptiness of the day, than the incapacity of the poets.

The failure of the literary poets to appreciate the active life of their time, as well as the affectations of thought and language that are such blemishes in their poetry, are due, we think, to two main causes, the exaggerated estimate which the poets have formed of their function, and the arbitrary standard of diction which they affect. Throughout this century there has been a growing disposition among the poets to separate themselves into an exclusive clique, whose sympathies and perceptions are supposed to be quite distinct from those of the vulgar. This aristocratic feeling was first exhibited by one, who would certainly be the first to condemn the practice of those who now push his principles to absurd extremes. "The poet," says Wordsworth, "is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm, and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind—a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him," etc., etc. The outcome of the

preface which contain these words is, that the purpose of this highly gifted being is the expression of truth, the poet being in fact above all things an inspired philosopher. Wordsworth's definition, so far from being exhaustive, is, we think, extremely particular. It altogether subordinates the qualities of the poet, as a master of language, to his qualities as a man. The description would serve but as a very faint likeness of writers like Juvenal, Dryden, or even Byron, while on the other hand it is, especially in the latter words, a very exact portrait of a poet of the Lake School. A more aristocratic definition could not have been framed, for, in spite of Wordsworth's subsequent appeal to the judgment of the people, it is clear that a poet who rated his own powers so highly, would never consent to be bound by a popular decision, except when it was in his favor. And so it has turned out. The poet now exhibits a morbid sensitiveness to any thing like a questioning examination of his utterances.

"Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it,"

says Mr. Tennyson. Strange as it seems, the gifts of the *sacer vates*, "the sacred madness of the bard," genuine enough in the early stages of society, when the atmosphere is charged with an electric credulity, are now reasserted in the face of a skeptical civilization. Yet, as if to furnish another example of the tendency of an advanced age to develop both extremes of faith and unbelief, it is certain that the cultivated society of the present day is disposed to allow the most despotic pretensions of the poet. The critics above all, who on the appearance of new ideas among the poets greeted them with a savage roaring, have been reduced to a state of lamb-like meekness. Nay, more, those who were once judges, who were so suddenly converted into enemies, have with equal rapidity been transformed into partisans. The critic's function is now no longer to decide, but to interpret or to flatter, and there is no poet of mark, who has not a crowd of devotees skillful as commentators in explaining his meaning, and ready as courtiers to give his poems the preference over all that are past, present, and probably to come. In this way not only are the decisions of common sense endangered, but even the distinctions between right and wrong run a risk of being confounded. If

a poet is hopelessly obscure, he is of course proportionately profound. This signifies little; but it is a very different matter that when he blasphemes religion, he should have sober-minded admirers who can scarcely find it in their hearts to blame his excessive zeal in the cause of progress; or that his outrages upon decency, however cold-blooded and systematic, should be excused as the passing intemperance of youthful ardor.

We believe that the faith in modern poets as superior beings is based upon the extraordinary difference between their language and that in general use. Language has prodigious influence over the mind in every stage of society, and in the disguise of new and ingenious words, the baldest platitude may be received with honor, and a fallacy a thousand times exploded may reappear with small danger of immediate detection. The oracle at Delphi owed much of its influence to the remoteness and ambiguity of its answers; and in the same way the "bard" sees his advantage in saying a thing, not only as it has never been said before, but as no one else would have been likely to think of saying it. Wordsworth, it is true, rested his whole estimate of the poet on his superiority as a man, and considered diction and metre of such merely secondary importance, that he proposed to divest poetry of all ornament by modeling his style as near as possible on the simple language in use in the rural districts. But, as if to show how completely he was at fault in assigning this subordinate position to language, the practice of almost every one of his distinguished successors has been to elaborate a "poetic diction" far more unlike nature than that which he himself attacked. The whole range of Mr. Tennyson's poems shows a progressive series of ingenious experiments on language. Every work of Mr. Swinburne's is a succession of daring explorations in metre. Yet neither the language of the one poet, nor the versification of the other is a true reflection of the actions or passions of the men among whom they live. To alter the accentuation of words in common use,* to speak of "rich enow," instead of "rich enough," to call a mer-

chant bark "a drommond," these are examples of "poetic diction" much more glaring than stray lines of classical pedantry, such as,

"Golden Phœbus lifts his reddening fires," for which Wordsworth ridicules Gray. Yet licenses of this kind are frequent in Mr. Rossetti's poems, and go far to make up the entire style of Mr. Morris. It is the aim of the literary school on all occasions to display instead of concealing their art; nor can we better characterize their manner than by employing the words in which Wordsworth condemns the pedantic imitators of the classics in the eighteenth century. "These are poets who think that they are conferring honor on themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation."†

That there is, however, such a thing as "poetical diction," distinguishable from the language of prose, we ourselves have no doubt; indeed it is our opinion that it is this which is the essential characteristic of the poet. We take it to be the general function of a poet to find expression for the thoughts and actions of the men among whom he lives, and this he must do by so economizing and elevating the idioms of speech in ordinary use, that the reader may at once seem himself to have experienced what is described, and acknowledge that it has been described in the best possible way. Examples of such phraseology are to be found in the writings of Pope, Dryden, and Byron. Pope's character of Atticus is a splendid instance of poetic diction, yet so carefully is the art concealed, so closely does it resemble the language in which men usually communicate their thoughts, that it seems at first sight scarcely more than a spontaneous effort of nature. It is only when we perceive the perfect precision of each word, the nice balance of phrases, and the happy turns of natural rhetoric, which are brought out by

* What are we to say to Mr. Rossetti's new pronunciation of "Haymarkét?"

"Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket."

† In his recently published poem, "The last Tournament," Mr. Tennyson still continues to indulge in archaic and curiously formed words. Such expressions as "a carcanet of ruby," "white samit," "Lancelot's langorous mood," "swine enow," "wan enow," "ruby-circled neck," "glossy-throated grace," are samples of his favorite poetic diction.

the pauses of metre, that we understand why such a consummate masterpiece of language could never have been achieved in prose. To produce such a result required, not only a comprehensive knowledge of the world, but a careful study of English poetical diction in the various stages where it had been taken up by successive masters. The literary poet, on the other hand, aims first of all at being strikingly original; his purpose is to produce a perfectly novel effect of language. He seems to believe that he has the same control over language as the sculptor over marble. Yet even the sculptor is to some extent at the mercy of his material, and must abandon his work if the marble has a fault. Far less liberty has the poet. For language is not like marble the lifeless product of Nature, but a living stream that rises in man, and is altered and augmented by all the fluctuations of human genius. Its bed is the life of a nation, and though its course may be partially guided by the ingenuity of in-

dividuals, it is the national character which works out the main channel, and bears on the surface the colors of the religion, the history, and the manners of the people. He who would employ the copious volume of its waters, must obediently keep pace with the stages of its flow. He who, desiring the fresh clearness of the early stream, retraces his steps to divert the water at the source, will soon find his artificial runnels shallow and dry. He, on the other hand, who with bolder genius opposes the full body of the stream, and seeks to bend it into a bed of his own making, may, perhaps, excite astonishment for a moment by the grandeur of his experiments and his apparent triumph over the elements. But the laws of Nature will reassert themselves; the river of language will make its own way; and though his work may remain as a prodigy of art, it will have given no lasting aid towards guiding and distributing the bounty of the waters.

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WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

I

THE rainy season was over, but not the rain. It had been an unusually wet year, even for Japan, and we, the inhabitants of the plain of Yedo, had been living in the midst of mire and slosh not to be described. Stewed for weeks in a moist, unhealthy heat, shaving-tackle, knives, and guns were covered with rust unpleasant to the touch; boots and shoes bore a rich crop of unwholesome fungus; and such portions of our crazy wood-and-paper built cottages as had been spared by the violence of a recent typhoon smelt of mold and damp: the very people one met in the streets looked mildewed and sodden, as if being hung out to dry would have done them, as well as their clothes, a world of good. It was evident that, for health's sake, a trip to the hills had become necessary, and accordingly I determined to make a start of it.

Being anxious to make my trip a means of collecting some of the old legends with which the country along which my route lay abounds, I persuaded a native scholar in my employ, named Shiraki, to come with me. He being a Samurai, or man of

gentle blood, did not like to confess that he was no horseman, and having ascertained that he could procure a confidential nag of quiet manners, given neither to kicking, shying nor running away, put a bold face upon the matter, and professed delight at the idea. As for my Chinese servant, Lin Fu, I felt no uneasiness on his score; he was as adaptable as moist clay, and whether riding on an ordinary saddle or on a pack-horse, or pinched up in a native palanquin, he was equally at home and equally happy. My groom and three of the Bettégumi, a native corps raised some years back to escort, protect, and spy upon foreigners, completed the party. Stay—I had forgotten one most important companion, at any rate the one that created the greatest sensation by the way, and the only one besides myself that understood English—my dog Lion, a black retriever of great beauty, born of English parents some eighteen months back in this distant land. As he went frisking and gamboling along the road, the women and children would cry out in astonishment, "Oya! oya! Look at the barbarian and his 'Come-here!' *Kirei da ne!* What a pretty crea-

ture!" The Japanese believe that "Come-here" is English for a dog, for when our countrymen first reached Japan, they brought dogs with them, and hearing them call out, "Come-here! Come-here!" when their pets strayed, the natives took it into their heads that "Come-here!" could mean nothing but dog.

Traveling westward along the great high-road, and leaving the port of Yokohama on our left, we halted for the night at the village of Totsuka, some four-and-twenty miles from Yedo. Having seen my horse rubbed down and bedded, I strolled out to smoke a cheroot. The day's work being over, the country-folk were standing about their doors in picturesque groups—the men for the most part naked to the waist, and fresh from the bath, the women almost always tidy, and sometimes even smart—enjoying the cool of the evening and chatting away in eager idleness, bestowing little or no notice upon the foreigner, whose presence among them has during the last ten years become a matter of familiarity: in sad contrast to their cheery rest, the unhappy inmates of the village stew were bedizening and painting themselves for the night, and sitting down wearily at the open window to attract the attention of travelers. At one of these high-road pleasure-houses, by the by, I once saw a very melancholy sight; an unhappy girl, driven to despair in her loathing of the life to which she had been sold, had contrived to make her escape, in spite of the argus-eyed watching of her owner; she was caught and brought back, and to punish her, having been beaten and ill-used, she was bound hand and foot and exposed in that condition in the front of the house, as a warning to those of her mates who might attempt to follow her example. Turning down a country lane, I came upon a rustic scene of no little beauty. In the foreground was a farmhouse, warmly thatched and cosy-looking, in front of which Miss O Hana, the Flower, was drawing water at the well and exchanging a friendly greeting with the laborious Genkichi, who, hoe on shoulder, was trudging home from his work in the fields. Round and about the house were rich groves of fir and pine, cryptomeria and bamboo, and among these ran a mound, called, as such hillocks usually are, after Fuji Yama the Peerless Mountain, commanding a noble view over hill and

vale, richly endowed by nature, and turned to good account by the handiwork of man. Every available square foot of land is made to bear its tribute of rice, millet, buckwheat, or vegetables, and the hill-sides are richly clothed with valuable timber. For the Japanese husbandman is a hard-working and industrious soul, toiling early and late, chiefly to make sure the rice-crop, of which he, poor man, may scarcely get a taste. *Sic vos non vobis!* He must content himself with coarse fare—millet, buckwheat, and a piece of salted turnip-radish for a relish.

Having given time for Lin Fu to arrive with the coolies bearing the baggage, unpack the same and prepare my dinner—for on the journey he, handiest of men, is cook, and no mean cook either, in addition to his other functions—I return to mine inn to take such ease as may be found where there are neither tables, nor chairs, nor beds. The mats, soft indeed and white (but *nimum ne crede colori*) serve all purposes: on them we squat and eat; on them we lie down and sleep, when the fleas, exceptionally hungry and poisonous, with which they swarm, will allow us a few moment's respite.

October 7th.—The clouds that had been gathering round the mountain-tops the night before were still hanging gloomily over the landscape when I awoke and looked out. A threatening, ugly morning. However, it wanted three good hours yet of our starting-time, so I squatted down and tried to write some letters, intending to send a man to catch the mail at Yokohama. But cramp interfered with iron hand—for it is no easy matter to write sitting on the floor without desk or table—and the letters which reached home by that ship were of the briefest.

At nine o'clock, after I had finished my breakfast of tea and eggs, Shiraki came in to say that horses and men were ready. A shout of *O Dékaké!*—"the Imperial going forth"—is raised by Shiraki and taken up in chorus by landlord, guards, maids, coolies, and all the idle folk about the inn, and out I stalk, walking through a perfect avenue of obeisances with a feeling of shyness which not even long use of eastern courtesies has sufficed to remove. Now a Japanese can always look dignified under these circumstances, having a signal advantage indeed over the European; for he who would occupy the best rooms at a

Japanese inn must take off his boots on entering the house, out of respect for the mats, which it would be treason to sully; and I hold it to be very difficult for a man to appear at his ease, listening to a whole string of obsequious compliments while he is struggling into a pair of butcher boots; while a Japanese shuffles on his sandals, which are handed to him by his sandal-bearer kneeling, and mounts his horse with the most supreme indifference, leaving his host and the myrmidons of the inn still singing the imperial praises.

We now left the great high-road, and struck off to the left into a country lane. The rains had left the roads in a sad state. The horses could hardly struggle through the deep mire of thick holding clay out of which they drew their hoofs with a noise as of sucking. The little Japanese ponies managed pretty well; but my own beast, a heavy, big boned Australian, sank up to his knees nearly at every step, and I was forced to dismount and lead him—much to the joy of my friend Shiraki, who was glad enough of an excuse to follow my example. In this manner we slipped and slid along for about seven miles of lovely scenery, hill and dale, rice-fields, (the crop, alas! not ripening,) and woodland. Many a shrine or holy niche stands by the wayside or crowns some picturesque hilltop, to which a flight of steps ascends. Nothing can be prettier than the scenery of these valleys. They are on a small scale, it is true, and it may be said against them that each dell is to the last as one Dromio is to the other; but they are so bright and green, and the banks between which they lie are so charmingly wooded, with such varied tints in the foliage, (especially while the autumn glory of the maples lasts,) that the eye never wearies of looking upon them.

Among these hills lies the site of the ancient city of Kamakura, which we presently reach.

In the middle of the seventh century of our era there lived a certain prince whose name was Kamadari. He was the most powerful noble of his day and in high favor at court. Now it happened that, having been sent by the Emperor to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of Kashima in the province of Shimôsa, he rested by the way at the village of Yui in Sagami, and as he slept he dreamt a dream, in which he was miraculously warned to go and

bury the precious sickle, (*kama*), which was the badge of his name, at the pine mount on Mount Okura. This he did in obedience to the warning which he had received, and from that time forth the name of the place was changed from Okura (the great storehouse) to Kamakura, (or the sickle storehouse,) from *kama*, a sickle, and *kura*, a place of safety, or storehouse.

Prince Kamadari, who traced his descent in direct line to the gods, died in the year 669 A.D. Immediately before his death the Emperor visited him in person, and conferred upon him the family name of Fujiwara and the dignity of Taijôkwan, an honor which had never been given before and has never been given since. For Kamadari had rendered great and signal service to the empire in former years by ridding it of a certain minister named Isuka, who, during the reign of the Empress Kôgoku, (642–644 A.D.,) had usurped the power and contrived to make himself a kind of dictator in the land.

After their father's death the sons of Kamadari came to great honor. From the eldest son sprang the five families in which were hereditarily vested the offices of *Kwambaku*, or Prime Minister of the Mikado, and *Sesshō*, or Regent, during the Mikado's minority, both of which offices, by the by, have been abolished under the new political system which began in 1868. The second son was appointed governor of the eight provinces of Kwantô,* and took up his residence here at Kamakura, which from that time forth until the 16th century became the military capital of the eastern division of the empire. When the family of Hôjô became all-powerful in the land, they transferred the seat of the government of the east to their own castle-town of Odawara at the foot of the Hakoné range of mountains, and Kamakura gradually fell into ruins. It is now a mere district consisting of thirteen villages, and, excepting the temples, not a trace remains of its former splendor. This is to be accounted for by the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, which being built of wood and paper, once having fallen are swept away and no more seen. If the city of Yedo, vast as it is, were to be abandoned and allowed to go to rack and ruin, fifty

* Kwantô, or "East of the Barrier," is the name given to the provinces of Musashi, Sagami, Awa, Kadzusa, Shimôsa, Hitachi, Kôtsuke and Shimôtsuké.

one son, who, after various attempts had been made on his behalf to seize upon his father's power, had entered the priesthood at Kiyôto, taking, at the same time, the name of Kugiyô. In the year 1218 this Kugiyô came to Kamakura, where, in spite of the intrigues of which he had been the head, he was received honorably, and made Abbot of the Temple of Hachiman. But he was not contented with his lot, for the imprisonment and murder of his father still rankled in his breast, and he looked with an evil eye upon his uncle the Shogun Sanétomo, biding his time that he might be revenged.

Now, it happened that in the tenth month of this same year, Sanétomo received from the Emperor the dignity of *Udai-jin*, or grand minister of the right, and in the first month of the year 1219, he determined to go in solemn state to the Temple of Hachiman to return thanks to the gods for this favor, having chosen by divination the hour of eight in the evening of the 27th day as an auspicious moment for his purpose. Before leaving his palace he caused his wife, a daughter of the House of Hada, to comb and dress his hair; as she was doing this, a hair fell out and he picked it up and gave it to his wife, saying with a laugh, "Take this in memory of me."

So he went out with a thousand knights in his train, and his uncle and minister Yoshitoki followed him, bearing his sword. Just as they were about to enter the temple, Yoshitoki was seized with a sudden sickness, so he handed the sword of the Shogun to another noble, and returned home. In the meanwhile, Sanétomo, having bidden the rest of his train to remain outside, entered the temple attended only by his sword-bearer; and when he had made an end of praying and giving thanks he descended the steps of the temple, and as he went down, a man sprang out from behind a tree on one side, and brandishing a sword, cut down the Shogun and his sword-bearer, whose heads he carried away. It was now black night, and both within and without the temple there arose a great confusion and uproar; none could tell who had done the deed, until a loud voice was heard crying out, "I am Kugiyô!"

Then Kugiyô, bearing the head of Sanétomo, fled and went to the house of another priest, where he ate some food; but even while he ate his hand never loosened its hold upon the head of the Shogun.

Now, Sanétomo was twenty-eight years of age when he died by the hand of his nephew. At this time, Kugiyô had as his disciple a youth of tender years, the son of a friend of his; so he sent this boy home and bade him ask his father for counsel and help. But this man deceived Kugiyô, saying that he would go forth with a company of soldiers to meet him; and having sent this message, he privily reported the matter to Yoshitoki, who bade him take upon himself the duty of punishing the murderer of the Shogun. Acting upon these orders, the false friend sent a trusty fellow with five stalwart men-at-arms to do the deed. In the meantime, Kugiyô, who had waited in vain for the soldiers that had been promised him, had crossed a high mound which is at the back of the Temple of Hachiman, and was on his way to his friend's house when he fell in with the six men who had been sent to slay him. A desperate fight arose, but Kugiyô being overpowered, was killed, and his head was sent to Yoshitoki.

On the following day the Shogun Sanétomo was buried with great pomp, and as his head could not be found, the single hair which he had jestingly left with his wife was buried in its stead. His grave may still be seen at the Temple of Jinfukuji.

This was the end of the dynasty of Shoguns founded by Yoritomo; only two of his descendants succeeded him, and the three only ruled for twenty-seven years.

Now, the great Ichô tree, which may be seen to the left of the steps to this day, is the very tree behind which Kugiyô hid himself to lie in wait for the Shogun Sanétomo. So say tradition and my good friend the Mayor of Kamakura.

On the right hand side of the steps as you go up is the *Waka-Miya*, or "younger shrine," which was erected in honor of the deified Emperor Nintoku, the son and successor of Ojin, or Hachiman, a prince who made himself famous in history by a mild and loving reign. But the shrine is rendered more interesting by an episode in the life of the great Shogun Yoritomo.

During the long and terrible wars which ended in his mastery over the Empire, Yoritomo's best friend and ablest lieutenant was his brother Yoshitsuné. Later in life, however, the poison of slander came between them, and Yoritomo's heart was

turned against his brother by the guile of a treacherous friend. But fortune was on the side of the elder brother, and Yoshitsuné was compelled to fly to the northern provinces, whence he went over to the island of Yézo, and, as some say, crossed to the mainland. However that may be, his end is shrouded in mystery.

Now, among the ladies of Yoshitsuné was a certain woman called Shidzuka Gozen, whose rare beauty and skill in dancing have passed into a household word. When Yoshitsuné was hiding in the north, Yoritomo, knowing the love that his brother bore to Shidzuka Gozen, sent for her, and having taken his seat with his courtiers at the Younger Shrine of the Temple of Hachiman, bade her dance and play before him; and after she had finished dancing, Yoritomo asked her to reveal Yoshitsuné's whereabouts. But she either knew not his hiding-place or was true to her trust, and neither threat nor persuasion availed to open her lips. Hence it is that men still point to the Younger Shrine and tell how Yoritomo sat there in great state, but with all his pomp failed to awe the faithful dame who sat at nought the might of the Shogun in her love for her lord.

It will readily be believed that a holy place so old and so rich in historic interest as this temple has not been left without suitable endowment. Indeed, it ranks among the richest foundations in the country. The revenue which it derives from its lands alone amounts to 2500 *ko-kus* of rice yearly, and suffices to maintain a body of sixty-four priests, from abbot to acolyte, for the service of the gods. Besides this regular income, there are the offerings of pilgrims and pious persons, and twice a year, ever since the thirteenth century, when the custom was instituted by the Emperor Kaméyama, the Government has paid a small fee, in return for the offering up of prayers for the prosperity of the country, officers being sent by the Shogun's Government to attend the service. Nor have special gifts been wanting to beautify the temple. Of these, the chief are the three massive stone portals, (*Tori-i*), grandly simple, standing in the street leading up to the temple, which were erected by the Shogun's Government in the year 1668; and the more richly-ornamented colossal stone lanterns, which were subscribed for by the merchants of Yedo at the beginning of the present century.

Among the quaintest of the curiosities of the temple is a certain stone called *Himé-Ishi*, or the Princess Stone, which a freak of nature has fashioned into the semblance of the lower part of a woman's body. Whence it came hither, or by whom it was brought, tradition says not. It stands in an out-of-the way part of the grounds, and is surrounded by a small paling, on which are hung paper exvotos and queues of hair, cut off in fulfillment of a vow, the offerings of persons who come to pray for relief from diseases of the loins and lower part of the body. Foreigners have an idea that barren women come and pray for children; but the priests claim no such fruit-giving virtue for the stone, and certainly they would be vastly shocked to hear their Princess called by the vulgar name she bears in the vile jargon spoken at Yokohama. Many and various, indeed, are the traps into which that same dialect leads the unwary foreigner, who at one moment is, in the innocence of his heart, using language that would disgrace the most foul-mouthed bargee, and at the next, with the utmost courtesy, addresses his groom as "my lord," and promises to have the honor of humbly offering up to his lordship a sound thrashing, a promise which his unfortunate lordship knows will faithfully be performed.

A little beyond the Princess Stone is a small wicket, which leads us out of the temple grounds, in which we have loitered so long, into a plain of rice-fields. On this plain stood the fashionable part of the old city of Kamakura. Here were the palaces of the Shoguns of the Minamoto and Ashikaga dynasties, and of the not less powerful house of Hôjô. Not a stick, not a stone remains to mark the different sites, the tradition of which alone remains—all is under tillage; so that the worthy mayor is somewhat difficult to follow when he traces out accurately the limits of each palace, and waxes enthusiastic in his description of what they must have been.

At the foot of the hill which rises over against us runs the little river *Naméri*, concerning which rather a droll story is told. In the middle of the thirteenth century, when Hôjô Tokiyori was at the head of the administration, there lived a certain officer named Aoto Sayémon Fujitsuna. One night this man was going to his duties at the palace, and while he was crossing the river, as ill-luck would have it, he dropped out of his flint-and-steel pouch

ten copper cash, which fell into the water. Although this was a trifle, which he might have passed on without heeding, he went at once into the shop of a merchant hard by, and having bought ten torches, for which he paid fifty cash, caused a search to be made for the ten cash, which were soon found. When they saw this, the people all laughed at him for wasting fifty cash in torches that he might get back ten. But Aoto, frowning, answered: "Fools! Ye know not what is real waste, nor do ye care for the good of the people. If I had not just now sought for those ten cash, they would have sunk to the bottom of the river, and would have profited no man. These fifty cash that I spent in torches are this merchant's gain—what is the difference betwixt him and me? As it is not one of the sixty cash has been lost to the world."

So he snapped his fingers with scorn at the people, whose laughter was changed to admiration. Now, when this story came to the ears of Hôjô Tokiyori, he was greatly pleased, and having summoned Aoto to his presence, he promoted him to high office—probably, not in the finance department.

In Indian file we follow our guide along the narrow raised paths which intersect the paddy-fields, making for the wooded hills, among which lies hidden and almost forgotten a simple little stone monument, which marks the grave of the mighty Yoritomo. No grand temple, rich with gold lacquer and bronze and cunning workmanship, such as we see in the burial-grounds of the Shoguns at Yedo, surrounds the spot, the whereabouts of which is unknown to the vulgar throng. The memorial is but a simple erection of largish stones in tiers, which would long since have fallen down had it not been for the pious care of the Princes of Satsuma, who have surrounded it with a stone fence; but the name of Yoritomo will live in Japanese history long after the grand cemeteries of Yedo shall have crumbled into dust.

Near the grave of Yoritomo are three caves. Two of these are merely known as burial-places of ancestors of the Satsuma and Chôshiu princes; but the third is a place of greater interest, having been the prison and scene of the murder of the unhappy Prince Moriyoshi, whose wrongs and sorrows form one of the most romantic episodes of Japanese history.

The days of the Emperor Daigo II., who reigned in the middle of the fourteenth century, were troubled by civil war, and for an interval of two years he was even dethroned, and another emperor was set up in his stead. In the end, however, his cause triumphed, and this owing in a great measure to the valor and wisdom of his own son, Prince Moriyoshi, whom he appointed to be Shogun. Now, there was a certain powerful noble, named Takauji, who enjoyed high favor with the Emperor, by whom he had been appointed to a military rank inferior only to that of Prince Moriyoshi. This Takauji hated Prince Moriyoshi, and coveted his office, while Moriyoshi looked with an evil eye upon Takauji, whom he suspected of treasonable designs. In this feud the Emperor inclined his ear rather to his minister than to his son, whom he sought to remove from the supreme command. When Moriyoshi saw this he remonstrated with his father, saying, "Verily, the heart of Takauji is crooked, and I fear that, if your Majesty raises him to power, he will become a rebel like those whom we have defeated. Your Majesty knows the proverb, 'It is useless to drive the wolf from the front door and let in the tiger at the back gate.' So long as this man lives, your Majesty's pillow will know no rest. Let your servant collect an army, and until I shall have punished this traitor, I will not return to my duties as high priest of Hiyeizan."

But the Emperor would not listen to the words of Moriyoshi, but continued to place all his trust in Takauji. In the year 1334, the Emperor, who was now given up to wine and women and was completely under the control of Takauji, banished his son Moriyoshi to Kamakura, and caused him to be imprisoned in a cave in the hill-side over the valley called Nikaidô. In this dark and noisome hole, where he lived accompanied only by two faithful ladies, the exiled prince passed his time in studying the sacred books by the light of a torch. But Takauji was not yet content, but was bent upon the murder of his foe. Accordingly, in the following year, he went himself to Kamakura, and having arranged his plans, chose a certain knight called Fuchibé to carry them out.

On the 23d day of the seventh month, Fuchibé, with six followers, set out to do the deed, and having arrived at the cave, found Moriyoshi, as was his wont, engross-

ed in study: At first the murderer made a show of treating the prince with great respect, and pretended that he had brought a palanquin that he might escort him away from his prison. But Moriyoshi said, "Nay, not to escort me, but to slay me hast thou come," and springing upon Fuchibé, tried to seize his sword. Then Fuchibé, turning his sword, struck the prince upon the knees, and he, weakened in body by suffering, which had failed to quell his spirit, fell forward. Before he could rise, Fuchibé rushed upon him, and bestriding his body, drew a dirk, with which he tried to cut off his head. But the prince shrugging his shoulders so as to shorten his neck, seized the point of the dirk with his teeth. In the struggle for the dirk the point of it was broken, and more than an inch remained in Moriyoshi's mouth. At last Fuchibé threw away the dirk, and drawing a short sword, stabbed the prince twice in the breast, and then seizing him by the hair, struck off his head. Fuchibé rushed out of the cell, carrying his bloody trophy in his hand; but when he examined the head in the daylight, the eyes were as those of a living man, and the teeth were still fastened upon the point of the broken dirk. Not liking to show so ghastly an object to his suborner, the murderer flung the head into a bamboo grove hard by; and while the body and head were yet warm, and before the eyes had become glazed, the chief priest of the temple called Richikôin, took the remains and piously buried them.

It was not long before the Emperor had cause to regret his son and to mourn over his folly in trusting to the faithless Takauji; but with his fate we have nothing further to do. A shrine of fair white wood has recently been erected in honor of Prince Moriyoshi, with two lesser shrines for the two ladies whose love cheered his banishment, and who, after his death, returned to Kiyôto; and attached to the shrine is a lodge where the Emperor may rest should he ever be moved to come and visit the site. The priest of Richikôin—a temple of which a few remains may yet be seen at the foot of a hill not far off—placed a stone to mark the place in the bamboo grove where he picked up the head; and he set another stone and planted a fir-tree on the top of the hill on which his temple stood, to show the spot

where he buried the murdered prince. A steep flight of steps leads up to this venerable tree, from under the shadow of which there is a glorious view over the hills and plain of Kamakura.

It was now nearly sunset, and so we wended our way homewards. On arriving at the inn I found that two other travelers had arrived, Englishmen, one of whom was known to me; and as their stores had not come, they must have gone supperless to bed, or, at all events, must have put up with a sorry meal of boiled rice and salt fish, had they not fallen in with me. So we made common cause, and spent a very merry evening.

The next day turned out to be hopelessly wet. The rain fell in sheets, defying all protection in the shape of water proofs. My companions of the night before had to start for Yokohama in spite of the weather, for one of them had to catch a steamer; so I was left alone to amuse myself as best I might, translating the scraps of history which I have given above, and wondering at the inscriptions with which former travelers have decorated the inn walls. The Germans always appear to me to be the greatest seekers of pencil immortality. No place is too sacred, none too mean, for them to scrawl over with their names and pleasantries.

One piece of doggerel has pleased its author so much that I have found it repeated over and over again:

Karl——aus Sachsen
Wo die Schönen Mädchen wachsen.

Here is a specimen of Swiss wit:

Vive la Confédération Suisse.
(Here follow three names.)
Nous maintiendrons la dive bouteille,
La vieille pipe et le pot fédéral.

Next comes, "The Marquis Chisholm and a lot more, all Dryboots." Now, the Marquis Chisholm I have ascertained to be a negro living at Yokohama, and the Dryboots' joke is of course a playful allusion to the great Buddha, "Dai Butsu," which is near here.

With the morning came bright sunshine, dispelling all the clouds of weary boredom which had gathered round me during the last twenty-four hours of impatient chafing under imprisonment in a sixth-rate native inn. At eight o'clock I rode off, having taken leave of the good-natured mayor, with many thanks for his kindness. A

short canter through the keen morning air brought me to the little village of Fukazawa, where the great bronze Buddha sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit*. The first time I saw it, in the autumn of 1866, the approach to it lay along an avenue of grand old evergreen trees, and the effect of the colossus, when seen from the beginning of the avenue, was most striking. Now, unhappily, the trees have been cut down by the avarice of the priests, who grudged the little bit of soil which might bear a few more vegetables, and who took advantage of the revolution to pretend that the trees had been destroyed by the soldiery. The beautiful *coup d'œil* is lost, but the figure must always rank among the most wonderful monuments of the world. As a work of art, its chief merit appears to me to be the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face, which is enhanced by the huge proportions and boldness of execution. Travelers in Siam talk about gigantic Buddhas 160 feet high, plated over with gold, and having feet of mother-of-pearl ; but I defy any country to produce a nobler figure than this. The proportions of the statue are given as follows in a rough print sold by the priest on the spot :

	Ft.	In.
Height of the statue.....	50	0
From the hair to the knees	42	0
Round the base.....	96	0
Height of pedestal.....	4	5
Length of face.....	8	5
Breadth from ear to ear.....	18	0
Silver boss on forehead, the gift of the widow of a rich merchant at Yedo....	1	5
Eyes, long	4	0
Eyebrows.....	4	2
Ears, long	6	6
Nose, long.....	3	8
Nose, across	2	3
Mouth	3	2½
Locks of hair 830 in number 8 inches high, and 1 foot in diameter.		
Knees, across	36	0
The thumb, round.....	3	0

The story of the erection of the great Buddha is one more tale of woman's love. During the civil wars of the twelfth century, the great statue of Buddha which stood at Nara, one of the ancient capitals of the empire, had been destroyed, and a certain priest, seeing this, undertook a pilgrimage through the empire, begging alms wherever he went, until at last he had collected sufficient money to erect a new image. Upon the occasion of the festivals held in honor of its completion,

the Emperor ordered the Shogun Yoritomo to superintend the ceremonies, during which he was struck by the ambition to set up a like statue in his own eastern provinces, for the protection and welfare of his family and clansmen. Yoritomo died without having fulfilled his intention, which, however, had been made known to his wife and to one of the ladies of the palace named Ita. Upon the death of Yoritomo, Ita, protected by the Shogun and by Yoritomo's widow, who had now become a nun, and enjoyed so great political power that she is known in history as the Nun-Shogun, set forth on a pilgrimage, during which she collected a sum of money which enabled her to erect a great wooden Buddha, and a temple to hold it, which were consecrated in the year 1228, A.D. But there came a great typhoon, in which the temple was blown down, and the wooden image, exposed to the rain and the weather, soon began to rot away. Nothing daunted, Ita only determined to try again, and this time she resolved that her work should be more lasting. Having obtained the Shogun's leave, she started on a new pilgrimage, and so successful was she, that at the beginning of the last half of the thirteenth century she erected the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and a gate with two guardian gods. In the year 1495 all the buildings were destroyed and washed away by a tidal wave which swept over the country, and the great Buddha, with his pedestal, alone remained standing. But the place became deserted and overgrown with grass and rank vegetation, so that its existence was almost forgotten until, some two hundred years later, it was cleared of the rubbish and brushwood by a famous priest called Yuten, aided by a friend from Yedo. These two built a small temple by the side of the great image, in which they collected as relics all that remained of the former temple, and of a still older shrine called Shôjôsenji, which had stood upon the same spot since the beginning of the eighth century, and which had been famous in its day as the repository of certain precious copies of the Buddhist sacred books, and of other relics which had been brought from China.

The inside of the great Buddha is fitted up as a chapel, in which is laid up a small shrine containing an image of the god Shaka Niyotai, which was once the

property and family god of the Shogun Yoritomo. The walls are much defiled with the names and inscriptions of foreign visitors, who have not even spared the stone on which is graven the prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—"Save us, Eternal Buddha."

I could not learn the name of the artist to whom the credit of the great work is due, but he is said to have been the ancestor of one Ono Goroyémon, a man now living in the west of the province of Kadzusa.

In the old days there were two other colossal bronze Buddhas in Japan. The one at Nara and the other at Kiyôto; but the latter, which was only erected in the year 1590, having been much damaged by a severe earthquake, was melted down and minted and replaced by a wooden figure in the year 1662. The image which I have been describing was the least of the three; indeed the one at Nara is said, by a popular fiction, to be so big that a man may crawl up its nostril; but all men are agreed that the big Buddha near Kamakura is much the most beautiful to see, for the Nara Buddha is inside a temple, so that it can not be seen in detail, while this one, standing out in the open air, may be looked upon from a distance, which enables the eye to compass it. The first time I came here the genius of the place was a venerable priest nearly, if not quite, a century old, certainly the oldest man to look at that I ever beheld, and all the more remarkable in that it is rare to see persons of very advanced age in this country. Indeed, I doubt whether the Japanese are in general a very long-lived race, although for many of their heroes in the dark ages they are fond of claiming the honor of years. One famous minister there was who died in the fourth century, having lived, as we are told, no less than 317 years, during 240 of which he was the chief minister of six successive emperors! Like the avenue of trees the old priest has disappeared, and both have left a void in the picturesqueness of the place.

Can any thing be more lovely in its way than the ride from the great Buddha over the richly-wooded hills to the sea? And then it is such a heavenly day, such a pure atmosphere! The sea, most treacherous of all seas, lies calm and blue before us, breaking in lazy ripples upon the dazzling beach, and looking as innocent and peace-

ful, as though it had never engulfed ships and men and cargo, nor sent up a great, cruel tidal wave to sweep whole townships and villages to destruction before it. On the left are the wood-crowned heights and cliffs now bright with the many colors of autumn; to the right, in front of us, is the lovely island of Enoshima with its armor of rocks and crest of fir-trees, and beyond that again are the distant mountains above which stands out Fujigama the Peerless, its point just beginning to be capped with snow, from which, during the heat of summer, in spite of its 13,000 feet, it is quite free. From the hill-sides three or four streamlets, swollen by the heavy rains, come purling down to the sea, and into one of these Shiraki's little horse, who had probably only been waiting for a convenient opportunity to show his power, quietly landed my unfortunate scribe, who had been giving many signs of suffering under the unwonted exercise he had undergone. The bottom was soft, however, and so was Shiraki, so there were no bones broken and no damage done.

One of these little rivers is called the Yukiaigawa, or River of Meeting, from the following story: There is a certain Buddhist sect called the sect of Nichiren, after its founder, a priest who came and took up his abode at Kamakura in the middle of the thirteenth century. This Nichiren, not content with preaching his own doctrine, must needs teach that all other sects were damnable heresies, and in so doing he certainly did not show the wisdom of the serpent, for Hôjô Tokiyori, who was then ruling the country, was himself a priest of the Zen sect. At last he became so troublesome and made so great a disturbance in the city, that Tokiyori lost patience and ordered him to be executed for a pestilent fellow. So Nichiren was carried off to the village of Katasé, opposite Enoshima, to the spot where the temple Riyukôji now stands, and the executioner's leathern carpet having been spread, he knelt down and stretched out his neck to receive the fatal blow. The sword was raised in the air and the headsmen was poising it before striking, when suddenly the blade, by a miracle, was snapped in two, and the presiding officer, amazed by the portent, stopped the execution until he should have taken Tokiyori's pleasure in the matter, for he felt that of a surety this was no common acci-

dent. So he sent off a messenger with all speed to Kamakura to make known what had happened. In the meanwhile Tokiyori, on his side, had been warned by a miracle not to slay Nichiren, and had also dispatched a messenger to stay the execution, and the two messengers met at this little river, which was called the River of Meeting from that day forth. The day fixed for the execution was the twelfth day of the ninth month of the year, and the anniversary is still kept as a great holiday, on which people flock from all parts of the country to the Temple of Riyukôji, the main hall of which is yet called the hall of the Leathern Carpet; for Nichiren's teaching prospered greatly, and his sect has spread itself over the whole Empire, "being looked upon" (as a Japanese treatise upon the Buddhist sects says) with as much affection as a cloud in time of drought."

Before crossing the narrow strip of sand which now joins the island of Enoshima to the mainland at the pretty little village of Katasé, we must travel backwards a long journey of many centuries into the realms of myth-land.

At the beginning of the sixth century the tract of land on which the city of Kamakura was afterwards built was a vast inland lake, inhabited by an evil dragon, the scourge of the surrounding country. His meat was the flesh of babes and sucklings, his drink their blood. Now there lived by the lake a certain rich man who had sixteen children, every one of whom the dragon stole and ate; so the father, mourning over the loss of his darlings, changed his place of abode, and having collected the bones of his children, buried them at a spot still called Chôja-dzuka, or "The rich man's grave." Then the dragon devoured the children of the peasants, who also fled in terror to a place which they called Koshigoyé, or "the place to which the children's corpses were removed," because they carried the remains of their little ones with them. After this the people consulted together, and agreed every year to offer up a child as a living sacrifice to the dragon, which used to come and fetch its victim at a spot at the village of Katasé which is still called Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or "the dragon's mouth." This went on for some years, and the people were sorely afflicted at having to pay the tribute of their own bone and flesh to the monster.

At last, in the year 552, there came a great storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted twelve days; the heavens rained stones, and the sea was troubled, and sand and stones were stirred up from the bottom of the deep. Then the island of Enoshima rose out of the sea, and twelve cormorants came and flitted about its rocks, whence it is also called U-Kitarujima, "the island to which the cormorants came." At the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess Benzaiten was seen to descend and dwell upon the island. When the evil dragon saw this, he was overawed by the divine power, and his cruel heart was changed, so that he became a patron saint of the neighboring country, and a shrine was erected to him at Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or the dragon's mouth, where the peasants of the district still worship and pray. Further, as some say, after he had repented of his evil ways, the dragon married the beautiful Benzaiten, the goddess of mercy.

Benzaiten, or Benten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island of Enoshima; she is represented wearing a jeweled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head of the snake being as the head of an old man with white eyebrows. She has eight hands; in her left hands she carries a precious ball, a spear, a precious wheel, and a bow; and in her right hands a sword, a sceptre, a key, and an arrow. Fifteen attendant spirits minister to her. Above all things, as you value your worldly prosperity, be sure that you pay due reverence to the goddess Benzaiten, for he who serves her faithfully will find his poverty changed into wealth.

The little fishing-village at the entrance to the island of Enoshima reminds one strongly of some small hamlet on the Norman coast. There are the same steep slippery streets roughly paved with irregular stones, the same smell of fish, the same amphibious population. The shops are all for the sale of shells, dried fish, corallines; and, above all, for that most beautiful of all produces of the sea, the *Hosugai*, the work of some silk-worm of the deep, which looks like sheaves of the purest spun glass, fastened together by a spongy, shell-covered cement at one end. I do not know its scientific name, but I believe that naturalists esteem it as a thing of great price. The likeness to a French fishing-village is

strengthened by the stalls for the sale of votive tablets made of many-colored shells, to be hung up at the shrine of the goddess or carried home as a fairing to wife, sweetheart, or children. The place might be called Notre Dame de Grace, were it not for the the strange tongue and the strange garments.

Lovely as is the little island, which, as the legend says, sprang during some volcanic upheaval from the sea, its temples are unworthy of it, and of the beautiful goddess in whose honor they were built. The Buddhist priests, who swarm here, are rather unhappy just now; for they dread disestablishment at the hands of a parental Government, which is showing signs of declaring that the true religion of the country is the Shintô, the indigenous faith. In this case the poor shavelings will be swept away, with all their host of imported gods and goddesses, whose images will be replaced by the simple mirror, which is the emblem of the Shintô divinity, and Benten will have to admit that she is but an usurper in the island, which rightfully belongs to the goddess Uga, the daughter of the god Sosanoô, who represents the principle of evil in the Japanese mythology.

But this question of the contest between the two faiths is too long and too intricate a subject to be more than alluded to in passing. For the present Benten still reigns at Enoshima, and we must scramble over the hill to visit her famous cave, a dark grotto about six hundred yards long, the

tide-washed approach to which is rather slippery and awkward walking. There is not much to say about the cave—but the gloom gives an air of romantic mystery to the litanies which the attendant priest recites by the dim light of a single paper lantern hung up before the altar. Outside the cave, a whole company of divers, men and boys, are always in waiting to astonish travelers with their feats, which are really remarkable, although the lobsters and *awabi* (a kind of shell-fish much affected by Japanese gourmets) which they bring up have been placed in wicker baskets beforehand. Who hides, finds! When the fun was at its highest, and a few copper coins thrown into the sea had made some twenty or thirty little brown urchins tumble in all together, there suddenly arose such a yelling, such a splashing, and such diving in pure terror, that I fancied the water must be bewitched. The innocent cause of the tumult was Dog Lion, who, moved by a spirit of emulation, or perhaps by the ambition of retrieving some particularly small boy, had jumped in too, and was cheerfully swimming about in the midst of the throng. A shark in the Thames at Eaton could not have caused greater astonishment and fright than a dog that would face the water did here at Enoshima. "The Devil take the hindmost" was the order of the day, and in less time that it takes to write this Lion was left in solitary enjoyment of his bath.

A. B. MITFORD.

Temple Bar.

HENRY BROUGHAM AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

WHEN George the Fourth heard that Moore had published a biography of Sheridan, the King described it, not unwittily, as an attempt on Sheridan's life. Lord Brougham, at the age of fourscore years and three, undertook to write his own history, and he may be said to have committed suicide. It was well known that Lord Campbell intended to murder his reputation, but Jock's blunderbuss did as much injury to himself as to his victim. The Scottish lawyer's spirit may now have full consolation as it wanders about the Elysian Fields: Henry Brougham has applied to himself and his fame the ceremony of the "happy dispatch." If spirits *can*

chuckle on the banks of the Styx, that of Campbell must be in a state of hilarious suffocation. There is nothing said by Campbell of Brougham half so injurious as that which Brougham has said, or has given cause to be said, of himself—on one or two points, at least.

But, if Henry Brougham had left his manuscript autobiography to be looked over and prepared for the press by an editor, he would not have acted like his father's son. It is true that his experience of professional literary doctors, who prescribe for sick manuscripts, was not to his taste. He therefore sufficed for himself—with the usual consequences to self-sufficiency. It

is not only that, through failing memory, he has ascribed a letter, written by George the Second to his son Frederick, to George the Third as addressed to his son George, Prince of Wales; but, finding among his papers a story, in his own handwriting, called "Memnon," he has declared himself to be the author of the same. It is the "Memnon," of Voltaire, seemingly translated as an exercise, when Brougham was studying the French language.

This reminds us of another literary incident with reference to Voltaire, in which a still greater blunder was committed than that for which Brougham is responsible. Not many years since, a literary Frenchman found, among Voltaire's papers, the manuscript (by Voltaire) of an unacted comedy, which bore the title of "Le Comte de Boursoufle." The finder exultingly produced this comedy on the French stage. It was an admirable play, and the Paris critics not only recognized in it the Voltairean wit, but protested that from Voltaire alone could such brilliant wit proceed! But, as Brougham's "Memnon" was written by Voltaire, so Voltaire's "Comte de Boursoufle" was written by Sir John Vanbrugh. Voltaire, in fact, had, as an exercise in his study of English, translated Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Relapse," into French—giving it, however, a new name! English critics have assigned "Memnon" to its proper author; but French critics have not condescended to rectify the other mistake, which was detected on this side of the Channel. They do not confess that Voltaire's comedy was written by Vanbrugh, and the "Comte de Boursoufle" will probably continue to be ascribed to Voltaire by the ingenious literati whose brains are drenched with absinthe, and whose principles are not well defined.

We have already treated of the early life of Brougham. The concluding volumes of his autobiography take him from 1808, when he was thirty years of age, to 1835, when he was fifty-seven years old. He is silent as to his career after he ceased to be Lord Chancellor. Some thirty years of his life thus remain unwritten. We are neither about to review the autobiography, nor to supply the information which it fails to give. We simply propose to make the book supply us with some samples of the life and character scattered through it; remarking, by the way, that all the politicians of the time seem to us to have thought lit-

tle of their country, but to have worshipped, cherished, and lived for their party only.

Brougham's physical powers were of great use to him, in his great electioneering days, when men of little strength had poor chance against the candidates with lungs made stronger by the use of them. A Liverpool election entailed work that might have wearied a Hercules. Speeches had to be made at clubs from 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. Each man who polled had a few words from the candidate to whom he gave his vote—the poll being open from ten to five, and a long speech was expected at the close of each day of an election lasting a fortnight, if carried out to the end. In the canvass, and the eight days of the Liverpool election, at the end of which time Brougham withdrew, he made above 160 speeches! He wrote somewhat sadly about it, at the age of thirty-five. He meant, he said, to try his profession for a couple of years: "If I find I succeed, well; if I don't get on a vast deal better than I have done during the last two years, I am not quite so young as to continue leading a disagreeable and unprofitable life in London, when I might enjoy more profit and a thousand times more ease in the country, confining myself to my circuit, on which I am pretty secure of success." In the great Liverpool election, the other candidates were Canning, Gascoyne, Creevey, and Tarleton. The Tory side gave twenty and thirty guineas for a vote, and were ready to expend £70,000 to secure their own triumph, and the thing was done! The Whigs, quite as corrupt, only spent less, and those of Birmingham swore they would ~~buy~~ Brougham a seat. Seats *were* bought and sold. Sir William Manners openly talked of his having sold three seats for £18,000, which should have exposed him to an action at law, but Sir William enjoyed his money, and his boast, unscathed.

In 1814, Brougham never looked to be in Parliament again, nor cared. In the following year, when declining to stand for Southwark, he says, "It would be madness in the middle of Term to stand a contest, even if I cared more for politics than I probably ever shall again, after all I have seen of their dirtiness." When he said this he did not dream of being returned for Yorkshire. In 1830, when he was the candidate for that great county, and at the same time attending the assizes at York, he

read his briefs at night, was in court by half-past nine, continued there till it rose, was then off in a carriage with four post-horses to various towns where he had to make speeches, got back to York at midnight, then read his briefs for next day in court, and was all the better for the excitement! He was a Stoic in endurance, and that side of Brougham's character is pleasantly visible in the account of an accident which was nearly costing him his life. In 1813 he was overturned in his carriage, between Carlisle and Newcastle, by which the scalp was cut from the middle of the forehead, round to the ear, including half the eyelid. He was otherwise injured about the body. Before his recovery he wrote thus of his surgeon (Horner:) "He is so skillful a person, that it is almost worth having a hurt to see him operate;" and subsequently: "I really must say for this country, that it has a most uncommon treasure in Mr. Horner, who exceeds any thing I ever saw for neatness of hand, besides being very clever and sensible. To be sure, he lives in a district where half the population, I suppose, pass through the hospital every year, and part of the remainder die on their way to it." Brougham had attended a good deal to medical matters; and he earnestly recommends, by warrant of experience, cold effusion in scarlet-fever. Cold air, let in upon his sister, who was supposed to be dying of the "damnable disease," as Brougham justly calls it, saved her life. In the case of Romilly's eldest daughter, she was saved "by the more powerful application of cold water, applied again and again all over the body, till it brought down the pulse and heat." Quite as earnestly does he recommend an emetic as "an excellent preventive, checking the infection, even where it has been taken." We have an admirable specimen of the refractory patient, described by Lord Grey, in whose neighborhood the "damnable disease" was prevalent—a woman, who would not be persuaded that it was not the itch, and, in spite of all that could be said to her, "rubbed herself with a mercurial ointment, which finished her in a very few hours."

The most remarkable incident of Brougham's legal career is the fact that he was made Lord Chancellor because it was thought that to appoint him Master of the Rolls, (a *permanent* post, which he coveted,) he being also member for Yorkshire,

would render him too powerful for any Administration he might quarrel with. Of his spirit when a barrister we have some samples, which speak of an older time.

One of the most remarkable trials of the day was that of John and Leigh Hunt, for a libel on the Prince Regent, in the *Examiner*. His Royal Highness was little more than mildly laughed at as an Adonis; but to laugh at the Regent was like mocking the Lord's Anointed, and the Hunts suffered severely, by fine and imprisonment. Brougham's defence was a million times more bitter than the libel. The latter was rosewater; the former was oil of vitriol. "I fired," wrote Brougham to Grey, "for two hours, very close and hard, into the Prince—on all points, public and private—and in such a way that they could not find any opening to break in upon, and were therefore prevented from interrupting me." He nearly drove the judge (Ellenborough) stark mad. The Chief Justice forgot himself. In summing up, "he attacked me with a personal bitterness wholly unknown in a court, and towards a counsel (who, you know, is presumed, of course, to speak his client's sentiments) most gross and unjustifiable." The judges of those days were, in other respects, wholesomely severe as regarded cruel offenders. The haste with which Bellingham was tried and executed, before his friends had time to prove his insanity, was a great disgrace; but there was only a healthy severity in the way the Luddites, convicted of cowardly and savage murders, were treated. They were not contented with breaking the newly-invented machinery introduced into the cloth-mills: they burnt the mills, slew the defenders, and, in revenge for defeat, base-ly waylaid and murdered the masters. Three of the four assassins of Mr. Horsfall were hung, in 1813, in front of York Castle; "and fourteen of the rioters," writes Brougham, from York, "will be executed to-morrow, or next day;" but he adds, "this is wholesale work with a vengeance!"

When practicing as a barrister, no judge could ever daunt him. On his defence of a man accused of publishing a blasphemous book, the judge, (Ellenborough,) insinuated that the advocate of such a man shared in his shame. Brougham fired up, charged the judge with insinuating a falsehood, and actually brought the proudest and fiercest of judges to an explanation.

Brougham would not hear it. He roared out his contradiction, appealed to the other judges and the bar, and expressed indignation at the indecency of the course adopted by Lord Ellenborough. After all in court thought the affair was over, Brougham referred to it again, dealing out to Ellenborough and Garrow, as well as to the saints, a good round thrashing. He talked about their canting, their howling out their faith, and their making godliness a great gain.

Brougham was as astute in demolishing the evidence of Majocchi, at Queen Caroline's trial, as he was fearless against the proudest of judges. He felt his way cautiously, got an answer which gave him an opportunity of demolishing that arch-scoundrel, and was so far excited by it himself, as to "rise taller," and make a gesture intended to apprise the other counsel, (Denman,) but which only alarmed him, till Brougham poured question after question into the bewildered villain, and made him repeat *Non mi ricordo!* as often as he chose. Equally skillful was he in refusing to call some of the Queen's ladies and personal attendants, who would have had too much zeal, and would have lied roundly for her rather than that she should suffer injury from the perjury of her opponents. Brougham's statement of the duty of a counsel on behalf of his client is one which will hardly be accepted by honest and simple-minded men. According to this statement, a barrister is "bound to save his client, if possible, by all means, and at all hazard and cost to whomsoever beside, even if it be to the utter destruction of others. To insure success, he must, if needs be, cast even love of country to the winds, and go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion, for his client's protection." This is diabolical, neither more nor less; but it seems not inconsistent with the "honor" of the bar. The counsel who defended Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell had his client's confession of the crime in his keeping, but he attempted to save the assassin by throwing suspicion on an innocent house-maid.

The civil or criminal trials of Brougham's time receive sharp, terse comments at his hands. Bellingham, who shot Mr. Perceval, (and would have shot, so insane was he, any other member of the Govern-

ment or of the House,) on Monday, May 11th, 1812, was executed for it on the following Monday! The persistent refusal to defer the trial, in order to give time to inquire into the unhappy man's state of mind, was looked upon by Brougham as a stain on our national character. It is pleasant to turn from a nation in disgrace to an individual in honor. Where now should we look for a barrister of such delicate principle as Topping, who refused a retainer of one thousand guineas in the great "Baltic risk cases," on the ground that it would imply that for the ordinary retainer of five guineas he would not equally do his duty? A droll story is told on another matter of fees. When Queen Caroline came out of her trial an undivorced and undivorceable Queen, in the exuberance of her delight she bade Brougham take the £7000 she had at her banker's, keep £3000 for himself, and divide the remainder among her other legal defenders. Her Attorney-General informed her that he and his colleagues could only accept their fees; but when her banker (Kinnaid) suggested that these should be paid, her capricious Majesty refused, saying that she must settle her debts before she paid fees—which amounted only to £200. The fees were not paid till after her death, and then the amount came out of the Treasury! Queen Caroline's grateful partisans subscribed for many things to Brougham, (also to his colleagues,) which, he says, he would never have thought of buying. Some of the objects never reached him. Others were miscellaneous, from a service of plate to a pair of blankets. The last stirred the recipient's grim humor. "The pair of blankets, from Huddersfield," he says, "I handed over to my friend Whitbread, as a present to his daughter Elizabeth, just about to be married to William Waldegrave."

The grandest fee ever offered to Brougham was the bequest made by Mr. Shakespeare Reed, of nearly the whole of his vast property, in testimony of Mr. Reed's admiration of Brougham's public services. Subsequent to the bequest, the testator asked his legatee to do his utmost to suppress what he called the mock philanthropists who wished for the abolition of the slave-trade. Brougham refused, and, as he expected, was "scratched" out of the will.

The traits of character, the illustrations of social life and manners generally, form

the principal and most attractive portions of nearly all autobiographical memoirs. Lord Brougham's autobiography is no exception to the rule. Groups of personages, more or less illustrious, and all remarkable, sweep before us at various distances. Foremost among them, of course, is the Gentleman George, Prince Regent and King, whom, under every aspect, Brougham heartily hated. Writing of his attack on the Prince, in 1812, in a speech in the House of Commons, Brougham says, "It would have been an admirable lesson to him, (if he is not past all reformation,) to have heard the furious roaring with which the attack on him was received." At Brighton, in August, 1813, we are told, "the Prince associated wholly with his select set—Yarmouth, Lord Fife, Lord Lowther, etc.—and never spoke to Lord Holland." Later in the year, we hear that "the Prince talks of providing for Jekyll and Adam as soon as he can." Before the year was out His Highness is portrayed as behaving like a Bedlamite. In a tipsy fit he abused Bernadotte to M. de Stael, who was Bernadotte's emissary. He was angry with the emissary, who, on the Prince saying that he should go to Hanover, observed that he perhaps might not be allowed to go. The Prince thought himself serious in his intention. He had told his favorite servants that they should accompany him; the others, that they would be left behind. "This," adds Brougham, "was always the forerunner of his father's madness." Our autobiographer, however, could not resist the charm of the Prince's manner. The two men met at a party at Melbourne House, where "he treated me with the courtesy that belongs to all the family." Brougham adds: "His conversation was that of a very clever person, and he had considerable powers of mimicry." In the last quality the Prince had no rival, even on the stage; but he had higher endowments, and Brougham acknowledged that, had the Prince been an ordinary person, he "might have been struck with him." The man was quite apart from the manner. He wanted refinement in presence of his own mother and sisters. Queen Charlotte had often to rebuke him with a "Fie, George!"

When the family quarrel was at its hottest between the Prince and the Princess of Wales, and her daughter, the daughter's governess, the Duchess of Leeds, refused

forbidding Lady Jersey seeing the Princess Charlotte *as from herself*, "which was what the Prince was shabby enough and sufficiently himself to beg her to do." With regard to the Princess Charlotte, Brougham tells Lord Grey that the best, the most useful part of her character was "the spice of her mother's spirit and temper," but he feared she had "a considerable mixture of her father's weakness and fickleness." Brougham had no doubt of the young Princess's *penchant* for the Duke of Devonshire, but he does not say what Miss Knight asserts in *her* autobiography, that the Duke entertained a positive affection for her on whom all men fondly looked as the future Queen of England. She was sprightly in most things, when not absorbed in the feud between her parents. She used to describe her royal sire's tipsiness as "too much oil in the lamp." Of Queen Charlotte, Brougham never speaks but in terms of the utmost contempt. He seems almost glad to record that her enmity against the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte caused the mob to commit a beastly assault on her as she was carried in her sedan-chair to the opening of Parliament. She described it tersely enough, on arriving, to the peers who were near her: "My Lords, I be fifty year and more in this country, and well respected, but now I be *s*hspit on!" It is very amusing to see how Brougham, comparing mother and son, during the family quarrel, contrives to bespatter both. "The Queen's word," he says, "will go far against her son's, though it would be nothing against any other person's."

The vanity of that son was a much more tender thing than his conscience. He was not half so painfully wounded, at the time of the Queen's trial, by the possibility of Brougham asserting that he was no king at all, and that he had forfeited the crown by having married a Roman Catholic lady (Mrs. Fitzherbert) before he became the husband of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, as he was by one of Brougham's quotations, in the course of one of his speeches, from Milton's *Description of Death*:

"Shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.
What seemed his head,
The likings of a kingly crown had on."

Brougham protests, as an octogenarian, when his memory was imperfect, that he

intended only the head to apply to the King. However this may be, George the Fourth was made sore by the general application. He said that Brougham might have spared him the attack upon his shape! He did not like his person and figure to be disparaged. Every body allowed, (he said,) whatever faults he had, that his legs were good. He believed Brougham had heard that he piqued himself on his shape, and thought to plague him by holding him up to ridicule. It is fair to King George to remember that he did not nurse his wrath very long, and that he would not have kept it warm as long as he did, but that others furiously blew the fire. He forgot Brougham's ridicule, and Denman's allusion to him as a Nero—an allusion which was also disavowed at a fitting opportunity. Other people were as forgiving. Leading Tory lords praised Brougham's eloquence; and when the great lawyer once came upon the Duke of Clarence and Walter Scott in one of the rooms of the House, the Duke complimented him, by saying that the Queen "could not call herself a defenseless woman." Then laughing at his own joke, he plumply asked Scott if he was the author of *Waverley*, to which Scott happily replied, "*Non mi ricordo!*"

Returning to the King, we would remark, that he should be judged by the standard of his times. He belonged, in his early days, to a period, the morals and customs of which had changed in his king-ly time. The change is greater at the present period. We can scarcely believe the record here made, that on one occasion of taking leave of his ministers, *he kissed them all round!* It takes us back to the reign and to the stage of Charles the Second, when lords in Parliament kissed one another, and the squires of the delicate drama of the day "bussed" as they met. With regard to the King's personal feelings in connection with politics, Brougham states that fear was the ruling principle of his whole conduct, and always had been.

Prince Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, and subsequently the King of the Belgians, is spoken of with unreserved praise—for temper, good sense, wisdom, and great general abilities. The tastes of the young couple were similar; both were fond of reading, and of the arts, especially sculpture, in which the Princess excelled. A letter of the royal *fiancée*, announcing her engagement to the Prince

of Coburg, is charming in its expression of honest gladness, in its just estimation of his noble character, and in her heartfelt congratulation at "being the first princess in the world to form a matrimonial alliance from inclination." Brougham maintains, that if the Princess Charlotte had survived with her husband, George the Fourth would never have dared to proceed as he did against her mother, in 1820. Of the high qualities of Leopold, Brougham speaks with immense warmth, and he was rejoiced when the Duke of Kent married Leopold's sister—a marriage which gave to England our present Sovereign. The proceedings against Queen Caroline made the King excessively unpopular. Even in a saints' church in Cheltenham a preacher took for his text the words from Jeremiah: "He shall not reign, nor any of his seed."

Few of the exalted personages named in the autobiography come out so pleasantly as William the Fourth. He was an excellent man of business, never ashamed to ask a question, although it showed ignorance—to cure which the question was frankly asked. The King, when conversing with his ministers, sat opposite to the light, leaving the expression of his countenance to be seen, he having nothing to conceal, nor any part to play. With regard to concealment and part-playing, the ministers were not nearly so innocent as the good old King.

By far the most skillfully-drawn royal portrait in the autobiography is that of Louis Philippe, with whom Brougham passed many easy and unceremonious evenings at the Tuileries. It is quite a family picture: the gaily-gossiping or the seriously-talking King, as he walked up and down the room; while the Queen, whom he affectionately revered, the sister whom he consulted as an oracle, and the young Princesses, sat round a table, working, reading, or chatting. Mixture of king and comedian, Louis Philippe was admirable in the combination of characters. He told excellent anecdotes, he philosophized, and he maintained his dignity. The father and the king were combined when the Prince de Joinville offended him by publishing his famous pamphlet on the state of our navy, and the best point at which a French army could land in England. It was written to please the Bonapartists by its profession of anti-English feelings. Louis Philippe, as a punishment, made De Join-

ville leave Paris for a whole year, and go to Spain; and when he himself escaped from France, he landed in England, a fugitive, at the exact spot which the Prince his son had indicated as the fittest for the landing of an invading force.

Louis Philippe illustrated the evil consequences of subdividing property, a consequence of the abolition of the right of primogeniture, by a case wherein a person had a right of property in one-twentieth part of a single tree. These subdivisions were profitable to lawyers. As comedian, Louis Philippe excelled even George the Fourth in his "imitations." Brougham, one evening, went out of a room carrying a couple of candles before the King, and he could almost have sworn that it was Alexander Baring whom he was lighting, so perfect was the mimicry! With equal facility the King subsequently imitated Robespierre, lowering his voice, contracting his features, and giving portions of the speech, in which he deserted Danton, and credited himself with having made a sacrifice. Next he puffed himself out into the gross form of Danton, and thundered forth the famous passages on audacity, individual and national. "His imitations," says Brougham, "gave me a most lively impression of them both, and such as I was well prepared for, by all the descriptions I had heard of their style of speaking." Danton, it is well known, had his amiable side. When Louis Philippe was the young Duc de Chartres, hiding in Paris after his return from the army, whose General (Dumouriez) had deserted to the enemy, Louis Philippe disclosed himself to Danton as a friend of his father, (*Egalité*), confessing, as he relied on Danton's honor, that on his father's account, as well as on that of Dumouriez, he was certain to be sacrificed if discovered. Danton said *he* would protect him, and he *did*, sending the Prince away into Switzerland. This conversation with Danton he gave with the most lively representation of Danton's voice, manner, and even figure. He thought the French were lucky in having (in him) a king who had cleaned his own boots. Brougham thought they were luckier in having a king who had been a schoolmaster. The royal ex-pedagogue replied that his first pupils were, by far, the easier to be managed.

Men below the degree of princes, but often of nobler mark, are revealed to us,

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as it were, in one or two strokes, done in the best style of etching. Evangelical James Stephens wrote a pamphlet, in 1807, "On the Dangers of the Country," in which he argued that all our disasters were the pressure of the avenging hand of Providence for our maintenance of slavery. The whole man is seen in that fact. Brougham disposed of it by characteristically remarking, that the argument showed an unfair appreciation of the justice of Providence, seeing that so many of the Continental countries which had suffered most from Napoleon possessed neither colonies nor slave-trading vessels, and were therefore guiltless of all slave-trade traffic. A more noticeable man in his day was John Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley and Ward. Politicians had a high opinion of him, but Brougham did not share in the sentiment. Ward he described as dealing in very marketable ware; but it was of a base sort, and would not keep: "I mean," says Brougham, "little prize-essays of speeches, got up and polished, but useless, quite useless, for affairs. I consider him a very weak public man, in every point of view." Brougham had almost as poor an opinion of a much older and more experienced man—George Tierney, whose errors and fears, in Brougham's view, mightily diminished his acknowledged merits. "You know," writes Brougham, "among other great blunders, he is a general discourager, and does nothing to bring forward or protect the young ones." Occasionally, a remark slips from the autobiographer which shows his estimation of the quality of different families. Referring to the Cavendishes and the Russells, he describes the latter as "a far better breed," and he brings in Lord Byron as a punster. It was "a foolish sort of pun," he said, "but it annoyed Ward, who, viewing certain political changes, talked of getting *re-Whigged*; at which Byron—not inaptly, as it seems to us—remarked that he was probably thinking of getting *re-Warded*. One can not leave the man who capped Horace with Louis the Eighteenth without repeating the once-famous epigram, made at his expense:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

"I suppose it is Tom Moore's," is Brougham's hypothetical comment; but Moore never acknowledged the authorship. His

name reminds us of a reference made to Sheridan, who, in November, 1813, had been arrested, owing to his usual folly and delays: "He is out again, but was beyond measure annoyed by it. It is not much known, and had better not be mentioned." Lord Grey (to whom this was written) probably kept the secret as well as Brougham.

Among the foreigners in our fashionable circles nearly sixty years since, none made greater noise than Madame de Staël. Brougham speaks of her as overrated, her books as vague and inaccurate—the author indulging in generalities, and avoiding details as more dignified. Her presumption he thought intolerable, especially in German metaphysics, of which she knew nothing, "except so far as she may have rubbed some of them off Schlegel." Brougham shunned her as the worst of evils—a grand bore. He disliked her for her adulation of the Prince Regent, and her profligate change of principles. These he thought small matters in a woman; "but she must, as Talleyrand said, be considered a man." Talleyrand, however, did not say it in that way. Madame de Staël once intimated that they were both made to figure in one novel. "Aye," said Talleyrand, "is that in the book where we are both disguised as women?" Brougham's horror of the "lioness," as he called her, was of an almost comic intensity: "Being a person that fears God and honors the King, I am afraid to come near her. If any thing could keep me more out of society than I am at this season, it would be her prowling about. I was asked the other day to go where she was, and had thought of returning the same answer with the man in Æsop's Fables, that 'he could not come, there being a lion in the way.'"

Some of the best of his sketches of individuals are effected in two or three lines. How could Sir James Mackintosh be better described than (as regards his speaking and writing) being "deficient in closeness, with no object, no argument—a sort of preaching, or lecturing, of a very unbusinesslike and inefficient nature?" After Mrs. Perceval had received a pension, as consolation for the murder of her husband, Brougham paints the widow in a single sentence: "She is to be forthwith married, pension and all, to a Colonel somebody, a handsome officer at Ealing," (it was Colonel Sir Henry Carr,) son of the parson

there." *Inimitable* is the word the writer applies to this incident. Referring to Barnes of the *Times*, Brougham chronicles his having conferred a post upon that gentleman's brother. Barnes wrote to say he was Brougham's debtor for life. "He paid off the debt," says the latter, "by installments of abuse—I won't say daily, but almost weekly." At times we are startled by what he says of a whole community: for example, in politics, he says, "it is scarcely possible for a Scotchman of the old school to go always straight;" and in reference to Curran, he speaks of Burdett's folly "*in trusting to Curran's honesty!*" This is smashing the head of an idol at one blow of the hammer. We see much of the greatness of the character of the eminent medical man, Baillie, in the fact that he used to call his most carefully-formed opinions—guesses. Scarlett, Lord Abinger, is highly eulogized for his honesty. Sir Samuel Romilly is never referred to but with affection and admiration. Wellington and Castlereagh are recognized as able negotiators and honorable men. Castlereagh's insanity was first detected by the King, who, on the Friday before the catastrophe, foretold that the minister would destroy himself—but nobody seems to have had leisure or inclination to make the prophecy a false one! This incident was told by Canning; and we take advantage of his name to add a curious opinion which Brougham entertained of the rule by which he would probably be guided in some of his appointments if Canning became premier: "It is believed that Canning will, if he comes in, be for sending Granville Leveson to Paris, as he is so much ruined that he must go abroad somewhere!" In those good old days, a diplomatist's best qualification for the richest of embassies was his pecuniary embarrassment, all other things being in a concatenation accordingly! Amid the meddle and the muddle of those days, there was some fun. Nicknames abounded, and it is pleasant to meet in the autobiography the two brothers—the too large-tongued Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, and the shrill-voiced Charles, M.P. for Montgomery—and to hear them spoken of, as they pass, as *Bubble and Squeak*.

One of the smartest little etchings in the book is that of the Marquis Wellesley (the Duke's elder brother.) One of the wisest men in the world, he was duped by a wo-

man and a priest. When the Regent asked him to take office with Perceval, he answered, "Your Royal Highness might as well ask me to live with my wife!" That Frenchwoman had been his mistress, and was the mother of his two sons and a daughter. A time came when Mdlle. Roland fell mortally sick. Her confessor entreated my Lord to marry the dying woman, in order that she might receive, as an honest wife, the last sacrament, which could not be administered to her as a concubine. Lord Wellesley consented to a private celebration of marriage, and he immediately left the house, with instructions to let him know when all was over. When he considered that such a consummation ought to have been accomplished, although the butler had made no sign, Lord Wellesley returned home, and on the butler receiving him, he asked, "When it had happened?"—"Happened!" cried the servant; "my Lady is in the dining-room at luncheon, and has been quite well these three days." Lord Wellesley removed her at once to a house in Harley Street, where *miladi* lived for several years. Brougham states that the daughter of Lord Wellesley and Mdlle. Roland married Lord Charles Bentinck. Lord Charles's first wife was the beautiful "Georgina Augusta Seymour," the daughter of the more beautiful Grace Elliot, her father being the Prince of Wales. When Lord Charles married the daughter of Mdlle. Roland by the Marquis Wellesley, she was the divorced wife of Sir William Abdy, Bart. One of Lord Wellesley's natural sons was the Rev. Henry Wellesley, D.D., who was Principal of New Inn Hall, in the University of Oxford, from 1847 till his death in 1866.

Sydney Smith does not come out in a pleasant manner among Brougham's contemporaries. He was not so rapacious about preferments as Lord Campbell, but his appetite was rather craving. Brougham felt that if Sydney were made a bishop, however quietly he would go at first in harness, he would kick over the traces and play some wild vagary in the House which would frighten it from its propriety. Smith had a suspicion of that sort himself, and (as a return for political service) only asked for a rich living and an equally rich prebend. He got the best part of what he wanted, Brougham remarking that Sydney preferred the *snuggles* to the *fastnesses* of the Church.

Brougham says of O'Connell, who in a time of distress partly lived on the pence extorted from the poor Irish, that the demagogue was capable of sacrificing every thing to his inordinate vanity. The class of men whom Brougham despised almost as much as Lord Althorp and Speaker Abbott did, were the newspaper writers. He had flings, too, at court people. "I never heard," he says, "of any body who had once got fairly within the atmosphere of the Court, being able to live out of it. It becomes as necessary to the life of a courtier as water to that of a fish." He curiously says, that all very young men of high rank ought to be not courtiers, but ultra-Liberals! He avows of himself that he was an ambitious man,—“a man who loved real power, cared little for any labor, however hard, and less for any rank, however high.” He was, nevertheless, far from being indifferent to the homage of those of exalted rank. On the occasion of his being sworn in as Chancellor at the Master of the Rolls' office, his pride was gratified by the attendance at the ceremony of princes, peers, bishops, and others, many of whom "were in full court-dress, and this made the affair look very gay!"

Certainly, under the old *régime*, it can not be said that men of humble birth could not make their way to the highest offices where intellect and a fine sense of honor were concerned. One of the aptest illustrations of this success presents itself in the case of Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice. The lowliness of his origin and his own good sense are to be seen in the circumstances of how he once corrected the pride of his son, by pointing out to him a shop in Canterbury, and saying, "Charley, that's where your grandfather shaved for a penny!" This noble judge was "*in business*" to the last. He was unconsciously addressing a jury: "Gentlemen," said the dying Chief Justice, "you are dismissed!"

Brougham, the great Tribune of the People, hated all demagogues, and Cobbett above all others. When Cobbett was in Parliament, nothing pleased him better than to go about the country making speeches to ignorant audiences, and insinuating the treason which he dared not openly advocate. Owing to his unanswered nonsense, he was making great way in the country; but when he returned to the House of Commons, "Spring Rice at one blow overturned him, and Peel (with Cob-

bett's own lawful help) finished him. Depend upon it, that is a far better way of meeting an enemy than to smile and say, 'What does it signify?' " Next to demagogues, Brougham had a horror of trade-unions. He called them "a social evil," exercising a permanently injurious effect upon the freedom of capital and labor alike. He deplored the oppression under which they held thousands of workmen, who were prohibited from making the best they could of their own labor. He denounced them as "conspiracies of the worst kind." "Their existence is a blot upon a system such as no Government ought to suffer." Much more curious is it to find the once ultra-Liberal, when a member of the Administration, denouncing popular meetings and the agitation of political questions: "This system of con-

tinually agitating any subject on which any part of the community may feel itself aggrieved, is very mischievous. How is any Government to go on under such a system; or what is the use of a Reformed Parliament, if we are to have a hundred mock parliaments sitting in every part of the kingdom, prescribing to the Legislature the course which it is to pursue?" What would the aged writer have said of the present day, when what he calls "mock parliaments" not only sit, but real M.P.'s, as well as lay delegates, make harangues to those tribunals; while each of the orators, if he belong to a certain secret society, is liable to be summoned before it, and to be well "wiggled" for "laying it on too mildly," or for "showing his cards" with such indiscretion as to compel him to explain away the meaning of his words?

Macmillan's Magazine.

BIRTHDAY SONGS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

I. THE BIRD.

ON the window, lifted an inch,
A tiny bird taps without fear,
A brave little chirruping finch—
And I slide up the sash when I hear.

Ah, the dreary November morn!
Ah, the weary London din!
Light has wither'd as soon as born—
But the brave little bird hops in.

He has piped me a magic tune:
He has perch'd on my finger and sung:
He has charm'd back the time all June,
When my neighbor and I were young.

Do I lean back and rest, and hearken
To the bird that pipes on my hand?
Do I walk where no winters darken,
In a far-away fairy land?

There a girl comes, with brown locks curl'd,
My friend, and we talk face to face;
Crying, "O what a beautiful world!"
Crying, "O what a happy place!"

Blessèd little bird with bright eyes,
Perch here and warble all the day!
Pipe your witch-tune—ah, he flies, flies;
He was sent me—but not to stay.

II. HOME.

HOMeward wend we—Ah, my dear,
 From the feast of youth, and you,
 Under clouded stars or clear,
 On in front a step or two,
 Bid me sing, the road to cheer.

Cloak'd in gray on wedding white,
 Dim you glide before, and call
 O'er your shoulder, "Sad is night,
 Sing of sunshine over all;
 Sing of daytime—sad is night."

And I answer, "Day was fair;
 Day with all its joys is dead;
 Like the large rose in your hair,
 All its hundred petals shed,
 Fallen, flutter'd here and there.

"And the sunshine you recall—
 Ah, my dear, but is it true?
 Did such sunshine ever fall
 Out of any sky so blue?
 Half I think we dreamed it all.

"Lo, a wind of dawn doth rise,
 Chirps and odors float therein:—
 Ah, my dear, lift up your eyes!
 Landmarks of our home begin;
 Breaks the morning where it lies."

MARY BROTHERTON.

Nov. 19, 1870.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MASTER ARTHUR VANISHES.

"Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her
 sight."

"RAIN!" cried Queen Titania, as she
 walked up to the window of the break-
 fast-room, and stared reproachfully out on
 cloudy skies, gloomy trees, and the wet
 thoroughfares of Twickenham.

"Surely not!" said Bell, in anxious tone;
 and therewith she too walked up to one of
 the panes, while an expression of deep
 mortification settled down on her face.

She stood so for a second or two, irreso-
 lute and hurt; and then a revengeful look
 came into her eyes, she walked firmly over
 to my Lady, got close up to her ear, and

apparently uttered a single word. Tita al-
 most jumped back; and then she looked
 at the girl.

"Bell, how dare you?" she said, in her
 severest manner.

Bell turned and shyly glanced at the rest
 of us, probably to make sure none of us
 had heard; and then, all this mysterious
 transaction being brought to a close, she
 returned to the table, and calmly took up
 a newspaper. But presently she threw it
 aside, and glanced, with some heightened
 color in her face, and some half-frightened
 amusement in her eyes, towards Tita; and
 lo! that majestic little woman was still re-
 garding the girl, and there was surprise as
 well as sternness in her look.

Presently the brisk step of Lieutenant

von Rosen was heard outside, and in a minute or two the tall young man came into the room, with a fine color in his face, and a sprinkling of rain about his big brown beard.

"Ha! Not late? No? That is very good!"

"But it rains!" said Tita to him, in an injured way, as if any one who had been out of doors was necessarily responsible for the weather.

"Not much," he said. "It may go off; but about six it did rain very hard, and I got a little wet then, I think."

"And where were you at six?" said Tita, with her pretty brown eyes opened wide.

"At Isleworth," he said, carelessly; and then he added, "Oh, I have done much business this morning, and bought something for your two boys, which will make them not mind that you go away. It is hard, you know, they are left behind——"

"But Bell has given them silver watches!" said Mamma. "Is not that enough?"

"They will break them in a day. Now when I went to the stables this morning to feed the horses, the old ostler was there. We had a quarrel last night; but no matter. We became very good friends—he told me much about Buckinghamshire and himself—he told me he did know your two boys—he told me he knew of a pony—oh! a very nice little pony—that was for sale from a gentleman in Isleworth——"

"And you've bought them a pony!" cried Bell, clapping her hands.

"Bell!" said Tita, with a severe look, "how foolish you are! How could you think of any thing so absurd?"

"But she is quite right, madame," said the Lieutenant, "and it will be here in an hour, and you must not tell them till it comes."

"And you mean to leave them with that animal! Why, they will break their necks, both of them," cried my Lady, hurriedly.

"Oh, no!" said the Lieutenant; "a tumble does not hurt boys, not at all. And this is a very quiet, small pony,—oh, I did pull him about to try, and he will not harm any body. And very rough and strong—I think the old man did call him a Scotland pony."

"A Shetland pony."

"Ah, very well," said our Uhlan; and then he began to turn wistful eyes to the breakfast table.

They sat down to breakfast, almost forgetting the rain. They were very well pleased with the coming of the pony. It would be a capital thing for the boys' health; it would be this and would be that; but only one person there reflected that this addition to the comforts of the two young rogues upstairs would certainly cost him sixteen shillings a week all the year round.

Suddenly, in the midst of this talk, Bell looked up and said—

"But where is Arthur?"

"Oh!" said the mother of the young man, "he went up to town this morning at eight. He took it for granted you would not start to-day."

"He might have waited to see," said Bell, looking down. "I suppose he is not so very much occupied in the Temple. It will serve him quite right if we go away before he comes back."

"But perhaps he won't come back," said Mrs. Ashburton, gently.

Bell looked surprised; and then, with a little firmness about the mouth, held her peace for some time. It was clear that Master Arthur's absence had some considerable significance in it, which she was slowly determining in her own mind.

When Bell next spoke, she proposed that we should set out, rain or no rain.

"It will not take much time to drive down to Henley," she said. "And if we begin by paying too much attention to slight showers, we shall never get on. Besides, Count von Rosen ought to see how fine are our English rain-landscapes—what softened colors are brought out in the trees and in the grays of the distance under a dark sky. It is not nearly so dismal as a wet day abroad, in a level country, with nothing but rows of poplars along the horizon. Here," she said, turning to the Lieutenant, who had probably heard of her recent successes in water-color, "you have light mists hanging about the woods; and there is a rough surface on the rivers; and all the hedges and fields get dark and intense, and a bit of scarlet—say a woman's cloak—is very fine under the gloom of the sky. I know you are not afraid of wet, and I know that the rest of us never got into such good spirits during our Surrey drives as when we were dashing through torrents and shaking the rain from about our faces; and this is nothing—a mere passing shower—and the country down

by Hounslow will look very well under dark clouds; and we can not do better than start at once for Henley!"

"What is the matter, Bell?" said Tita, looking at the girl with her clear, observant eyes. "One would think you were vexed about our staying in Twickenham until to-morrow, and yet nobody has proposed that yet."

"I don't wish to waste time," said Bell, looking down.

Here the Lieutenant laughed aloud.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," he said, "but what you say is very much like the English people. They are always much afraid of losing time, though it does not matter to them. I think your commercial habits have become national, and got amongst people who have nothing to do with commerce. I find English ladies who have weeks and months at their disposal travel all night by train, and make themselves very wretched. Why? To save a day, they tell you. I find English people, with two months' holiday before them, undertake all the un comforts of a night passage from Dover to Calais. Why? To save a day. How does it matter to you, for example, that we start to-day, or to-morrow, or next week? Only that you feel you must be doing something—you must accomplish something—you must save time. It is all English. It is with your amusements as with your making of money. You are never satisfied. You are always looking forward—wishing to do or have certain things—never content to stop, and rest, and enjoy doing nothing."

Now what do you think our Bell did on being lectured in this fashion? Say something in reply, only kept from being saucy by the sweet manner of her saying it? Or rise and leave the room, and refuse to be coaxed into a good humor for hours? Why, no. She said, in the gentlest way—

"I think you are quite right, Count von Rosen. It really does not matter to me whether we go to-day or to-morrow."

"But you shall go to-day, Bell," say I, "even though it should rain Duke Georges. At four of the clock we start."

"My dear," says Tita, "this is absurd."

"Probably; but none the less Castor and Pollux shall start at that hour."

"You are beginning to show your authority somewhat early," says my Lady, with a suspicious sweetness in her tone.

"What there is left of it," I remark, looking at Bell, who descries a fight in the distance, and is all attention.

"Count von Rosen," says Tita, turning in her calmest manner to the young man, "what do you think of this piece of folly? It may clear up long before that: it may be raining heavily then. Why should we run the risk of incurring serious illness by determining to start at a particular hour? It is monstrous. It is absurd. It is—— it is——"

"Well," said the Lieutenant, with an easy shrug and a laugh, "it is not of much consequence you make the rule; for you will break it if it is not agreeable. For myself, I have been accustomed to start at a particular hour, whatever happens; but for pleasure, what is the use?"

"Yes; what is the use?" repeats Tita, turning to the rest of us with a certain ill-concealed air of triumph.

"St. Augustine," I observed to this rebellious person, "remarks that the obedience of a wife to her husband is no virtue, so long as she does only that which is reasonable, just, and pleasing to herself."

"I don't believe St. Augustine said any thing of the kind," replied she; "and if he did, he hadn't a wife, and didn't know what he was talking about. I will not allow Bell to catch her death of cold. We shall *not* start at four."

"Two o'clock, luncheon. Half-past two, the moon enters Capricorn. Three o'clock, madness rages. Four, colds attack the human race. We start at four."

By this time breakfast was over, and all the reply that Tita vouchsafed was to wear a pleased smile of defiance as she left the room. The Count, too, went out; and in a few minutes we saw him in the road, leading the pony he had bought. The boys had been kept upstairs, and were told nothing of the surprise in store for them; so that we were promised a stirring scene in front of the Doctor's house.

Presently the Lieutenant arrived at the gate, and summoned Bell from the window. She having gone to the door, and spoken to him for a second or two, went into the house, and reappeared with a bundle of coarse cloths. Was the foolish young man going to groom the pony in front of the house merely out of bravado? At all events, he roughly dried the shaggy coat of the sturdy little animal, and then carefully wiped the mud from its small legs

and hoofs. Bell went down and took the bridle; the Lieutenant was behind, to give a push if necessary.

"Come up, Dick! Come along!" she said; and after a few frightened stumbles on the steps the pony stood in the Doctor's hall!

The clatter of the small hoofs on the waxcloth had brought the boys out to the first landing, and they were looking down with intense surprise on the appearance of a live horse inside the house. When Bell had called them, and told them that the Count had brought this pony for them, that it was a real pony, and that they would have to feed it every day, they came down the stairs with quite a frightened air. They regarded the animal from a distance, and then at last Master Jack ventured to go up and touch its neck.

"Why," he said, as if suddenly struck with the notion that it was really alive, "I'll get it an apple!"

He went upstairs, three steps at a bound; and by the time he came back Master Tom had got into the saddle, and was for riding his steed into the breakfast-room. Then he would ride him out into the garden. Jack insisted on his having the apple first. The mother of both called out from above that if they went into the garden in the rain she would have the whole house whipped. But all the same, Master Tom, led by the Lieutenant, and followed by Bell—whose attentions in holding him on he regarded with great dislike—rode in state along the passage, and through the kitchen, and out by a back door into the garden.

"Let me go, Auntie Bell!" he said, shaking himself free. "I can ride very well—I have ridden often at Leatherhead."

"Off you go, then," said the Lieutenant: "lean well back—don't kick him with your heels—off you go."

The pony shook his rough little mane, and started upon a very sedate and patient walk along the smooth path.

"Fist! Hei! Go ahead!" cried Master Tom, and he twitched at the bridle in quite a knowing way.

Thus admonished, the pony broke into a brisk trot, which at first jogged Master Tom on to its neck, but he managed to riggle back into the saddle and get hold of the reins again. His riding was not a masterly performance, but at all events he

stuck on; and when, after having trotted thrice round the garden, he slid off of his own will and brought the pony up to us, his chubby round face was gleaming with pride, and flushed color, and rain. Then it was Jack's turn; but this young gentleman, having had less experience, was attended by the Lieutenant, who walked round the garden with him, and gave him his first lessons in the art of horsemanship. This was a very pretty amusement for those of us who remained under the archway, but for those in the garden it was beginning to prove a trifle damp. Nevertheless, Bell begged hard for the boys to be let alone, seeing that they were overjoyed beyond expression by their new toy; and it is probable that both they and their instructor would have got soaked to the skin had not my Lady Titania appeared, with her face full of an awful wrath.

What occurred then it is difficult to relate; for in the midst of the storm Bell laughed; and the boys, being deprived of their senses by the gift of the pony, laughed also—at their own mother. Tita fell from her high estate directly. The splendors of her anger faded away from her face, and she ran out into the rain and cuffed the boys' ears, and kissed them; and drove them into the house before her. And she was so good as to thank the Count formally for his present; and bade the boys be good boys and attend to their lessons when they had so much amusement provided for them; and finally turned to Bell, and said that as we had to start at four o'clock, we might as well have our things packed before luncheon.

Now such was the reward of this wifely obedience that at four o'clock the rain had actually and definitely ceased; and the clouds, though they still hung low, were gathering themselves up into distinct forms. When the phaeton was brought round, there was not even any necessity for putting up the hood; and Tita, having seen that every thing was placed in the vehicle, was graciously pleased to ask the Lieutenant if he would drive, that she might sit beside him and point out objects of interest.

Then she kissed the boys very affectionately, and bade them take care not to tumble off the pony. The Doctor and his wife wished us every good fortune. Bell threw a wistful glance up and down the road, and then turned her face a little

aside. The Count shook the reins, and our phaeton rolled slowly away from Twickenham.

"Why, Bell," I said, as we were crossing the railway-bridge, and my companion looked round to see if there were a train at the station, "you have been crying!"

"Not much," said Bell, frankly, but in a very low voice.

"But why?" I ask.

"You know," she said.

"I know that Arthur has been very unreasonable, and that he has gone up to London in a fit of temper; and I know what I think of the whole transaction, and what I consider he deserves. But I didn't think you cared for him so much, Bell, or were so vexed about it."

"Care for him?" she said, with a glance at the people before us, lest the low sound of her voice might not be entirely drowned by the noise of the wheels in the muddy road. "That may mean much or little. You know I like Arthur very well; and—and I am afraid he is vexed with me; and it is not pleasant to part like that with one's friends."

"He will write to you, Bell; or he will drop down on us suddenly some evening when we are at Oxford, or Worcester, or Shrewsbury——"

"I hope he will not do that," said Bell, with some expression of alarm. "If he does, I know something dreadful will happen."

"But Master Arthur, Bell, is not exactly the sort of person to displace the geological strata."

"Oh! you don't know what a temper he has at times," she said; and then, suddenly recovering herself, she added hastily, "but he is exceedingly good and kind for all that: only he is vexed, you know, at not being able to get on; and perhaps he is a little jealous of people who are successful, and in good circumstances, and independent; and he is apt to think that—that——"

"His lady-love will be carried off by some wealthy suitor before he has been able to amass a fortune?"

"You mustn't talk as if I were engaged to Arthur Ashburton," said Bell, rather proudly, "or even that I am ever likely to be!"

Our Bonny Bell soon recovered her spirits, for she felt that we had at last real-

ly set out on our journey to Scotland, and her keen liking for all out-of-door sights and sounds was now heightened by a vague and glad anticipation. If Arthur Ashburton, as I deemed highly probable, should endeavor to overtake us, and effect a reconciliation or final understanding with Bell, we were, for the present, at least, speeding rapidly away from him.

As we drove through the narrow lane running down by Whitton Park and Whitton Dean, the warm, moist winds were blowing a dozen odors about from the far, low-stretching fields and gardens; and the prevailing sweetness of the air seemed to herald our departure from the last suburban traces of London. Splash! went the horses' hoofs into the yellow pools of the roads, and the rattle of the wheels seemed to send an echo through the stillness of the quiet country-side; while overhead the dark and level clouds became more fixed and gray, and we hoped they would ultimately draw together and break, so as to give us a glimpse of pallid sunshine. Then we drove up through Hounslow to the famous inn at the cross-roads, which was known to travelers in the highway-robbery days; and here our Bell complained that so many of these hostelries should bear her name. Tita, we could hear, was telling her companion of all the strange incidents connected with this inn and its neighborhood which she could recall from the pages of those various old-fashioned fictions which are much more interesting to some folks than the most accurate histories. Up this long and level Bath road, which now lay before us, had come many a gay and picturesque party whose adventures were recorded in the olden time. Was it not here that Strap rode up to the coach in which Roderick Random was going to Bath, and alarmed every body by the intelligence that two horsemen were coming over the Heath upon them; and was it not to this very village that the frightened servant hastened to get assistance? When Sophia escaped from the various adventures that befell her in the inn at Upton, did she not come up this very road to London, making the journey in two days? When Peregrine Pickle used to pay forbidden visits to London, doubtless he rode through Hounslow at dead of night on each occasion: and it is needless to say that once upon a time a youth called Humphrey Clinker acted as

postilion to Matt. Bramble, and Tabitha, and Miss Liddy, when they, having dined at Salthill, were passing through Hounslow to London, and to Scotland. These, and a hundred other reminiscences, not unfamiliar to the Lieutenant, who had a fair knowledge of English novels, were being recorded by Queen Titania as we bowled along the Bath road, over Cranford Bridge, past the Magpies, through Colnbrook, and on to Langley Marsh, when the Count suddenly exclaimed—

“But the Heath? I have not seen Hounslow Heath, where the highwaymen used to be!”

Alas! there was no more Heath to show him—only the level and wooded beauties of a cultivated English plain. And yet these, as we saw them then, under the conditions that Bell had described in the morning, were sufficiently pleasant to see. All around us stretched a fertile landscape, with the various greens of its trees and fields and hedges grown dark and strong under the gloom of the sky. The winding road ran through this country like the delicate gray streak of a river: and there were distant farmhouses peeping from the sombre foliage; an occasional wayside inn standing deserted amid its rude outhouses; a passing tramp plodding through the mire. Strange and sweet came the damp, warm winds from over the fields of beans and of clover, and it seemed as if the wild roses in the tall and straggling hedges had increased in multitude so as to perfume the whole land. And then, as we began to see in the west, with a great joy, some faint streaks of sunshine descend like a shimmering comb upon the gloomy landscape, lo! in the south there arose before us a great and stately building, whose tall gray towers and spacious walls, seen against the dark clouds of the horizon, were distant, and pale, and spectral.

“It looks like a phantom castle, does it not?” said Bell, speaking in quite a low voice. “Don’t you think it has sprung up in the heavens like the *Fata Morgana*, or the spectral ship, and that it will fade away again and disappear?”

Indeed, it looked like the ghost of one of the castles of King Arthur’s time—that old, strange time, when England lay steeped in gray mists and the fogs blown about by the sea-winds, when there does not seem to have been any sunshine, but

only a gloom of shifting vapors, half hiding the ghostly knights and the shadowy queens, and all their faint and mystical stories and pilgrimages and visions. The castle down there looked as if it had never been touched by sharp, clear, modern sunlight, that is cruel to ghosts and phantoms.

But here Bell’s reveries were interrupted by Lieutenant von Rosen, who, catching sight of the castle in the south and all its hazy lines of forest, said—

“Ah! what is that?”

“That,” said Bell, suddenly recovering from her trance, “is a hotel for German princes.”

She had no sooner uttered the words, however, than she looked thoroughly alarmed; and with a prodigious shame and mortification she begged the Count’s pardon, who merely laughed, and said he regretted he was not a Prince.

“It is Windsor, is it not?” he said.

“Yes,” replied Bell, humbly, while her face was still pained and glowing. “I—I hope you will forgive my rudeness: I think I must have heard some one say that recently, and it escaped me before I thought what it meant.”

Of course, the Lieutenant passed the matter off lightly, as a very harmless saying; but all the same Bell seemed determined for some time after to make him amends, and quite took away my Lady’s occupation by pointing out to our young Uhlan, in a very respectful and submissive manner, whatever she thought of note on the road. Whether the Lieutenant perceived this intention or not I do not know; but at all events, he took enormous pains to be interested in what she said, and paid far more attention to her than to his own companion. Moreover, he once or twice, in looking back, pretty nearly ran us into a cart, insomuch that Queen Tita had laughingly to recall him to his duties.

In this wise we went down through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge and its breadths of field and meadow still suffering from the gloom of a darkened sky. We cut through the village of Slough, passed the famous Salt-hill, got over the Two Mill Brook at Cuckfield Bridge, and were rapidly nearing Maidenhead, where we proposed to rest an hour or two and dine. Bell had pledged her word there would be a bright evening, and had thrown out vague hints

about a boating-excursion up to the wooded heights of Cliefden. In the meantime, the sun had made little way in breaking through the clouds. There were faint indications here and there of a luminous grayish-yellow lying in the interstices of the heavy sky; but the pale and shimmering comb in the west had disappeared.

"What has come over your fine weather, Bell?" said my Lady. "Do you remember how you used to dream of our setting out, and what heaps of color and sunshine you lavished on your picture?"

"My dear," said Bell, "you are unacquainted with the art of a stage-manager. Do you think I would begin my pantomime with a blaze of light, and bright music, and a great show of costume? No! First of all, comes the dungeon scene—darkness and gloom—thunder and solemn music—nothing but demons appearing through the smoke; and then, when you have all got impressed and terrified and attentive, you will hear in the distance a little sound of melody, there will be a flutter of wings, just as if the fairies were preparing a surprise, and then all at once into the darkness leaps the queen herself, and a blaze of sunlight dashes on to her silver wings, and you see her gauzy costume, and the scarlet and gold of a thousand attendants who have all swarmed into the light."

"How long have we to wait, mademoiselle?" said the Lieutenant seriously.

"I have not quite settled that," replied Bell, with a fine air of reflection, "but I will see about it while you are having dinner."

Comforted by these promises—which ought, however, to have come from Queen Titania, if the fairies were supposed to be invoked—we drove underneath the railway-line and past the station of Taplow, and so forward to the hotel by the bridge. When, having, with some exercise of patience, seen Castor and Pollux housed and fed, I went into the parlor, I found dinner on the point of being served, and the Count grown almost eloquent about the comforts of English inns. Indeed, there was a considerable difference, as he pointed out, between the hard, bright, cheery public-room of a German inn, and this long, low-roofed apartment, with its old-fashioned furniture, its carpets, and general air of gravity and respectability. Then

the series of pictures around the wall—venerable lithographs, glazed and yellow, representing all manner of wild adventures in driving and hunting—amused him much.

"That is very like your English humor," he said,—“of the country, I mean. The joke is a man thrown into a ditch, and many horses coming over on him; or it is a carriage upset in the road, and men crawling from underneath, and women trying to get through the window. It is rough, strong, practical fun, at the expense of unfortunate people that you like.”

"At least," I point out, "it is quite as good a sort of public-house furniture as pictures of bleeding saints, or lithographs of smooth-headed princes."

"Oh! I do not object to it," he said, "not in the least. I do like your sporting pictures very much."

"And when you talk of German lithographs," struck in Bell, quite warmly, "I suppose you know that it is to the German printsellers our poorer classes owe all the possession of art they can afford. They would never have a picture in their house but for those cheap lithographs that come over from Germany; and, although they are very bad, and even carelessly bad often, they are surely better than nothing for cottages and country inns, that would never otherwise have any thing to show but coarse patterns of wall-paper."

"My dear child," remarked Queen Tita, "we are none of us accusing Germany of any crime whatever."

"But it is very good-natured of mademoiselle to defend my country, for all that," said the Lieutenant, with a smile. "We are unpopular with you just now, I believe. That I can not help. It is a pity. But it is only a family quarrel, you know, and it will go away. And just now, it requires some courage, does it not, to say a word for Germany?"

"Why, Bell has been your bitterest enemy all through the war," said Tita, ashamed of the defection of her ancient ally.

"I think you behaved very badly to the poor French people," said Bell, looking down, and evidently wishing that some good spirit or bad one would fly away with this embarrassing topic.

The spirit appeared. There came to the open space in front of the inn a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen, with a careworn and yet healthily-colored face, and

shrewd blue eyes. She wore a man's jacket, and she had a shillelagh in her hand, which she twirled about as she glanced at the windows of the inn. Then, in a hard, cracked voice, she began to sing a song. It was supposed to be rather a dashing and aristocratic ballad, in which this oddly-clad girl with the shillelagh recounted her experiences of the opera, and told us how she loved champagne, and croquet, and various other fashionable diversions. There was something very curious in the forced gayety with which she entered into these particulars, the shillelagh meanwhile being kept as still as circumstances would permit. But presently she sang an Irish song, describing herself as some free and easy Irish lover and fighter; and here the bit of wood came into play. She thrust one of her hands, with an audacious air, into the pocket of the jacket she wore, while she twirled the shillelagh with the other; and then, so soon as she had finished, her face dropped into a plaintive and matter-of-fact air, and she came forward to receive pence.

"She is scarcely our Lorelei," said the Count, "who sits over the Rhine in the evening. But she is a hard-working girl, you can see that. She has not much pleasure in life. If we give her a shilling, it will be much comfort to her."

And with that he went out. But what was Tita's surprise to see him go up to the girl and begin to talk to her! She, looking up to the big, brown-bearded man with a sort of awe, answered his questions with some appearance of shamefaced embarrassment; and then, when he gave her a piece of money, she performed something like a courtesy, and looked after him as he returned whistling to the door of the inn.

Then we had dinner—a plain, comfortable, wholesome meal enough; and it seemed somehow in this old-fashioned parlor that we formed quite a family party. We were cut off at last from the world of friends and acquaintances, and thrown upon each other's society in a very peculiar fashion. In what manner should we sit down to our final repast, after all this journey and its perils and accidents were over? Tita, I could see, was rather grave, and perhaps speculating on the future; while Bell and the young Lieutenant had got to talk of some people they recollected as living at Bonn some dozen years before. Nobody said a word about Arthur.

CHAPTER V.

QUEEN TITANIA AFLOAT.

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?"

At length we hit upon one thing that Count von Rosen could not do. When we had wandered down to the side of the Thames, just by Maidenhead Bridge, and opposite the fine old houses, and smooth lawns, and green banks that stand on the other margin of the broad and shallow river, we discovered that the Lieutenant was of no use in a boat. And so, as the young folks would have us go up under the shadows of the leafy hills of Cliefden, there was nothing for it but that Tita and I should resort to the habits of earlier years, and show a later generation how to feather an oar with skill and dexterity. As Queen Titania stood by the boat-house, pulling off her gloves with economic forethought, and looking rather pensively at the landing-place and the boats and the water, she suddenly said—

"Is not this like long ago?"

"You talk like an old woman, Tita," says one of the party. "And yet your eyes are as pretty as they were a dozen years ago, when you used to walk along the beach at Eastbourne, and cry because you were afraid of becoming the mistress of a house. And now the house has been too much for you; and you are full of confused facts, and unintelligible figures, and petty anxieties, until your responsibilities have hidden away the old tenderness of your look, except at such a moment as this, when you forget yourself. Tita, do you remember who pricked your finger to sign a document in her own blood, when she was only a schoolgirl, and who produced it years afterwards with something of a shamefaced pride?"

"Stuff!" says Tita, angrily, but blushing dreadfully all the same; and so, with a frown and an imperious manner, she stepped down to the margin of the river.

Now mark this circumstance. In the old days of which my Lady was then thinking, she used to be very well content with pulling bow-oar when we two used to go out in the evenings. Now, when the Lieutenant and Bell had been comfortably placed in the stern, Tita daintily stepped

into the boat and sat down quite naturally to pull stroke. She made no apology. She took the place as if it were hers by right. Such are the changes which a few years of married life produce.

So Bell pulled the white tiller-ropes over her shoulder, and we glided out and up the glassy stream, into that world of greenness and soft sounds and sweet odors that lay all around. Already something of Bell's prophecy was likely to come true; for the clouds were perceptibly growing thinner overhead, and a diffused yellow light falling from no particular place seemed to dwell over the hanging woods of Cliefden. It gave a new look, too, to the smooth river, to the rounded elms and tall poplars on the banks, and the long aits beyond the bridge, where the swans were sailing close in by the reeds.

We had got but a short way up the river when our coxswain, without a word of warning, shot us into a half-submerged forest that seemed to hide from us a lake on the other side. Tita had so little time to ship her oar that no protest was possible; and then the Lieutenant catching hold of the branches pulled us through the narrow channel, and lo! we were in a still piece of water, with a smooth curve of the river-bank on one side and a long island on the other, and with a pretty little house looking quietly down at us over this inland sea. We were still in the Thames; but this house seemed so entirely to have become owner of the charming landscape around and its stretch of water in front, that Bell asked in a hurry how we could get away. Tita, being still a little indignant, answered not, but put her oar into the outrigger again, and commenced pulling. And then our coxswain, who was not so familiar with the tricks of the Thames at Maidenhead as some of us, discovered a north-west passage by which it was possible to return into the main channel of the stream, and we continued our voyage.

When, at length, we had got past the picturesque old mill, and reached the sea of tumbling white water that came rushing down from the weir, it seemed as though the sky had entered into a compact with Bell to fulfill her predictions. For as we lay and rocked in the serge—watching the long level line of foam come tumbling over in spouts, and jets, and white masses, listening to the roar of the fall, and

regarding the swirling circles of white bells that swept away downward on the stream—there appeared in the west, just over the line of the weir, a parallel line of dark blood-red. It was but a streak as yet; but presently it widened and grew more intense—a great glow of crimson color came shining forth—and it seemed as if all the western heavens, just over that line of white foam, were becoming a mass of fire. Bell's transformation-scene was positively blinding; and the bewilderment of the splendid colors was not lessened by the roar of the tumbling river, that seemed strangely wild in the stillness of the evening.

But when we turned to drop quietly down stream, the scene around was so lovely that Queen Titania had no heart to pull away from it. For now the hanging woods of beech and birch and oak had caught a glow of the sunset along their masses of yellow and green, and the broad stream had the purple of its glassy sweeps dashed here and there with red, and in the far east a reflected tinge of pink mingled with the cold green, and lay soft and pure and clear over the low woods, and the river, and the bridge. As if by magic, the world had grown suddenly light, etherial, and full of beautiful colors: and the clouds that still remained overhead had parted into long cirrhous lines, with pearly edges, and a touch of scarlet and gold along their western side.

"What a drive we shall have this evening!" cried Bell. "It will be a clear night when we get to Henley, and there will be stars over the river, and perhaps a moon, who knows?"

"I thought you would have provided a moon, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, gravely. "You have done very well for us this evening—oh! very well indeed. I have not seen any such beautiful picture for many years. You did very well to keep a dark day all day, and make us tired of cold colors and green trees; and then you surprise us by this picture of magic—oh! it is very well done."

"All that it wants," said Bell, with a critical eye, "is a little woman in a scarlet shawl under the trees there, and over the green of the rushes—one of those nice fat little women who always wear bright shawls just to please landscape-painters—making a little blob of strong color, you know, just like a ladybird among green moss. Do you know, I am quite grateful

to a pleasant little countrywoman when she dresses herself ridiculously merely to make a landscape look fine; and how can you laugh at her when she comes near? I sometimes think that she wears those colors, especially those in her bonnet, out of mere modesty. She does not know what will please you—she puts in a little of every thing to give you a choice. She holds up to you a whole bouquet of flowers, and says, 'Please, miss, do you like blue?—for here is corn-cockle; or red?—for here are poppies; or yellow?—for here are rock-roses.' She is like Perdita, you know, going about with an armful of blossoms, and giving to every one what she thinks will please them."

"My dear," said Tita, "you are too generous; I am afraid the woman wears those things out of vanity. She does not know what color suits her complexion best, and so wears a variety, quite sure that one of them must be the right one. And there are plenty of women in town, as well as in the country, who do that too."

"I hope you don't mean me," said Bell, contritely, as she leant her arm over the side of the boat, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the glassy stream.

But if we were to get to Henley that night, there was no time for lingering longer about that bend by the river, with its islands and mills and woods. That great burst of color in the west had been the expiring effort of the sun; and when we got back to the inn, there was nothing left in the sky but the last golden and crimson traces of his going down. The river was becoming gray, and the Cliefden woods were preparing for the night by drawing over themselves a thin veil of mist, which rendered them distant and shadowy, as they lay under the lambent sky.

The phaeton was at the door; our bill paid; an extra shawl got out of the imperial—although, in that operation, the Lieutenant nearly succeeded in smashing Bell's guitar.

"It will be dark before we get to Henley," says Tita.

"Yes," I answered obediently.

"And we are going now by cross-roads," she remarks.

"The road is a very good one," I venture to reply.

"But still it is a cross-road," she says.

"Very well, then, my dear," I say, wondering what the little woman is after.

"You must drive," she continues, "for none of us know the road."

"Yes, m'm, please m'm: any more orders?"

"Oh, Bell," says my Lady, with a gracious air (she can change the expression of her face in a second,) "would you mind taking Count von Rosen under your charge until we get to Henley? I am afraid it will take both of us to find the road in the dark."

"No, I will take you under my charge, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, frankly; and therewith he helped Bell into the phaeton, and followed himself.

The consequence of this little arrangement was that while Tita and I were in front, the young folks were behind; and no sooner had we started from the inn, got across the bridge, and were going down the road towards the village of Maidenhead proper, than Titania says, in a very low voice—

"Do you know, my dear, our pulling together in that boat quite brought back old times; and—and—and I wanted to be sitting up here beside you for a while, just to recall the old, old drives we used to have, you know, about here, and Henley, and Reading. How long ago is it, do you think?"

That wife of mine is a wonderful creature. You would have thought she was as innocent as a lamb when she uttered these words, looking up with a world of sincerity and pathos in the big, clear, earnest, brown eyes. And the courage of the small creature, too, who thought she could deceive her husband by this open, transparent, audacious piece of hypocrisy!

"Madam," I said, with some care that the young folks should not overhear, "your tenderness overwhelms me."

"What do you mean?" she says, suddenly becoming as cold and as rigid as Lot's wife after the accident happened.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "you would like to have the hood up, and so leave them quite alone? Our presence must be very embarrassing."

"You are insulting Bell in saying such things," she says warmly, "or perhaps it is that you would rather have her for a companion than your own wife."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would."

"She shall not sit by the Lieutenant again."

"I hope you don't mean to strangle her."

We should arrive in Edinburgh in a sort of unicorn-fashion."

Tita relapsed into a dignified silence—that is always the way with her when she has been found out; but she was probably satisfied by hearing the Count and Bell chatting very briskly together, thus testifying to the success of her petty stratagem.

It was a pleasant drive, on that quiet evening, from Maidenhead across the wild, untenanted country that lies within the great curve of the Thames. Instead of turning off at the corner of Stubbing's Heath, and so getting into the road that runs by Hurley Bottom, we held straight on towards Wargrave, so as to have the last part of the journey lead us up by the side of the river. So still it was! The road led through undulating stretches of common and passed the edges of silent woods, while the sky was becoming pale and beautiful overhead, and the heights on the northern horizon—between Cookham and Hurley—were growing more and more visionary in the dusk. Sometimes, but rarely, we met a solitary wanderer coming along through the twilight, and a gruff "good-night" greeted us; but for the most part there seemed no life in this lonely part of the country, where rabbits ran across the road in front of us, and the last rooks that flew by in the dusk seemed hastening on to the neighborhood of some distant village. It was a mild, fresh evening, with the air still damp and odorous after the rain; but overhead the sky still remained clear, and here and there, in the partings of the thin cloud, a pale star or planet had become faintly visible.

At last we got down into the village of Wargrave, and then it was nearly dark. There were a few people, mostly women, standing at the doors of the cottages; and here and there a ray of yellow light gleamed out from a small window. As we struck into the road that runs parallel with the Thames, there were men coming home from their work; and their talk was heard at a great distance in the stillness of the night.

"How far are we from Henley?" said Bell.

"Are you anxious to get there?" replied Queen Titania, smiling quite benignly.

"No," said Bell, "this is so pleasant that I should like to be driving on until midnight, and we could see the moon coming through the trees."

"You have to consider the horses," said the Lieutenant, bluntly. "If you do tire them too much on the first days, they will not go so long a journey. But yet we are some way off, I suppose; and if *mademoiselle* will sing something for us, I will get out the guitar."

"You'd better get down and light the lamps, rather," I remark to those indolent young people; whereupon the Count was instantly in the road, striking wax matches, and making use of curious expressions that seemed chiefly to consist of *g's* and *r's*.

So, with the lamps flaring down the dark road, we rolled along the highway that here skirts the side of a series of heights looking down into the Thames. Sometimes we could see a gray glimmer of the river beneath us through the trees; at other times the road took us down close to the side of the water, and Castor got an opportunity of making a playful little shy or two; but for the most part we drove through dense woods, that completely shut off the starlight overhead.

More than once, indeed, we came to a steep descent that was buried in such total darkness that the Lieutenant jumped down and took the horses' heads, lest some unlucky step or stumble should throw us into the river. So far as we could make out, however, there was a sufficient wall on the side of the highway next the stream—a rough old wall, covered with plants and moss, that ran along the high and wooded bank.

Suddenly Bell uttered a cry of delight. We had come to a cleft in the glade which showed us the river running by some sixty feet beneath us, and on the surface of the water the young crescent of the moon was clearly mirrored. There was not enough moonlight to pierce the trees, or even to drown the pale light of the stars; but the sharp disk of silver, as it glimmered on the water, was sufficiently beautiful, and contained in itself the promise of many a lovely night.

"It has begun the journey with us," said Bell. "It is a young moon; it will go with us all the month; and we shall see it on the Severn, and on Windermere, and on the Solway, and on the Tweed. Didn't I promise you all a moon, sooner or later? And there it is!"

"It does not do so much good, Bell," said the driver, ruefully, the very horses seeming afraid to plunge into the gulfs of

darkness that were spectrally peered into by the light of the lamps.

"The moon is not for use," said Bell, "it is for magic; and once we have got to Henley, and put the horses up, and gone out again to the river, you shall all stand back, and watch in a corner, and let Queen Titania go forward to summon the fairies. And as you listen in the dark, you will hear a little crackling and rustling along the opposite shore, and you will see small blue lights come out from the banks, and small boats, with a glowworm at their prow, come out into the stream. And then from the boats, and from all the fields near—where the mist of the river lies at night—you will see wonderful small men and women of radiant blue flame come forward, and there will be a strange sound like music in the trees, and the river itself will begin to say, in a kind of laugh, "*Titania, Titania! you have been so long away—years and years—looking after servants, and the schooling of boys, and the temper of a fractious husband—*"

"Bell, you are impertinent."

"There are true words spoken in jest, sometimes," says Tita, with a dainty malice.

"Your bearing-rein in England is a cruelty to the horse—you must take it away to-morrow," said the Lieutenant; and this continuation of a practical subject recalled these scapegraces from their jibes.

Here the road took us down by a gradual dip to the river again, and for the last mile before reaching our destination we had a pleasant and rapid run along the side of the stream. Then the lights of Henley were seen to glimmer before us; we crossed over the bridge, and swerving round to the right drove into the archway of the "Red Lion."

"No, sir," remarked Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, we are told, Shentone's lines—

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And Mr. Boswell goes on to say: "We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines."

Now, surely, if ever belated travelers had reason to expect a cordial welcome, it was we four as we drove into the famous hostelry which had awakened enthusiasm in the poets and lexicographers of bygone days. But as Castor and Pollux stood under the archway, looking into the great dark yard before them, and as we gazed round in vain for the appearance of any waiter or other official, it occurred to Tita that the Bell Inn must have changed hands since Shenstone's time. Where was our comfortable welcome? A bewildered maid-servant came out to stare at our phaeton with some alarm. Plaintive howls for the ostler produced a lad from the darkness of the stables, who told us that the ostler was away somewhere. Another maid-servant came out, and also looked alarmed. The present writer, fearing that Tony Lumpkin, transformed into an invisible spirit, had played him a trick, humbly begged this young woman to say whether he had driven by mistake into a private house. The young person looked afraid.

"My good girl," says Tita, with a gracious condescension, "will you tell us if this is the Bell Inn?"

"Yes, 'm; of course, 'm."

"And can we stay here to-night?"

"I'll bring the waiter, ma'am, directly."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had got down, and was fuming about the yard to rout out the ostler's assistants, or some people who could put up the horses. He managed to unearth no fewer than three men, whom he brought in a gang. He was evidently determined not to form his grooming of the horses at Twickenham into a precedent.

At last there came a waiter, looking rather sleepy and a trifle helpless; whereupon my Lady and Bell departed into the inn, and left the luggage to be sent after them. There appeared to be no one inside the house. The gases were lit in the spacious coffee-room; some rugs and bags were brought in and placed upon the table; and then Tita and her companion, not daring to remove their bonnets, sat down in arm-chairs and stared at each other.

"I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
But risk a ten times worsen fate
In choosing lodgings at an inn:"

—this was what Bell repeated, in a gentle

voice, on the very spot that is sacred to the memory of Shenstone's satisfaction.

I requested the young man in the white tie to assign some reason for this state of affairs; and his answer was immediately forthcoming. There had been a regatta a few days before. The excitement in the small town, and more especially in the Bell, had been dreadful. Now a reaction had set in; Henley and the Bell were alike deserted; and we were the victims of a collapse. I complimented the waiter on his philosophical acumen, and went out to see what had befallen Count von Rosen and the horses.

I found him standing in a stable that was dimly lighted by a solitary candle stuck against the wall, superintending the somewhat amateurish operations of the man who had undertaken to supply the ostler's place. The Lieutenant had evidently not been hectoring his companions; on the contrary, he was on rather good terms with them, and was making inquiries about the familiar English names for chopped hay and other luxuries of the stable. He was examining the corn, too, and pronouncing opinion on the split beans which he had ordered. On the whole, he was satisfied with the place; although he expressed his surprise that the ostler of so big an inn should be absent.

When, at length, we had seen each of the horses supplied with an ample feed, fresh straw, and plenty of hay, the men were turned out and the stable-door locked. He allowed them on this occasion to retain the key. As we crossed the yard, a rotund, frank, cheery-looking man appeared, who was presumably the ostler. He made a remark or two; but the night-air was chill.

"Now," said Von Rosen, when we got into the big parlor, "we have to make ourselves pleasant and comfortable. I do think we must all drink whisky. For myself, I do not like the taste very much; but it looks very comfortable to see some people with steaming glasses before them. And I have brought out mademoiselle's guitar, and she will sing us some songs."

"But you must also," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, a hundred! a thousand! as many as you like!" he said; and then, with a sort of sigh, he took his cigar-case out of his pocket and laid it pathetically on the mantelpiece. There was an air of renunciation in his face. Forthwith he rang the

bell; and the waiter was asked to bring us certain liquors which, although not exclusively whisky, could be drunk in those steaming tumblers which the Lieutenant loved to see.

"O, come you from Newcastle?"

—this was what Bell sang, with the blue ribbon of her guitar slung round her neck:

"O, come you from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
And did you meet my true love,
Riding on a bonny bay?"

And as she sang, with her eyes cast down, the Lieutenant seemed to be regarding her face with a peculiar interest. He forgot to lift the hot tumbler that was opposite him on the table—he had even forgotten Tita's gracious permission that he might have a cigar—he was listening and gazing merely, in a blank silence. And when she had finished, he eagerly begged her to sing another of the old English songs. And she sang—

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low."

And when she had finished, he once more eagerly begged her to sing another of those old songs; and then, all of a sudden, catching sight of a smile on my Lady's face, he stopped, and apologized, and blushed rather, and said it was too bad—that he had forgotten, and would himself try something on the guitar.

When, at length, the women had gone upstairs, he fetched down his cigar from the mantelpiece, lit it, stretched out his long legs, and said—

"How very English she is!"

"She? who?"

"Why, your Miss Bell. I do like to hear her talk of England as if she had a pride in it, and mention the names of towns as if she loved them because they were English, and speak of the fairies and stories as if she was familiar with them because they belong to her own country. You can see how she is fond of every thing that is like old times,—an old house, an old milestone, an old bridge,—every thing that is peculiar and old and English. And then she sings, oh! so very well—so very well indeed; and these old songs, about English places and English customs of village-life, they seem to suit her very well, and you think she herself is the

heroine of them. But as for that young man in Twickenham, he is a very pitiful fellow."

"How have you suddenly come to that conclusion?" I inquire of our Lieutenant, who is lazily letting the cigar-smoke curl about his mustache and beard as he lies back, and fixes his light blue eyes contemplatively on the ceiling.

"How do I know? I do not know: I think so. He ought to be very well satisfied of knowing a young lady like that—and very proud of going to marry her—instead of annoying her with bad tempers."

"That is true. A young man under such circumstances can not be too grateful or too amiable. They are not always so, however. You yourself, for example, when you parted from Fräulein Fallersleben—"

Here the Lieutenant jumped up in his chair, and said, with an unnecessary vehemence—

"Donnerwetter! look at the provocation I had! It was not my ill-temper; I am not more ill-tempered than other men: but when you know you mean very well, and that you treat a woman as perhaps not all men would be inclined to do in the same case, and she is a hypocrite, and she pretends much, at the same time she is writing to you, she is—pfui! I can not speak of it!

"You were very fond of her."

"Worse luck."

"And you had a great fight, and used hard words of each other, and parted so that you would rather meet Beelzebub than her."

"Why, yes, it is so: I would rather meet twenty Beelzebubs than her."

"That is the way of you boys. You don't know that in after years, when all these things have got smooth and misty and distant, you will come to like her again; and then what will you think of your hard words and your quarrels? If your children could only understand how very short youth is, how very long middle age is, and how very dull old age is,—if you could only understand how the chief occupation of the longer half of your life is looking back on the first short half of it,—you would know the value of storing up only pleasant recollections of all your old friends. If you find that your sweetheart is a woman compelled by her nature to fall in love with the man nearest her, and for-

get him who is out of the way, why devote her to the infernal gods? In after years, you will be grateful to her for the pleasant days and weeks you spent with her, when you were both happy together, and you will look back on the old times very tenderly; and then, on those occasions when your German folks drink to the health of your absent dear ones, won't you be sorry that you can't include her who was dear enough to you in your youth?"

"That is very good; it is quite true," said the Lieutenant, in almost an injured tone—as if Fräulein Fallersleben were responsible.

"Look for a moment," I say to my pensive pupil, "at the pull a man has who has spent his youth in pleasant scenery. When he gets old, and can do nothing but live the old life over again by looking back, he has only to shut his eyes, and his brain is full of fresh and bright pictures of the old times in the country; and the commonest landscape of his youth he will remember then as if it were steeped in sunlight."

"That is quite true," said Von Rosen, thoughtfully; but the next moment he uttered an angry exclamation, started up from his chair, and began walking up and down the room.

"It is all very well," he said, with an impatient vehemence, "to be amiable and forgiving when you are old—because you don't care about it, that is the reason. When you are young, you expect fair play. Do you think if I should be seventy I will care one brass farthing whether Pauline—that is, Fräulein Fallersleben—was honest or no? I will laugh at the whole affair then. But now, when you are ashamed of the deceit of a woman, is it not right you tell her? Is it not right she knows what honest men and women think of her? What will she think of you if you say to her, '*Farewell, Fräulein. You have behaved not very well; but I am amiable; I will forgive you.*'"

"There, again: you parted with her in wrath, because you did not like to appear weak and complaisant in her eyes."

"At all events, I said what I felt," said the Lieutenant, warmly. "I do think it is only hypocrisy and selfishness to say, '*I hate this woman, but I will be kind to her, because when I grow old I will look back and consider myself to have been very good.*'"

"You have been deeply hit, my poor lad; you are quite fevered about it now."

You can not even see how a man's own self-respect will make him courteous to a woman whom he despises; and is he likely to be sorry for that courtesy, when he looks at it in cold blood, and recognizes the stupendous fact that the man who complains of the inconstancy of a woman utters a reflection against Providence?"

"But you don't know—you don't know," said the Count, pitching his cigar into the grate, "what a woman this one showed herself to be. After all, it does not matter. But when I look at such a woman as your Miss Bell here——"

"Yes: when you look at her?"

"Why, I see the difference," said the Lieutenant, gloomily; and therewith he pulled out another cigar.

I stopped this, however, and rang for candles. As he lit his in rather a melancholy fashion, he said—

"It is a very good thing to see a woman like that—young-hearted, frank, honest in her eyes, and full of pleasantness, too, and good spirits—oh! it is very fine indeed, merely to look at her; for you do believe that she is a very good girl, and you think that there are good women in the world. But as for that young man at Twickenham——"

"Well, what of him?"

The Lieutenant looked up from the candle; but saw nothing to awaken his suspicions.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, as we left the room, "I do think him a most pitiful fellow."

CHAPTER VI.

A GIFT OF TONGUES.

"My lady is an archer rare,
And in the greenwood joyeth she;
There never was a marksman yet who could compare
In skill with my ladie."

EARLY morning in Henley! From over the wooded hills in the east there comes a great flood of sunshine that lies warmly on the ruddy side of the old inn, on its evergreens, and on the slopes of sweet-scented mignonette, and sweetbrier, and various blossoms that adorn the bank of the river. The river itself, lying apparently motionless between level and green meadows, has its blue surface marred here and there by a white ripple of wind; the poplars that stand on its banks are rustling in the breeze; there are swallows dipping and skimming about the old bridge, and ducks paddling

along among the rushes and weeds, and cattle browsing in the deep green; and further on, some high-lying stretches of rye-grass struck into long and silvery waves by the morning wind.

All the stir and the motion of the new day have come upon us; and Henley, clean, white, and red, with its town-hall shining brightly down its chief street, and all its high clusters of old-fashioned houses backed by a fringe of dark-wooded hill, shows as much life and briskness as are usually seen in a quaint, small, old-fashioned English town. But where the silence and the stillness of the morning dwell is away up the reach of the river. Standing on the bridge, you see the dark blue stream, reflecting a thousand bright colors underneath the town, gradually become grayer in hue until it gets out amid the meadows and woods; and then, with a bold white curve, that is glimmering like silver in the north, it sweeps under that line of low, soft green hills which have grown pearly and gray in the tender morning mist. Bell is standing on the bridge, too. The Lieutenant has brought out her sketch-book, and she has placed it on the stone parapet before her. But somehow she seems disinclined to begin work thus early on our journey; and, instead, her eyes are looking blankly and wistfully at the rich green meadows, and the red cows, and the long white reach of the river shining palely beneath the faint green heights in the north.

"Is Henley the prettiest town in the world, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, if you think so, mademoiselle," replied Von Rosen, gently.

She lifted her eyes towards him, as though she had been unaware of his presence. Then she turned to the stream.

"I suppose if one were to live always among those bright colors one would get not to see them, and would forget how fine is this old bridge, with the pretty town, and the meadows, and the stream. Seeing it only once, I shall never forget Henley, or the brightness of this morning."

With that, she closed her sketch-book, and looked around for Tita. That small person was engaged in making herself extremely wretched about her boys and the pony; and was becoming vastly indignant because she could get no one to sympathize with her wild imaginings of diverse perils and dangers.

"Why, to hear you talk," she was saying

at this moment, "one would think you had never experienced the feelings of a parent—that you did not know you were the father of those two poor boys."

"That," I remark to her, is not a matter on which I am bound to express an opinion."

"Very pretty—very!" she said, with a contemptuous smile. "But I will say this—that if *you* had had to buy the pony, the boys would have had to wait long enough before they were exposed to the dangers you think so little about now."

"Madam," I observe, sternly, "you are the victim of what theologians call invincible ignorance. I might have bought that pony and all its belongings for a 20*l.* note; whereas I shall have to pay 40*l.* a year for its keep."

"Oh, I know," says my Lady, with great sweetness, "how men exaggerate those things. It is convenient. They complain of the cost of the horses, of the heaviness of taxes, and other things; when the real fact is that they are trying to hide what they spend out of their income on cigars, and in their clubs when they go to town. I counted up our taxes the other day, and I don't believe they have been over 8*l.* for the whole of the last six months. Now you know you said they were nearly 35*l.* a year."

"And you counted in those that are due next week, I suppose?"

"Did you leave money to pay for them?" she asks, mildly.

"And you based your calculations on some solitary installment for armorial bearings?—which you brought into the family, you know."

"Yes," she replies, with an engaging smile. "That was one thing you did not require before—I am sorry to have caused you so much expense. But you need not avoid the subject. Mrs. Quinet told me last week that she knows her husband pays every year 65*l.* for club subscriptions alone, and nearly 40*l.* for cigars."

"Then Mrs. Quinet must have looked into your eyes, my dear, and seen what a simple little thing you are; for your knowledge of housekeeping and other expenses, I will say, is as slight as need be, and Mrs. Quinet has been simply making a fool of you. For the Major belongs to two clubs, and in the one he pays eight guineas and in the other ten guineas a year. And he smokes Manillas at 25*s.* a hundred, which

is equivalent, my dear—though you will scarcely credit it—to threepence a piece."

"The money must go somehow," says Tita, defiantly.

"That is a customary saying among women; but it generally refers to their own little arrangements."

"You avoid the question very skillfully."

"I should have thought you would have preferred that."

"Why?" she says, looking up.

"Because you accused me of stinginess in not buying a pony for the boys, and I showed you that I should have to pay 40*l.* a year for the brute."

"Yes, *showed* me! I suppose by that pleasing fiction you will gain other 20*l.* a year to spend in Partagas, and Murias, and trumpery stuff that the tobacconists tell you came from abroad."

"My dear," I say, "your insolence is astounding."

"If you call speaking the plain truth insolence, I can not help it. Bell, breakfast must be ready."

"Yes, my Lady," says Bell, coming forward demurely. "But I wasn't doing any thing."

So they went off; and the Count and I followed.

"What is the matter?" says he.

"Do you know what a 'relish' is at breakfast?"

"No."

"Then don't marry, or you will find out."

The tall young man with the brown beard and the light eyes shrugged his shoulders, and only said, as we walked to the inn—

"That is a very pleasant comedy, when it means nothing. If it was earnest you would not find so much enjoyment in it—no, not at all—you would not amuse yourselves, like two children, instead of the parents of a family. But, my dear friend, it is a dangerous thing; for some day you will meet with a stupid person, who will not understand how Madame and yourself do make-believe in that way, and that person will be astonished, and will talk of it, and you will both have a very bad reputation among your friends."

However, there was one amiable person at the breakfast-table, and that was Bell.

"Bell," I said, "I am going to sit by you. You never provoke useless quarrels about nothing; you are never impertinent;

you never argue; and you can look after a breakfast table better than people twice your age."

Bell prudently pretended not to hear; indeed, she was very busy helping every body and making herself very useful and pleasant all round. She seemed to have forgotten her independent ways; and was so good-naturedly anxious to see that the Lieutenant's coffee was all right, that he was apparently quite touched by her friendliness. And then she was very cheerful, too; and was bent on waking up the spirits of the whole party—but in a bright, submissive, simple fashion that the audacious young lady did not always affect.

"Did you hear the cocks crowing this morning?" she said, turning to Von Rosen, with her frank eyes. I thought it was so pleasant to be woke up that way instead of listening to the milkman coming along a dismal London square, and calling up the maid-servants with his '*El-cho! El-cho!*' But did you notice that one of the cocks cried quite plainly, '*Oh, go away! Oh, go awa-a-ay!*'—which was a stupid animal to have near an inn; and another fine fellow, who always started with a famous flourish, had got a cold, and at the highest note he went off at a tangent into something like a plaintiff squeak. The intention of the crow, so far as it went, was far better than the feeble '*Oh, go away!*' of the other; and I was quite sorry for the poor animal.—Do have some more toast, Count.—He reminded me of poor Major Quinet, Tita, who begins a sentence very well; but all at once it jerks up into the air—goes off like a squib, you know, just below his nose; and he looks amazed and ashamed, like a boy that has let a bird escape out of a bag."

"You need not amuse yourself with the personal defects of your neighbors, Bell," says Tita, who did not expect to have Major Quinet brought forward again. "Major Quinet is a very well-informed and gentlemanly man, and looks after his family and his estate with the greatest care."

"I must say, Tita," retorted Bell, (and I trembled for the girl,) "that you have an odd trick of furnishing people with a sort of certificate of character, whenever you hear their names mentioned. Very likely the Major can manage his affairs in spite of his cracked voice; but you know you told me yourself, Tita, that he had been

unfortunate in money matters, and was rather perplexed just now. Of course, I wouldn't say such a thing of one of your friends; but I have heard of bankrupts; and I have heard of a poor little man being so burdened with debt, that he looked like a mouse drawing a brougham, and then, of course, he had to go into the Court, to ask them to unharness him.—Do have some more coffee, Count; I am sure that is quite cold."

"You ought to be a little careful, Bell," says my Lady. "You know absolutely nothing of Major Quinet, and yet you hint that he is insolvent."

"I didn't—did I?" says Bell, turning to her companion.

"No," replies the Count, boldly.

At this Tita looked astonished for a second; but presently she deigned to smile, and say something about the wickedness of young people. Indeed, my Lady seemed rather pleased by Bell's audacity in appealing to the Lieutenant; and she was in a better humor when, some time after, we went out to the river and got a boat.

Once more upon the Thames, we pulled up the river, that lies here between wooded hills on the one side, and level meadows on the other. The broad blue stream was almost deserted; and as we got near the green islands, we could see an occasional young moor-hen paddle out from among the rushes, and then go quickly in again, with its white tail bobbing in unison with its small head and beak. We rowed into the sluice of the mill that lies under Park Place, and there, having floated down a bit under some willows, we fixed the boat to a stump of a tree, landed, and managed to get into the road along which we had driven the previous night. As we ascended this pleasant path, which is cut through the woods of various mansions, and looks down upon the green level of Wargrave Marsh, and the shining meadows beyond the other bank of the river, the ascents and descents of the road seemed less precipitous than they had appeared the night before. What we had taken, further, for wild masses of rock, and fearful chasms, and dangerous bridges, were found to be part of the ornamentation of a park—the bridge spanning a hollow having been built of sham rock-work, which, in the daylight, clearly revealed its origin. Nevertheless, this road leading through the river-side woods is a sufficiently picturesque and

pleasant one; and in sauntering along for a mile or two and back we consumed a goodly portion of the morning. Then there was a brisk pull back to Henley; and the phaeton was summoned to appear.

When the horses were put in, and the phaeton brought out, I found that Von Rosen had quietly abstracted the bearing reins from the harness, some time during the morning. However, no one could grudge the animals this relief, for the journey they had to make to-day, though not over twenty-three miles, was considerably hilly.

Now Tita had come early out, and had evidently planned a nice little arrangement. She got in behind. Then she bade Bell get up in front. The Lieutenant had lingered for a moment in search of a cigar-case; and my Lady had clearly determined to ask him to drive so soon as he came out. But, as she had not expressed any contrition for her conduct of that morning, some punishment was required; and so, just as Von Rosen came out, I took the reins, stepped up beside Bell, and he, of course, was left to join the furious little lady behind.

"I thought the Count was going to drive," says Tita, with a certain cold air. "Surely the road to Oxford is easy to find."

"It is," I say to her. "For you know all roads lead to Rome, and they say that Oxford is half-way to Rome—*argal*——"

But knowing what effect this reference to her theological sympathies was likely to have on Tita, I thought it prudent to send the horses on; and as they sprang forward and rattled up the main street of Henley, her retort, if any, was lost in the noise. There was a laugh in Bell's eyes; but she seemed rather frightened all the same, and said nothing for some time.

The drive from Henley to Oxford is one of the finest in England, the road leading gradually up through pleasant pastures and great woods until it brings you on to a common—the highest ground south of the Trent—from which you see an immeasurable wooded plain stretching away into the western horizon. First of all, as we left Henley on that bright morning, the sweet air blowing coolly among the trees; and bringing us odors from wild flowers and breadths of new-mown hay, we leisurely rolled along what is appropriately called the Fair Mile, a broad smooth highway running between Lambridge Wood and

No Man's Hill, and having a space of grassy common on each side of it. This brought us up to Assenton Cross, and here, the ascent getting much more stiff, Bell took the reins, and the Count and I walked up the hill until we reached Bix turnpike.

"What a curious name?" said Bell, as she pulled the horses up.

"Most likely," said the Lieutenant, who was looking at an ancient edition of Cary's Itinerary, "it is from the old Saxon *bece*, the beech tree, which is plentiful here. But in this book I find it is Bixgibwen, which is not in the modern books. Now what is *gibwen*?"

"St. Caedwyn, of course," said Bell, merrily.

"You laugh, but perhaps it is true," replied the Lieutenant, with the gravity befitting a student: "why not St. Caedwyn's beeches? You do call many places about here by the trees. There is Assenton; that is the place of ash-trees. We shall soon be at Nettlebed; and then comes Nuffield, which is Nutfield—how do you call your wildnut-tree in England?"

"The hazel," said Bell. "But that is commonplace; I like the discovery about St. Caedwyn's beeches better; and here, sure enough, they are."

The road at this point—something less than a mile past Bix turnpike—plunges into a spacious forest of beeches, which stretches along the summit of the hill almost on to Nettlebed. And this road is bordered by a strip of common, which again leads into a tangled mass of bracken and brier; and then you have the innumerable stems of the beeches, showing long vistas into the green heart of the wood. The sunlight was shimmering down on this wilderness, lying warmly on the road and its green margin, and piercing here and there with golden arrows the dense canopy of leaves beyond. High as we were the light breeze was shut off by the beeches, and in the long broad cleft in which the road lay the air was filled with resinous odors, that of the tall green and yellow brackens prevailing. An occasional jay fled screaming down between the smooth gray branches, giving us a glimpse of white and blue as it vanished; but otherwise there seemed to be no birds about, and the wild underwood and long alleys lay still and warm in the green twilight of the leaves.

"It is very like the Black Forest, I think," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, it is much lighter in color," cried Bell. "Look at all those silver grays of the stems and the lichens, and the clear green overhead, and the light browns and reds beneath, where the sunlight shines down through a veil. It is lighter, prettier, more cheerful than your miles of solemn pines, with the great roads cut through them for the carts, and the gloom and stillness underneath, where there is no growth of underwood, but only level beds of green moss, dotted with dropped cones."

"You have a very accurate eye for colors, mademoiselle; no wonder you paint so well," was all that the Lieutenant said. But Tita warmly remonstrated with Bell.

"You know, Bell," she said, "that all the Black Forest is not like that; there is every variety of forest-scenery there. And pray, Miss Criticism, where were the gloomy pines and the solemn avenues in a certain picture which was sold at the Dudley last year for twenty-five solid English sovereigns?"

"You needn't tell Count von Rosen what my income is," said Bell. "I took two months to paint that picture."

"That is a very good income," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

"I do not like people with large incomes," said Bell, dexterously avoiding that part of the subject. "I think they must have qualms sometimes, or else be callous. Now I would have every body provided with a certain income, say 200*l.* a year; but I would not like to prevent all competition, and so I would fix an income at which all people must stop. They might strive and strive if they liked, just like bells of air in a champagne glass, you know, but they should only be able to reach a certain level in the end. I would have nobody with more than 1000*l.* a year; that would be my maximum."

"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Tita. "Isn't a thousand ten hundred?"

"Yes," said Bell, after a second's calculation.

"And suppose you have one hundred to pay for two boys at school, and another hundred for rent, and another hundred for the keep of two horses, and a hundred and twenty for servants' wages——"

"Perhaps, Tita," I suggest in the meekest possible way, "you might as well tell Count von Rosen what you pay for a leg

of mutton, so that when he next comes to dine with us he may enjoy himself the more."

It is well that the lightning which is said to dart from women's eyes is a harmless sort of thing—a flash in the pan, as it were, which is very pretty, but sends no deadly lead out. However, as Queen Tita had really behaved herself very well since we set out from Henley, I begged Bell to stop and let us in, and then I asked the Lieutenant if he would drive.

By this time we had walked the horses nearly to the end of the pleasant stretch of beechwood, which is about a mile and a half long, and before us was a bit of breezy common and the village of Nettlebed. Von Rosen took the reins and sent the horses forward.

"Why did you not continue to drive?" said Tita, rather timidly, when I had taken my seat beside her.

"Because we shall presently have to go down steep hills; and as the Count took off the bearing-reins this morning, we may as well hold him responsible for not letting the horses down."

"I thought perhaps you wanted to sit beside me," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, now you mention it, my dear, that was the reason."

"It would have been a sufficient reason a good many years ago," she said, with a fine affectation of tenderness; "but that is all over now. You have been very rude to me."

"Then don't say any thing more about it; receive my forgiveness, Tita."

"That was not the way you used to speak to me when we were at Eastbourne," she said; and with that she looked very much as if she were going to cry. Of course she was not going to cry. She has had the trick of looking like that from her youth upward; but as it is really about as pretty and pathetic as the real thing, it invariably answers the same purpose. It is understood to be a signal of surrender, a sort of appeal for compassion; and so the rest of this conversation, being of a quite private nature, need not be made public.

The Count was taking us at a brisk pace across the bit of common, and then we rattled into the little clump of red-brick houses which forms the picturesque village of Nettlebed. Now if he had been struck with some recollection of the Black Forest on seeing Nettlebed Wood, imagine his

surprise on finding the little inn in the village surmounted by a picture of a white deer with a royal crown on its head, a fair resemblance to the legendary creature that appeared to St. Hubertus, and that figures in so many of the Schwarzwald stories and pictures. However, we were out of Nettled before he could properly express his astonishment, and in the vast picture that was now opening out before us there was little that was German.

We stopped on the summit of Nuffield Heath, and found below us, as far as the eye could reach, the great and fertile plain of Berkshire, with a long and irregular line of hill shutting it in on the south. In this plain of Fields as they are called—Wallingford Field, Didcot Field, Long Wittenham Field, and so on—small villages peeped out from among the green woods and pastures, where a faint blue smoke rose up into the sunshine. Here, as Bell began to expound—for she had been reading “The Scouring of the White Horse” and various other books to which that romantic monograph had directed her,—some great deeds had happened in the olden time. Along that smooth line of hill in the south—now lying blue in the haze of the light—the Romans had cut a road which is still called the Ridgeway or Iccleton Street; and in the villages of the plain, from Pangbourne in the south-east to Shellingford in the north-west, traces of the Roman occupation were frequently found. And then, underneath that blue ridge of hill and down lay Wantage, in which King Alfred was born; and further on the ridge itself becomes Dragon’s Hill, where St. George slew the beast that ravaged this fair land, and there, as all men know, is the figure of the White Horse cut on the slope to commemorate the great battle of Ashdown.

“And Ashdown, is that there also?” asked the Lieutenant.

“Well, no,” said Bell, trying to remember what she had been told; “I think there is some doubt about it. King Alfred, you know, fell back from Reading, when he was beaten, but he stopped somewhere on the hills near——”

“Why not the hill we have just come up?” said the Lieutenant, with a laugh. “It is near Reading, is it not? and there; you have Assenton, which is Ashenton which is Ashendown, which is Ashdown.”

“Precisely,” says Tita, with a gracious smile. “All you have to do is to change

John into Julius, and Smith into Cæsar, and there you are.”

“But that is not fair, Tita,” said Bell, turning round, and pleading quite seriously. “Assenton is the same as Ashendon, and that is the name of the place where the battle was fought. I think Count von Rosen is quite right.”

“Well, if you think so, Bell, that settles it,” said my Lady, looking rather pleased than otherwise.

And so we began to descend into this plain of many memories by a steep road that is appropriately called Gangsdown Hill. From thence a succession of undulations carried us into the green breadths of Crowmarsh Field; until, finally, we drove into the village of Bensington, and pulled up at the “Crown” there, where we proposed to have some luncheon.

“This is a village of the dead,” said Tita, looking down the main thoroughfare, where not a living soul was to be seen.

But at all events a human being appeared in the yard—not a withered and silent ostler, but a stout, hale, cheerful person, whose white shirt-sleeves and gold chain proclaimed him landlord. With the aid of a small boy, he undertook to put the horses up for an hour or two; and then we went into the inn. Here we found that, as the man in the yard was at once landlord and ostler, his wife inside was landlady, cook, and waitress; and in a short space of time she had brought us some excellent chops. Not much time was spent over the meal, for the parlor in which we sat—albeit it was a sort of museum of wonderful curiosities, and was, moreover, enlivened by the presence of a crack-voiced cockatoo—was rather small and dark. Accordingly, while the horses were having their rest, we sauntered out to have a look at Bensington.

It is probably not the dullest little village in England, but it would be hard to find a duller. There was an old shepherd with a crook in his hand and a well-worn smockfrock on his back, who was leaning over the wooden palings in front of a house, and playfully talking to a small boy who stood at an open door. With many old country people it is considered the height of raillery to alarm a boy with stories of the punishment he is about to receive for something, and to visit him with an intimation that all his sins have been found out. This old Shepherd, with

his withered pippin-face, and his humorous grin, and his lazy arms folded on the top of the palings, was evidently enjoying himself vastly.

"A wur a-watchin' o' thee, a wur, and thy vather, he knaws, too, and he'll gie thee thy vairin wi' a good tharn stick when he comes hwom. A zah thee this marnin', my lad—thou'lt think nah one wur thear, eh?"

We left this good-natured old gentleman frightening the boy, and went round to the outskirts of the village. Here, at least, we found one explanation of the inordinate silence of Bensington—the children were all at their lessons. The door of the plain little building, which had BRITISH SCHOOL inscribed over the entrance, was open, and from within there issued a low, confused murmur. The Prussian, anxious to see something of the interior of an English school, walked up to the place; but he had just managed to cast a glance round on the rows of children when the door was politely shut in his face, and he returned, saying—

"I am not an inspector; why need they fear?"

But when, after wandering about the suburban gardens and by-ways for a space, we returned to Bensington, we found that important village in a state of profound excitement. In the main thoroughfare a concourse of five people had assembled—three women and two children—and from the doors of the houses on both sides of the street innumerable faces, certainly not less than a dozen, were gazing forth. It is true that the people did not themselves come out—they seemed rather to shrink from courting publicity; but they were keenly alive to what was going on, and Bensington had become excited.

For there had appeared in the main street a little, dry, odd old man, who was leading a small donkey-cart, and who was evidently rather the worse for liquor. He was a seller of peas. He had summoned the inhabitants to come out and buy the peas, and he was offering them at what we were told were very reasonable terms. But just as the old man was beginning to enjoy the receipt of customs, there drove into the place a sharp, brisk, middle-aged man, with a shiny face, a fine presence, and a ringing voice. This man had a neat cart, a handsome pony, and his name was printed in large letters so that all could

read. He was also a seller of peas. Now, although this rude and ostentatious owner of the pony was selling his produce at fourpence, while the humble proprietor of the donkey sold his at threepence, the women recalled their children and bade them go to the dearer market. There was something in the appearance of the man, in the neatness of his cart, and in the ringing cheerfulness of his voice, which told you he sold good peas. This was the cause of the great perturbation in Bensington; for no sooner did the half-tipsy old man see that his rival was carrying the day before him than he leaned his arms over his donkey's head, and began to make ironical comments on his enemy and on the people of Bensington. He was apparently in the best of spirits. You would have thought it delighted him to see small girls come timidly forward to him, and then be warned away by a cry from their mothers that they were to go to the other cart. Nay, he went the length of advertising his neighbor's wares. He addressed the assembled multitudes—by this time there were nearly fifteen people visible in Bensington—and told them he wouldn't sell his peas if he was to get a fortune for them.

"Pay your foppence," he said to them, in accents which showed he was not of Bensington born, "there are yer right good peas. Its all along o' my donkey as you'll not take mine, though they're only thrippence. I wouldn't sell. I won't sell this day. Take back yer money. I won't sell my peas at a crown apiece—darned if I do!"

And with that he left his donkey and went over to the proprietor of the pony. He was not in a fighting mood—not he. He challenged his rival to run the pony against the donkey, and offered to bet the donkey would be in London a week before the other. The man in the cart took no notice of these sallies. In a brisk, practical, methodical fashion, he was measuring out his peas, and handing them down to the uplifted bowls that surrounded him. Sometimes he grinned in a good-natured way at the facetious remarks of his unfortunate antagonist; but all the same he stuck to his business and drove a thriving trade. How there came to be on that afternoon so many people in Bensington who wished to buy peas must remain a mystery.

"And now," said Bell, as we once more got into the phaeton, "we shall be in Oxford in two hours. Do you think the post-office will be open?"

"Very likely," said Tita, with some surprise; "but do you expect letters already, Bell?"

"You can not tell," said the young lady, with just a shade of embarrassment, "how soon Kate may send letters after us. And she knows we are to stop a day at Oxford. It will not be too dark to go hunting for the post-office, will it?"

"But you shall not go," said the Lieutenant, giving a shake to the reins, as if in obedience to Bell's wish. "When you have got to the hotel, I will go and get your letters for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, in rather a hurried and anxious way. "I should prefer much to go for them myself, thank you."

That was all that was said on the subject; and Bell, we noticed, was rather silent for the first few miles of our afternoon drive. The Lieutenant did his best to amuse her, and carried on a lively conversation chiefly by himself. That mention of letters seemed to have left Bell rather serious; and she was obviously not over delighted at the prospect of reaching Oxford.

The road from Bensington thither is pleasant enough, but not particularly interesting. For the most part it descends by a series of undulations into the level plain watered by the Isis, the Cherwell, and the Thames. But the mere notion of approaching that famous city, which is consecrated with memories of England's greatest men—statesmen and divines, melancholy philosophers and ill-starred poets—is in itself impressive, and lends to the rather commonplace landscape an air of romance. While as yet the old town lies unseen amid the woods that crowd up to the very edge of the sky, one fancies the bells of the colleges are to be heard, as Pope heard them when he rode, a solitary horseman, over these very hills, and down into the plain, and up to Magdalen Bridge.* We cared little to look at the

villages, strung like beads on the winding thread of the road—Shellingford, Dorchester, Nuneham Courtenay, and Sandford—nor did we even turn aside to go down to Iffley and the Thames. It was seven when we drew near Oxford. There were people sauntering out from the town to have their evening walk. When, at last, we stopped to pay toll in front of the old lichen-covered bridge across the Cherwell, the tower of Magdalen College, and the magnificent elms on the other side of the way, had caught a tinge of red from the dusky sunset, and there was a faint reflection of crimson down on the still waters that lay among the rank green meadows. Then we drove on into the High Street, and here, in the gathering dusk, the yellow lamps were beginning to glimmer. Should we pull up at the Angel—that famous hostelry of ancient times, whose name used to be inscribed on so many notable coaches? "We put up at the Angel Inn," writes Mr. Boswell, "and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation." Alas! the Angel has now been pulled down. Or shall we follow the hero of the Splendid Shilling, who,

"When nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall repairs?"

They, too, are gone. But as Castor and Pollux, during these moments of doubt and useless reminiscence, are still taking us over the rough stones of the "High," some decision must be come to; and so, at a sudden instigation, Count von Rosen pulls up in front of the Mitre, which is an appropriate sign for the High Street of Oxford, and betokens age and respectability.

The stables of the Mitre are clean, well-ventilated, and well-managed—indeed, no better stables could have been found for putting up the horses for their next day's

falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University."—*Pope to Mrs. Martha Blount*. [Stonor Park lies about two miles to the right of Bix turnpike.]

* "Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favorite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rode over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the

rest. When we had seen to their comfort, we returned to the inn, and found that my Lady and Bell had not only had all the luggage conveyed to our respective rooms, but had ordered dinner, changed their attire, and were waiting for us in the square, old-fashioned, low-roofed coffee-room which looks out into the High Street. A tall waiter was laying the cloth for us; the lights were lit all round the wall; our only companions were two elderly gentlemen who sat in a remote corner, and gave themselves up to politics; and Bell, having resolved to postpone her inquiry about letters until next morning—in obedience to the very urgent entreaties of the Lieutenant—seemed all the more cheerful for that resolution.

But if our two friends by the fireplace could not overhear our talk, we could overhear theirs; and all the time we sat at dinner, we were receiving a vast amount of enlightenment about the condition of the country. The chief spokesman was a short, stout person, with a fresh healthy, energetic face, keen gray eyes, bushy gray whiskers, a bald head, and a black satin waistcoat; his companion, a taller and thinner man, with straight black hair, sallow cheeks, and melancholy dark eyes: and the former, in a somewhat pompous manner, was demonstrating the blindness of ordinary politicians to the wrath that was to come. Lord Palmerston saw it, he said. There was no statesman ever like Lord Palmerston—there would never be his like again. For was the North not bound to fight the South in every country? And what should we do if the men of the great manufacturing towns were to come down on us? There were two Englands in this island—and the Westminster Houses knew nothing of the rival camps that were being formed. And did not the North always beat the South? Did not Rome beat Carthage? and the Huns the Romans? and the Northern States the Southern States? and Prussia Austria? and Germany France? And when the big-limbed and determined men of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Newcastle, and such towns, rose to sweep aside the last feudal institutions of this country, of what avail would be a protest on the part of the feeble and self-indulgent South?

“This kingdom, sir,” said the gentleman with the satin waistcoat and gold seals, in such lofty tones that Count von Rosen scarcely minded his dinner—“this

kingdom, sir, is more divided at this moment than it was during the Wars of the Roses. It is split into hostile factions; and which is the more patriotic? Neither. There is no patriotism left—only the selfishness of class. We care no more for the country as a country. We are cosmopolitan. The skepticism of the first French Revolution has poisoned our big towns. We tolerate a monarchy as a harmless toy. We tolerate an endowed priesthood, because we think they can not make our peasantry more ignorant than they are. We allow pauperism to increase and eat into the heart of the State, because we think it no business of ours to interfere! We see our lowest classes growing up to starve or steal, in ignorance and dirt; our middle classes scrambling for wealth to get out of the state they were born in; our upper classes given over to luxury and debauchery—patriotism gone—continental nations laughing at us—our army a mere handful of men with incompetent officers—our navy made the subject of destructive experiments by interested cliques—our Government ready to seize on the most revolutionary schemes to get together a majority and remain in power—selfishness, incompetence, indifference become paramount—it is horrible, sir, it is *Orrible*.”

In his anxiety to be emphatic, he left out that one “h;” it was his only slip. Our Lieutenant turned to Tita, and said:

“I have met many English people in Germany who have spoken to me like that. They do seem to have a pride in criticising themselves and their country. Is it because they feel they are so strong, and so rich, and so good, that they can afford to dispraise themselves? Is it because they feel themselves so very safe in this island that they think little of patriotism? But I have observed this thing—that when it is a foreigner who begins to say such things of England, your countryman he instantly changes his tone. He may say himself bad things of his country; but he will not allow any one else. That is very good—very right. But I would rather have a Frenchman who is very vain of his country, and says so at every moment, than an Englishman who is very vain and pretends to disparage it. The Frenchman is more honest.”

“But there are many Englishmen who think England wants great improvements,” said Tita.

“Improvements! Yes. But it is an-

other thing you hear so many Englishmen say, that their country is all wrong—'going to the dogs' is what you say for that. Well, they do not believe it true—it is impossible to be true; and they do not look well with us foreigners when they say so. For myself, I like to see a man proud of his country, whatever country it is; and if my country were England, do not you think I should be proud of her great history, and her great men, and her powers of filling the world with colonies, and—what I think most of all—her courage in making the country free to every man, and protecting opinions that she herself does not believe, because it is right? When my countrymen hear Englishmen talk like that, they can not understand."

You should have seen Bell's face—the pride and the gratitude that were in her eyes, while she did not speak.

"You would not have us go about praising ourselves for doing right?" said Tita.

"No," he said, "but you ought not to go about professing yourselves to be less satisfied with your country than you are."

Before breaking up for the night we came to a reckoning about our progress, and probable line of route. Fifty-eight miles—that was the exact distance, by straight road, we had got on our way to Scotland at the end of the third day.

"And to-morrow," said Tita, as she finished giving the Lieutenant his first lesson in bezique, "counts for nothing, as we remain here. Fifty-eight miles in three days looks rather small, does it not? But I suppose we shall get there in course of time."

"Yes," said Bell, gently, as she put the markers straight, "in Pollux' course of time."

My lady rose, and in her severest tones ordered the girl to bed.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Oxford, the day after our arrival there.*—"If these jottings of our journey come to be published, I beg to say that, so far as I appear in them, they are a little unfair. I hope I am not so very terrible a person as all that comes to. I have noticed in some *other* families that a man of *obstinate will* and of *uncertain temper* likes nothing so much as to pretend to his friends that he suffers dreadfully from the tyranny of his wife. It is merely self-complacency. He knows no one dares thwart him; and so he thinks it rather humorous to give himself the air of being much injured, and of being very good-natured. I dare say, however, most people who look at these memoranda will be able to decide whether the trifling misunderstandings—which have been much exaggerated and made to look *serious*—were owing to me. But as

for Bell, I do not think it right to joke about her position at all. She does her best to keep up her spirits—and she is a brave, good girl, who likes to be cheerful if only for the sake of those around her; but this affair of Arthur Ashburton is causing her *deep anxiety* and a good deal of vexation. Why she should have some vague impression that she has treated him badly, I can not see; for the very reverse is the case. But surely it is unfair to make this *lovers' quarrel* the pretext for dragging Bell into a wild romance, which the writer of the foregoing pages seems bent on doing. Indeed, with regard to this subject, I can not do better than repeat a conversation which, with *characteristic ingenuity*, he has entirely omitted. He said to me, while we were wandering about Bensington—and Bell had strolled on with Count von Rosen—

"'After all, our phaeton is not a microcosm. We have not the complete elements for a romance. We have no villain with us.'

"'You flatter yourself,' I remarked; which did not seem to please him, but he pretended not to hear.

"'There will be no dark background to our adventure—no crime, secrecy, plotting, or malicious thwarting of Bell's happiness. It will be like a magic-lantern slide with all the figures painted in rose-color.'

"'What do you mean by Bell's happiness?' I asked.

"'Her marriage with the Lieutenant, and there is no villain to oppose it. Even if we had a villain, there is no room for him: the phaeton only holds four comfortably.'

"Really this was too much. I could scarcely control my *impatience* with such folly. I have said before that the girl does not wish to marry any one; but if there were any thought of marriage in her mind, surely her anxiety about that letter points *in a different way*. Of course I was immediately taunted with scheming to throw Bell and Count von Rosen together during our drive. I admit that I did so, and mean to do so. We ought not to expect young folks to be always delighted with the society of their elders. It is only natural that these two young people should become companions; but what of that? And as to the speech about a villain, who ever saw one? Out of a novel or a play, I never saw a villain, and I don't know any body who ever did. It seems to me there is a good deal of self-satisfaction in the notion that we four are all so *angelic* that it wants some disagreeable person to throw us into relief. Are we all painted in rose-color? Looking back over these pages, I do not think so; but I am not surprised—considering *who had the wielding of the brush*. And yet I think we have so far enjoyed ourselves very well, considering that I am supposed to be very hard to please and very quarrelsome. Perhaps none of us are so amiable as we ought to be; and yet we manage to put up with one another somehow. In the meantime, I am grieved to see Bell, without the intervention of any villain whatever, undergoing great anxiety; and I wish the girl had sufficient courage to sit down at once and write to Arthur Ashburton and absolutely forbid him to do any thing so foolish as seek an interview with her. If he should do so, it is impossible to say what may come of it, for Bell has a good deal of pride with all her gentleness.—T."]

(To be continued.)

Fortnightly Review.

DICKENS IN RELATION TO CRITICISM.

THE old feud between authors and critics, a feud old as literature, has not arisen on the ground of chariness in praise, but rather on the ground of deficient sympathy, and the tendency to interpret an author's work according to some standard which is not his. Instead of placing themselves at his point of view, and seeing what he has attempted, how far he has achieved the aim, and whether the aim itself were worthy of achievement, critics have thrust between his work and the public some vague conception of what they required, and measured it by an academic or conventional standard derived from other works. Fond as an author necessarily is of praise, and pained as he must always be by blame, he is far more touched by a sympathetic recognition of his efforts, and far more hurt by a misrepresentation of them. No hyperbole of laudation gives a tithe of the delight which is given by sympathetic insight. Unhappily for the author, this can but sparingly be given by critics, who trust less to their emotions than to their standards of judgment; for the greater the originality of the writer, and the less inclination he has for familiar processes and already-trodden tracks, the greater must be the resistance he will meet with from minds accustomed to move in those tracks, and to consider excellence confined within them. It is in the nature of the critical mind to judge according to precedent; and few minds have flexibility enough to adopt at once a novelty which is destined in its turn to become a precedent.

There is another source of pain. Besides the very great difficulties of independent judgment, of adjusting the mental focus to new objects under new perspectives, and the various personal considerations which trammel even open minds—considerations of friendship, station, renown, rivalry, etc.—there is the immense difficulty which all men find in giving any thing like an adequate expression to their judgments. It is easy for us to say that a book has stirred, or instructed us; but it is by no means easy to specify the grounds of our pleasure, or profit, except in a very general way; and when we attempt to do so we are apt to make ludicrous mistakes. Thus it is that the criticism which begins

with a general expression of gratitude to the author, will often deeply pain him by misplaced praise, or blame misdirected.

Longinus declares that criticism is the last result of abundant experience; he might have added that even the amplest experience is no safeguard against utter failure. For it is true in Art as in the commonest details of life, that our perceptions are mainly determined by our pre-perceptions, our conceptions by our preconceptions. Hence I have long maintained the desirability of preserving as far as possible the individual character of criticism. The artist in his work gives expression to his individual feelings and conceptions, telling us how Life and Nature are mirrored in his mind; we may fairly state how this affects us, whether it accords with our experience, whether it moves or instructs us; but we should be very chary of absolute judgments, and be quite sure of our ground before venturing to assume that the public will feel, or ought to feel, as we feel. Now it is the tendency of criticism to pronounce absolute verdicts, to speak for all; and the exasperation of the artist at finding individual impressions given forth as final judgments is the main cause of the outcry against criticism. The writer who would feel little irritation on hearing that A. and B. were unmoved by his pathos, dead to his humor, unenlightened by his philosophy, may be excused if he writhe under the authoritative announcement that his pathos is maudlin, his humor flat, his philosophy shallow. He may be convicted of bad grammar, bad drawing, bad logic; and if the critic advances reasons for particular objections, these reasons may be weighed, and perhaps accepted with resignation if not without pain; but no verdict which does not distinctly carry its evidence can be accepted as more than an individual judgment; and in matters of Art there is always a great difficulty, sometimes a sheer impossibility, in passing from the individual to the universal. It is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved.

While from these and other causes, es-

pecially from the tendency to exaggerate what is painful, authors have deeply resented "the malevolence" of critics—a malevolence which has been mostly incompetence, or inconsiderateness—it is not less true that there has been much heartfelt gratitude given by authors to critics who have sympathized with and encouraged them; and many lasting friendships have been thus cemented. It was thus that the lifelong friendship of Dickens and his biographer began, and was sustained. Nor is it just to object to Mr. Forster's enthusiasm on the ground of his friendship, since he may fairly answer, "Dickens was my friend because I so greatly admired him." One thing is certain: his admiration was expressed long before all the world had acknowledged Dickens's genius, and was continued through the long years when the majority of writers had ceased to express much fervor of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortcomings and exaggerations.

And this brings me to the noticeable fact that there probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity whose genius was so little *appreciated* by the critics. The very splendor of his success so deepened the shadow of his failures that to many eyes the shadows supplanted the splendor. Fastidious readers were loth to admit that a writer could be justly called great whose defects were so glaring. They admitted, because it was indisputable, that Dickens delighted thousands, that his admirers were found in all classes, and in all countries; that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily reached through literature, and always stirred healthy, generous emotions; that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the Literature of his age, in its spirit no less than in its form; but they nevertheless insisted on his defects as if these outweighed all positive qualities; and spoke of him either with condescending patronage, or with sneering irritation. Surely this is a fact worthy of investigation? Were the critics wrong, and if so, in what consisted their error? How are we to reconcile this immense popularity with this critical contempt? The private readers and the public critics who were eager to take up each successive number of his works as it appeared, whose very talk was seasoned with quotations from and allusions to these works, who, to my knowledge, were wont to lay

aside books of which they could only speak in terms of eulogy, in order to bury themselves in the "new number" when the well-known green cover made its appearance—were nevertheless at this very time niggard in their praise, and lavish in their scorn of the popular humorist. It is not long since I heard a very distinguished man express measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few minutes afterwards, in reply to some representations on the other side, admit that Dickens had "entered into his life."

Dickens has proved his power by a popularity almost unexampled, embracing all classes. Surely it is a task for criticism to exhibit the sources of that power? If every thing that has ever been alleged against the works be admitted, there still remains an immense success to be accounted for. It was not by their defects that these works were carried over Europe and America. It was not their defects which made them the delight of gray heads on the bench, and the study of youngsters in the counting-house and school-room. Other writers have been exaggerated, untrue, fantastic, and melodramatic; but they have gained so little notice that no one thinks of pointing out their defects. It is clear, therefore, that Dickens had powers which enabled him to triumph in spite of the weaknesses which clogged them; and it is worth inquiring what those powers were, and their relation to his undeniable defects.

I am not about to attempt such an inquiry, but simply to indicate two or three general points of view. It will be enough merely to mention in passing the primary cause of his success, his overflowing fun, because even uncompromising opponents admit it. They may be ashamed of their laughter, but they laugh. A revulsion of feeling at the preposterousness or extravagance of the image may follow the burst of laughter, but the laughter is irresistible, whether rational or not, and there is no arguing away such a fact.

Great as Dickens is in fun, so great that Fielding and Smollett are small in comparison, he would have been only a passing amusement for the world had he not been gifted with an imagination of marvelous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. Of him it may be said with less

exaggeration than of most poets, that he was of "imagination all compact;" if the other higher faculties were singularly deficient in him, this faculty was imperial. He was a seer of visions; and his visions were of objects at once familiar and potent. Psychologists will understand both the extent and the limitation of the remark, when I say that in no other perfectly sane mind (Blake, I believe, was not perfectly sane) have I observed vividness of imagination approaching so closely to hallucination. Many who are not psychologists may have had some experience in themselves, or in others, of that abnormal condition in which a man hears voices, and sees objects, with the distinctness of direct perception, although silence and darkness are without him; these *revived* impressions, revived by an internal cause, have precisely the same force and clearness which the impressions originally had when produced by an external cause. In the same degree of vividness are the images *constructed* by his mind in explanation of the voices heard or objects seen: when he imagines that the voice proceeds from a personal friend, or from Satan tempting him, the friend or Satan stands before him with the distinctness of objective reality; when he imagines that he himself has been transformed into a bear, his hands are seen by him as paws. In vain you represent to him that the voices he hears have no external existence; he will answer, as a patient pertinently answered Lélut: "You believe that I am speaking to you because you hear me, is it not so? Very well, I believe that voices are speaking to me because I hear them." There is no power of effacing such conviction by argument. You may get the patient to assent to any premises you please, he will not swerve from his conclusions. I once argued with a patient who believed he had been transformed into a bear; he was quite willing to admit that the idea of such a transformation was utterly at variance with all experience; but he always returned to his position that God being omnipotent there was no reason to doubt his power of transforming men into bears: what remained fixed in his mind was the image of himself under a bear's form.

The characteristic point in the hallucinations of the insane, that which distinguishes them from hallucinations equally vivid in the sane, is the coercion of the

image in *suppressing comparison* and all control of experience. Belief always accompanies a vivid image, for a time; but in the sane this belief will not persist against rational control. If I see a stick partly under water, it is impossible for me not to have the same feeling which would be produced by a bent stick out of the water—if I see two plane images in the stereoscope, it is impossible not to have the feeling of seeing one solid object. But these beliefs are rapidly displaced by reference to experience. I know the stick is not bent, and that it will not appear bent when removed from the water. I know the seeming solid is not an object in relief, but two plane pictures. It is by similar focal adjustment of the mind that sane people know that their hallucinations are unreal. The images may have the vividness of real objects, but they have not the properties of real objects, they do not preserve consistent relations with other facts, they appear in contradiction to other beliefs. Thus, if I see a black cat on the chair opposite, yet on my approaching the chair feel no soft object; and if my terrier on the hearth-rug looking in the direction of the chair shows none of the well-known agitation which the sight of a cat produces, I conclude, in spite of its distinctness, that the image is an hallucination.

Returning from this digression, let me say that I am very far indeed from wishing to imply any agreement in the common notion that "great wits to madness nearly are allied;" on the contrary, my studies have led to the conviction that nothing is less like genius than insanity, although some men of genius have had occasional attacks; and further, that I have never observed any trace of the insane temperament in Dickens's works, or life, they being indeed singularly free even from the eccentricities which often accompany exceptional powers; nevertheless, with all due limitations, it is true that there is considerable light shed upon his works by the action of the imagination in hallucination. To him also *revived* images have the vividness of sensations; to him, also, *created* images have the coercive force of realities, excluding all control, all contradiction. What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordina-

ry imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it; and believing in its reality however fantastic, he communicated something of his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of it as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while knowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it were, by his hallucination.

This glorious energy of imagination is that which Dickens had in common with all great writers. It was this which made him a creator, and made his creations universally intelligible, no matter how fantastic and unreal. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every nurse a Gamp, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stunted serving-wench a Marchioness. Universal experiences became individualized in these types; an image and a name were given, and the image was so suggestive that it seemed to *express* all that it was found to *recall*, and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied. Against such power criticism was almost idle. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks—not characters, but personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature—the vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection: their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief. Unreal and impossible as these types were, speaking a language never heard in life, moving, like pieces of simple mechanism, always in one way, (instead of moving with the infinite fluctuations of organisms, incalculable yet intelligible, surprising yet familiar,) these unreal figures affected the uncritical reader with the force of reality; and they did so in virtue of their embodiment of some real characteristic vividly presented. The imagination of the author laid hold of some well-marked physical trait, some peculiarity of aspect, speech, or manner which every one recognized at once; and the force with which this was presented made it occupy the mind to the exclusion of all critical doubts: only reflection could detect the incongruity.

Think of what this implies! Think how little the mass of men are given to reflect on their impressions, and how their minds are for the most part occupied with sensations rather than ideas, and you will see why Dickens held an undisputed sway. Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer spots for coloring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs, but runs on wheels—the general suggestion suffices for his belief; and this wooden horse, which he can handle and draw, is believed in more than a pictured horse by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell. It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of the child's emotions, and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. With a fine felicity of instinct he seized upon situations having an irresistible hold over the domestic affections and ordinary sympathies. He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners. He painted the life he knew—the life every one knew; for if the scenes and manners were unlike those we were familiar with, the feelings and motives, the joys and griefs, the mistakes and efforts of the actors were universal, and therefore universally intelligible; so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly-painted pictures were artistic daubs, could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness. He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. He painted nothing ideal, heroic; but all the resources of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp. The world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon. But the joys and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlor, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east-wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch—these he could deal with, so that we laughed and cried, were startled at the

revelation of familiar facts hitherto unnoted, and felt our pulses quicken as we were hurried along with him in his fanciful flight.

Such were the sources of his power. To understand how it is that critics quite competent to recognize such power, and even so far amenable to it as to be moved and interested by the works in spite of all their drawbacks, should have forgotten this undenied power, and written or spoken of Dickens with mingled irritation and contempt, we must take into account two natural tendencies—the bias of opposition, and the bias of technical estimate.

The bias of opposition may be illustrated in a parallel case. Let us suppose a scientific book to be attracting the attention of Europe by the boldness, suggestiveness, and theoretic plausibility of its hypotheses; this work falls into the hands of a critic sufficiently grounded in the science treated to be aware that its writer, although gifted with great theoretic power and occasional insight into unexplored relations, is nevertheless pitifully ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of the science; the critic noticing the power, and the talent of lucid exposition, is yet perplexed and irritated at ignorance which is inexcusable, and a reckless twisting of known facts into impossible relations, which seems willful; will he not pass from marveling at this inextricable web of sense and nonsense, suggestive insight and mischievous error, so jumbled together that the combination of this sagacity with this glaring inefficiency is a paradox, and be driven by the anger of opposition into an emphatic assertion that the belauded philosopher is a charlatan and an ignoramus? A chorus of admirers proclaims the author to be a great teacher, before whom all contemporaries must bow; and the critic observes this teacher on one page throwing out a striking hypothesis of some geometric relations in the planetary movements, and on another assuming that the hypotenuse is equal to its perpendicular and base, because the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of its sides—in one chapter ridiculing the atomic theory, and in another arguing that carbonic acid is obtained from carbon and nitrogen—can this critic be expected to join in the chorus of admirers? and will he not rather be exasperated into an opposition which will lead him to undervalue the undeniable

qualities in his insistence on the undeniable defects?

Something like this is the feeling produced by Dickens's works in many cultivated and critical readers. They see there human character and ordinary events portrayed with a mingled verisimilitude and falsity altogether unexampled. The drawing is so vivid yet so incorrect, or else is so blurred and formless, with such excess of *effort* (as of a showman beating on the drum) that the doubt arises how an observer so remarkably keen could make observations so remarkably false, and miss such very obvious facts; how the rapid glance which could swoop down on a peculiarity with hawk-like precision, could overlook all that accompanied and was organically related to that peculiarity; how the eye for characteristics could be so blind to character, and the ear for dramatic idiom be so deaf to dramatic language; finally, how the writer's exquisite susceptibility to the grotesque could be insensible to the occasional grotesqueness of his own attitude. Michael Angelo is intelligible, and Giotto is intelligible; but a critic is nonplussed at finding the invention of Angelo with the drawing of Giotto. It is indeed surprising that Dickens should have observed man, and not been impressed with the fact that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse*. And the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, puppets for characters. It is needless to dwell on such monstrous failures as Mantalini, Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Esther Summerson, Mr. Dick, Arthur Grice, Edith Dombey, Mr. Carker—needless, because if one studies the successful figures one finds even in them only touches of verisimilitude. When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs, and uttering the same sounds, always confident on something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch—and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family—when one thinks of the “catch-words” personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of fluctuating spontaneity. Place one of these brainless frogs on his back and he

will at once recover the sitting posture; draw a leg from under him, and he will draw it back again; tickle or prick him and he will push away the object, or take *one* hop out of the way; stroke his back, and he will utter *one* croak. All these things resemble the actions of the un mutilated frog, but they differ in being *isolated* actions, and *always the same*: they are as uniform and calculable as the movements of a machine. The uninjured frog may or may not croak, may or may not hop away; the result is never calculable, and is rarely a single croak or a single hop. It is this complexity of the organism which Dickens wholly fails to conceive; his characters have nothing fluctuating and incalculable in them, even when they embody true observations; and very often they are creations so fantastic that one is at a loss to understand how he could, without hallucination, believe them to be like reality. There are dialogues bearing the traces of straining effort at effect, which in their incongruity painfully resemble the absurd and eager expositions which insane patients pour into the listener's ear when detailing their wrongs, or their schemes. Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination. And here it may be needful to remark in passing that it is not because the characters are badly drawn and their language unreal, that they are to be classed among the excesses of imagination; otherwise all the bad novelists and dramatists would be credited with that which they especially want—powerful imagination. His peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing, but the vividness of the imagination which while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellowmen. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness.

This leads me to the second point, the bias of technical estimate. The main pur-

pose of Art is delight. Whatever influences may radiate from that centre,—and however it may elevate or modify,—the one primary condition of influence is stirred emotion. No art can teach which does not move; no Art can move without teaching. Criticism has to consider Art under two aspects, that of emotional pleasure, and that of technical pleasure. We all—public and critics—are susceptible of the former, are capable of being moved, and are delighted with what stirs the emotions, filling the mind with images having emotional influence; but only the critics are much affected by technical skill, and the pleasure it creates. *What* is done, what is suggested, constitutes the first aspect; *how* it is done the second. We all delight in imitation, and in the skill which represents one object in another medium; but the refinements of skill can only be appreciated by study. To a savage there is so little suggestion of a human face and form in a painted portrait that it is not even recognized as the representation of a man; whereas the same savage would delight in a waxwork figure, or a wooden Scotchman at the door of a tobacconist. The educated eye sees exquisite skill in the portrait, a skill which gives exquisite delight; but this eye which traces and estimates the subtle effects of color and distribution of light and shade in the portrait, turns with disgust from the wax figure, or the wooden Highlander. In the course of time the pleasure derived from the perception of difficulty overcome, leads to such a preponderance of the technical estimate, that the sweep of the brush, or the composition of lines, becomes of supreme importance, and the connoisseur no longer asks, What is painted? but How is it painted? The *what* may be a patch of meadow, the bend of a river, or a street boy munching bread and cheese, and yet give greater delight by its *how*, than another picture which represented the Andes, Niagara, or a Madonna and child. When the critic observes technical skill in a picture, he pronounces the painter to be admirable, and is quite unmoved by any great subject badly painted. In like manner a great poet is estimated by the greatness of his execution of great conceptions, not by the greatness of his intention.

How easily the critic falls into the mistake of overvaluing technical skill, and not allowing for the primary condition, how

easily he misjudges works by applying to them technical rules derived from the works of others, need not here be dwelt on. What I wish to indicate is the bias of technical estimate which, acting with that bias of opposition just noted, has caused the critics to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers which are proved by his immense success; and to dwell only on those great artistic deficiencies which exclude him from the class of exquisite writers. He worked in delf, not in porcelain. But his prodigal imagination created in delf forms which delighted thousands. He only touched common life, but he touched it to "fine issues;" and since we are all susceptible of being moved by pictures of children in droll and pathetic situations, and by pictures of common suffering and common joy, any writer who can paint such pictures with sufficient skill to awaken these emotions is powerful in proportion to the emotion stirred. That Dickens had this skill is undisputed; and if critical reflection shows that the means he employs are not such as will satisfy the technical estimate, and consequently that the pictures will not move the cultivated mind, nor give it the deep content which perfect Art continues to create, making the work a "joy for ever," we must still remember that in the present state of Literature, with hundreds daily exerting their utmost efforts to paint such pictures, it requires prodigious force and rare skill to impress images that will stir the universal heart. Murders are perpetrated without stint, but the murder of Nancy is unforgettable. Children figure in numberless plays and novels, but the deaths of little Nell and little Paul were national griefs. Seduction is one of the commonest of tragedies, but the scene in Peggotty's boat-house burns itself into the memory. Captain Cuttle and Richard Swiveller, the Marchioness and Tilly Slowboy, Pecksniff and Micawber, Tiny Tim and Mrs. Gamp, may be imperfect representations of human character, but they are types which no one can forget. Dr. Johnson explained the popularity of some writer by saying, "Sir, *his* nonsense suited *their* nonsense;" let us add, "and his sense suited their sense," and it will explain the popularity of Dickens. Readers to whom all the refinements of Art and Literature are as meaningless hieroglyphs, were at once laid hold of by the reproduction of their own feelings, their own experiences, their own prejudices, in

the irradiating splendor of his imagination; while readers whose cultivated sensibilities were alive to the most delicate and evanescent touches were, by virtue of their common nature, ready to be moved and delighted at his pictures and suggestions. The cultivated and uncultivated were affected by his admirable *mise en scène*, his fertile invention, his striking selection of incident, his intense vision of physical details. Only the cultivated who are made fastidious by cultivation paused to consider the pervading commonness of the works, and remarked that they are wholly without glimpses of a nobler life; and that the writer presents an almost unique example of a mind of singular force in which, so to speak, sensations never passed into ideas. Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in the general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an *animal* intelligence, *i.e.*, restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

My acquaintance with him began soon after the completion of *Pickwick*. Something I had written on that book pleased him, and caused him to ask me to call on him. (It is pleasant for me to remember that I made Thackeray's acquaintance in a similar way.) He was then living in Doughty street; and those who remember him at that period will understand the somewhat disturbing effect produced on my enthusiasm for the new author by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged, nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the pre-

sentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the book-stall, each of which has its history, and all giving the collection its individual physiognomy. A man's library expresses much of his hidden life. I did not expect to find a bookworm, nor even a student in the marvelous "Boz;" but nevertheless this collection of books was a shock. He shortly came in, and his sunny presence quickly dispelled all misgivings. He was then, as to the last, a delightful companion, full of sagacity as well as animal spirits; but I came away more impressed with the fullness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction. I believe I only saw him once more before I went to Germany, and two years had elapsed when next we met. While waiting in his library (in Devonshire Terrace) I of course glanced at the books. The well-known paper boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarized the place; a goodly array of standard works, well-bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition; but there was no physiognomy in the collection. A greater change was visible in Dickens himself. In these two years he had remarkably developed. His conversation turned on graver subjects than theatres and actors, periodicals and London life. His interest in public affairs, especially in social questions, was keener. He still remained completely outside philosophy, science, and the higher literature, and was too unaffected a man to pretend to feel any interest in them. But the vivacity which gave a charm to intercourse with him had become weighted with a seriousness which from that time forward became more and more prominent in his conversation and his writings. He had already learned to look upon the world as a scene where it was the duty of each man in his own way to make the lot of the miserable many a little less miserable; and, having learned that his genius gave him great power, he was bent on using that power effectively. He was sometimes laughed at for the importance he seemed to attach to every thing relating to himself, and the solemnity with which he spoke of his aims and affairs; but this belonged to his quality. *Il se prenait au sérieux*, and was admirable because he did so. Whatever faults he may have committed there were none attributable to carelessness. He gave us his best. If the effort were sometimes too

strained, and the desire for effect too obtrusive, there was no lazy indulgence, no trading on a great renown, no "scumbling" in his work. "Whatever I have tried to do in life," he said, speaking through *Copperfield*, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. Never to put one hand to any thing on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been my golden rules."

Since I have been led in the course of argument to touch upon my personal acquaintance with Dickens, I may take advantage of the opening to introduce a point not mentioned in Mr. Forster's memoir, though he most probably is familiar with it. Mr. Forster has narrated Dickens's intense grief at the death of his sister-in-law, Mary—a grief which for two months interrupted the writing of *Pickwick*, and which five years afterwards thus moves him in a letter to Mr. Forster on the death of her grandmother. The passage itself is in every way interesting, displaying a depth and delicacy of feeling, combined with a tenderness towards the sacredness due to the wishes of the dead, which is very noticeable:

"It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacomb, and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart directly she is laid in the earth to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago; and I *know* (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I can not bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters and her mother have a better right than I to be placed beside her. It is but an idea. I neither hope nor think (God forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle *there*. I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this; and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time."

Again, when writing from America and describing his delight at the Niagara Falls, he says:

"What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

Several years afterwards, in the course of a quiet chat over a cigar, we got on a subject which always interested him, on which

he had stored many striking anecdotes—dreams. He then narrated, in his quietest and most impressive manner, that after Mary's death her image not only haunted him by day, but for twelve months visited his dreams every night. At first he had refrained from mentioning it to his wife; and after deferring this some time, felt unable to mention it to her. He had occasion to go to Liverpool, and as he went to bed that night there was a strong hope that the change of bed might break the spell of his dreams. It was not so however. That night as usual the old dream was dreamt. He resolved to unburden his mind to his wife, and wrote that very morning a full account of his strange experience. From that time he ceased to dream of her. I forget whether he said he had never dreamt of her since; but I am certain of the fact that the spell had been broken then and there.

Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams, which I had from him shortly before his death. One night after one of his public readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera-cloaks worn by the ladies among the audience, having left a sort of *afterglow* on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologized she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, "My name is Napier." The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began a lady-friend came into the waiting room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera-cloak, "who," said his friend, "is very desirous of being introduced." "Not Miss

Napier?" he jokingly inquired. "Yes, Miss Napier." Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking.

In bringing these detached observations to a close, let me resume their drift by saying that while on the one hand the critics seem to me to have been fully justified in denying him the possession of many technical excellencies, they have been thrown into unwise antagonism which has made them overlook or undervalue the great qualities which distinguished him; and that even on technical grounds their criticism has been so far defective that it failed to recognize the supreme powers which insured his triumph in spite of all defects. For the reader of cultivated taste there is little in his works beyond the stirring of their emotions—but what a large exception! We do not turn over the pages in search of thought, delicate psychological observation, grace of style, charm of composition; but we enjoy them like children at a play, laughing and crying at the images which pass before us. And this illustration suggests the explanation of how learned and thoughtful men can have been almost as much delighted with the works as ignorant and juvenile readers; how Lord Jeffrey could have been so affected by the presentation of *Little Nell*, which most critical readers pronounce maudlin and unreal. Persons unfamiliar with theatrical representations, consequently unable to criticise the acting, are stirred by the suggestions of the scenes presented; and hence a great philosopher, poet, or man of science, may be found applauding an actor whom every play-going apprentice despises as stagey and inartistic.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Temple Bar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. DORN, CAPELLMEISTER OF BERLIN.

I WAS a young man of three-and-twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical

business on my hands. At evening parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a pianoforte-player, an accompanist, and a solo-singer—a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height

of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet-singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when any thing was going on. During the pathetic air, "Fort von hier auf schönere Auen," my partner whispered to me, "Felix is come;" and when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologized for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said—a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn; though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, yet it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties, but when he did so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow, so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the older and more thorough musicians who possessed that especial gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very

respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender pianoforte accompaniment with octave basses and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gifted being was Felix even at that time, and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage, "Du wieder nun in meinen Armen, o Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violoncello and the contre-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterwards asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the pianoforte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824-25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohns' house—that is to say, I made my appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties, as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinées* I became by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Laska, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny, (Fanny Mendelssohn at this time played more brilliantly than her brother Felix;) Wollank, (councillor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs,) and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein, and Felix Mendelssohn, all in the different ages of life.

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy Felix were regularly played over—mostly sets of symphonies for stringed instruments with pianoforte accompaniment—by a small number selected from the royal chamber-musicians.

Professor Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance, I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The *Libretto* for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was nevertheless very weak. Dévrient, and his *fiancée*, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part in this opera. I was also a chorus-singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished, there were the regular slices of bread-and-butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, etc. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going the round of the room to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dux*?" (the leading, principal subject,) he asked; "and which is your *comes*?" (the secondary theme.)

"Well, of course I consider my bread-and-butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must always regard his bread-and-butter as only the *comes*."

Just as he had uttered this little sally,

Zelter's voice resounded through the room:

"Felix, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and whilst every one was listening intently, he said: "Felix, you have hitherto only been an apprentice; from to-day you are an assistant, and now work on till you become a master."

Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the affected and astonished parents, as well as Felix, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix's increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck, and Dévrient. Rietz, elder brother of the royal chapel-master at Dresden, was himself a member of the royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix's friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave, silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together, the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a

connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz's artistic career was early cut short by the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of "Olympia." He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octett" to him.

Klingemann, the son of the well-known composer of plays, and manager of the theatre at Brunswick, made the most agreeable impression upon me of all Mendelssohn's more intimate acquaintances. He was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy, and was therefore admitted to the higher circles of society. Both his appearance and demeanor had something unaffectedly aristocratic in them, and in his whole manner to the ladies of the house he was vastly superior to the other visitors. It always appeared to me that Klingemann was most correct in his judgment of Felix. He did not worship him, and it could never have entered into his head to rival him, for he did not compose; he was neither insensible to the great qualities nor blind to the weak points of his young friend; and that he thoroughly knew how to appreciate the strongest side of Mendelssohn's talents is shown in the words which he wrote for Felix to set to music. A great many songs which Mendelssohn has arranged have been quite as well, perhaps even better, set by other musicians, but no one has ever yet succeeded in surpassing a song of Mendelssohn's with Klingemann's words; it was like two hearts beating with one pulsation. The capabilities of the youthful Secretary to the Embassy were certainly not equal to the composition of opera librettos; this was not, however, the field on which Felix ever earned any laurels, even when master of his profession; indeed they never bloomed for him at any time, as is shown by the production of his opera, "The Wedding of Camacho," written in the high tide of his youth. Klingemann was an eager supporter of the Berlin *Musical Times*, which had been started in 1824.

A great contrast in appearance with his colleague was the editor of this paper, A. B. Marx, who, although he had a more thorough education, both as regards music and his profession as a lawyer, than either of the above-named gentlemen, and far exceeded them in cutting sharpness of intellect, yet, from his lack of polish and manner, his real scientific and dialectic superiority did not have the happy effect on

those around that it would otherwise have done. He quickly interested himself about persons and things, and his sympathy once aroused, there would be no warmer or more skillful advocate than he. He soon gained a great influence over Felix, which was often annoying to the elder Mendelssohn; but he had his own good reasons for not abruptly breaking off the connection. Marx was the editor of the *Musical Times*, at that period the only critical organ, and therefore not to be despised, especially as it was supported by many gifted friends of the Mendelssohns. Moreover, the elder Mendelssohn was very fond of contradicting, and of being contradicted; and in our Abbé (as he was called, after his initials A. B.) he found the right sort of opponent.

Midway between Klingemann and Marx stood Dr. Franck, of Breslau, possessing much of the refinement of the former, with more reserve of manner, and all the liveliness of conversation of the latter, with, however, less solidity. He had a sound judgment in musical matters, and soon discovered the weakness in Spontini's "Cortez;" he wrote a stinging article upon that opera in 1826, which was the signal for a complete rupture between Marx and Spontini; he had only armed his party with spectacles, and had overlooked many bright spots in the opera, rejecting the good with the bad. Spontini afterwards led the whole opposition against Mendelssohn; and as previously there had been little affinity between two such different elements, any nearer approach was now rendered impossible.

In 1849 I again met Franck—now, instead of the life-loving, exuberant man that he had been, a complete hypochondriac. He still took an eager interest in literature, and was quite imbued with the Wagner mania, and sent me that composer's "Nibelungen-Tetralogie." What would Mendelssohn have said to this, had he been alive at that time? Franck came to an untimely end soon afterwards in London; but these are painful recollections, and the circle of Felix's friends shall be concluded with the name of Dévrient, to the truth of whose interesting book about Mendelssohn, which has lately appeared, I can vouch. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mendelssohn at the rooms of Johanna Zimmermann, the young widow previously mentioned, who, although some-

what eccentric, possessed a thoroughly musical nature; so that Felix felt himself completely at his ease in that unconstrained artistic atmosphere. His own home was, of course, much frequented by interesting and celebrated people, but the greater portion of them were not musicians. Foreign musical celebrities were, indeed, always hospitably received, but native talent was very weakly represented. Although Felix was by no means insensible to praise, he was not at all blind as to whether it was given with discrimination or the reverse. Marx and he were at Dehn's rooms on one occasion I remember, and the first part of the evening we employed ourselves in all sorts of fools' tricks, such as cutting out figures with paper and apple-parings, until Felix got up and, unmasked, played on the old piano till long after midnight a number of his own and other compositions. This gave him more real satisfaction than on many an occasion at his parents' house, where, with a first-rate Broadwood at his command, he had a large but very mixed audience. I well recollect a lady (Rahel Varnhagen) asking him for the A Minor fugue of Bach's. "If I had played some variations of Czerny's, it would have been all the same to her," he remarked to me afterwards. Such an uncongenial assembly was never to be found at Madame Zimmerman's; there all participated equally, listening and performing; and I have never heard Felix extemporize better than at this house, where he was conscious of being thoroughly understood.

Before I left Berlin in March, 1828, I was present at the first performance of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," conducted by Mendelssohn himself, with a full orchestra, at his father's house. This work certainly contains the germ and bloom of all Mendelssohn's compositions, and the grand chorus of St. Paul, "Mache dir auf, werde Licht," alone deserves to be put by its side.

In May, 1830, Mendelssohn visited me in Leipzig, where I was officiating as director of music, at what was then the Theatre Royal. He had just returned from London, and having attained his one-and-twentieth year, was about to commence his travels through Italy, to which we are indebted for that interesting collection of letters, which afford so deep an insight into a real poetic and musical nature. I invited him with Marschner, who was then busy

on his latest work, "The Templar and the Jewess," to come to my house the following evening, and I quickly asked a few other celebrities to meet him; in spite of the party being of the ill-omened number of thirteen, we were most animated, and every thing went off admirably until the time arrived for my grand finale. A present I had received some time back of some rare old wine of a celebrated vintage, all covered with cobwebs and dust and dirt of half a century, was to be brought forward on a certain sign from me. The auspicious moment arrived, the maid put fresh glasses on the table and disappeared, and I prepared the minds of my guests for the monstrous sight they were about to see by drawing an exaggerated picture of its horrors. In the midst of my flourishing address, the maid walked in, and placed on the table four brightly scoured, shining bottles, exactly resembling those containing that agreeable *vin ordinaire* called "Kutscher;" mark, seal, label, all had disappeared, and fallen a sacrifice to the principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." My disgust can be well imagined. Fortunately, our palates bore testimony to the excellency of the wine, and so my friend Kistner's honor was retrieved.

On the 2d of June, 1830, I received the following letter from Mendelssohn, dated from Weimar:

"DEAR DORN.: Herewith follows my symphony, very punctually, and still in time I hope to be copied out, studied, and performed by the day before yesterday. Seriously, however, I am very sorry that I could not fulfil my promise. You always declared you knew how it would be, but I can assure you I had quite made up my mind to do it, and the very first day of my arrival here I began the necessary corrections in the score, which soon became so numerous that I had to take away much of the old part, and to add to the last portion. If the copyist recommended to me had kept his promise, you would even then have had the symphony in time, but he put me off from day to day, and here I have been fourteen instead of four days. It comes at last, you see, and perhaps you will look through it and communicate with Marschner as to the sufficiency of the abbreviations in the last part; when you have had enough of it, which I am afraid will be very soon, will you kindly forward it to Madame Hensel. Perhaps it is as

well for some reasons that the performance has been postponed, for it occurred to me afterwards that the choral part and the other Catholicisms would have a strange appearance in a theatre, and that a Reformation song would not sound very well at Whitsuntide. In short, I am an optimist. Remember me very warmly to Marschner, and thank him for his many kindnesses, and for the enjoyment he has afforded me by his beautiful compositions. I mean to write him a long musical letter as soon as I get to Munich. Farewell, and think of me always kindly.—Yours, etc.,

“FELIX MENDELSSOHN.”

That I have never ceased to do.

On the 13th of September, 1843, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast table, where, besides David and Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present “The Spring Song,” and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his “Lieder ohne Worte” which, as is well known, is dedicated to Madame Schumann. The little company was so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councillor Frege’s, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who even during the dessert placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung with full appreciation by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipzig was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a little party in honor of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been as a young man in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own

compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my “Schöffen von Paris.” Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. “Why you do not know your own composition again?” said Mendelssohn; “that is the final chorus to ‘The Magician and Monster.’” That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords, that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner, “It is only good melodies we should endeavor to retain.”

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself; I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve hours’ stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of “party faction,” so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, while my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving, and great loveliness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1847, five days after Mendelssohn’s death, I directed the second winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst the universal sympathy and expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from “St. Paul” was introduced: “Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live forever.”

Fraser's Magazine.

NOTES ON EAST GREENLAND.

BY A. PANSCH, M.D., OF THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1869-70.

[The following paper derives additional interest from being the substance of one of an official series of lectures delivered shortly after the return of the second German Arctic Expedition, by the officers of the two ships, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied them. Although this occurred at a time when the eyes of Europe were turned in anxious suspense on the mighty events which were happening in her midst, so much attention has already been drawn in this country to the brilliant discoveries of Koldewey, and the thrilling adventures of Hegemann and his brave companions, who, when forced to abandon their ill-fated *Hansa*, made in safety a voyage of 200 days and 1000 miles on a continually diminishing ice-raft, that it is almost unnecessary to enter into any details with regard to the circumstances which brought under Dr. Pansch's notice the remarkable phenomena described below. Suffice it to say, that the writer was the naturalist attached to the steamer *Germania*, which left Bremerhafen in the summer of 1869, and succeeded in reaching the Pendulum Islands on the east coast of Greenland in the early autumn; that numerous meteorological, tidal, and magnetic observations of considerable importance were made during the winter; and that the valuable additions contributed by sledge excursions to our knowledge of the coast line as far north as lat. 77° were crowned, when the ice broke up, by the discovery, between Cape Franklin and Cape Parry, in lat. $73^{\circ} 12'$, of a stupendous fiord, branching far into the interior, and combining with lofty mountain-ranges and majestic glaciers to produce scenery of well-nigh unrivaled magnificence. For full information as to the gains accruing to Science from this Expedition, the reader must be referred to the reports which will, we understand, be shortly published *in extenso* in Germany.]

PEOPLE have hitherto been too ready to conclude that the Arctic regions are buried, even through the summer, beneath a covering of snow, and to picture to themselves a steep, bare crag, or peak, towering here and there above this eternal whiteness; or, perhaps, in the height of summer, a few isolated spots free from snow, and affording space for the growth of a scanty vegetation called forth by specially favorable circumstances.

This idea, however exaggerated in many minds, is partially justified by the experience of travelers in some Arctic districts. As these countries are situated in a high latitude, constantly shrouded in mists, and only favored by rare and feeble sunshine, there is not sufficient warmth to melt the mass of a winter's snow, often increased as it is during summer by renewed falls, more

especially as the thawing coast-ice renders latent so great an amount of heat.

We, too, reached the coast of East Greenland under the same impression—the more so, as a stream of ice, and with it one of cold water, flows continually along the coast. But what did we find? A country in the main *completely free* from snow, and that not only in the height of summer, but during three whole months. It will of course be understood that accumulations of frozen snow and ice must always remain on the slopes and in the ravines. And if it is asked, how the ground could possibly be bare so early as June, and continue so for such a length of time, our sojourn there has furnished us with an explanation as interesting as it is satisfactory. Nearly all the snow in that region falls during violent storms, and these have almost always one and the same direction, viz., towards the north. On this account the snow does not cover the ground evenly, but is, for the most part, collected in drifts of various sizes, according to the local formation of the ground. In the same manner, even what falls in a still atmosphere is tossed up and scattered by subsequent winds, so that in every gale we suffered from a heavy drifting of the snow; and how thoroughly the wind sweeps the ground may be concluded from the fact that a considerable amount of earth, sand, and stones is carried with the snow through the air to such a distance, that after one of these storms the ice becomes of a dirty brown color for miles around. In this way, the otherwise singular fact is explained, that we really only *once* saw a totally white landscape, (it was at the end of June,) and even this completely disappeared in the course of a few days. Indeed, there are many places, such as steep declivities and open plains, which remain free from snow nearly all the winter; the rest of the country is covered by snow from one to three inches thick; and drifts on every scale from the largest to the smallest are found scattered in every direction. As the snow melts from our roofs in the spring, and they become heated by the sun long before the temperature

of the air is correspondingly raised, so it is in that mountainous country in a still higher degree. Favored by the generally clear and dry air, the snow disappears as early as April; after which, with the interruption of an occasional snow-fall, the dark rocky soil proceeds, in a most surprising manner, to absorb the heat that incessantly streams from the now unsetting sun. While the temperature of the air had, till the end of May, been continually below the freezing-point, the ground at the same time, at a depth of a few centimètres, had already risen several degrees above it. In our latitudes the ground cools down every night, and stones become perceptibly cold even at midsummer, so that the moisture of the air falls upon them as dew; in these parts of the Arctic regions there is only a trifling nocturnal cooling in the height of summer; dew is almost as unknown to the Esquimaux as snow to the inhabitants of the tropics. In the course of the summer, the heating of the ground is, indeed, somewhat moderated, as the sun is often hid by mists and clouds; but, to make up for this, the radiation from the ground is checked also. It thaws, according to circumstances, to a depth of from 12 to 18 inches, and possesses a temperature very well adapted to stimulate energetically the growth of the roots of existing plants. A considerable degree of warmth, too, must, even in a cold atmosphere, reach the parts of plants above the surface, as well from the heat radiated by the ground as from the sun, which never sets, but shines in turn on every side. The heating of the ground is so considerable, that by day the ascending warm currents keep the air every where in tremulous, undulating motion, so that it is necessary to make all exact trigonometrical measurements by night; and at times the eye discerns even the summits of the highest mountains only in distorted images. This mass of warm ascending air naturally follows the slope of the mountains to their highest points, and instead of becoming cooled here, is further heated by the purer rays of the sun, which fall both more continuously and more directly. And since, moreover, the summits of the mountains rise above the densest fogs that shroud the land, it is readily understood that, if other circumstances be favorable, vegetation may exist to quite the same extent on the mountains, (I speak only of those observed, from 1000 to 3000 feet in height,)

as in the plain, and that there is here really no line of highest vegetation. On the summits of the lower mountains we found the saxifrage, silene, dryas, and other plants, often in finer development than on the plain; and is it not a wonderful fact that, on a peak 7000 feet high, in addition to beautiful lichens, moss several inches long is found growing in thick cushions!

There is a complete contrast between the whole method and operation of the Arctic summer, as well as of every single summer's day, and that with which we are familiar in the frozen regions of the Alps. In the latter there is a daily alternation between cold and heat, darkness and light, winter and summer; and on both sides the change is rapid and sudden, the several forces operating quickly, energetically, and with immediate result. In the north there is properly no cycle of twenty-four hours; the day is not divided into light and darkness, heat and cold, but each of these opposite conditions holds its sway during a whole season; they do not advance with consciousness of victory and rapid results, but their lack of power is amply compensated by the exhaustive use of all existing advantages. Thus it is that the summer heat of East Greenland, though beginning slowly, yet steadily continuing, increasing and sometimes even becoming intense, renders it possible, during the short time in which the ground remains unfrozen, for a rich and vigorous vegetation to be developed. Thus it is that some plants send long tap-roots deep into the soil; that they all ripen their seed; that some attain the height of many inches above ground; that the leaves are large and vigorous, and the colors of the blossoms bright and beautiful.

Here, too, the other essential condition of all vegetation, *moisture*, makes its appearance in quite an unusual manner. Most people imagine all the Arctic regions wrapped, during the summer, in perpetual mist, not unfrequently varied by snow and rain. During the summer of East Greenland there is scarcely any precipitation of moisture from the air, but plants live almost entirely on that which they derive from the ground. It is not, of course, the rich and luxuriant cushions of moss, which grow on the banks of the merrily-rippling stream, that one must expect to find here; these are seen but rarely. But we find large tracts uniformly watered and saturated with moisture from the melt-

ing of a slope of snow ; for, since the lower stratum of the ground is frozen, the water can not penetrate it and run off below, but precolates down the whole slope through the uppermost stratum to the shore. To pass such places, which are often miles in breadth, is one of the severest labors of spring and summer traveling, as one often sinks knee-deep in loamy mud. A multitude of plants, however, rejoice in this soil, so that we find them flourishing in these wet tracts in great profusion. On the other hand, where there are real river-beds, the banks are generally barren ; for, when the thaw commences, the water rushes along with such tremendous force as to carry down quantities of earth, plants, and stones.

It will be supposed that there must also be many places of greater elevation, which, not being within the reach of melting snow, must therefore be almost entirely devoid of moisture, and unable, through the great dryness of the air, to support the least vegetation. There are certainly many such places ; but absolute sterility is exceedingly rare. We saw few spots where we did not meet, every two or three yards, with at least a few blades of grass, a tiny patch of willow, or a little tuft of silene or lychnis. The appearance which these present is, to be sure, dismal enough. Scarcely, even in early spring, can we speak of green shoots ; the grass puts forth a dry and stunted blade and ear ; in a short time the three or four little leaves, which every stalk of herb or shrub develops, become of a pale brown color, like those of the previous year, which never fall ; the tufts produce their occasional short-stalked blossoms, and their summer is passed. Is it not marvelous that just as the Arctic traveler, during his wanderings, suffers from nothing more than from thirst, so we find vegetation here reduced to a minimum, not by cold and wet, but by drought and parching heat ? It is these circumstances, too, which impede the growth of lichens and moss to such an extent that, even in this "kingdom of mosses and lichens," we had often to search for a long time before finding a locality answering in any degree to this description ; and though many reindeer are found, the reindeer-moss is one of the rarest plants. I can not, in these few words, draw any thing like a complete picture of the vegetation of the Pendulum Islands, as many and various additional details would have to be taken into account.

But the mainland, exposed as it is to a more intense heat, produces a vegetation of considerably higher character. There, not only at the foot of the mountains, but also to a height of more than 1000 feet up their slopes, are seen large tracts of uninterrupted green, affording pasture for herds of reindeer and cattle. In many places may be found the most beautiful close grass, which, as with us, is decked with the yellow flowers of the dandelion ; the blades, adorned with clusters of ears, reach the height of from one to two feet ; the bilberry grows side-by-side with the andromeda, and covers large tracts of ground, as on our own moory heaths. In the damp clefts of the rocks flourish the most delicate ferns, and the acid leaves of the sorrel grow to an unusual size ; on the sunny slopes the dark-blue campanula nods on its long stem, and we are attracted by the tender evergreen pyrola with its marble-white flowers. Among the rounded pebbles of the streams and seashore the epilobium unfolds its large blossoms, which, with their magnificently bright-red color, entice from afar even the most indifferent. Among the bare rocks the curious polemonium has settled in great profusion, and out of the feathery circle of odoriferous leaves rise the thick clusters of its large, bright, light-blue flowers. Clothed as they are in such a very familiar dress, these plants seem like strangers in their Arctic surroundings. And that peculiar color of the mountain slope is produced, as we find to our astonishment, by very small but vigorous dwarf-birch, which, although it grows but little every year, seems to thrive very well, as it has ripened both blossoms and fruit. Close by stand bilberry-bushes, bearing ripe and peculiarly sweet fruit, which is plucked and enjoyed with child-like pleasure ; and, lastly, the botanist is enraptured at the discovery of some beautiful Alpine roses, which have, alas ! already shed their blossoms. This rhododendron brings him back at once to the Alps ; he even hears, in imagination, the tinkling of the cow-bells and the herdsman's call.

Thus, then, is it possible for the vegetable world in East Greenland to expand into unwonted beauty and to ripen its annual blossoms and fruit : in winter receiving from the snow its needful protection against the cruel frost, and in the short summer subjected to the influence of a

strong and constant light, and of a heat proceeding both from above and below.

In the midst of such luxuriant vegetable life, we were prepared for the presence of many herbivorous animals, and particularly of the reindeer and snow-white Arctic hare, which inhabit all parts of the icy north. On the rich and extensive pastures of the mainland we found large herds of the splendid reindeer, undisturbed and unaffrighted by bloodthirsty man. But there was another gregarious animal, quite as important and interesting, which we met there, and whose discovery in East Greenland was, curiously enough, reserved for our expedition. It was the Arctic ox, known as the "musk-ox" by the Franklin expeditions, with its low stature, long dark hair and heavy horns, immensely thick at the roots. Here, too, this strange animal lives in herds, gains access to its food in winter by scraping from it the thin covering of snow, and affords, as well as the reindeer and hare, an excellent and wholesome food for man. Lesser animals, also, live on plants; the little gray lemming digs for the smaller roots; and among the birds we saw geese feeding on the meadows, and the pretty ptarmigan eating the young shoots of the willows. But here, also, as throughout the realms of nature, these animals have their peculiar enemies. The ermine, which lives among the stones, and the ever-prowling fox, are ready to pounce upon them on land, as the owl and falcon to swoop down on them from the air. Nevertheless, the snow-bunting chirps and sings its joyous song in the bitter cold of early spring, the plover (*charadrius*) and sandpiper cry in the hollows of the shore, as they waylay the little larvæ, gnats, and flies, which also spend an unobtrusive existence there.

A plentiful source of nourishment for birds and mammiferous animals is afforded by the sea. In the beds of seaweed on the flat beach, and in the forests of gigantic *Laminaria*, reside millions of the small species of crustacea which, favored by the equable temperature of the water, that never varies from year to year, attain an unusual size; bivalves and snails live among the rocks and at the bottom of the sea; they are partly the same as in the Baltic, but are generally of a stronger build. And these crustacea, along with other small fishes, serve for nutriment to hosts of water-birds, such as eider-ducks,

gulls, divers, terns, and others. These birds, which build their nests on the high cliffs, wheel restless and screeching day and night through the air, or splash about in the calm water. They, too, have to defend their young from the birds of prey just mentioned, to whose number we may also add the glaucous-gull, and, above all, the black raven. But, however acceptable to the European explorer the flesh and the eggs, the fur and the feathers of these quadrupeds and birds may be, their value to the natives is insignificant compared with that of the walrus and seal. These are the most important animals on all ice-bound coasts, on whose existence and use the whole life of the Esquimaux there depends. Even they do not enjoy their spoil unmolested; that mightiest beast of prey, the polar bear, lays equal claim with them on seals, walruses, and reindeer; and between the strength and cunning of the beast, and the intelligence and perseverance of man, is maintained the most wonderful conflict and rivalry.

ON THE INHABITANTS OF EAST GREENLAND.

As to the population of East Greenland, we met no living human being on the whole stretch of coast over which we traveled. The settlement in which Clavering found twelve men, in 1823, must, to all appearance, have been deserted at least twenty years ago. However, all remaining traces of it, especially winter and summer dwellings, as well as graves, were carefully searched, and any utensils and weapons that we found were brought home.

Real "winter huts," that is, the stationary winter dwellings of the natives, were found in seven places, to the number of sixteen, the most northerly on Hochstetter's Promontory, the most southerly on Cape Franklin. They are nearly always situated not far from the shore on the south side of those capes which point towards the south-east, and are built in groups of two, three, or sometimes four. Half worked into the ground, the walls are built of suitable and, in the inside, exceedingly smooth stones, pretty regularly set, and as far as they rise above ground, strengthened outside by mounds of earth and stones laid against them. The surface of the walls is only interrupted inside by a few small niches, which are generally found in the corners, especially in the front ones.

The floor is partially paved with flat stones, particularly in the corners, which probably served as fire-places.

The average length of the interior of these huts is, according to several exact measurements, 11 feet, and their breadth 9 feet. The height of the walls, which probably pretty nearly corresponds with the original heights, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. At the front end towards the south, or, which is the same thing, towards the water, there is an opening in the floor of $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet square; it descends to a like depth, and is the commencement of the only egress, a passage or tunnel which extends, in a nearly horizontal direction, under the front wall to a length of from 6 to 12 feet. It is constructed of stone, and terminates in a rather wide opening, being itself of barely sufficient size to admit a man in a creeping position. This is moreover the only opening to the hut, for there is no sort of window in the roof. The roof is constructed, as we could clearly prove from some that had fallen down, of two or three wooden poles or laths placed lengthwise over the walls, on which flat stones are laid diagonally, and sometimes supported by more laths, the whole of which is covered and made tight with smaller stones, sods of grass and other things. The whole arrangement of the huts insures the greatest possible maintenance of heat, as owing to the depth of the door no continual ventilation can be produced, but only the most necessary exchange of air. As to how many inhabitants such huts contained, we can not, of course, be certain; if we computed them at six, it would be certainly within the mark. In the corners, especially the front ones, we sometimes found so-called "lamps" (Kudluk) of the most primitive form; a stone, with a hollow, which was still, in some instances, thickly blackened; in others we found the remains of food, the fat, bones, and flesh of seals.

In digging through the rubbish of earth and stones, which covered the floor of the huts, in a layer of from six to twelve inches, we obtained several utensils, or fragments of them, as well as a number of pieces of wood, bone, etc., the waste of their work.

Of their summer dwellings also traces are everywhere found, viz., the so-called "tent-rings," that is, stones left there after being used in fastening the border of the tent. They are arranged in circles of from

ten to twelve feet in diameter, with an opening turned towards the water, and generally divided into a front and back half by a diametrical row of stones. They are met with on nearly all parts of the coast, both close to the winter huts and also at a great distance from them. They were most numerous on Walrus Island and on Shannon Island, (Cape Philip Broke,) where they not only lay close to one another, but, so to speak, in several generations on the top of one another. As for the rest, we may also mention holes, lined and covered with stones, from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, which are found in the vicinity of the dwellings, either made in the ground or built against a larger stone or rock, and which represent roughly built store-rooms; they are found scattered in every direction, and may have served as places for the safe preservation of game. In the neighborhood of the dwellings, especially of the huts, close and often luxuriant grass, intermingled with the various beautiful flowers, has sprung up, from easily assignable causes. The bleached bones of seals, walruses, narwhals, and other animals, relics of former banquets, which are thickly strewn over this green grass, stand out clearly and characteristically.

The graves must also be mentioned. They are not dug in the ground, at least very seldom, but consist of a superstructure of stones over the corpse, which is placed in either a recumbent or a crouching position. The form of these is either oblong, ($4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet high,) or circular, ($3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter.) In the first case, the covering consists of flat long stones or short ones, which are supported by rods placed underneath; in the other case, the roof is arched all round. Any accidental gaps are carefully filled up with stones of all sizes down to the very smallest. In this manner the body can be protected against foxes, but certainly not against hungry bears. The form of the graves seems to have no particular meaning, but to have been regulated by the form of the stones available, as flat stones are necessary for the covering of oblong graves. In the interior we generally found quite a heap of earth and willow leaves, (blown in,) from among which the bones were only partially, or sometimes not at all visible. The bodies must, of course, have decomposed very soon in the Greenland climate; even the bones were already partially de-

cayed in the damp ground. The long graves lie lengthways towards the south; it could be seen from several that the head lay towards the north, and that therefore the dead were buried as if to face the south.

The graves were numerous and scattered, often at a great distance from the dwellings. Nearly all admitted of close investigation; and twelve skulls, as well as many single bones, were brought back for subsequent and more thorough examination. Strange to say, weapons and utensils were very seldom found in the graves, although, as they were made of ivory, they would have been kept in good preservation. On the other hand, we discovered, in what was probably a child's grave, a human figure roughly carved out of wood; and in another grave, among rocks, we found the pieces of a finely carved wooden box of about $9 \times 4 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The things we discovered were made of wood, horn, bones, ivory, (walrus and narwhal teeth,) and stone.

Besides a pretty goblet, we found a *cajak*-rudder and several dagger hilts, handles, etc., manufactured of wood; also two figures of animals, roughly carved. A dog-sledge, which lay on the shore, nearly complete in all its parts, deserves special mention. It consists, as is well known to be the case in West Greenland, of two runners, very roughly made, about seven feet long, across which several boards are fastened with thongs, and at the end two sloping pieces fastened as a back. In place of our iron tires, the runners are covered underneath with strips of bone, ivory, or whalebone, fastened with wooden pegs.

All the wood there is drift-wood, which, however, is not very plentiful on those coasts, and whose origin (Siberia or America) and species (fir or larch) have still to be more exactly determined.

As to iron instruments, only one was discovered. It was a piece of iron an inch long, fastened into a wooden handle. As the shaping of all the wooden articles indicates the use of stone instruments, it is very probable that this iron may have been a present from Clavering to the Esquimaux then living there.

We saw nothing made of flint, but several splinters of it, and one whole unbroken stone in the huts. It is to be remarked, that with this exception, we hardly found any flint. Some fine spear-points

and knives were made of slate, parts of vessels constructed of a softer crystalline slate; most of the articles, however, were made of bone or tusk. In default of saws, these are divided into the desired shapes by boring holes close to one another in the intended planes of division, so that at last the parting may be effected by the appliance of some force. A smooth surface can then be obtained by scraping, grinding, and polishing. Of the mechanism of the boring, we could find no direct explanation.

According to our observations, the huts of the former inhabitants of East Greenland, between lats. 73° and 76° , may be estimated at about 16, and the population at about 100 persons. In the year 1823, it seems pretty certain that only two inhabited huts were in existence, (observed to contain 12,) and these must have been forsaken between 20 and 30 years ago. This circumstance, and the existence of traces of huts of considerably earlier date at the southern stations, together with the traditions prevalent among many branches of Esquimaux of an impending extinction, may perhaps best answer the question that has universally arisen about the disappearance of those who once lived here. People are too ready to trace the cause to the climate becoming colder, and to the increase of the ice inclosing the coast, and generally cite as proof several facts which are partly false and partly falsely applied. But we all, in consequence of a whole series of reasons, which can not here be more fully developed, are unable to agree with such a view. On the contrary, we have the well-known assertion, that there are periods of favorable and unfavorable years, *i.e.*, winters, confirmed by our own sojourn, and by the state of the ice on the coast. And so the conjecture may not be false that, on account of some such particularly unfavorable years, and owing to hunger and cold, infirmity and mortality may have increased, that the few remaining inhabitants must have been driven by hunger to expose themselves to greater danger and exertions, and that thus, perhaps, the last may have sought safety in a migration towards a more beautiful land, the existence of which they knew or suspected, farther south.

Among the observations and collections here made by us there is, perhaps, little really new, yet their significance may be

quite peculiar, as these settlements in East Greenland have not for many centuries been in communication with those of other Esquimaux. The utmost exertions would have been necessary to hold any commu-

nications with the west, on account of the high mountainous interior, and with the south, owing to the east coast being eternally beset with ice. But time does not allow a further discussion of this point.

London Society

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

NO II.—GEORGES SAND.

AMANTINE LUCILE MARIE AURÔRE DUPIN, afterwards Madame la Baronne Dudevant, afterwards Georges Sands, may well be called a European celebrity. In her own country she has excited both the utmost enthusiasm and the extreme of opposition. In Russia, *canards* were circulated as to whether she did not wear a peaked felt hat, sat jauntily over one ear, a mustache, and spurs, and whether she did not make a great-coat of her abundantly flowing hair. In Italy she was welcomed by the advanced party as a fellow-worker; and she met with the recognition of our own country in a magnificent sonnet by our greatest poetess. With all this, we can scarcely go so far as those who say that she is the muse of the nineteenth century—that there is “in her carriage something haughty and proud, which fills with amaze; in her language a mystic melody, which includes at once the rhythm of Homer and Virgil, the *verve* of Juvenal, the sublimity of Dante, and the sarcasm of Byron.” Were she possessed of all these attributes, we might indeed expect to find her a woman with a mustache and spurs, astride upon the back of an awe-inspiring Pegasus, careering through the ether in the midst of lightnings and incense and imprecations. If, on the contrary, we could have looked in upon this prodigy at one period of her life, we should have found her in a garret, painting flowers, and withal somewhat badly off for bread.

Marie Aurore Dupin, *alias* Georges Sand, was the only child of Maurice Dupin, who married and died young, after attaining to a high grade in the army of the Empire. This Maurice Dupin was the only child of a lady who deserves notice, not only for the influence she had upon our heroine, but from her own remarkable originality, and the vivid color of her character. She was a philosopher of a school that is now somewhat lessened in influence,

and she held fast to her doctrines, unevangelical though they might be, with a persistent and charming independence. She doubtless owed something of her characteristic eccentricities to her origin; and we can scarcely wonder at the vagaries of her granddaughter, when we consider the unconventionality and wildness of blood of a long line of her ancestors. The grandmother of Georges Sand was the daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe and an actress who, we are told, formed a unit in his large collection of sultanas. This Maurice de Saxe had fought at Fontenoy, and was the natural son of Auguste II., King of Poland, and the Countess of Kœnigsmark. Marie Aurore de Saxe married Messire Antoine de Horne, who died in three years, when the widow, at that time about thirty, contracted a second alliance with M. Dupin, whose age was sixty-two. This was for her a true love match, it appears, in spite of the disparity of years; and it is worth while to quote the answer of this lady, when aged herself, to her granddaughter of future celebrity, whom she had heard say that it was impossible to love an old man. “An old man loves more than a young one,” said she; “and it is impossible not to love one who loves us perfectly. I called him my old husband and my papa. He shared in this arrangement, and never called me any thing but his daughter, even in public. And besides,” added she, “do you think any one was ever old at that time? *It is the Revolution which has brought old age into the world.* Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, elaborate, graceful, perfumed, playful, amiable, affectionate, and of an equable temper until the hour of his death. Younger, he would have been too amiable to have a life so calm.” This happy couple were full of refined tastes, and spent their lives in artistic enjoyments, in which they ruined themselves, “in the most amiable manner

in the world," as this old lady-philosopher asserts. She takes occasion, too, to scorn the newer ways of life, and staunchly upholds the superiority of dying at a ball or play, to submitting to fate in one's bed, between four wax tapers, and in the midst of wicked men in black; and her husband's last words of farewell to her were an injunction to survive him as long as possible, and to make herself a happy life. We may thus see what original influences were about Madame Sand in her younger days. She was brought up by this grandmother, at the château of Nohant, and, at fifteen years old, could handle a gun, dance, mount on horseback, and draw a sword. She was, we are told, an adorable and petulant Amazon, a charming feminine demon, who could follow the pastime of coursing under the avenues of Marly, but who was totally ignorant as regards the sign of the cross. It was insinuated to the grandmother that the pious Restoration did not exactly share the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, (who had been a personal friend of the Dupin family,) but that it was highly desirable that young persons should be educated in a different manner from that practiced with regard to "Emile." The grandmother professed much surprise, and gave her adviser to understand that in matters of philosophy, she held but a poor opinion of the nineteenth century.

In the beautiful garden of the Vallée Noire, where fragrant meadows stretched onwards for league on league, Georges Sand grew out of childhood like a wild flower, untended and unpruned. An enthusiastic old botanist, named Neraud, whom, on account of the fairy-like descriptions which he was wont to give of the Isle of Madagascar and the various regions he had visited in his long voyages, she had baptized Malgache, was her constant companion. He was a dry little copper-colored man, rather worse dressed than a peasant, who had traveled over the mountainous isles of the South Seas in search of rare specimens, until his finances failed him, and he had been compelled to return home in rags and emaciation. He had gained his heart's desire, nevertheless, and a beautiful fern, before unknown, was named after him. This oddity divided his time between planting Madagascar flowers and rare exotics in the soil of Berry, and the study of advanced politics, in the pursuit of *which in youth he had gone to every popu-*

lar outbreak, and received many a sabrecut on the head. His first acquaintance with Georges Sand was made in a singular manner. She, galloping past his flowering groves one morning at day-break, was suddenly arrested in her course by the sight of some magnificent dahlias. They were the first seen in France, and the first she had ever seen. She was only sixteen, and she got down from her horse to steal one, and then galloped away with her prize. The old nurseryman—for thus he wished himself to be called—must have witnessed the theft, for, soon after, she received a present from him of a number of roots for planting. From this time dated their acquaintance; and a few years after they became intimate friends.

The girl, with splendid brown hair, her strongly marked features, and her impetuous bearing, ran wild in the pleasant valley which contained her grandmother's château. In perfect liberty she would run about all day, in her short petticoats, pursue butterflies along the winding ways of the valley, and return home to enjoy her brilliant grandmother's stories of the pomps of Versailles, the lives of *roués* and philosophers, and the ways of a society in which rigidity of morals was almost a matter of ridicule. Between her first and second marriage, the old Countess had retired to Abbaye-aux-Bois, and there kept open house for the wits and *savants* of the time. We can scarcely wonder at the admiration excited by this lively old lady in an imaginative and spirited child. In the Château de Nohant, too, there was a large library, to which the young girl had unrestricted access; and at one time, "Corinne," "Atala," and Lavater were her constant companions. As she grew older, more influence was used with her grandmother, with respect to her education. The old lady at length, finding the aristocratic influence too strong for her, feigned compliance with the dictates of Society, and outwardly renounced her philosophic method. Whereupon, under the pressure of the religious reaction and anti-Voltaire feelings which had sprung up, it was decided that Aurora should be sent to a convent to receive the rudiments—of which she was yet entirely ignorant—of religious instruction. The narrow boundaries of conventual life galled greatly, at first, her soaring spirit, and the banishment from her beloved and unconventional grandmother inflicted on

her severe pain; but, after a time, the influences of Catholicism began to gain upon her, and she abandoned herself to the intoxication of religious fervor. She passed, it is said, like Saint Thérèse, whole hours in ecstasy at the altar's foot. About this time the old Countess of Horne died, and her granddaughter, after an absence of a few weeks from the convent, returned with a full intention of taking the veil. The influence of her whole family was, very naturally—she was an heiress of half a million of francs—directed against her taking this step. But the husband chosen for her was unsuitable in every respect. M. le Baron Dudevant was a retired military officer who had turned farmer; and, in place of satisfying the romantic enthusiasm of his young wife, was assiduous in the breeding of his cattle, and himself the superintendent of his laborers on the farm. The depiction of a character meant to represent this unsatisfactory husband is to be found in one of his wife's novels—"Indiana." "He was," we are told, "a man with a gray mustache, a terrible eye; an austere master, before whom all trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs." And this was the man destined to realize the passionate ideal of a high-spirited girl just fresh from the exciting spiritualism of a Parisian convent! She was seventeen: and from the midst of a prosaic and monotonous existence, she saw her fortune spent in importing new breeds of sheep, magnificent specimens of bulls, and a large number of farm-wagons. Two children were born to her while doing the honors of the farm, as the Baroness Dudevant; and their infantile affection assisted her much toward that "angelic resignation" with which, we are told, she bore her griefs. Soon, however, the laws of her nature asserted their sway, and even her children were unable to save her from spiritual numbness and despair. She fell ill, and the medical faculty of Berry ordered her the waters of the Pyrenees. From this time commences a new epoch in her life. The bucolic baron was far too closely bound up with his agricultural improvements, to be the companion of his young wife on her journey, so a chance of seeing the world became open to her. At Bordeaux, through which town she passed, letters of introduction from old friends of her family brought her into brilliant society, where, we learn, homage and adoration surrounded her

without ceasing. A ship-owner of Bordeaux—a man of distinction and merit—lost his heart hopelessly to the charming young baroness; but she was possessed of sufficient strength to resist his advances. Still, a sort of sacrificial ceremony appears to have been enacted between them at parting, which took place in the Valley of Agrèles, at the foot of the Pyrenees, the grandiose solemnity of whose peaks, we are told in truly French style, elevated their souls to the required height of sacrifice. After being subject to the waters—and, we might add, the fires—of the Pyrenees, Madame Dudevant returned home to the old, dreary, monotonous round, that was not life, but death, to one of her passionate and idealistic nature. But her travels had taught her a way which seemed to promise relief. She surrounded herself with celebrities in poetry, science, and art, in order to bring as near as possible the life for which she craved, and so the better to fight against the ideas of revolt, over which she began to have less and less the mastery.

It was the old battle—between nature and convention. The strong god of imagination met in an ecstatic wrath with the prosaic shackles of propriety and routine, and hacked and hewed them with his flaming sword. But the sword felt the pain, not the bonds. Though she might surround herself, to some extent, with the artistic society that she loved, yet she did not belong to it; from out the sphere of her drear and inharmonious domesticity she looked upon it as through a grating. She sickened of her captivity. Her grandmother had inoculated her early with philosophic notions of liberty; Malgache had offered her glimpses of a political creed of the most advanced type, and possibly had also communicated to her something of the restlessness of his travel-loving spirit. Her ancestors had supplied her with a heaving flood of impetuous blood, and nothing of the fibrous element of discipline and self-control; their history, too, was a register giving evidence rather of eccentric freedom than of decorum. She heard Art, with a mystic voice, call her to a land of beautiful liberty, a land wherein she dreamed her soul could take delight. She listened with more and more emotion to the seductive whispers of this impulsive voice, and at length she obeyed them. One day, early in the year 1828, she was missing.

Among the persons of literary tastes who had frequented her home *soirées*, was a young man of the name of Jules Sandeau, who, like every one else, had fallen desperately in love with his fair hostess, and with whom—they were both equally young and inexperienced—she had shared much in literary sympathies. We are told that these two made the journey to Paris together; but it appears that immediately after her arrival there the runaway made application to be received back into the convent of the “Dames-Anglaises,” where she had spent the last days of her maidenhood. Into this tranquil retreat, after some little difficulty—for her readmission was not in accordance with rule—our *ci-devant* farmer’s-wife fled for refuge, but only to become painfully sensible that she had but exchanged one cage for another. After a few days, she broke again through her bars, and found herself alone in Paris. “Here, then,” says a French sympathizer, “is this wife, who has violently made herself free, this poet who has taken flight, cast without support, without protectors, into this gulf which is called Paris—hell for some, paradise for others. What is to become of this young and noble lady, without resources, without friends?” She had quitted her home without money; she had no friends. Yes, there was one—the young aspirant with whom she had traveled. In a very short time, the pair were looking out upon Paris together from the windows of a modest garret. We must not now picture to ourselves, as their place of abode, the fusty and squalid attic-rooms, such as are to be found in many a London lodging-house. The little rooms of a Parisian *hôtel garni* or *maison meublée* will generally be found, from ground-floor to roof, bright, fresh and cheerful. Here our fugitive drank of the cup of liberty to the dregs. The following paragraph, taken from one of her romances, may be taken as embodying the wild delight of the escaped captive: “Oh, green Bohemia, fantastic realm of souls without ambition and without shackles, I go then to revisit thee! Oft have I wandered upon thy mountains, and fluttered above the summits of thy fir-trees. Well indeed do I remember it, although I was yet unborn among men; and the misfortune that came to me is, not to have been able to forget thee while living here.” In Paris she did indeed enjoy to the full the regained “green Bohemia” of her dreams. While, in her

earlier days, an inmate of the decorous and aristocratic convent of the “Dames-Anglaises,” she had, on account of her brusque and energetic manners, been named by her companions “The Little Boy.” They would have found strong grounds for their *soubriquet* had they met with her in this stage of her career. It would take long, wandering walks in Paris, with her companion, freed from the incommodious and embarrassing garments of her sex, and admitted to equal fellowship with her brother Bohemian by her vestiture in the nobler apparel of man. But there was that unfortunate nuisance—the pecuniary question. They were but almost without means; and the contemplation of the manner of their future subsistence became serious. The baron painted flowers; but this placed but a feeble barrier between them and starvation. At length her energy began to manifest itself. She wrote an article, and presented herself in person at the office of *Figaro*. She must have been in feminine attire, for the editor-in-chief described her to one of his friends as “a young and pretty woman.” With respect to her literary *début* we find two accounts given. One takes notice of no difficulties whatever, and leads us to understand that she was asked for articles which were immediately published; whereupon she was recommended to compose a romance, the road being made all smooth to her, with no difficulty or disappointment whatever coming in her way. We are inclined to give credit to the other account as more natural. She offered her article to the editor, who replied that his supply of matter was sufficient, and that he had no room for the work of outsiders; but, remarking something noble in her mien and accent, and something extraordinary in the depth of her eye, he bade her leave the article for him to examine. It proved untestable, he avowed to his friend; but, after canceling several passages, and adding others, he published it in a totally modified form. Three days afterwards, the impatient beauty returned to the charge with a second article, which was worth still more than the former one. The accommodating editor published it; but his patience was limited—he refused the third. The fair authoress again presented herself at the office. We will let the editor give his own account of what passed between them. “Madame,” said I to our lady from

country, with that frankness, which characterizes me, and at the risk even of wounding her self-love, "I declare to you that your two articles have produced a sad effect. I counsel you, then, to renounce a profession which, besides, affords a very poor maintenance even for writers endowed with incontestable talent." "Well, then," answered our lady, resignedly, "I understand painting; I will make pictures." "Painting!" cried the editor, "that is even worse than letters. Write a novel, madame, I believe that you will succeed." And so journalism was renounced.

On the lady's return from the newspaper office, the two in the garret put their heads together; and the result was, that they both set to work, and produced between them a romance, to which they gave the title of "Rose et Blanche; ou, la Religieuse et la Comédienne." It may easily be imagined, from this title, that some of the lady's experiences in the aristocratic seminary were utilized. They were indeed made the subject of a caustic sketch. The manuscript was taken to the kind editor of the *Figaro*, who read it, and deemed it worth printing. He even took some trouble to look out a publisher for it, and shortly afterwards the novel made its appearance in the world. As to the author's name, which should appear on the title-page, there had been a little difficulty, Madame Dudevant not wishing her name to appear, and M. Sandeau being subject to a like hesitation, not wishing his father to become aware of the pursuit in which he was engaged. A happy suggestion was made by the ingenious editor, which put an end to the dilemma. He recommended Sandeau to chop a piece off his name, and so publish the remainder without fear of recognition. The romance consequently appeared bearing the superscription of "Jules Sand." "Rose et Blanche" met with but little success, and, indeed, never came into the sphere of general criticism. A bookseller, however, who was crafty enough to keep one eye open to discover the germs of nascent genius, read the book, and was struck with certain points in it which betokened originality and vigor.

At this period our two companions chanced to be separated for a short time. On parting, they had entered into a mutual arrangement for the composition of another romance, of which each was to supply the half when they met again. On

the gentleman's return to Paris, he was asked for his portion of the work, and was obliged to confess that he had not written a chapter of it. He was much the weaker vessel, this young man. Here is my share, said the lady, bringing forward a complete work, which she had composed by herself. Now comes our lynx-eyed bookseller upon the scene. He knocks at the door of the little garret, and after passing the threshold, asks for "the author of 'Rose et Blanche,' if you please." "It is I," answered Sandeau, who was writing at a table. The lady was seated in a corner, coloring flowers: and the bookseller, depositing himself between them, began to enter into conversation on literary topics. He soon convinced himself that the young dame was the object of which he was in search. He praised her work, and suggested that, instead of coloring flowers, she ought to occupy herself exclusively with literature. Her answer to these encouraging counsels was the production, from a drawer, of the complete manuscript of "Indiana." He read a page or two, was pleased with the title, and carried the whole away with him, to examine it at his leisure, parting with the fair authoress with the remark that times were bad, and that books were scarcely selling at all—without some general observations of which description it would seem impossible for trade to be carried on. In a few days he returned, and purchased, probably for a very small sum, the wonderful manuscript. In a few weeks every one was asking every one else, "Have you read Indiana?" Again, there had been a difficulty about the author's name. M. Jules Sandeau would have nothing to do with the affair. Some one happening to look in an almanac, found that it was St. George's day. Keep the name Sand, this individual advised, and substitute Georges for Jules. Here we have, at least, the name that has been famous for the last forty years. Without carefully prepared announcements, without any mysterious surprises, without a name that was in any way familiar in the literary world, the book had an immediate success. The story occupies itself chiefly with four characters: the Baron Delmare, an old French colonel, who, after retiring from the service, has grown rich, as a merchant in the Isle of Bourbon; his wife, Indiana, a young and ethereal creole, married solely through submission to her fa-

ther's will; her cousin, Sir Ralph Brown; and Raymon de Ramière, a graceful and corrupt *roué*, an incarnation of brilliant selfishness. After considering its author's antecedents, we can scarcely wonder that the book should hinge upon the question of the institution of marriage. Baron Delmare is a rough and rusty old grumbler, despotic, peevish, and unsympathetic. Indiana is bodily delicate, but full of soul, and suffering intensely from her isolation from love. Sir Ralph is good, kind, and rather quiet, and has entertained an affection for Indiana from the time of her being a child. Raymon appears to Indiana as the ideal being for whom she has been waiting all her life. He fascinates her. She takes his advances seriously; and then, an ecstatic passion having completely got the better of her, she is ready, with the absolute confidence which love engenders, to fly with him—indeed, resolves to do so rather than remain with her husband. In her grand abandonment of self, as the result of her faith in Raymon, and of her inexperience; and in the vivid analysis of the storm as it passes through her soul, lies the great strength of the book. So soon as she discovers his worthlessness, changes too rapid take place in the characters to be quite natural. She recovers serenity as if by magic, while, at the same time, Sir Ralph, who had always been true to her in spirit, but was considerably older than herself, bursts forth with all the passionate adoration of a young man. On this latter transformation-scene the great critic, Sainte-Beuve, who reviewed "Indiana" within a year of its first appearance, is especially severe. Knowing nothing, however, of the actual experience of the author—for at this time her real name, and even her sex, were matters of uncertainty to the Parisian world—he could not be aware of the special reasons for believing in the possible perfection of an old man's love which the stories told to her by her lively grandmother at the Château Nohant must have supplied her with.

In the midst of the success attending the publication of "Indiana," the authoress and her old fellow-laborer, Jules Sandeau, separated from each other. In one of Georges Sand's later works there is a touching story told, which evidently bears reference to this separation. We proceed to translate it: "It matters little to me to grow old; it would be of much importance

not to grow old alone: but I have never met the being with whom I would have wished to live and die; or if I had met him, I have not been able to keep him. Listen to a story, and weep. There lived a good artist, whose name was Watelet, who engraved with aquafortis better than any man of his time. He loved Marguerite Lecomte, and taught her to engrave as well as himself. She left her husband, her property, and her country, in order to go and live with Watelet. The world cursed them; afterwards, as they were poor and modest, they were forgotten. Forty years afterwards there were discovered in the environs of Paris, in a tiny house called Moulin-Joli, an old man who engraved with aquafortis, and an old woman, whom he called his *meunière*, (miller's wife—an allusion to the name of the house,) and who engraved with aquafortis, seated at the same table. The last design which they engraved represented Moulin-Joli, Marguerite's house, with this motto:

"Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores?"

It is framed in my bed-room, above a portrait of which no one here has seen the original. For a year, the being who gave me that portrait sat with me every night at a little table, and he lived by the same work as myself. At the rising of the day we consulted each other with regard to our work, and we used to sup at the same little table, talking all the while of art, sentiment, and the future. The future has broken its word to us. Pray for me, oh Marguerite Lecomte!"

The institution of marriage in France being what it is, we can scarcely wonder at "a voice from the inner Light-sea and Flame-sea, Nature's and Truth's own heart," as Carlyle would say, being raised against it in wrath and revolt; nor can we be astonished that a number of women, suddenly finding a fiery interpreter of their smoldering sentiments of injury, should at once crowd around her with acclamations. The French system of marrying and giving in marriage is worked somewhat after this fashion: A man who has led a gay bachelor life finds himself approaching his fortieth year; and being somewhat weary of frivolity, and disillusioned, besides, of his youthful dreams, he thinks the best thing to do will be to settle down and enlarge his business. So he goes to some lady-friend or professional matchmaker, and,

after stating the amount of his means, requests to be furnished with a wife who can command a similar sum for her *dot*. The lady looks around among her friends. In such or such a seminary there is a young girl waiting until her father can provide her with a suitable *parti*. An introduction is effected between the two gentlemen, and Benedict is invited once to meet the girl in the presence of her friends. Her dowry is proved to be in order. Will she do? Yes; Benedict is satisfied. Then the girl is asked, will he do? She has been in her boarding-school until she is utterly weary of its narrow walls and rigid rules; all her dreams are of the world outside; and she would give any thing to escape from tutelage; so she accepts her fate. The marriage is arranged to take place with but small delay; and until the arrival of that auspicious day, the betrothed pair have never met save in the presence of a third party. This is not an exaggerated account of love-making, as practiced in Paris. We ourselves have met — under exceptional circumstances, owing to our nationality, but under conditions of most strict propriety—a buxom Cécile, of about seventeen, who was immured in a boarding-school near the Bois-de-Boulogne, and whose dreams were evidently wandering far beyond the scholastic atmosphere in which she found herself. She had, it is true, certain advantages over most of her sex in a similar position; for her guardian, being a count, and one of the chiefs of the Emperor's household, had been enabled to procure her admission, now and then, to the balls given by the Empress. Once, too, he came to the establishment to take her away with him on a more important errand—to be inspected by an eligible candidate for her hand and dowry. Unfortunately, according to the gentlemen's views, she "would not do," and charming Cécile had to return to her *pensionnat*. This was less than two years ago as we write; and we often wonder what, under conditions so vastly changed, has become of poor Cécile, who was so frivolous and so pretty. We were not favorably impressed with her guardian, who was suffering from some excitement, owing to the presence in the room of an anti-Imperialist novel-writer and editor of one of the Republican papers. The occasion was a school celebration. Speaking to us of such *canaille*, he said, in English,

"I would strike them with my stick." Poor fellow! the stick has been since turned the other way.

A few months after the publication of "Indiana"—some say six, others say only two—appeared "Valentine." The institution of marriage was again the point against which the force of the author was directed; but this time the characters were disposed with more skill, and the criticism was carried out with more delicacy and less virulence. Admiration rose to its height. Even critics, *un peu retardataires*—as Sainte-Beuve avows himself—who had deemed "Indiana" as possibly the isolated cry of an injured woman, who, when she had fumed herself out on the subject of her own experiences, would have nothing left to say, were brought to acknowledge "Valentine" as the work of a person of true genius, who possessed the key of the human heart.

Now curiosity seized upon the Parisian world, with regard to this newly-risen star, and gossip of all descriptions went abroad. The author was a man, a woman, a blonde, a brunette, a Dantesque virago, an expert at billiards, a smoker of innumerable cigars. Every one had some special information concerning her. An "interviewer" who was introduced to her presence found, to his surprise, a pretty, plump woman, dressed in ordinary style; but the smoke of a badly-hidden *cigarito* went up behind the prophetess in little tell-tale clouds. She appears to have cultivated two sides to her character. Among her associates she was plain "Georges," and sometimes sported male attire; before the outside world she was decorously dressed, and "Madame Sand." When Paris learned that it was indebted to a pretty woman of twenty-seven for the marvelous romances, excitement rose to fanaticism.

Then came "Lélia," which was a lyrical and philosophical romance, a cry against moral torpor, half St.-Simonian and half Byronic. Loud cries of reprobation were raised against this book, as including passages which contained too great nakedness of avowal; but—we go to steady Sainte-Beuve again—"the elevation of the sentiment rendered even these passages much more chaste than three-quarters of the trivial scenes admired and celebrated by critics in the novels of every day."

Her fourth romance — not counting "Rose et Blanche," written in partnership

with M. Sandeau, and which, indeed, had not come, to any great degree, before the world—was “Jacques.” This treated of marriage again; but the loud exclamations which, from some quarters, were raised against it, served but to increase Madame Sand’s renown. Then came a number of works in rapid succession, one of which was strongly depreciative of man—*male* man, that is to say, and directed, with much power, against his influence. In 1837 Madame Sand engaged in a lawsuit with her husband, with a view to separation and for the recovery of her property, which owing to his giving up the proceedings at a late stage of the case, she regained entire possession of. She then spent some time in travel, and, on her return, made the acquaintance of the great Lamennais, who was editing a journal called the *Monde*. She contributed to his journal, and from himself received a strong influence in the direction of progressive Christianity. In the political and social sphere, too, she found her ideas rapidly developing, until she became a pronounced advocate of advanced social and humanitarian views. Her quitting the domain of poetical and imaginative composition, for works with a pronounced democratic aim, was the signal for a new and more violent outcry against her. She was accused of scandalous and disgraceful immorality, of atheism, of impiety, of desolating doctrines, and savage negations. Her publishers became alarmed at her outspokenness, and she was driven to the establishment of a journal of her own. The first work from her pen, which appeared in this new periodical, the *Revue Indépendante*, was the romance of “Consuelo,” which met with an

European success. It is one of her longest works, and is probably better known in this country than any other of her very numerous family of romances.

In 1848 we find Madame Sand giving assistance to the provisional government of the newly-established Republic. In addition to the composition of romances, Madame Sand has also turned her attention to dramatic writing. The author of a drama which fell dead in 1830, she met, in 1850, however, with one of the most complete successes that the stage affords.

As the missionary of a new social faith, she is considered by the keen-sighted Mazzini to have fallen away. To us it appears that the stimulus under which she has worked has generally been one arising rather from a sense of personal pain than from that yearning after justice and right which would actuate the more ideal soul of a Lamennais. The temperament of Madame Sand would appear to be of the uncontrollably emotional order—a nature including, with a passionate ideality, a large element of sensuousness. Mrs. Brownrigg’s splendid sonnet, “A Recognition,” well depicts Georges Sand, and testifies to the enthusiastic sympathy felt for the French authoress by the highest intelligences:

“True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman’s nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity?
Oh, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman’s voice forlorn:—
Thy woman’s hair, my sister, all unshorn
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disproving thy man’s name. And while before
The world thou burnest in poetic fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore.”

St. Paul’s.

THE ART OF BEAUTY.

PRACTICAL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

It may not be superfluous to say a few words on the decoration of rooms as affecting our personal appearance, and to offer a few modest hints upon wearing apparel itself, and the shapes and colors suitable to old and young, fat and thin, dark and fair, short and tall.

1st, as to Color in Rooms.

Too much can not be said against the pale, glossy, or white papers so much in

fashion for drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They are ruination to any material, to any picture hung upon them, to any complexion. The same must be urged against white ceilings, and still more against white carpets. A pale carpet not only destroys every thing in the room, but it visibly decreases the size of the room—pictures simply disappear. A light ceiling may pass unnoticed, since we have got out of the

habit of ever looking upwards in a room, owing firstly to the glare, and secondly to the certainty of there being nothing to see; but a light floor can not be forgotten. It forces itself on your attention whichever way you turn, casts up unpleasant reflected lights upon the polished legs of chairs, and destroys the colors and forms of all the furniture by its own obtrusiveness. Once, having purchased a curious carved cabinet of light oak, made in the sixteenth century, and brought it home to my white drawing-room, I experienced an unaccountable sense of disappointment on seeing it in its place. I found it only half the size I expected. I found the carving more trivial, the color more dull—the whole thing an eyesore. I could not for a time understand how I had been deceived into spending money on it. I mourned over my empty purse, and decided, not without feeling rather small, on selling it again without boasting about it to my friends. About that time I conceived a plan of covering the walls of my drawing-room with some very dark tapestry which I possessed, and did so, just before my cabinet's destined departure. When all was done, behold, my eyes were opened—a sudden light flashed upon me! To my astonishment, against the darkened walls my cabinet once more became its former self. Never had I supposed that oak could “tell” against brown—but it did so; it rose in height, it spread in breadth, the color brightened, and the carving seemed to be under a spell—to move and live! I hardly recognized my lamented bargain now that it was going away. And then I saw at once that the whole thing was owing to the altered background; and I have waged eternal war against pale walls ever since.

To Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Morris, Mr. Cottier, and a few other intelligent artists and architects, we owe a debt of gratitude. These gentlemen, especially Mr. Cottier, a pupil of Ruskin's, have lavished their great gift of an “eye” for form and color in the direction of mural and room decoration—the stained glass, the ceilings, and stencils designed by them are quite perfect. The forms are studied and adapted from the finest examples in old Roman and Greek decoration, and their colors are all exquisite in themselves and exquisitely harmonized. Queer blues, that are neither blue, nor green, nor lilac; queerer greens and yellows, and all variations of tertiary tints,

are tenderly united and mixed; at rare intervals a small bit of raw color is introduced with peculiarly brilliant effect. Very little gold is employed; but what there is, is most craftily managed. Many colors are clouded or gradated in tint, in one pattern; black comes in well, or invisible greens or browns. The stencilings, though always effective, are never sufficiently so to kill the after furnishing of the apartment, or the people in it. The whole beauty is subservient to these, and arranged with a view rather to enhance and set off every thing that is brought in contact with it, and especially human beings.

Let me entreat those who are about to redecorate their dwellings, if they do not make over to one of these artistic firms the entire responsibility of so arduous an undertaking, at least to study their works and rules, and follow them as far as they can. It is not more expensive to paint one's rooms with some warm tertiary color, here and there stenciled with some standard pattern (procurable for a few pence at any decorator's) in a darker or lighter shade of the same color, or an opposing color, *not too vivid*, than to paper it with some shiny monstrosity; rather the reverse, it is a good deal cheaper. Neither is it more difficult to make a wall dark in color half-way up, and the higher portion a delicate hue, the contrast united by a broad border, stenciled or in paper, combining both colors. It is not more expensive to have one's ceiling washed with a purple or any other soft-colored wash, than to have three coats of white paint, and then varnish laid on it; and no one, understanding any thing about art, will fail to see at once the superiority of the one effect to the other. Doors, too, should never stand out in staring contrast to the walls. The square form of a door is not a pretty one; and even a door with a rounded top, which is a much better form, is generally spoiled by not being carried up to the cornice. Doors should be tall, and should match *in effect*, if not in color, the walls and ceiling—that is, a room with a deep blue ceiling and walls of Van-dyke brown, and similar dark colors, may have doors black, or deep sage green; a room whose walls and ceiling are chiefly colored with the tertiary *citrine*, (a mixture of orange and green—a yellowish color,) may have doors of a very dull green or brownish purple; a room papered with one of Morris's peculiar scarlet papers, deep-

ly indented, may have black or sage-green doors and wainscot. Doors may with good effect be touched slightly with gold, or with paler shades of their own color, or painted in the panels with devices, according to the owner's taste.

There is no more perfect background than the old Spanish leather of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; but as this is hard to procure and of great price—nearly £5 per yard, at the least—the modern imitations in paper do as well for all practical purposes. They are copies of the finest antique patterns and colors, and a wall covered partly with these and with some cheaper plain color above, and a ceiling of any color but white—will always be a beautiful room and a becoming room to any person who is wise enough to enter it.

These are very rough and bare hints, but it would take too much space to describe half the complications of color and shape, which may be better understood by looking at a room decorated in any of the above styles.

LIGHTING AND FURNISHING.

It is important to consider, when decorating a room, by what light its decorations are to be seen. Colors which combine sweetly by day are sometimes inharmonious by candle-light, and of course any room that is to be used only in the evening should be decorated by the same light. For instance, some blues become green by candle-light, some do not; a combination of a certain shade of Magenta and Turkey red, which by daylight are a powerful contrast, (not that it is one I could recommend,) by candle-light would cease to exist, as they become one tint; and certain yellow-pinks and blue-pinks, which by daylight are most discordant, match at night. Also, some colors require more, some less, light than others to look well.

There are two things that should be remembered in lighting an apartment: 1st, candles give a far *pleasanter* light than gas, if they are in sufficient numbers to illuminate the room; 2d, the light should never come from several places at once, in equal proportions, so as to perplex the shadows of things. Light that comes from *above*, as nearly as possible like sunlight, is preferable; the corners of a room should always be light *enough*, but not so light as to destroy the principal light, wherever

that is placed. Thus, a face that catches two equally strong lights at once, so as to be without shadow, never looks its best, and a dress, or a wall suffers in exactly the same proportion. It is a great mistake to make a room *too light*, as many rooms are made which have numerous gas-branches. Too much gas-light exposes wrinkles and lines which the kinder sun forgets; the strong light from below which illuminates the stage at a theatre is *only* tolerable with the equally strong light from above, because the actors are at a distance, and in no otherwise could their faces be sufficiently visible.

By day, a skylight, not too expansive, is a good light for a room, or tall windows at one side only; and in artificial lighting the same principle should be observed. If a chandelier is used, other lights must be subservient to it. If gas-branches, those at one end of the room, at least, should be shaded, so that they may give light without glare, and assist instead of destroying the shadows of the rooms. The extremely good effect of *shaded* gas jets or lamps is very little recognized in modern rooms.

To return to our walls. A dark crimson wall, especially in flock, fine as the effect is, is not to be recommended for any evening room, as it is so difficult to light. Scarlet lights well; but crimson absorbs light to such an extent that hardly any amount of candles, lamps, and gas jets, are able to make the room properly clear. I can only tell my readers that flock paper is a splendid foundation for a painted wall, as it then has the effect of a wall stamped or indented, and not papered. A red room, with a black ceiling starred with dull sea-green or yellow, is very bright and good. Any drawings, or pictures, or furniture against scarlet or pale red walls, are wonderfully set off, either by night or day. A room painted with murrey color, a kind of dull lilac, warmed up with amber hangings, may also have a very delicate and beautiful effect.

Let me also warn my patient readers against grained painting. This is a very odious fashion, which we may suppose came in for cheapness' sake. But let me entreat the introduction of real woods: there are many inexpensive ones, and the markings in them are inexpressibly lovely. Even plain deal, stained with some semi-transparent varnish, (this is much used in ecclesiastical decoration nowadays,) is a

very clean, durable, and beautiful ornament for walls, floors, and ceilings.

Now let me say a word about carpets. Pale ones I ignore; they do not exist for me. But the patterns and the colors even of the dark ones! What is to be done with a room whose carpet is grass-green, with large red spots or big flowers on it? What is to be done with any "cheerful" patterned carpet? Nothing—but to part with it to some member of that tribe whose armorial bearings are the Three Hats. Have we not seen the Royal Academy's walls defaced by artists who *will* place their sitters on some such carpet, and then paint the horror that they see? Has not that been a warning to us? It is a good test to apply to one's furniture as to one's dress, "Would it look well in a picture?" Reader, if you wish to buy modern carpets, buy some moss pattern, or something very dark and neat, else you will never make your drawing-room other than a grief of heart to any cultivated person who may come into it.

But my advice on the whole is—send away all your carpets, get a quantity of the common rough matting for your rooms, and lay on it at intervals one of the rugs made by the Orientals. Turkish, Moorish, Indian, or African carpets, especially the antique make, will never fail to look right, for they are the most perfect in color and design that can be procured.

For curtains and coverings get whatever stuff you like. Chintz or velvet are always good. In patterns, be wary. Patterns suitable for a hanging are not always suitable for a chair seat. For instance, to be sitting on a bird or a butterfly is an unpleasant sensation; a vase of flowers on a curtain is absurd. Italian patterns are usually debased. Stout boys standing upon scarfs attached to boughs in an impossible manner—swans perched on twigs of plants that never could support their weight—butterflies rather bigger than the storks beside them—are bad, because ridiculous; they hurt our sense of propriety, and worry the eye. Choose good patterns—common sense will guide you—and let your hangings be equal in *tone* with that of your walls.

And, now I will close with a few rules for color, which I think will be found equally applicable to dress and to furniture.

Consider, when choosing a color for any purpose, where it will have to be seen,

in what quantity and in what substance. If you are going to paint a ceiling with it, choose a tint lighter than you mean it to appear; for a ceiling is always in shade, and a very dark color will be in that position hardly distinguishable from black. If you mean to veil it with white, choose a brighter, deeper tint than that of the unveiled trimmings which you may intend for it, as it will otherwise not match them. If for dress or furniture, consider the material—a yellow which looks gorgeous in satin is detestable in cloth; a pale tint which in flannel would look like dirty white, may in a rich silk or fine cashmere have the most elegant effect. Never put green and red of *equal intensity* in juxtaposition; although these are complementary colors, there is no more disagreeable mixture. A pale dull sea-green goes admirably with a rich crimson or Indian red; a pale dull red with deep green—but they *must* always be of very different intensity to look well together, and are always difficult to mingle pleasantly. Turquoise, the antique yellow-blue, mixes very sweetly with a pale green; ultramarine, being a red blue, almost lilac in the shadows, is horrible with green. Pure pale yellow is a very becoming color, and will harmonize with purple; with blue the contrast is too coarse.

COLORS.

Of course every color can be made beautiful and becoming to the face by being cunningly arranged and relieved. It may always be done by mixing it *into* another color. You may select a color which partakes of another, *i.e.*, is not too pure—even a shot color—many shots are most beautiful—or you may put other colors with it. Do not place blue and yellow together in pure colors; let the blue be a pale yellow blue. Do not place orange and yellow near together, unless they are *intentionally* mingled in one mass; and it requires some skill to do this well.

The best way is to look at models of coloring. Stothard had a collection of butterflies, which taught him many things about the mixtures and contrasts of colors. Or go to the flowers. You can have no better tutors; all the books on art and manuals of color will never teach as well as they.

In a flower containing strong contrasts, such as purple and white, *e.g.*, you will

generally find a third tint placed between the two, in however small a quantity. A warm color usually divides two cold colors, or a cold color two warm ones, or the two are *mingled into* a third tint at the junction. For instance, see this tulip, whose petals half-way down are of the brightest red and the base of the calyx white; these colors are softened into one another by a streak of purest ultramarine, and so perfect is this combination that one can conceive nothing beyond it. See this sweet-william blossom—the centre white, or nearly, the edges darkest crimson. There is no blue between them, but the uniting color is *pink*. You can distinctly trace the narrow band of blue-pink, which takes away all hardness from the junction. Orange is mixed into white with pale yellow, or pink, or green veins.

Blue flowers seldom lack a touch of warmer color—lilac, pink, or yellow—to relieve their coldness; white ones are softened with yellow, greenish, or pinkish shadows or veins. In fact, as a result of the mingling of many hues into each other for a perfect whole, I am very doubtful whether every flower has not in it *every* color—secondaries as well as primaries; and probably, were our sight but clear enough to distinguish them, even the tertiaries, and the twenty tones of intensity belonging to each. In many flowers we may see the gradations; in others we may guess at them; but our sight, even with the aid of microscopes, is very limited.

What an eye for color has Mother Nature! Does she not plant white roses in a dark mold? does she not set her blossoms in leaves of just that subtle hue which will set them off to the greatest advantage? When her skies are grey, does she not stretch a brown network of boughs across them? If she has a bright object, does she not set it in the sun, and never fail to cast behind it a shadow that shall throw it up? She does her best even with our white walls. If you see a face against any pale wall where the sun strikes one side of it, the background will always look darker than it is on the bright side, and lighter than it is on the dark side. That is Mother Nature helping us out of our ugliness.

FORM.

When you have got your background right, you will soon see what forms to put

against it, what are most beautiful in themselves, and what most suitable to it. Even the legs of a chair may be "good" or "bad;" carving and fretwork may be either pure in curve, graceful—what Ruskin speaks of as "temperate"—or it may be exaggerated, contorted, unmeaning, and corrupt. Even the folds of hangings may be stately or the reverse; but when the color is all right, these things will mostly right themselves.

As for shapes of dresses, a good way of testing the beauty of form is by drawing the outline of a dress, and looking at it from all points of view, and with half-closed eyes. This test, applied to that form of gown which has been so long in vogue—the long, pinched waist, and the unnatural width of the hips, low neck, and no sleeves—proves the extreme ugliness of it. This gown, in outline, simply looks like a very ill-shaped wineglass upside down. The wide crinoline entirely conceals any natural grace of attitude; the horizontal line across the neck invariably decreases height, and the want of sleeves is a painful want to an artistic eye. Few women's arms are beautiful above the elbow; fatness is not correctness of outline, as some seem to think. We are not like the Greeks, who made the improvement of the body their dearest study; and, not having reduced our superfluous fat, and cultivated our muscles into perfection, we ought to be careful how we expose them. A dress, high behind or on the shoulders, gives the whole height of the figure, and full sleeves are an improvement to every figure but a very stout one, just as the fashion of wearing the hair full and loose is more becoming to the face than that which scrapes it all back out of sight. The best way to decide on a really beautiful dress is by studying the pictures of the old masters, and copying them—Vandyke, Lely, Watteau, Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Lawrence.

SUITABLE DRESSES.

As for dresses suitable to certain persons, I need say but little. There are many books on the etiquette of dress, showing what is proper to be worn in the morning and in the evening and at noon-day. A few very simple rules will suffice here. Those who are very stout should wear nothing but black; those who are very thin should put a little padding in

their gowns ; and neither should be in the least *décolletée*. Perpendicular stripes in dresses give height, and increase fullness, and are therefore particularly suited to very slight, small people, and particularly unfitted for stout figures. To fair persons blue is becoming—but not every blue. Dark blue, or too brilliant a blue, is extremely unbecoming to that kind of complexion, and makes the skin yellow and the hair sandy. It is the old, pale, dull blue that really makes sand gold. Pink, especially the old-fashioned yellow pink, is, when not too brilliant, becoming to all complexions except that which goes with red hair. Light green may be safely worn by the very dark, the very rosy, and by the very pale, when the skin is extremely clear ; but to ordinary English faces it is a trying color, though there are people who look well in nothing else. Green, mixed properly with pale blue, is very becoming indeed. Gray is the most beautiful color for old and young—I mean the soft silver gray which is formed by equal parts of black and white, with no touch of mauve in it. It admits of any color in trimming, and throws up the bloom of the skin. Rose-color, for some people, is pretty, and not unbecoming. White, so disastrous to rooms, is generally becoming in dress—only very coarse complexions are spoilt by it.

Short women should never wear double skirts or tunics—they decrease the height so much ; unless, indeed, the tunic is very short, and the skirt very long. So also do large, sprawling patterns used for trimmings. Let these be left to women tall enough to carry them off. Neither let a very little woman wear her hair half down her back ; let her lift it clean up as high as possible.

Large feet should never be cased in kid—least of all, white kid slippers—for kid reveals so clearly the form and movements of the feet, and stretches so easily, that few feet have a chance in them. Black stockings and shoes, even for evening wear, are the most appropriate choice.

SHAM DELICACY.

And now I have somewhat to say which, in all probability, will offend the prejudices of some people. I mean, in advocating the use, *by those who need it*, of almost any cosmetics not injurious to health.

Possibly because paint is considered to be a characteristic of a class of persons who have no other purpose in life than to look attractive, and whom we can not wish to imitate, an unnecessary amount of contempt and contumely has been cast on cosmetics. It seems to us that (apart from the risk of injuring the cuticle of the skin, the usual result of opaque and bad pastes and powders) there is not any more harm or degradation in avowedly hiding defects of complexion, or touching the face with pink or white, than in padding the dress, piercing the ears, or replacing a lost tooth ; nor can half the objections be urged against this practice that can be urged against that of wearing false hair. It seems to me generally a harmless, and, in some cases, a most necessary and decent practice. There are numberless girls who are most amiable, and who would be almost pretty, perhaps quite so, if they were not afflicted with thoroughly bad complexions. Some by nature, some through a peculiarity of health, are martyrs to pimples and other eruptions which might be considerably disguised ; some have been ruined by small-pox, by fire—indeed, every one knows cases of the kind, where the use of cosmetics would be a real kindness to the victim's friends. But these girls, though any other personal improvement, such as padding or false teeth, is quite allowable in their eyes, have been educated in a righteous horror of "paint," and talk with a flourish about the superiority of "honesty," as they call it. Indeed, they *are* honest, where they can least afford to be so, and with the unpleasant result of disgusting their friends. But they are *not* thoroughly honest—unhappily, both in their honesty and dishonesty they are equally unwise and culpable. Let them take off that ridiculous bustle, and put a little harmless powder over that unsightly red scar on the cheek ; let them let out their poor wasp-like waists to something like a sane circumference, and just evaporate with one tiny touch of white the horrid red spot on their nose. It seems to me an inexpressibly absurd and inconsistent "crack" of modern middle-class society, that if an honest girl is known to use a *souffçon* of color or tinted powder, she is sneered at and laughed at by her virtuous female friends, and so she yields ; but let me remind her that she is also laughed at if she has great feet, or scarcely any hair, or thick

fingers, or any other defect. Crows will always persecute their weaklier brethren. There are always crows in every company; and if your mistaken "honesty" forbids you to conceal or improve your bad skin, these benevolent fowls will none the less set upon you with their stinging beaks and hoarse screams. Your honesty will only be another feather to wing the shafts of such enemies; you will not save yourself, but you will succeed in annoying society. If a woman have the misfortune to lose a conspicuous tooth, it is worse than folly not to replace it by art, rather than force upon every one who speaks to her the extremely unpleasant appearance of her tongue through the gap. If a girl has the trial of a complexion so bad that the sight of it gives one a turn, it is simply a duty for her either not to go into society at all, or, if she does, to conceal it as she would not scruple to conceal lameness or leanness. You have no right to inflict your misfortune on every body—it is an unpardonable offense against good taste. You can't alter your great feet; but who will blame you for wearing well-made boots? You can't help losing your teeth; but who will quarrel with you for wearing false ones? You can not make your thin hair thick; but who will decline your acquaintance because you intermingle an artificial plait or two? Yet, a few years ago, false teeth and false hair were among the most proscribed of proscribed enormities; while now every one sensibly approves the former, and every girl carries a Christian's-burden of the latter, and openly avows it. I blame some of them—I do not blame all. It is needless for a woman who has plenty of natural hair to add false hair to it; and if carried to a very fashionable extent, the impossible plaits and cables become a folly on a young head; but I do not blame them altogether; for it is better they should study their appearance badly than not study it at all; and when England nurtures a more cultivated and intelligent race, these monstrosities of fashion will grow beautifully less.

Lastly, let us have moderation and good taste. If an emaciated woman pad her dress, she must not overdo it, or pad it in the wrong place—that outrages nature more than if she left it alone. If a woman powder or paint, she must not smear her face carelessly with unnatural tints, like a clown in a pantomime. I should

never recommend unguents injurious or dangerous—belladonna for the eyes, for instance, which, after a time, destroys the sight, and in most cases is used so clumsily that the effect is exceedingly bad. There are transparent cosmetics which leave the pores open whilst they tint the skin, and will bear safe contact with soap and water. I should strenuously enjoin the wise use of those which are quite compatible with health and cleanliness. A woman who ruins her fine head of dark hair in making it yellow to follow the fashion is a fool; but if she does not injure it by the process, and she prefers to wear it yellow, it is nobody's business to criticise her. Let them leave her ~~alone~~, and be more wise themselves. ~~W. G. L. . . .~~

O women! do not pretend you are indifferent to your own charms: it is not true, and were it true, ~~it would~~ be a disastrous blunder. Remember that others are not indifferent to you. A beautiful woman is a joy even to her own sex. Beauty is so precious in the eyes of women that they never fail to appreciate it even in rivals, unless they themselves happen to be ugly, in which case envy must have a tendency to make them spiteful—not through real ill-nature, but more from natural impulse; not even consciously very often, but inevitably. A woman is naturally jealous of her rival; but when that which to her affectionate soul is dearer than life itself—and which begets her love of beauty—affection, is not compromised, she will always do justice to her sisters. Goldsmith put a true sentiment into the mouth of Emma Hardcastle, "The next best thing to being pretty one's self, is to have pretty relations," and a pretty face is such a delight to the eye that it ought surely to be prized and cultivated. But cultivate it wisely. Women have no right to injure their health in order to enhance their beauty.

A lady who squeezes her waist into ten inches, endangers her life in order to become a disgusting object; she provokes the horrified query, "Where are her lungs, and her other internal organs?" She ought to be excluded from the company of all æsthetic and sensible-minded people till she sees her folly. The same must be said of a girl who wears heels so lofty that she can not walk without the support of an umbrella, and whose features are actually drawn with pain.

I long for the time when some acknowledged censor will insist upon the laws of propriety and beauty being observed throughout the fashionable world, who will absolutely forbid the emaciated to exhibit their bones like anatomical models; who will sternly command those who are obese beyond all limits to wear

nothing but black, decently made; who will forbid the heated dreams of over-worked dressmakers to disclose themselves in gigantic patterns on human drapery; who will then perhaps even commence a raid against the obstinacy which clothes our men in swallow-tails, straight trousers, shirt collars, and "anguish pipes."

M. E. H.

Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN BRIGHT.

I WAS standing, some three years ago, in a street in London, talking to a friend who was a Conservative, when Mr. Bright passed; on which my friend said, "That ought to be the proudest man in England; for while he has not budged an inch, we, and the whole country, have come round to his way of thinking." This led me to try and estimate the extent of Mr. Bright's influence on public opinion; hence this paper. As a matter of fact, many of the Conservatives who voted for Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, had previously, at a longer or shorter interval of time, denounced Mr. Bright and those who thought with him, for advocating measures of Reform less democratic, and less subversive of the existing order of things, than that Bill. This does not prove that the Conservatives were wrong in opposing political reformation at one time, and passing a Radical Reform Bill at another: it does, however, prove that they had changed their opinion as to the necessity or expediency of Reform. Political pioneers there must ever be, and, being pioneers, they must expect to be mistrusted, misrepresented, and abused: but they may as surely look forward to the spread and growth of their opinions; and as the seed they have sown fructifies, they may expect, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, Free-Trade, and Reform, that others should put in the sickle, because the time of harvest is come. Political pioneers care, or ought to care, more for principles than for party, more for measures than men. The moderate Liberals, the old Whigs, the thorough-going partisans freely spoke of the political dishonesty and tergiversation of the Conservative leaders in taking up the cause of Reform, and were angry that they should by so doing have taken from them one of their best stock election cries, which they secretly

hoped would never become more than a cry; but the Radicals, while opposed to many of the details of Mr. Disraeli's Bill, which they regarded as imperfect and incomplete, while suspecting the sincerity of those who proposed the Bill, gladly welcomed the fact that, whether in pretence or sincerity, Reform, however short in completeness of that for which they had for years contended, was certain of attainment. For many years Mr. Bright has been our best known pioneer, and what has been said of a not very well-known but influential theological pioneer, might with very little alteration be applied to Mr. Bright: "He was careless of his own name, provided the higher thoughts for which he cared were found bearing fruit. He possessed that highest of all magnanimity, of forgetting himself in the cause which he loved, and rejoicing that others entered into the results for which he labored."

Even Mr. Bright's opponents, who have by the by adopted many of his views, acknowledge that he has been a pioneer in the commonest meaning of the word; that he has been in advance of the political opinion of his day. For years he has been cutting his way through the tangled jungle of ignorance and prejudice; for years he has been educating large masses of men of all ranks, classes, and degrees, in the same sense that Mr. Disraeli is said to have educated his followers. But it has become the fashion to say that Mr. Bright's work is done, that he is no longer sufficiently advanced in opinion to lead, but that he must be content to fall into the ranks, and follow the leadership of men more advanced, who have a keener insight into the wants of the present day, a better appreciation of the requirements of those recently enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli; that the Irish Church having been disestablish-

ed, the electoral franchise having been extended, an Irish Land Bill become law, and provision made for the better education of the people,—that having thus seen the whole of the chief measures for which he has contended carried into effect, Mr. Bright must stand aside, and amuse himself with salmon fishing. This fallacy has gained strength and substance, owing to Mr. Bright's enforced retirement from public affairs.

Now it will be my aim to show, that important as are the measures that have been carried, yet they do not, when taken together, make a moiety of the political programme which Mr. Bright has consistently and persistently advocated. And I venture to hazard this prophecy, that as in 1858, after nearly three years' absolute retirement from public life, Mr. Bright appeared like a giant refreshed, and was able to effect more than before his illness, so now we may expect Mr. Bright's return to active life will be signalized by another decennial period of sound and thorough political work.

I may state at the outset that I do not wish to claim for Mr. Bright more than is his due. I neither think nor wish to imply that he has been the sole instrument in bringing public opinion to the state of ripeness which effected the passage of the important measures which he has advocated, and for advocating which he has been reviled and misrepresented; which measures however have, after more or fewer years, been regarded as not quite so dangerous as was supposed, as not dangerous at all, and at last as wise, politic, and beneficial. I merely take Mr. Bright as the leading man left to us of the small band of pioneers known as Radicals when the title was opprobrious, who have labored for progress and for civil and religious liberty. I do not attempt to gauge the extent of Mr. Bright's debt to Mr. Hume, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Villiers, any more than I attempt to decide how much of his indisputable influence is due to his facile eloquence; to his terse, plain language; to his thoroughly English cast of thought; to his familiar, heart-to-heart, scriptural form of expression. He is alive, and is happily recovering his health. Before his illness he revised the volumes of his published speeches which were edited by Mr. Thorold Rogers, which therefore may be taken as a summary of his own opinions, and not alone of his individual opinions, but also as the sum-

mary of the opinions of the small, earnest, thoughtful party to which he belongs, and of which he is chief. In this sense I take these speeches, and throughout this paper I shall refer only to them. From these speeches alone I hope to be able to make good my proposition, that not a tithe of the measures which the Radical party have advocated has yet been carried into effect; that those which remain are sufficient to prove that Mr. Bright has in no way forfeited his position as a pioneer, as a leader of progressive political thought; and that if health and strength are restored to Mr. Bright, he will influence the legislation of the immediate future as much as he has that of the recent past.

Even if some deny that Mr. Bright's influence is as widely spread as it was a few years ago, certainly his power is greater; not only has he done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his followers; not only is he the trusted and honored friend of the Prime Minister and the leader of the House of Lords; but he has been accepted with marked cordiality by the Queen as a member of the Government and Cabinet. It would be greatly for the advantage, alike of the Ministry and the country, if Mr. Bright would again accept a seat in the Cabinet, without being harassed by the cares and responsibility of any department. What Lords Lyndhurst and Lansdowne have been to former Cabinets, that may Mr. Bright become to the present; and it does not require much foresight to see that, with the accidents and chances of life, it may happen that Mr. Bright may himself one day be Prime Minister; were he but ten years younger this would seem a certainty.

We should take care that we are not led away by the noisy declamation of what Mr. Thomas Wright, the journeyman engineer, styles, "the demonstrative clique" of working men, who, he says, are regarded "by an influential section of the working classes" as "self-seeking, place-seeking, and wire-pulling men;" and I hope that I shall be able to show Mr. Wright, and those who think with him, that when they ask for "a real people's tribune, such a man as John Bright was in the strength of his early prime, and to the full as advanced in opinion for this day as John Bright was for that time," that no better, no more likely man can be found to realize his hopes, and to carry into effect his wishes, than the Right Honorable John Bright.

So far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, "I assert that the Protestant Church of Ireland is at the root of the evils of that country;" and again he called it "the most disgraceful institution in Christendom." Two years later, speaking on the Irish Land question, "There is an unanimous admission now that the misfortunes of Ireland are connected with the management of the land." While few deny that these opinions were true, still fewer realize for how long a period Mr. Bright held them. I have quoted these words in order to show that the man who for twenty-three or twenty-four years lost no fair opportunity of giving expression to such opinions, to which opinions a vast majority of the electors at length gave in their adherence, is entitled to as much or more credit (discredit, if his opponents like to say so) than the man who, having for years disputed them, actually works up these opinions into a Bill, and induces the House of Commons to accept it. But in 1866 Mr. Bright, in unmistakable terms, threw down a challenge to Mr. Gladstone to take up the Irish Question and deal with it in a statesmanlike manner: "I should like to ask him (Mr. Gladstone) whether this Irish question is above the stature of himself and of his colleagues. Take the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Is there in any legislative assembly in the world a man, as the world judges, of more transcendent capacity? I will say even, is there a man with a more honest wish to do good to the country in which he occupies so conspicuous a place?" Thus in no dim manner was foreshadowed the alliance between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, which led to the inauguration of a humane policy towards Ireland—to the passing of the Irish Church and Land Bills, which measures, though still denounced by those who opposed them, and somewhat disappointing the expectations of those who thought to gather a rich crop of fruit immediately that the tree was planted, have led The O'Donoghue, an undoubted Irish patriot, to declare Mr. Gladstone's Government to be "a Government which has redressed the wrongs of ages, which has established the reign of equality and justice in Ireland."

As Mr. Bright was in advance not only of the general opinion of the country on the Irish question, but even of those who regarded him as their most outspoken champion, so on most purely political questions did he head or act with the most advanc-

ed party of progress. It will be sufficient if I name a few on which legislation has taken place, as Free Trade, admission of Jews to Parliament, Church Rates, Ecclesiastical Titles, removal of Tests, Education, withdrawal of Troops from Canada, and Reform. Many other questions have been decided, if not in accordance with the exact principles advocated by the Radical leaders, yet in the direction indicated by them. Now the probable course of opinion—therefore of legislation—in the future, can only be learned by careful study of the past and present; and if we look back a few years, we shall see that the whole course of legislation has been progressive, what is called democratic and Americanizing our institutions by those who, acting as a break, have delayed somewhat, but have altogether failed in arresting, "the wild and destructive" course of the powerful locomotive driven by the middle-class Radical leaders.

And if we look at the present, we see that the whole of Mr. Gladstone's legislation has been in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, except on Education; on which question his Government is in danger from his Radical supporters. If Mr. Bright does not again take office, he has left in the volumes of his speeches charts by which we can ascertain the course he would have steered; let us see then what future legislation is likely to be, as laid down in these charts so plainly that none who try to read aright can fail to read rightly.

The first question which is going to be decided, whether first in importance or not, is the Ballot, which would hardly occupy the pre-eminent position assigned to it in Mr. Gladstone's programme but for such sentences as these spoken by Mr. Bright in 1858, with which the whole Radical party agree: "I believe it is the opinion of the great body of the Reformers of the United Kingdom, that any Reform Bill which pretends to be generally satisfactory to the Reformers must concede the shelter and protection of the Ballot." And again, speaking of the reduction of the franchise "I think if there be any call now for the adoption of the Ballot, that call will be more strong and imperative after such a change in the franchise has been made." Some excitement was caused amongst the Conservatives by Mr. Gladstone's passing allusion during the last session to some fur-

ther measures of Reform which might be necessary. Hoping, well-nigh believing, that their Reform Bill meant finality, the Conservatives deeply resented this hint. If, however, they had studied the chart which lies open to them, they would have read, "I know no reason why the franchise should not be as extensive in the counties as in the boroughs." And again, "When you have settled the question of the Suffrage, you stand and will stand free to deal with the question of the Redistribution of Seats."

A question said to be new has this autumn been advanced toward the front of the host of those awaiting discussion and settlement—the Reform, or, failing Reformation, then the Abolition, of the House of Lords. To those who, ostrich-like, bury themselves in the sand, and give not earnest or attentive heed to the floating atoms of thought and suggestion, until they gather themselves together into a mass, when they are recognized as public opinion, this question may be regarded as novel; but in 1858 Mr. Bright said, "We know, everybody knows, nobody knows it better than the Peers, that a house of hereditary legislation can not be a permanent institution in a free country. For we believe that such an institution must in the course of time require essential modification." Again, while saying that the chief reason why the House of Lords adjourns so frequently without transacting any important business is owing to the mismanagement of the Government of the day, he adds, "All of us in our younger days were taught by those who had the care of us a verse which was intended to inculcate the virtue of industry. One couplet was to this effect:

" 'Satan still some mischief finds
For idle hands to do.'

And I do not believe that men, however high in station, are exempt from that unfortunate effect which arises to all of us from a course of continual idleness." The sting of the sketch drawn by Mr. Bright of a Peer's proxy being used by the leader of his party while he was himself hundreds of miles away, and knew nothing of the question on which his vote was given, has been removed by the wisdom of the Peers themselves; and their sensible and judicious conduct, when the use of the proxy came under serious discussion, leads those (ninetenths of the nation) who dislike the thought of so violent a wrench being given to the

Constitution, as the forcible extraction of a wisdom tooth which shows only slight symptoms of decay, and which any dentist of moderate skill can easily stop, to hope and think that without violence or difficulty the House of Lords may be brought into harmony with the altered circumstances of the country. The bats and moles of public life alone profess to think that the Constitution of the House of Lords is perfect. "That is a House, recollect, in which three members form a quorum:" when Lord Lifford a few years ago was dilating on an Irish question, Lord Granville with gentle force detained Lord de Grey on the Treasury bench, and by so doing had twice the strength of the Opposition. The chart clearly indicates the Reform of the House of Lords. And one feature of such Reformation is not dimly foreshadowed. "There is another kind of Peer which I am afraid to touch upon; that creature of—what shall I say? of monstrous, nay even of adulterous birth—the Spiritual Peer." Again, "High titles, vast revenues, great power conferred upon Christian ministers, are as without warrant to my mind in Scripture as in reason."

The country was more or less astonished to find that Mr. Miall's motion for the Disestablishment of the Church of England, although not supported by a single Anglo-Catholic vote, the priests of which small but earnest and influential school talk loudly of the advantage which would accrue to the Church if set free from the trammels of the State, instead of being contemptuously rejected was supported by a respectable minority. As far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, while speaking of the Church of England, "The Church has been upheld as a bulwark against Catholicism; yet all the errors of Catholicism find a home and a hearty welcome there." "In Lancashire and Yorkshire, and in other counties, that Church is found to be too unwieldly a machine, and altogether unfitted to a population growing in numbers and intelligence like that of those parts of the kingdom." Again, in 1860: "Mr. Miall has not the smallest objection to the Church of England as a religious body . . . what he objects to is, that the Church should be, as it has been, so much of a political institution." And then, in words the truth of which we realize eleven years after they were spoken: "And there can be no doubt but that among the clergy of the

Establishment, and the most thoughtful of her sons, there is throughout the kingdom at this moment a deep sentiment at work which, altogether apart from Mr. Miall and the Liberation Society, is destined before many years are over to make great changes in the constitution and condition of that Church." Unless sweeping reforms are introduced, disestablishment is a matter of a very few years; three general elections at the longest.

Our chart indicates reform in our mode of licensing rather than any such wholesale uprooting of the present system as would be brought about by the passing of the Permissive Bill; and the suggestion was made in 1860, "that the opening of public-houses and beer-shops, and the granting of licenses," should be intrusted to the ordinary local governing bodies of the cities, towns, and boroughs."

Land tenure, the laws of primogeniture and entail, are taking up so much of men's thoughts as to have passed from the stage of desultory discussion to the stage of associated consideration by a League formed for the purpose of bringing about legislation as the result of the careful consideration of those who have interested themselves in the subject.

Now there are some questions which take a generation before they run their course; others take a few years less: but if the advocates of well-nigh any question are in earnest, they can form a small party in some large town, composed of unflinching men, acting upon sound principles and from conviction, who will not be tempted to deviate from the course they have marked out for themselves. If they can obtain representation for their views in Parliament, especially if they can obtain a spokesman of ability to represent their views, legislation is but a matter of time: so surely as a bullet from a good rifle held by a skilled shot will sooner or later hit the bull's-eye, so sure is it that sooner or later such men will succeed. The stages through which such questions run are (1) suggestion, (2) discussion, (3) hopeless resolution submitted to House of Commons, newspaper ridicule, (4) conference, (5) formation of a League, followed by (6) active agitation, press discussion and approval, election cry, (7) mentioned in Queen's Speech, legislation. The men composing the party of progress are more determined than those who make up the party of re-

sistance, who ever find some of their standing-ground crumbling beneath their feet; while the party of progress, standing upon the sound ground of right and true principle, is irresistible.

The delicate and difficult questions of land tenure, primogeniture, entail, game—in short, the whole of the questions in which landlords and the agricultural interests are most deeply interested—are in my sixth category, and Canute's courtiers might just as well expect that he could hinder the advance of the flowing tide, as the country party that they can prevent these questions passing through the sixth stage, and awaiting their turn to be dealt with by the House of Commons. The game question has made great progress; many landlords have made great concessions; yet we still have "bands of men . . . prowling about in almost every county endeavoring to destroy game," (which the law has never yet said is property,) and we "have outrages . . . in which gamekeepers and poachers are killed and murdered." "By this system of game-preserving the landlords are made the greatest enemies of a class in whose real well-being they have the truest and greatest interest." The number of Bills that have been submitted to Parliament dealing with the Game Laws, from trivial modification to unconditional abolition, show that legislation will ere long be effected; the longer delayed, the more stringent will it be; and as Mr. Dingwall Fordyce was returned for Aberdeenshire, and an almost unknown young Englishman unseated the most polished, most highly cultivated Scottish county member, mainly on the Game Law question, so ere long some English county may be found following the example of Aberdeenshire and Perthshire in their determination to get rid of what Mr. Bright twenty-six years ago denounced as "a mischievous and unjust system." The distribution and tenure of land, entail, and primogeniture are, as I have said, being looked after by a League; but in 1864 Mr. Bright advocated such simple alterations in the law as would deal with land like other property, would distribute the land of a man dying intestate as it distributes shares, houses, or funded property; would prevent property being left to a child unborn, but would limit it to those alive when the will was made; but did not even propose to interfere with a man who chose

“to act the unnatural and absurd part of leaving the whole of his property to one child,” although he believed it to be in direct opposition to “the great universal law of natural parental affection and justice.”

He said in 1858, “The system of legislation in regard to primogeniture and on entails and settlements, which is intended to keep vast estates in one hand through successive generations, to prevent their economical disposition and change of property which is found so advantageous in every other kind of property, is full of the most pernicious consequences not only to the agricultural classes, but to all other classes of our countrymen, since we are all affected by it.” Now it will be quite impossible for the great landlords, whether Peers or Commoners, to prevent legislation on these most important questions; resist doubtless some will, but while they may delay and modify the measures that will be proposed, a prisoner pinioned by Calcraft, and being unwillingly forced to the scaffold, has just as much chance of escaping execution as they have of altogether getting rid of these troublesome and vexatious questions without legislation. And while it is not to be denied that landlords and tenants, landlords and laborers do have not unpleasant relations on many estates, yet how long those who have been living without hope in this world will rest contented with less good fare and less good lodging than the hunters in the stable and the pedigree stock in the yards which they tend, we shall only know when the county franchise is assimilated to that of the towns, and the voter has discovered, a work of years probably, that he is absolutely protected from both landlord, agent, and master, “by the shelter of the Ballot.” Neither can the Conservatives derive much comfort from the fact of their opponents not being agreed. The Liberal party must ever be like water heaped up by the Conservative dam, over which or through the crevices of which Radical pioneers find their way, making the holes larger by reason of use, until over, under, through the dam pours a sufficient volume of water to effect the purpose of the pioneer: in spite of the dam, the water reaches the sea.

Work enough surely to occupy the attention of Parliament for years, yet more remains. America is the only first-class power who devotes almost its entire

strength to its home, as opposed to its foreign policy—hence the immense development of that great country; but England might be free to devote herself to her own affairs, says Mr. Bright, “but for the networks and complications from which it is impossible that we can gain one single atom of advantage for this country.” We have treaties on every side; but as treaties can not in the very nature of things be permanent, irrevocable, eternal, some limit must be fixed; and as we have had a Conservative Minister—Sir John Pakington—striking out the words “balance of power” from the preamble of the Mutiny Act, thereby showing that the Conservatives at any rate will never go to war again for “the balance of power,” so may we expect to find—“it may not be in our life-time,”—a Prime Minister “who will denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries.”

The extent of the influence which the Radical party has exercised over the opinion of the country on our foreign policy may be to some extent estimated by the conduct of all parties: the Conservative party giving up the balance of power, the Liberal party yielding to the demands of Russia, and both parties uniting in the settlement of the Alabama question, when Sir Stafford Northcote co-operated with Lord De Grey, and when men of all parties in the borough of Southampton signified by an address their approval of the Recorder of London sitting on the Court of Arbitration. Thoroughly to carry out the same policy in our relations with European powers is, and ever must be, the aim of the Radical party. Great strength at home, and absolute abstention from unnecessary interference with the affairs of others, will bring about influence abroad and prosperity to the whole empire.

On no question has Mr. Bright announced a clearer and more deliberate opinion than on “our policy with reference to India.” It may be that on this question he is, like Mr. Fawcett, much in advance of the Radical party, who in some measure share the blame attaching to nearly the whole of our public men, who totally neglect India in times of peace and quiet, and only legislate in a hurry, and therefore carelessly, in the time of trouble

and disquietude. "The edifice we have reared is too vast . . . too vast for management." "The office of Governor-General should be abolished." "I believe the duties of the Governor-General are far greater than any human being can adequately fulfill." "I would have at least five Presidencies, and I would have the Governments of those Presidencies equal in rank and salary." Again, "How long does England propose to govern India?" "You may govern India, if you like, for the good of England; but the good of England must come through the channel of the good of India." As this latter policy is now more or less adopted; as natives occupy, and fill with satisfactory success, judicial and other high offices; as we are by means of education, by the facilities of traveling and correspondence, training considerable numbers of natives, teaching them to govern—is it not well that we should in days of quietness and peace give some of our attention to India? The policy indicated above, which is carefully elaborated in the speeches from which these extracts are taken, seems so wise, so thoughtful, in many ways so expedient, as to render its adoption, in part at any rate, a mere question of time.

The abolition of capital punishment, the encouragement of emigration, the extension of the probate duty to all property which passes by death from one owner to another, the cultivation of waste lands, disconnecting ourselves from the policy and interests of Turkey, the extravagance of our taxation, Indian finance, and the dealing with pauperism, are a few more of the questions on which Mr. Bright has expressed opinions in most decided and unmistakable terms, and on which legislation must take place. But perhaps nothing has been more remarkable than the persistence with which, through evil report and good report, he has urged on England the duty of maintaining the most friendly and most intimate relations with America, but for which never could such a treaty have been seriously considered as the Alabama Treaty. A few years ago it would have been a thing quite impossible that a Radical Peer and a Conservative Cabinet Minister should sit on a Commission together at Washington to inaugurate the great international system of arbitration instead of war. All parties and nearly every man of weight in this country now recog-

nize that the Americans are our "kinsmen," that America may fairly be called "the Transatlantic English nation—the inheritor and partaker of all the historic glories of this country." Again, "I am persuaded of this as much as I am of any thing that I know and believe, that the more perfect the friendship that is established between the people of England and the free people of America, the more you will find your path of progress here made easy for you, and the more will social and political liberty advance amongst us." It is now difficult to believe that for such words Mr. Bright should have been reviled, abused, denounced as a traitor to his country, a dangerous and malicious man, one to be feared, and, if possible, to be made to keep silence. Yet such is the fact.

I think that I have shown that the programme of the Radical party, so far as it is represented by Mr. Bright's authorized speeches, is by no means exhausted; and that as the legislation of the recent past has been very much in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, as opposed to old Whigs and Conservatives, so there is no reason to suppose that there will be any alteration in this respect in the future, even if the Liberal party is somewhat out of hand at present, and has to be pulled together by a short visit to the left hand of the Speaker. The Radical party consists for the most part of the representatives of towns, and the power and influence of the towns seem rather on the increase than otherwise: at this moment Birmingham is the centre of agitation for the Reform of the House of Lords; Newcastle for Disestablishment of the Churches of England and Scotland; Manchester for unity of action on the part of Nonconformists; Nottingham for fresh legislation affecting working men; while Leeds, Bolton, and London have recently or are about to witness public meetings to advocate a Redistribution of Seats, Edinburgh is moving with reference to Licensing: in fact the towns are for the most part Radical. But upon no one of these questions has Mr. Bright failed to express an opinion, and in nearly every instance that opinion is very much in accordance with the views of the most active and influential promoters of these interesting Conferences which are now becoming so common. That Mr. Bright is loyal to the core, that he is

known as a chivalric champion of the Queen, and a true friend to our limited monarchy, adds immensely to his influence; for the Republicans in England are almost entirely restricted to a few towns, and in every town in the kingdom are in a hopeless minority. I have merely indicated a few of Mr. Bright's political opinions that have not yet been completely carried out, in the hope that it may be the means of inducing many to read Mr. Bright's speeches for themselves, in order that they may form their own judgment thereon. Respected, admired, trusted, believed in as he is by thousands, I shall be astonished if a close and careful study of these beautiful speeches in the light that I have indicated does not convince other thousands that, whether for power or pathos, foresight or feeling, simplicity or sincerity, earnestness, truth, or eloquence, these volumes are hard to match in the English language. One passage only will I quote, recalling to mind as it does one still greater who "must needs glory:" "My con-

science tells me that I have labored honestly only to destroy that which is evil and to build up that which is good. The political gains of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the Hon. member for Wick, are my political gains, if they can be called the gains in any degree of any living Englishman. And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its busy district, in Manchester with its encircling towns, in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Glasgow, and amidst the vast industries of the West of Scotland, and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes; if now more than at any time during the last hundred years it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, 'Content sits basking on the cheeks of toil;' if this House and its statesmen glory in the change, have not I as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory?"

S. FLOOD PAGE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SERPENT-CHARMING IN CAIRO.

ON my visit to Egypt during the winter of 1868-9, I was interested and amused by the tricks of the "serpent-charmer," the baboon-trainer, and other zoologically-disposed natives, who exhibit the accomplishments of themselves and their captives in the warm and bright January sunshine on the broad *trottoir* of the Esbekiah, below the entry-terrace of Shepherd's Hotel, whereon the traversers to and from our Indian empire, with other sojourners, love to bask and congregate.

I wished to see the process by which the charmer clears the house infested by ophidian vermin, hoping to get some clue to its intelligible element. I found in Mr. Broadway, formerly a pupil of my old acquaintance Cartright, and now surgeon-dentist to the Khedive, the Hareem, and the *haut ton* of Cairo, a friendly and willing ally in this matter. He made an arrangement with a notable member of the privileged family of Derwishes, who profess to inherit the *quasi* supernatural faculty, and drove me to a part of the suburbs of Cairo where dwellings were to be found *likely to require and profit by it*.

The charmer came to appointment, accompanied by a boy with a bag, said to be for the snakes that were to be captured.

The houses were of the low tumble-down character common in those suburbs; most of them detached, in patches of slovenly-cultivated ground.

I suggested that the charmer should strip, and have his garments searched before entering; but he refused, and even resisted the temptation of half-a-sovereign extra—a large sum in piasters—which I thought suspicious. The outer garment of the villainous-looking old Sheik was the long loose frock of a coarse blue cotton-stuff, called "galabieh," with large baggy sleeves, or what looked like sleeves from the mode of its adjustment. A conjuror would have concealed the major part of his property in its ample folds.

He entered a house followed by his boy and ourselves. I may mention that we were joined by Mr. Solly, son of my old and esteemed friend the late President of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who happened then to be in Cairo. The Sheik, on entering, stepped forward, mys-

teriously glancing to the right and left, muttering and occasionally whistling, and passing from room to room, closely followed and watched by us; he, however, left that house, intimating that it was free from snakes.

In the next house—and whenever any inhabitant was visible, the charmer was reverently welcomed—on entering the second room I noticed that a doorway led from it to a darkened apartment without other entry or exit. The charmer stood at this doorway, his legs apart, his arms on the lintel, his turbaned visage poked forward, and the incantation and whistling becoming emphatic. I tried to get into the place, but there was no passing without shoving the fellow aside, and the boy loudly protested against my proximity and disturbance. The charmer next stretched forward the hand carrying his stick and tapped the wall of the darkened room; then, suddenly turning round to us, exclaimed, according to my interpreter, "The snake, my cousin, there he is!" and stepped down into the room. We followed, and a small specimen of the common, harmless house-snake of Egypt, (*Coluber atrovirens*), half coiled in seemingly a semi-torpid or sluggish state, lay on the floor. On the supposition that it had been coaxed out of a chink in the wall I should have expected to see some movement of the reptile or endeavor to escape; but we were given to understand that it was charmed. The boy seized it behind the head, and, after I had inspected it, popped it into his bag, which I observed to contain others, apparently of the same kind.

We visited four or five other houses, in two of which a serpent on the floor was the result of the incantations and movements exhibited by the charmer at the entry to the alleged infested apartment.

I noted that he never "charmed" save when he came upon a room to which there was no other entry than a doorway from the one we happened to be in.

To my strongly-urged desire to first enter such *cul-de-sac*, in order to see the issue of the mesmerized serpent from its lurking-place, I was told that the charmer objected, on account of the evil influence of the presence of an "uncomplimentarily-specified individual" upon the operation of the magic process.

It reminded me of the objections of our own spiritualists to the presence of a

sceptic, and to too much light in the room.

I thereupon watched the Sheik the more closely, and distinctly detected a slight but rapid and energetic quivering movement of the left arm and sleeve, immediately preceding his announcement of the success of his incantation. The poor snake, which had been jerked out, lay, like the first, in a half-coiled, sluggish state on the floor.

I charged the impostor with the fact, and was happily unacquainted with the meaning of the loud and voluble remonstrances of the derwish and his gathering of dusky believers, to which my friendly conductor put a stop by threatening to thrash the saint.

I returned to the hotel with the conviction that "serpent-charming" was not conducted under circumstances favorable to a rational or scientific explanation of the process; that, on the contrary, it was attended, like other marvels which dread the light, with purposive obstructions to fair and accurate observations; and, finally, that it was a rude mode of conjuring, in which the snake, professed to be charmed out of a hole in the wall, was concealed upon the person of the conjuror, and transferred by sleight of arm and hand to the floor of the room alleged to have been infested.

I parted, gratefully, from my worthy and liberal guide—for the time Mr. Broadway devoted to this wish of mine was, I knew, of considerable value to him,—under the impression, however, that he had engaged in the experiment as a believer in serpent-charming, and with a view of removing my skepticism thereon. The result was, evidently, a shaking of his own belief, though without unqualified acceptance of my explanation of the process.

Mr. Broadway, however, kindly promised to repeat the experiments after my departure from Cairo, with certain precautions and conditions which I suggested. He associated with him in the investigation an intelligent and close observer, and I have been recently favored by Dr. Grant with the following communications on the subject:

"CAIRO, October 12, 1871.

"PROFESSOR OWEN:

"DEAR SIR: I write this to prevent your using any documents you may have on serpent-charming, for scientific purposes, till the subject is more thoroughly examined. Mr. Broadway and I have set

about clearing up the matter in a way that will recommend itself to you, and we have already got three-fourths finished. Had it not been that I am at present very busy, you would have had a full account of what we have already ascertained, instead of this *promissory* note. Knowing that you are anxious to have serpent-charming properly investigated, so as to leave no shadow of a doubt either way, I beg you will wait for my communication, which I am convinced will satisfy your mind, in as far as serpent-charming in Egypt is concerned; and it is allowed that the Egyptians stand second to none in this respect, unless to the Hindoos; and rest assured, even in their case, it is but a piece of legerdemain.

"Pardon the liberty I have taken in thus writing you, and believe me,

"Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

"J. A. S. GRANT."

"CAIRO, October 20, 1871.

"PROFESSOR OWEN :

"DEAR SIR: By last mail I sent you a letter promising to give you some information on serpent-charming, and I now take pleasure in communicating to you the facts that have come to light since Mr. Broadway and I have put the matter to the test. We procured two serpents from the desert, one a *cerastes cornutus*, the other a *cobra di capello*, and had them kept in a box made with two compartments. A professed serpent-charmer, who had lately successfully practiced his art in other houses, was sent for several times by those who had employed him before, but each time an evasive answer was returned, and he could not be got. After a time we were successful in getting a member of the Rifauyeh to come.

"The Rifauyeh are the first and most celebrated of the four orders of the Derwishes. They are divided into three sects, with distinct functions. These are—

"1st, Floranuyeh or Owlad Ilwan.—These pretend to thrust iron spikes into their eyes and body without injury; to pass swords through the body, and skewers through the cheeks, without producing a wound. They also eat snakes and live coals.

"2d, Saaduyeh.—These pretend to handle with impunity venomous serpents and scorpions. They also partly devour serpents.

"3d, Owlad Syidi Gamaa.—These pre-

tend to detect the presence of serpents anywhere, and to have the power of calling them out from their hiding-places. They also eat them entire.

"The Order was founded by Seyyid Ahmad Rifaah el Kebur, who is reported to have had supernatural power over serpents, the secret of which he handed down to his followers. He is revered as a saint; and his tomb is said to be full of serpents, so that even in death he attracts them to him. The Sheikh of the Order resides in Cairo.

"We concealed the box containing the cerastes and the cobra under a divan, but with the box-lids sufficiently open to allow of their exit. When the charmer was called in he consented to an examination, and allowed his loose frock to slip from his shoulders to his feet, showing himself naked. In an instant however, he replaced it over his shoulders and proceeded to his work.* He had a long slender stick which was quite solid. He went along the passage on which the rooms opened, at one time whistling, then beating the wall with his stick, and repeating an incantation in Arabic. While Mr. Broadway followed and kept his eye on the charmer, I watched the boy who had accompanied him with a bag of serpents. When he came opposite the kitchen door, which was wide open, he stopped, stepped forward a little, and then starting back, exclaimed, 'There is one—there is one, come, come!' At this moment Mr. Broadway peeped round the edge of the door, but saw nothing. The charmer seeing this movement, made a feint as if the serpent had seen him, (Mr. B.,) and turned back to its hole. Then he rushed into the kitchen and with his stick brought out a serpent, a harmless house-snake, which I am sure was not there before he introduced it. He now began to play with it, making it bite his galabieh and pretending to tear out its poison-fangs.

"He was told there was still another serpent to be removed, and that of a different kind. He deposited this one *alive* in the boy's bag. (They profess that if once they kill or connive at the killing of a snake, they would forever lose their power over them. How then do they re-

* Snakes concealed in the sleeve-bags would not, necessarily, be displaced or detected in this process. The frock should have been removed and searched.—R. O.

tain their power and yet eat them ?) This time I kept my eye upon the charmer, and Mr. Broadway watched the boy, as we entered the room where our serpents were. There were also other spectators. He went through the same maneuvers as in the passage, only, after having gone several times around the room and effected nothing, he began to poke with his stick in holes about the walls, when he was told that any one could poke a snake out of his hole in that way, but that *he* was to call it out.

"Failing to find an opportunity of doing his work, he asked to have a wardrobe opened, which I did, leaving one half of the door shut. Behind this he began to poke, and before I could detect any thing he inserted his arm, and cried 'There is one ! there is one !' and pretended to exert great force in drawing it out. Then he cried 'There are two ! there are two !' and directly brought out two ordinary house-snakes. We could not detect the trick, though convinced that it was sleight-of-hand. We insisted, however, that there were more serpents in the room, but he was emphatic in his assertions that there were none ; and swore by his saint who had invested him with this power, that the place was cleared of them.

"Finding that we could not urge him on to further display of his skill, I asked for his stick, and with it I pushed from under the divan, the box in which our serpents were undisturbed. He looked at them and exclaimed, 'These are from the desert, from the Western Mountains. I don't know how to work with these.' We all laughed heartily, which so annoyed him that he began to prove that he was one of the order of serpent-charmers by eating one of his own serpents. This, however, did not convince us, and calling for the boy, we made him put one of his house-snakes into a hat, and placed the hat in the middle of the room. Then we asked the charmer to call this snake out. 'Oh no !' he said, 'I can not do this ; because, once a snake has been charmed and imprisoned, it will never be charmed again to become imprisoned again.'

"Thus baffled, we took him before the Prefect of Police, and found that he was one of the Rifaueh. The Prefect told him that he was a conjuror, (Habass,) and that all his kind were conjurors, and ended by saying, 'Be off with you, you dog !'

On explaining, however to the Prefect what we wanted, he assured us that the whole of them, not excepting the Sheikh of the order, were deceivers ; but he would further our object by ordering the Sheikh to appear next day.

"On leaving the Zabatieh the charmer and his boy, who had been waiting outside, clamored for 'bucksheesh,' which we promised to give them when they returned with the Sheikh. They walked off sheepishly without further solicitations. During the afternoon of the next day we took our serpents to the Police-station to meet the Sheikh. In the crowd outside a hot discussion was kept up regarding the powers of the Sheikh,—a Jew maintaining that he had no more power over these serpents than any other person, and that he would not dare to touch them ; a Moslim, on the other hand, declaring that the Sheikh would not only handle them with impunity, but would eat them.

"When the Sheikh appeared I questioned him carefully, and obtained the following information,—that his name was Mohammed Yaseen ; that he was the Sheikh es Seggadeh el Rifa'eeyeh, (occupant of the prayer-carpet of the founder of the order : the 'Seggadeh' is considered the spiritual throne ;) that he knew how to devour fire and eat snakes ; that he had secrets from his ancestors that those under him did not know, and that some of those under him had secrets that he did not know ; that he dare not touch those serpents of ours ; that if he were bitten by them he would be poisoned like other men ; that he did not know how to charm serpents ; that there were none in Cairo who could ; that if there were any who said they could, they were kadabeen, (liars ;) that there were only fifty or sixty men who had this secret transmitted to them from father to son ; that he knew for certain these had the power of detecting where serpents were, and could entice them out from their hiding-places by calling 'My cousin, my cousin ;' that all serpents were alike to them, and not one more capable of being charmed than another ; that you might take a serpent of your own and put a mark upon it, and secrete it anywhere and that they would bring it out for you ; that these men are called 'Owlad Syidi Gamaa,' and live in two villages (Deesibs, in the Minoofieh district, and Dinoshier near Mahallah) at a considerable distance from

Cairo ; that they are agriculturists, and earn their bread by tilling the soil ; that they have this power over serpents imparted to them on condition that they never take any reward for whatever service they may render in using it, (hence they do not travel round the country, nor lay themselves out for serpent-charming, but remain at their villages, following remunerative employments;) that all those who practice the art of serpent-charming and take money for it are deceivers; that he expected one of the genuine charmers to visit Cairo next month (shaaban) and he promised to bring him to us, begging in an undertone that the exhibition should not be at the Police-station.

"The Prefect, being now disengaged, began to cross-examine the Sheikh, and we noticed a great discrepancy in his different answers. He now confessed that he did not know positively that these fifty or sixty men could call serpents from their hiding-places, but as it was the talk (*ou dit*) of the country, he believed it. The Prefect, however, declared, that they were all Habbasseen (conjurers) whether they accepted the money or not. On this the Sheikh became angry and left. We followed, and on passing through the courtyard we heard the disappointed Moslems excusing their Sheikh by saying that we would not give up the serpents, and on that account the Sheikh would not display his powers. Their belief is that once the Sheikh has brought serpents under his influence, he must not let them go out of his possession. The Sheikh, however, did not intimate any such thing to us, but absolutely refused to touch them.

(Signed) "J. A. S. GRANT."

In the last letter with which I have been favored, Dr. Grant writes :

"The other day I met the 'serpent-boy' who accompanied the 'serpent-charmer' we had employed, and I bribed him to tell me how we were deceived. He was unwilling at first to inform me, but, after a little wrangling about how much the bribe should be, he declared that the charmer had the serpents concealed about his dress in small bags, one being in one bag and two in the other. This appeared to me to afford a feasible explanation of what the charmer effected, for the two serpents were twined together just as if they had been confined in a small space, and the

great exertion manifested on his part to get them out was a mere pretence to have his other hand introduced to manage to open the bag and to conceal it while we were being attracted by the serpents."

Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and climes.

Unregenerate craftsmen, if work be scarce, and comes not naturally, will "make work" when others have to pay for it.

It seems to be an accepted principle with plumbers and glaziers, for example, that they have no further concern with the fire they have had to kindle on the roof of hall or castle after the lead it has melted has been duly applied *secundem artem*. It would be a cheap insurance if a fireman or policeman or other trusty individual were employed, as a rule, to visit and inspect the locality immediately after such artisans had left work. It may be deemed an imperative precaution when a mansion stored with priceless rarities has any need of the services of a plumber.

But to come back closer to my subject. At a happy period of my life when I came into possession of the charming abode assigned to me by the gracious favor of the Queen, in Richmond Park, I was discussing with the gardener, one fine evening in May, some horticultural operations, when a functionary of the Park was announced and made his appearance. He was the "mole-catcher," and had plied his vocation there, he told me, man and boy, for upward of fifty years. He respectfully intimated to me that my predecessor had found it necessary to avail himself of his services in keeping down what would otherwise be a grievous pest to both lawn and flower-bed. I expressed my surprise at the intimation. Rats, I knew, were plentiful about, but moles I had thought were a scarce article in a garden. However, I inquired the "terms," as it was "no part of his regular business to look after the gentlemen's gardens belonging to the Park." My predecessor, it appeared, had subsidized the old expert at a guinea a year, and I was warranted "never to see a mole twice" in the garden on these terms. The difficulty, it struck me, was as to getting any glimpse at all of the interesting burrower: but it was the mole-heaps old Warps meant: once leveled after the up-turner had been trapped, they would not reappear. I hesitated, and

pondered on the capabilities of my then limited salary from the Royal College of Surgeons, and its contrast with the probable fortune of my gallant predecessor at Sheen Lodge, and concluded that I must forego the luxury of keeping a mole-catcher.

Next morning I was disturbed at breakfast by my gardener, with the announcement that the moles had been at work; and, by a most curious coincidence, in the very part of the kitchen-garden where the conference with the mole-catcher had been held on the previous evening. There, sure enough, no fewer than six mole-hills had been raised in that very night, most of them breaking up the rows of the brightly-sprouting peas, on which I had been building flattering hopes of a rarely-enjoyed luxury. Touching which, I remember Mr. Ellis of the "Star and Garter" once giving me an instance of the refinement that the gustatory sense may attain to by due cultivation. The prime-warden of a City Company, holding a summer festival on Richmond Hill, interpellated the waiter by, "You rascal, these are mixed peas!" Meaning that only half of them had been gathered on the day of the feast.

It seemed plain to me that moles and fresh-gathered peas were incompatible. I struck my flag: sent for the mole-trapper, and paid him his guinea in advance. I never regretted it. I got more mole-lore out of that old gentleman than I had ever before heard or read of. He always reminded me of a mole himself—a thin, prognathic visage; the nose longer than it was deep, and ending in a red point; the smallest, keenest eyes that ever peered out of sockets.

If at home on the evenings of his professional inspection, I usually ordered a jug of Mortlake ale into the arbor, and went in for mole-gossip.

I owe to Warps my first evidence of the vocal powers of *Mustela vulgaris*.

"You know, sir, them parts of the Park as the servant-galls and people won't go near to, after dark, coz of the screams of the murdered babby as was heard thereabout half the night."

"Well, it must have taken a long time to kill," I interpose.

"Now I tell you what that was, sir, it were a weasel as got trapped in one of my mole-traps, and I never heard a

beast squeal so loud afore. I couldn't 'a thought such a little critter could 'a made such a row."

After a long pull at the jug, old Warps grew confidential. "Now, I don't mind showing you, sir, what a mole can do." And he pulled a live one out of the depths of a capacious pocket in his fustian jacket. "You'd never think to look at him he could run so quick." And I own I was surprised the first time I witnessed the rate the little short-limbed animal sped along the hard ground till he came to the nearest bed, then with snout and the fore-shovels up flew the soft mold, and he was out of sight in a few seconds.

"But, Warps," I exclaimed, "he's got into the carnation-bed, and will have them all up!"

"Oh, never fear, sir! I'll have him again to-morrow;" and so he did.

Whenever I wanted a mole for anatomical purposes, I had only to send to old Warps, and it was forthcoming. No matter at what season, or of what sex, or in what stage of the "interesting condition" of the female. When other monographs now in hand are finished off, I may have leisure to work up my materials so obtained, for an embryogeny of *Talpa europæa*.

I own to a voluntary blindness to one weakness of Warps, which I had not at first suspected, and to which some of my neighbors were less indulgent.

I was making a call on the resident of one of those beautiful villas at Roehampton, just outside the Park wall, and was ushered into my friend's garden. We paced along the noble gravel-walk separated by a well-grown evergreen hedge from the pathway to the offices. Our chat happened to turn upon moles.

"Do you know," I asked, "how quickly they will run on hard gravel like this?"

"Oh yes," said he; "I have seen it, and I can tell you more than that. Did you know, Professor, that a mole can leap?"

"No," said I, "that it can't do; its organization is quite unfitted for that mode of motion."

"It can, though," replied my neighbor; "I have seen a mole take a flying leap over that very Portugal laurel," (it was at least eight feet high,) "and come down on this very walk. It was then I first saw how fast a mole could run. Mr. So-

and-so" (a common acquaintance) "happened to be here with me, and if he had not been quick enough to give the little beast a kick on the ribs before it had buried itself in the flower-bed, I should have believed it to have been a rat. Fancying I heard a footstep in the back walk just before the mole flew over the fence, I called my servant and asked if any one had been that way to the kitchen? 'Only old Warps,' he said, 'the mole-catcher.' 'Ah,' rejoined my neighbor, 'I suspected so. Tell that old rouse when next you see him, that if ever I catch him

within fifty yards of my boundary, I'll make him remember it the longest day he has got to live!"

Poor old Warps was not far from his longest and last when he sent the live mole flying over the laurel bushes. About a month after he was laid in mother earth, where he rests quieter than his subjects.

This he may plead; that, if he brought the vermin into the grounds he was paid to keep out of them, he trapped them fairly, and made no pretence to an art he did not possess. RICHARD OWEN.

Christmas-tide, 1871, Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A CONVERSATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE following conversation took place lately amongst certain friends who have been called "Friends in Council."

As I have often before described these personages, it will not be necessary for me to do so now; and, without further preface, I will introduce my readers into their circle, and narrate the conversation which thus abruptly commenced:

Ellesmere. Mauleverer and I have had a long walk together, this morning. We went as far as Speedham Ponds. We talked incessantly; and I am proud to say that there was not one minute of our talk during which we agreed upon any point of any single subject—not even when we abused the absent, who are now present. And if there is any subject on which two people can agree, it is in the depreciation of their common friends.

Mauleverer. Ellesmere takes such shallow views. He is always on the surface of things.

Ellesmere. It is better to swim than to sink.

Sir Arthur. I suppose the controversy was upon the old subject—the misery of mankind?

Ellesmere. It was.

Mauleverer. Ellesmere does not seem to see that man is a wretched creature in himself. He makes the silly excuse for him, that it is always the unfortunate circumstance, and not the man himself, who is to blame.

Ellesmere. There is one thing which Mauleverer and the misery-mongers al-

ways forget. People talk a great deal about Hope as being the chief solace of mankind. I believe that if Hope alone had been at the bottom of Pandora's box, the Mauleverers would have prevailed, and the human race would soon have come to an end. But there is something in praise of which no Poetry is made, and to express which, indeed, there is no single word that I know of, but which performs as great a part in comforting and encouraging mankind as Hope itself.

Sir Arthur. What can he mean?

Ellesmere. Well, he is beating his brains to invent a word. Shall we say "excusativeness?" That is not a pretty word—that won't do. Perhaps there is some word in Greek; but that is a doubly dead language to me now. A certain learned man, however, was expounding Aristotle to me the other day; and it seemed to me that Aristotle was one of the most skillful word-mongers that has ever appeared. Is there any word in Greek which means putting a good face upon it, or putting quite another face upon it?

Cranmer. This is rather hazy. I do not begin to find myself consoled for the the miseries of life by what Ellesmere has hitherto said.

Ellesmere. I think I shall call my twin-brother of Hope, the power of making a judicious statement.

The best illustration that I can take is from the language of military dispatches. For instance: "The enemy crossed the bridge, and our advanced guard fell back

upon the right wing." Or thus: "We deployed from the heights and occupied a favorable position in the valley."

In civil as well as military life, in private as well as in public life, our advanced guard is constantly falling back upon our right wing; and we deploy from the heights to occupy a favorable position in the valley. Stupid and envious bystanders, or nasty, spying, troublesome historians, say that our advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces, and that our deploying from the heights was the inevitable result of a tremendous strategical blunder. But our power of judicious statement enables us to bear up against any amount of hostile criticism, and is, I believe, the great comfort of our lives.

Observe this, too, that the power of making judicious statements increases in due proportion with the facility for committing errors. For example: I have no doubt (whatever may be said to the contrary) that imaginative men are more prone to commit errors than other people, and they would descend into depths of despair if they had not an extra power of making judicious statements. With the imaginative man, the advanced guard does not merely fall back upon the right wing; but he says, "We *threw back* our advanced guard upon the right wing;" clearly indicating a voluntary operation. Again: he does not make his forces deploy from the heights in the way that ordinary men do. He adds several fine touches, and says: "Exactly at the right moment, in accordance with the highest strategical considerations, our forces, in admirable order, deployed from the heights, in order to occupy a most commanding position in the valley."

Milverton. Ellesmere has occupied some time in explanation; but what he says is perfectly true, and it may be doubted whether hope for the future would be sufficient to console men if they could not gloss over the past.

Ellesmere. What I complain of Mauleverer, is, that he is so detestably consistent. He does not seem to improve at all by the good conversation he hears from us. Now, I change a little; but always, I trust, in the right direction. I have become a mass of tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One can not be angry

with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings, when one thinks that most men have teeth—that some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours—that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible, (though thousands of miles should separate them,) by informing him abruptly, in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices, and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner—that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers—that there is no good weather anywhere; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling—that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east—that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write any thing with reasonable brevity—I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one can not regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.

Cranmer. It does not seem to me that in this talk which Mauleverer and Ellesmere had this morning, either of them could have been doing more than bringing forward half-truths, and exaggerating these greatly.

Lady Ellesmere. For my part, I am delighted that John has arrived even at half-truths; so that they make him a little more tolerant.

Ellesmere. I am not merely tolerant; I have become appreciative, in the highest degree. For instance, I am convinced that Milverton is not quite so foolish a person as I once thought.

Mrs. Milverton. Pardon me for interrupting the conversation; but, my dear, what did Sir John mean when he said that our houses were vertical continuations of sewers?

Ellesmere. I think you might have asked me to explain, Mrs. Milverton: but of course your husband knows every thing better than any body else.

Milverton. I wish, my dear, that I could not only explain what he said, but that I could explain it away. It seemed to me to come in ill with his minor perplexities of human life, for it indicates a most serious evil. Sanitary science has really made a great advance in our time; but the application of that science has not made any thing like a proportionate advance. The subject in question is not a very savory one; but it is one which people should be thoroughly made aware of.

There are certain gases, very injurious to human life, which are generated in our sewers and such like receptacles. Our houses, of course, have close communication with these sewers. We either make no provision against the entrance of these gases into our houses, or provision of such a kind as must be expected occasionally to fail. For instance, the water is evaporated from what are called "water-traps," and then the house is utterly defenceless against these gases.

Now look at the matter somewhat in the abstract. Here are certain noxious creatures endowed with great power of penetration. They make a perpetual effort to escape from their confinement. If the house is the only place into which they can escape, they will be sure some day or other to find a weak part in its defences, and to make an entrance there.

If it were not so painful a thing, it would be almost ludicrous to state, and it would have delighted Swift or any other cynical satirist to state it, that we provide what we call a partial remedy for this evil by allowing these gases to escape through gratings into the streets, thus mildly poisoning the general community.

Sir Arthur. I am shamefully ignorant upon these subjects, Milverton; but are not these gratings necessary to carry off the rainfall?

Milverton. That ought to be provided for otherwise. But the main thing that is wanted in the way of remedy for this great evil is, that sewers and all such affairs

should have ventilated shafts, by which these gases should be carried off into the *higher* atmosphere, and indeed, as I think, should be decomposed previously to their exit into that atmosphere.

Cranmer. All this would be very expensive, you know, Milverton.

Milverton. Yes: the cost might be equivalent, in a large mansion, to that of an Axminster carpet for one of the principal rooms; but you had much better walk upon deal boards, for the rest of your life, than live in houses which are perpetually threatened by the danger I have indicated, and have not one whit exaggerated.

Ellesmere. You remember our dear friend P——, the most humorous man I ever knew, and how amused he was at a little child of two or three years old, who was still called "Baby," telling him that it was a "use'l baby." The idea of a baby being "useful" delighted our humorous friend, and afterwards he was wont to call himself, being a very little man, "the useful baby." Though I am a big fellow, I arrogate to myself the same title, and certainly I am a baby in sanitary science, but a useful baby; for, as you see, I have been the means of eliciting a careful exposition from our sanitary friend of a great evil. I am very much pleased with Milverton just at present; and as regards another matter, I will frankly confess, as I intimated before, that he is not so foolish as I used to think.

Milverton. Don't compliment me so highly before my face, otherwise I shall have to leave the room. As you know, I have always maintained that though one can bear a great deal of written flattery, one does not like extravagant eulogiums to be addressed to oneself *vivâ voce*—especially in the presence of others.

Sir Arthur. But how is it, Ellesmere, that you have, all of a sudden, arrived at this high opinion of Milverton's merits?

Ellesmere. Well, you know, he is always boring us about organization and the wonders that might be done by it, and also the mischiefs that might be prevented by it. It will astonish and shock you to hear what a loss the country has been near sustaining, when I tell you that I might have been killed in a recent railway accident in Scotland——

Lady Ellesmere. Don't speak jokingly, John, about such a serious matter.

Ellesmere. And all for want of judi-

cious organization. This led me to consider, with all the care prompted by self-interest, the organization of railways; and I certainly do admit that it is very defective. I will not trouble you with the details of my misadventure. You will have seen all about it in the newspapers. But it made me very critical.

Now only look at one little thing in which there is such a want of forethought and management. You have an immensely long train, and the carriages are all so much alike in color that it is impossible to distinguish them. Then you see wretched human beings who have ventured to devour a meal at some great station, such as York, in vain endeavoring to find their carriages again. The train has been moved, so that even a person who has a keen sense of locality, and has taken care to observe exactly at what part of the station he has got out, finds the position of things, when he returns, entirely changed, and has to rely upon the faintest indication of ownership which may lead him back to his own carriage. All this trouble and confusion would have been prevented, or at least immensely diminished, by having carriages of various colors.

Milverton. I noticed this long ago, and I believe stated it to you.

Ellesmere. The words of the wise, or, as I should say, the words of the not very foolish, are unheeded until suffering brings them home. I am beginning to be a convert to the notion that Government should have the control of the railways.

Mauleverer. They are so successful in all that they manage, that one can not avoid coming to that conclusion.

Sir Arthur. I do not wish for this at all. I do not think that the Government of this country is strong enough to bear any additional odium; and odium there would be arising from every accident that might occur. Neither do I think that they are strong enough, intellectually speaking, to take this burden upon their shoulders.

Milverton. I think Government could make great improvements in railway traveling; but I agree with Sir Arthur that they are not at present strong enough to undertake this great additional business.

I wish you would let me take this opportunity of talking over with you a subject which has long been in my mind, and respecting which I should greatly like to hear your various opinions.

Ellesmere. Yes: we will allow you to do so. It always makes a conversation interesting when there is some backbone to it; when there is some fellow—tiresome or otherwise—who has got into his head some idea which he wishes to impress upon the rest of the company. Be it remembered, however, that this is only the case when the rest of the company are strong enough to prevent themselves from being oppressed by the Man with the Idea; and also when there is a sufficient number of irrelevant people who will interrupt by somewhat vague and inconclusive remarks, which, however, are serviceable as tending to provoke the Man with the Idea and compel him to a certain pleasing diffuseness. Even foolish people are good when they hinder tyrants.

Sir Arthur. Having thus received Ellesmere's sanction, expressed in such flattering terms both to yourself and ourselves, Milverton, you may proceed.

Milverton. Well, then, I say, not only is Government weak, but that all the old governing forces of the world are also weak, or are in course of being weakened.

Ellesmere. Interruption number one, by ignorant person: Please define old governing forces.

Milverton. I mean not only the Government of any country, whatever form that Government may have, but the governing forces arising from the influence of religion, from the possession of land or other capital, of rank, of learning in all its branches, (including art,) and in short all those forces which have hitherto, ostensibly or non-ostensibly, had a large share in ruling the world.

It can not be denied, I think, that all these forces are in the process of being weakened.

At any rate they are weakened relatively by the introduction of new forces of great potency.

Ellesmere. Please define these also.

Milverton. These new forces are such as have been developed by the extension of Science, the increased freedom of the Press, and the additional power given to the people.

It can not be denied that these forces are, comparatively speaking, new, and that they have received an immense development in the last hundred years.

With regard to the Press, the increase of power is perfectly enormous. Asser-

tion, through it, has become facile in the highest degree. Denial on the part of any of the governing classes which it may attack has become proportionately difficult.

No one will deny that the power of the people has enormously increased. By people I mean those persons who did not formerly partake of any of the power belonging to what I have called the old governing forces.

Then there comes Science; and under the head of Science I would include all those results of scientific endeavor which have inevitably given great rapidity to the spreading of free thought, and have enabled combinations of men with similar aims to be made with comparative facility throughout many countries.

Have I made any statement in respect to which you wish to take any objection?

Sir Arthur. No: we may not agree with the exact wording of what you have said; but we do, I think, with the substance.

Milverton. Now, I am not going to express any vain regrets at the present state of things, or to manifest any stupid conservatism, as Ellesmere would call it. On the contrary, I decline to be dismayed at the present aspect of things, and am always prone to believe that the progress of the world is toward good.

Mauleverer. That I deny.

Milverton. At the same time I must admit that there are great dangers which may possibly arise from an unhappy conflict between the old and the new forces, especially in a country such as ours, which holds its great prosperity upon a somewhat uncertain tenure. I must give an illustration of what I mean. A large part of our prosperity arises, or at least has arisen, from the confidence which other nations have long entertained in the stability of our institutions. This has made our country the emporium of the world. The first Rothschild who settled here used to say of the British Funds, "This is the horse that has never been down." But it is not upon the opinion of any one man, however fit to give an opinion, that I would rely. The opinion of the whole commercial world may be discerned by the fact that Great Britain is the emporium of the world. Some peculiar circumstances have enabled me to be as good a judge of this matter as any living man. On a certain occasion it was decided by the Government of this

country that no vessel should be allowed to carry any goods that might be used as material for war, without a permit signed by me or my immediate subordinate. You may imagine how large and various are the kinds of goods which may be considered material for war. I found that there were certain classes of these goods of which we practically possessed the total quantity. I do not mean to say that the ownership of those goods was entirely ours. But here the goods were, possessed by owners of all nations.

Cranmer. I can thoroughly confirm your statement, Milverton. I was in office at the time, as you may recollect.

Milverton. Well, now, just consider what would be the result—not the temporary result, but the permanent result, of any great disturbance arising from a conflict between the old and the new forces I have described, and which would shake the confidence of other nations in our stability. Take into your consideration the immense number of people to whom this confidence, in an indirect way, gives employment. Let me further illustrate the facts I have stated, by telling you that vessels pass by the places where certain articles of commerce are produced, and come on to Great Britain as to the emporium where there will be the largest heaping up of these products, and the best means of choice afforded to the purchaser for making his purchases.

You see, therefore, that the present state of things, as regards us, is rather contrary to Nature, and is the result of Art—namely, the Art of Government.

Ellesmere. These certainly are very striking facts. The terrible thing is, that so few people know much about what goes on in a great country like ours. I have often wished for a little book that would tell us every thing about ourselves which it is desirable to know. You may all laugh; but I have not even mastered, though I have been Attorney-General, the respective duties of the various Government offices.

Milverton. I proceed to work out my idea, being delighted, at the same time, to observe that there are still some things which Sir John Ellesmere admits he does not understand.

I think that, for men like yourselves, I need not dwell upon the question as to the extent of injury that would arise from any

great political disturbance in this country—injury, I mean, to our commercial interests, from confidence in our political stability being shaken.

Ellesmere. No; that is self-evident. I delight in that expression of old Rothschild's, "The horse that has never been down."

Milverton. How many people, when they contemplate the possibility of any great political disturbance, think of the Monarchy, or the Church, or the owners of land, or the possessors of capital, or the artists, or the men of letters, or the professional men, who might, at any rate for the time, be ruined by this disturbance?

I feel for them; but far more for the laboring classes, whose sufferings would be absolutely fearful. This I could show you, if we had the Census returns in the room, and you could see what an enormous number of persons there are whose daily wages are dependent upon this stability. If any such disturbance comes, and is of long duration, there will be a state of suffering for the poorer classes, such as that of which the great sieges of the world have given a fearful example. Recollect that at such a time you can not ship off your suffering millions to find their living in other and happier countries. It is comparatively a narrow space in which you have to work.

Sir Arthur. Granted. I am fond, as you know, of summing up. I always fancy I should like to have been a judge. I will sum up what you have said:

Old governing forces are weak or being weakened: new and potent forces have arisen. Great Britain is the emporium of the world, by reason of the confidence placed in it: political disturbance of much duration will destroy this confidence: poor people will suffer most.

Ellesmere. He did not exactly say that: he said that his sympathies would be most with the poor people. Go on.

Milverton. The first thing is, that all the old governing forces should perceive the danger, whatever danger there is; should not contend with each other; and should endeavor to reconcile themselves to the new state of things.

Ellesmere. This, too, is not unreasonable.

Milverton. Now comes the real gist of the matter. The policy should not be a policy of fear. That means defeat. Now, neither conquest nor defeat ought to be in

the minds of those who are the inheritors of the old forces.

Neither should it be a policy of compromise.

Ellesmere. Oh! oh! Why, compromise is the very essence of modern life!

Milverton. I can not help that. I say again, it should not be a policy of compromise; it should be a policy of conciliation.

Cranmer. Please explain.

Milverton. This will be my hardest work to-day; and I almost fear that I shall not, in the course of a conversation, be able to show you all that I think upon this matter, and all that I certainly feel. But I will try.

Trace up all these ruling forces to their origin, and you will see that it is a good one. I will especially deal with the new forces. Take Science, for instance. It may tend to produce disturbance by coming in conflict with old opinions of much weight and value, and with old customs, manners, and ways of thinking. But it is in its essence good. It is simply a result of the pursuit of truth. Then take the Press. You can not for a moment maintain that its freedom is not essentially a good thing. It is only talking the commonest commonplace to say that whatever mischief may be evolved by this freedom is in the abuse and not in the use of it.

Again: as regards the increased power of the people, it is a magnificent thing. What a grand event it is in the history of the world (don't look so blank, Mauleverer!) when you have a reasonable hope—mark you, I do not for the present put it higher—of uniting the people in the great office of governing themselves. It is almost Utopian in its greatness.

But the wished-for end may be accomplished.

Mauleverer. Wretched and misguided optimist!

Milverton. Yes, it may be accomplished. I will, however, be very candid with you, and will admit that there is a considerable fear which pervades my mind; and that is, lest there should not be time enough to accomplish this great end—lest downward progress should go too far and too fast (especially too fast)—lest the old powers and the old forces should not have time to accommodate themselves to the new state of things; and thus the policy of conciliation should fail.

Ellesmere. Again ignorance demands explanation. What do you mean by this policy of conciliation?

Milverton. Perhaps there is hardly any thing more difficult to explain than a policy of any kind, or rather to explain how such a policy should be conducted. I mean this—that all the objects which are put forward, or are likely to be put forward, by the possessors of the new forces, should be considered in any thing but an antagonistic spirit by the possessors of the old ruling forces, and that they should discern the common ground whereon they can act with the others.

I could give many instances in which I believe this common ground could be found. The night would descend upon us before I should have exhausted these instances, and I must not weary you. There is one, however, which I will name, and which appears at present to have seized hold of the minds of many men. It is, the physical well-being of the poorer classes. Now, I should have no hope of this forming a common ground of endeavor for all the forces I have mentioned, if it were a new thing. It might then be fairly argued that this common ground, as I call it, had been sought for from motives of fear, or from a search after compromise. I do not hold to either of these classes of motives.

I say again that the endeavor to promote the physical well-being of the poorer classes is not a new thing. Long before the recent political changes took place, there were thousands of persons in the more prosperous classes who had devoted themselves to the promotion of this great object, as also there were thousands of persons who sought to promote the education of the people.

Now these persons, and they are very numerous, come into court with clean hands, as it were. They welcome the new forces as powers which are likely to be of service to them, and so they do much toward the conciliation of which I have spoken.

This country has for so long a time been practically a country of great freedom, both of action and opinion, that there are many other classes of men who are inevitably conciliators of the new and the old forces. There are, for instance, the religious men who have welcomed without fear the truths of science. There are the statesmen, or the men of statesmanlike mind, who have

always been ready to consider the great questions in which workpeople are mainly interested, such as Co-operation. And, in fact, if you take into view the whole political world of Great Britain, you will find that there are a great number of persons who, consciously or unconsciously, afford the means of conciliation between the old and the new forces. It is therefore, I contend, within the limits of rational hope that this policy of conciliation may be carried forward successfully. If it is successful, we shall maintain our position as one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth; if it fail, we must prepare for decadence.

I have been the principal speaker for the last half-hour, and am almost ashamed of the position I have occupied. But you have not shown any wish to depose me, and even Ellesmere has been very tractable. I can not continue this conversation, for I am very tired; but if you wish to resume it to-morrow, I shall try to meet any objections with which you may favor me.

Ellesmere. I wish to make a remark. I suppose it will be pronounced to be irrelevant. It is this: that when you are speaking of the forces that influence the world and keep it together, you should name politeness; for that, in my opinion, is the greatest force in the world. It never ceases to act. You may observe that under whatever disastrous circumstances a man may be placed, he retains such politeness as he has, and does not forget his manners. The dying are polite; the condemned do not forget their manners. A man will hate you enough to be ready to slay you, but he will not comment before your face upon any personal defect you may have.

I assure you this is not a chance remark of mine made at the moment. I have been making it all my life. There is a certain respect which one human being has for another, which neither fear nor anger nor any other passion wholly violates. It is madness only that can be thoroughly unpolite.

Milverton. There is a great deal in what Ellesmere says.

Ellesmere. Yes: he does not always talk folly.

Mauleverer. It is true; but what he says has very little to do with the subject in question. People retained their politeness in the height of the first French revolution. This politeness is a constant quantity, as

the mathematicians would say. What we were talking about was the relation between the old and the new political forces. Upon that matter I must also make my remark. I do not think that Milverton dwelt half enough upon the additional power which has been gained by Calumny from the introduction of some of the new forces. A statement is rashly made by some foolish or inconsiderate person; and forthwith it is trumpeted all over the world. Millions of people read it. And it is a melancholy fact that we are not yet enough educated to withhold altogether all belief in a calumnious statement which we see set forth in print.

Now this augmentation of the power of Calumny has a most dangerous effect in lessening the power and influence of all persons in authority.

But I will not proceed further in this discussion, as Milverton said that he was tired. I trust, however, that he will take this remark of mine into consideration when he recommences.

[I must make an addition to this conversation, and must apologize for having to make it. At some point in the conversation Mr. Milverton became excited with his subject, and spoke very rapidly. Moreover, what he said particularly interested me; and, while thinking of it, I failed to make a note of it. He was speaking of the great power which the governing classes of any country still possessed—great power for good, as he said. And then he went on to say that whenever in history the governing classes had broken down as it were, and the State had gone into revolution or into ruin, it was because those governing classes had either been cowardly or unsympathetic, or perhaps both combined. He scarcely could believe, he added, that a nation could drift into these evil courses so long as its upper classes were courageous and sympathetic. He took care, however, to make an exception for those cases where the political disturbance was created by foreign war or dynastic quarrels.]

Fraser's Magazine.

THE KRIEGSSPIEL OR PRUSSIAN GAME OF WAR.

WE have long been told that "what is called inspiration in war, is nothing but the result of calculation quickly made," and this "the result of cabinet study or experience;" but probably few of us guessed to what an extent cabinet study might be made to imitate real experience, until we became acquainted with the now celebrated Kriegsspiel, on which the Prussian military attaché, Major Roerdanz, has recently lectured at our military institutions. We have sometimes solaced ourselves with the thought that we had frequent opportunities of testing officers' ability in some colonial war, insignificant perhaps in extent, but valuable in the lessons it taught and the experience it bequeathed. But what shall we say of a nation who, during a long period of profound peace, learn to play the terrible game of war so excellently that the results of three campaigns hardly display a false move or an erroneous calculation? The trumpet sounds, the study doors of the military establishments open, and there comes forth, not book worms or theoretical soldiers, but masters of grim war, carrying out their plans and pouring forth their hosts, not

perhaps with the rapidity of a Bonaparte, but with a precision and power that resemble some vast irresistible engine of battle. Much of the necessary knowledge has, no doubt, been acquired in their autumn campaigns, but we believe that the most distinguished Prussian generals lay still greater stress on the lessons learned indoors at the fortnightly exercise of the Kriegsspiel. It is high time, then, to examine the game to which Prince Frederick Charles, the Crown Prince, nay even Von Moltke himself, profess to owe so much. The Kriegsspiel may be described as the Prussian method of playing out the tactics of war, by means of maps very carefully made and contoured, and small lead blocks, representing every formation of troops, made to the exact scale of the map, and colored so as to indicate the cavalry, artillery, and infantry of two hostile armies. The peculiarity is, that all the conditions of service are copied sufficiently closely to keep the players constantly reminded of the contingencies arising in actual war.

The game is played in the following way. Two officers, who must have some experience in the handling of troops, act

Chambers's Journal.

AN OLD HIMALAYAN TOWN.

FROM immemorial times, certain wild tracks through the mountains have served as a highway between the bleak steppes of Tibet and the sunny slopes of the lower ranges of the Himalaya. The wild herdsmen of the dimly known land beyond the snows cross to-day, as they did before William the Conqueror landed in England, over the Niti Pass and the wild currents of Sutlej, through the pretty villages of Nagkunda and Muthana, through the pine-forest of Fagu, and over the Mashobra Hills, to exchange their butter and bearskins for grain and knives. On a mountain, warmly wrapped in pine and rhododendron, and honey-combed with deep valleys, stands a quaint, little, red, wooden town, wandering up a hillside, and running for some distance along its crest. It stands about fifty miles deep in the mountains from the nearest plains; and to reach it, you have to climb many a hill and cross many a brawling torrent. It must have been the obscurest little city in the world, only known to the eagles and swallows who dance for ever over the valleys. One would suppose that a traveler might have looked for it in vain among the thousand hills of the Himalaya, till his hair turned gray; and so, indeed, many a one might; but a different fate awaited it. An Englishman in search of a sanitarium found it, after it had hidden itself successfully for—one does not like to say how many hundred years; ay, found it, and within a few years forced it to take a very prominent place among the pleasant places of the earth. The little town is now one of the capitals of the greatest empire in the world. Subject princes, mighty western nobles, and travelers from every country, are seen in its narrow bazars. Long lines of camels, and caravans of oxen-carts, are unceasingly, for six months of every year, pouring into it the luxuries of Hindustan, and the magnificent comforts of Europe. A thousand beautiful villas look down upon it from the surrounding hills; and on the splendid roads which lead from it in every direction may be seen, of a summer evening, a wonderful show of fashion and beauty—the *crème de la crème* of England in Asia. Amid all her greatness, however, Simla never forgets her origin, but still, as of old,

barters with the simple shepherds of Tibet, supplying all the little luxuries they seek, and absorbing the primitive wares brought in exchange. Wild and unkempt-looking fellows are these Tibetans, with their long hair falling over their shoulders, and thin sheep-skins and woollen jackets hanging down a mass of rags and dirt. Their hairless faces, small squat noses, and upturned eyes, plainly denote their race, and contrast strangely with the delicate Aryan features of the Punjab hillmen. Always smoking long wooden pipes—like those of the lower classes in Germany—smiling and pleased at every thing, ever ready for any amount of conversation or food, they are great favorites with the mountaineers of the lower ranges; and, indeed, they have many very amiable and lovable qualities. They are eminently truthful, honest, and chaste, easily amused, easily satisfied, very sociable, and of great physical endurance. The women are not characterized by such strongly marked Tartar features as the men, and many of them are exceedingly pretty, though sadly dirty always. ■

A considerable number of these people remain in Simla during the whole summer, finding employment as wood-cutters and coolies. Strings of them are always to be seen carrying in enormous beams from the Fagu forest. They fasten them behind by ropes suspended over their shoulders, and go straggling along almost bowed to the ground with the weight. You sometimes see a slight young girl carrying one of these huge logs—the best part of a young pine tree, perhaps—and, though bent double with the ponderous burden, looking quite contented and happy, and carrying in her hand a wooden pipe, to which she occasionally applies for comfort and solace. Or a whole family—papa and mamma, big brothers, little brothers and sisters—are all seen struggling along in single file, with loads proportioned to their respective sizes, all smoking, talking, and looking merry enough. These great pieces of timber not only stretch across the whole breadth of the road, but frequently stretch out far over the side, and sometimes, indeed, are of such length that the unhappy coolie has to sidle along with them the whole way from Fagu to Simla—about eight or

ten miles. When riding quickly along this winding road, one sometimes comes very awkwardly upon these great timber barriers, stretching, one behind the other, across the path; and not unfrequently accidents have happened by this means; but, generally, the Tibetans manage, by a twist of the body, to bring their beams in line with the road with astonishing celerity. But enough of the wood-carriers. The reader must come and take a look at the principal bazar or street of the little town.

A long, narrow, winding road, between wooden houses, stained dull red, and two stories in height, runs up a slight incline on a sharp hill-crest, dividing two valleys. The lower story of every house has neither doors nor windows in front, but is a little cave merely, serving at once as warehouse and workshop. Passing through this busy little street, you see, in turn, every trade and occupation being carried on. There is a shop full of tailors, with high turbans on, busily at work; one of them is reading in a sing-song voice to the others some ancient tale of Mussulman prowess, or of the miraculous deeds of the Prophet. In the little adjoining cell, or shop, as we may call it by courtesy, is an old gray-bearded man, brooding over a little earthen stove, and blowing into flame a few lumps of charcoal, through a little brass tube, with all his might. Opposite to him is sitting another old fellow, who is pitching and catching at something in the fire with a pair of tiny tongs. One or two large gold nose-rings are lying near on a little tray, beside a silver bangle or two, indicating the manufactory and dépôt of a goldsmith. After every few minutes of exertion, the two old gentlemen cease from their labors, to take a whiff from the tall hookahs standing near, and to exchange a friendly word with the carpenter who works in a little hole on the opposite side of the street. At present, this artisan is bending over a piece of wood he holds between his toes, and into which he is drilling an eyelet with an instrument that looks like a child's bow. Near him, his son, also sitting on his haunches, on the floor, and holding between his toes a half-made comb, is vigorously working with a tool, suggesting the idea of some horrible instrument of torture, but really acting in the capacity of a saw. Strewed about the floor are a plank or two; some unfinished

pieces of work; a couple of long pipes; a small, naked, crawling child; and a piece of sugar-cane.

From a neighboring shop, sounds of animated conversation strike upon the ear. A grain-merchant, surrounded by little bags of corn and boxes of flour, is sitting in a remote corner of his shop, wrapped up closely in a dirty-white cloth, and without moving his hands, is raising his head to suck the fragrant hookah. Half-a-dozen of his clients are attempting to bargain with him, and sitting in a row on their hams in front, are all talking at once. Proudly conscious of his monopoly, he does not trouble himself to bandy idle words, but, with all the patience of the oriental, calmly waits till they have made up their minds to pay *his* price for whatever they may happen to want. In the opposite corner, an enormously obese old man is stretched out at full length, sound asleep. This is the shopkeeper's venerable parent, who has retired from active life, and pensioned himself on his son. But we must peep into a tiny little place about the size of a rabbit-hutch, next door to the grain-merchant's shop. An aged gentleman, with huge brass-rimmed spectacles, is fingering delicately with a wire forceps some hard, gray, little particles collected in an iron dish. Presently, he picks out one, and applies it to a very small grindstone, the handle of which he turns with his great toe. This is a jeweler, as you can see by the little papers of green and yellow stones exposed on a board, lying beside him; and he is putting faces on rough garnets which have been brought to him by some of the neighboring villagers. His grandson, a fat little urchin, in summer costume—a yard of string—is sitting gravely in front of him, reading out of a very ancient-looking book in Hindi character. It is the whole library of the family, and the old man has known it well since the day he first read it to his grandpapa in the same ancestral little shop. But still he appears to be interested, and every now and then pauses in his work to exclaim “Wah! wah!” as an incident of peculiar interest arrived at. To the eastern mind novelty has no charms; and a book with which the reader is familiar is regarded as an old tried friend, who will not disappoint by any unanticipated dullness, or disturb the mind by any unlooked-for brilliancy.

We must visit one more shop in the bazar—the largest and one of the most important—the sweatmeat shop. We had better not enter, though, as the floor is honey-combed with numerous little clay-ovens, and there would be no little danger of being precipitated into a caldron of liquid toffy. Four—dreadfully unclad—men, carefully oiled, to protect their skin against the great heat, are moving about with long iron spoons, stirring here and mixing there, or kneading into little fids various compounds of coarse sugar and rancid butter. The outcome of their labors is exposed to view on a broad board. Candies, rocks, and toffies of every shape, but all of the same light-brown color, buried in flies and wasps, both dead and alive, are heaped up in brass dishes or little wooden platforms. A stray child, the color of the confections, has got mixed up with them, and is languidly sucking a column of “lump of delight” nearly as big as its leg. Less fortunate youngsters are seen hovering about, regaling themselves with the savory smells which issue forth. Now and then, some big hill-man purchases for a few little shells a block off one of the dishes, and straightway goes out into the road, seats himself on his heels, and devours it, to the great entertainment of a swarm of naked little urchins and a parish dog or two.

All over India, sweatmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native when traveling seldom eats any thing else; and between the two great meals, at all times, he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or candy between the whiffs of his hookah. Large dishes of sweatmeats are very common presents to make on religious festivals or domestic red-letter days; and when a Hindu wants to be very merry or very dissipated, he never gets drunk, as a Scotchman does, but goes to a “mithai” shop, and makes himself ill with candied sugar.

Now that we have shopped a little in the bazar, let us take a stroll through it. It is thronged with natives, from the scarlet and golden messenger of the British government, to our old friends, the wild dirty Tibetans. Sauntering in a bazar is the *summum bonum* of life to a Hindu. Standing chatting in the middle of the roadway, or smoking a pipe with some friends in a shop, or sitting on the edge of the gutter, quietly contemplating the pass-

ers-by, he is perfectly happy. Within twenty yards is one of the grandest scenes in the world—a splendid panorama of hill and valley, with the eternal snows as a background on one side, while on the other the view melts away into the distant plains across which the great Sutlej is seen like a silver band. But to our brown friends such things possess no attraction. The bustle, the closeness, the smells, the flies, the pariah dogs, the unowned children of the kennel, and all the other attractions of the bazar, are to them more pleasing than the majestic tranquillity of mountain, and valley, and far-off plain. But we ought not to be too severe on the bazar; it has its spectacle and pretty objects now and again. See that long line of horsemen coming slowly along with the stout little gentleman riding in front. He is a mountain chieftain whose home is a lonely castle on a hillside, overlooking a great rich valley which is his own. One can not help observing how gallantly he is dressed; in gay, but well-matched colors, and cloth of the richest material. The horsemen behind are his suite. One is probably his commander-in-chief, (for he is sure to have an army, however small,) another the keeper of his privy purse, others lords in waiting, and so on. All fine little gentlemen in their way, and men in authority. Simla is “town” to them, the metropolis of civilization; the bazar is Regent Street and Cheapside in one. As they pass, the shopkeepers come to their thresholds and make low salaams. The stout little prince who is passing is the representative of a family which for generations has been to their ancestors and themselves the ideal of greatness, the incarnation of power, the pink of nobility. Is it not recorded in their unwritten traditions how his grandfather, at the head of a great army, drove back the Goorkhas, who were hovering over the town, and then, out of mere light-heartedness, looted it himself, and carried away its female population, to a woman; and how, when the carpenter and goldsmith and sweetmeat men went, as a deputation from the burghers, to expostulate with him, he relented, and wept on their necks, and promised to give them back one half of their wives and daughters, on condition of receiving a sum of tribute-money yearly for ever; and how they only got their grand-mamas after all. With such legends living in their memory, how can they help

honoring and fearing those of their rajahs who are still left to them.

Look at those gaily-dressed, fair, and pretty women; they come from the valleys immediately under the snowy range, to buy the nose-rings and bangles which their souls love. Although some of them have two or three real husbands, they are good and happy women, and have pleasant homes among those giant mountains of the Himalaya beyond the Sutlej. Theirs is a cool fruit-growing land, abounding in

peaches, strawberries, walnuts, and grapes; and their fair pretty faces, and their merry, wholesome laughter, speak of the happy glens from which they come.

To all these people, Simla is just what it was before the irrepressible English found it; it is their own town still; and if the English left India to-morrow, it would go on making its nose-rings and sweatmeats; and, beyond a passing remark, the simple dwellers among the mountains would never note the change.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY THE EDITOR

It is our purpose to present to the readers of the *ECLECTIC*, during the current year, a series of finely-engraved portraits of the more eminent men in American public life, and we think our readers will agree with us that no one could so appropriately initiate this series as the Hon. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts. For upwards of twenty-five years Senator Sumner has been in the public service, and during nearly the whole of that time he has filled the most prominent and responsible positions. No American statesman, perhaps since Daniel Webster, to whose place in the Senate he succeeded, has achieved so great and solid a reputation beyond the confines of his own country; and though he has participated for thirty years in the fierce and trying contests of our national politics, the name of Charles Sumner is always mentioned with respect, if not with pride.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, Mass., on January 6th, 1811. His early education was received at the Boston Latin school, whence he went to Harvard College, graduating in 1830. In 1834, after a couple of years' assiduous study in the Cambridge Law school, he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a large and lucrative practice. In 1836, he was offered a professorship in the Law school, and also one in the college, but he declined them both, and in the following year visited Europe, where he traveled until 1840. On his return to Boston, he resumed his practice, taking no active part

in politics until 1845, when, on the 4th of July, he delivered an oration before the municipal authorities of Boston, on "The True Grandeur of Nations,"—advocating the cause of peace. This oration was printed and won a great reputation for the author, being widely circulated in Europe as well as America. It was followed in rapid succession by other addresses on kindred themes, which also attracted much attention, and which finally committed Mr. Sumner to the war on Slavery. In 1850, Daniel Webster having withdrawn from the Senate of the United States in order to accept a place in President Fillmore's Cabinet, Mr. Sumner was elected to the seat thus made vacant, and has filled it, without intermission, from that time till the present, taking a conspicuous and influential part in all the great questions which have agitated the country since that period, and impressing his ideas upon the laws and thought of the nation to a larger extent perhaps than any other man of his time. He is now in the prime of life, and has enjoyed better health for a few years past than at any period since he received the brutal injuries at the hands of Preston S. Brooks.

Sumner's works are, "White Slavery in the Barbary States," expanded from a lecture, (Boston, 1853;) two collections of "Addresses;" "Orations and Speeches," (Boston, 1850;) and "Recent Speeches and Addresses," (Boston, 1856.) A complete and elaborate edition of his entire works, revised and edited by himself, is now being published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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Passages from the French and Italian Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THESE two dainty volumes, together with the posthumous romance now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are the last writings which the public can hope to receive from Hawthorne's pen, and they are a worthy close to the series of works which, if we mistake not, when the history of American literature comes to be written, will be assigned a leading if not *the* leading place. Compiled from the author's private journals on the same general plan as the Note Books previously issued, they bring us nearer to Hawthorne himself, or at least give us a better insight into the personality of the man, than any of the works which he himself prepared for publication; and as we can hardly hope for even an approximately adequate biography of Hawthorne it is an especial pleasure to us to note that these Passages, taken all together, give us a tolerably complete sketch of the more important portions of his life. In these journals too, written for his own private use, Hawthorne reveals far more of himself than any biographer could possibly have done; and, commencing with his American Notes, and following him through England and France and Italy, we not only get a nearer view of his mental processes than his most intimate friend ever obtained, but we can trace the steady development of his genius and widening of his culture under the refining influences of travel and the mellow associations of old world society and art. The difference between the Hawthorne of the American Notes and the Hawthorne of the Roman journals, after years of success and European residence, is precisely the difference between "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun;"—which reminds us of the truth of the remark, made by Mr. Whipple we believe, that "there is nothing really necessary to the comprehension of Hawthorne which can not be found in his books."

Comparing these Italian Passages with those previously issued we confess that we have found them decidedly the most interesting of the series, though they lack the curious and subtle fascination of the *American Note Books*. Few readers, even if they go there, can hope to obtain such a sight of Rome, or such an appreciation of the weird charm of antiquity and of ancient art, as they will obtain by reading these Passages; for if ever the Eternal City had a born interpreter we should say that interpreter is Hawthorne.

Yesterdays With Authors. By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

AFTER laying aside the *Italian Note Books*, the reader will find it highly appropriate to take up "Yesterdays With Authors," which gives among other things the only personal sketch of Hawthorne's life which has yet been written, or which seems likely to be written. We can not say that we have read this sketch with much satisfaction, or that it has not confused and perhaps lowered our impressions of Hawthorne, but it is written in the most tender and appreciative spirit; parts of it, especially Hawthorne's letters, are extremely interesting, and the public generally will

accept it, no doubt, with more unqualified approval.

Besides the sketch of Hawthorne, "Yesterdays With Authors" contains some entertaining gossip about Pope, and Thackeray, and Wordsworth; a large number of letters from Miss Mitford; and also some letters from Charles Dickens, and some incidents of his visits to America which would not otherwise have seen the light. Altogether the volume is a very readable one, and one can not help feeling how much we should gain if all those publishers who are necessarily brought into personal relations with leading men of letters, had the susceptibility to impressions, the excellent memory, and the literary skill which Mr. Fields has displayed in the present instance.

Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and other Old Testament Characters. By S. BARING-GOULD. New-York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

THIS is one of those "quaint and curious volumes" which sometimes bring us face to face with the "forgotten lore" of bygone ages, and thus reveal to us in their origin many of the customs, habits, and beliefs of our own day and generation. Taking each of the prominent characters of the Old Testament, the author compiles all the various legends concerning them from the vast and obscure body of Persian, Mussulman, and Jewish tradition. The special object of the work no doubt is to fortify the position which Mr. Baring-Gould has taken concerning Religion in his "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," and concerning Mythology in "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," but independently of this it is a valuable and interesting contribution to the general history of both religion and mythology.

The author expresses the belief, in which the reader will doubtless concur, that "a certain curious interest attaches to these legends," and promises that "should they find favor with the public, this volume will be followed by another series on the legends connected with the New Testament characters." If "public favor" is the only proviso, we may confidently look for the complementary volume; and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Holt & Williams will issue it to the American public in the choice style in which they have published this.

The To-Morrow of Death. By LOUIS FIGUIER. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

THERE has been a multitude of conjectures, theological and fanciful, concerning the future state of man, but "The To-Morrow of Death" is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to make the "exact sciences" demonstrate not merely the immortality of the soul, but the precise location and conditions of that immortality. "Where will that thinking soul go, which must endure beyond the tomb? What will become of it? and what will you be, O reader! on the to-morrow of your death?" Such are the tremendous questions which it is attempted to answer in this book, not by conjecture, or analogy, or spiritual aspiration, but by the direct evidence of Science.

So far as we can make out, M. Figuiet's theory is the old Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsycho-

sis modified and elaborated in its details by the modern scientific theory of evolution. His book is a hopeful one, and can only do good however widely read; but though it is luminous throughout and profoundly suggestive at times, we confess that to our mind it leaves the problem of futurity precisely where it found it.

Bits of Travel. By H. H. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THE same characteristics which have won "H. H." such a reputation through her verses render these "Bits of Travel," (apt title,) the most entirely charming that we have recently read. "A German Landlady" is simply inimitable in its way, and most of the other sketches are equally interesting. Mrs. Hunt seems as much at home in prose as in verse, and in both alike she displays a cultured intellect and imagination, an always alert perception of the picturesque in nature, in art, or in life; and a faculty of stirring the emotions through the simplest agencies which is one of the rarest gifts of a writer.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

The British Museum Library now has one million books.

Charles Reade fiercely accuses George Eliot of "borrowing" her ideas in "Middlemarch."

It is said that the Queen of Holland spends two thirds of her income in the encouragement of literature and journalism.

The 26th Part of M. Littré's great "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," extending from *Scille* to *Souscrire*, has just been issued.

Thackeray's daughter, though she still preserves her maiden name in literature, is the wife of Leslie Stephens, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

In Rome, the foundation is projected of a kind of International Literary Club, at the head of which Count Terenzion Mamiani's name appears.

The sentence to transportation passed upon M. Elisée Reclus has been commuted to banishment. M. Reclus has, however, not as yet been released.

It is said that the friends of Mrs. Dickens propose, in view of the statements made about her in Forster's volume, to publish the true story of the separation.

George Sand, it is said, is now engaged on her greatest work, "A History of the Literature and Social Development of France during the Revolution of 1798."

The reader who would form to himself some slight idea of the value of old papers is informed that a file of the London *Times* is said to be worth no less a sum than £3000 sterling.

"The Lives of the Princesses of the Royal House of Stuart," by Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England," is announced for publication shortly.

Five of the leading Paris publishers are making efforts to secure the copyright of the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," which will shortly be given to the world, and published in five languages simultaneously.

Jane Austen sold the MS., of one of her first

novels to a Bath publisher for ten pounds, and the poor man was afraid to risk any more money on the venture by printing it, and kept it locked in his drawer for years.

Mr. Disraeli has finished a preface for the new edition of his "Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck," in which he expresses the opinion that his drawing of Sir Robert Peel is the most accurate that has yet appeared.

Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been translated into Spanish. Instead of adopting the hexameter verse of the original, the translator has employed the *ottava rima*, the stanza in which Tasso wrote his "Jerusalem Delivered," and Camoens his "Lusiad."

A subscription is on foot in Paris for the benefit of two little boys, nephews or grand-nephews of Balzac, who, born and resident in Alsace, will now have to go to German schools unless enough money can be collected to pay the expenses of their education in France.

Shortly after the occupation of the city of Strasbourg by the German forces it was proposed to replace the magnificent library destroyed during the terrible bombardment. Books were sent to the library from all parts of Germany, and it now contains upward of 250,000 volumes, all collected by voluntary contributions.

The Redaction of the *Revue des deux Mondes* is going shortly to publish an index, which can scarcely fail to be an interesting contribution to literary history, as it will apparently include notices of the authorship and circumstances under which the more remarkable articles appeared during the forty-two years that the *Revue* has been identified with the best literary workmanship in France.

It is curious to observe that some of the simplest institutions make slow progress. The journals of a large and intelligent community, the citizens of Santiago, in Chile, are describing in strong terms the new plan of a Valparaiso bookseller to let out books for reading. His terms are to be four shillings per month, and books may be kept out for two months. It may, however, be noted that for some time public libraries have been encouraged by the State, and these are now becoming common in the great towns of Chile.

That learned specialist, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has made Mexican history and language the study of his life, has issued a catalogue of rare works on the languages of Mexico and Central America, forming a part of his library. He has twenty works on the Maya language of Yucatan, fourteen on the Quiché of Mexico, and twenty-five on the Nahuatl of Mexico. These early grammars and vocabularies of the American languages, called "Artes," are perhaps the rarest works in the whole range of the book trade. A knowledge of these languages is essential to the student who would really understand what can now be learned of the early history of the American races.

A very rare book, in good preservation, namely, a copy on paper of the Latin Bible of Gutenberg-Faust, is offered for sale at Erfurt. It is the property of the Eglise des Predicateurs, and has been placed in charge of a bookseller of that town, who will receive offers for the work. Only sixteen copies of this early specimen of printing are known.

to exist, of which six are on vellum and ten on paper, two of the latter being very incomplete. The copy in question is not perfect, one sheet being wanting in the first, and fifteen sheets in the second volume. The volumes are bound with metal clasps. In the year 1858 a copy, which was not only incomplete, but also stained and worm-eaten, was purchased at a public sale at Augsburg for the sum of 1400 thalers, for the St. Petersburg library.

The London Athenæum says, "A volume of poems by Mr. William Winter, a well-known and excellent dramatic critic, has recently won prominence among the books of the Autumn season. The book gives, perhaps, a greater impression of power and a nobler promise than any other of the class given us by the new authors of the year. Mr. Winter has called the collection 'My Witness;' he should be satisfied with the deserved appreciation it has everywhere found. Full of vigor of expression, with singular beauty, purity, and grace of language, his poems are not really sad, but have in them much of what the Germans call *Sehnsucht*—something that our word 'yearning' only half expresses. Sometimes wild and weird, they are oftener dreamy and quiet; always they have choice of perfect words that make them charming."

The private library of the late Richard Bentley, the well-known London publisher, which has gone the way of so many private libraries, under the hammer of the auctioneer, contained many curious volumes. Among them were Bulwer's "Harold," in the original manuscript, bound in three quarto volumes; the Log-book of Prince Rupert; and half-a-dozen of Cooper's novels, interleaved and with emendations in the author's hand. There was a copy of a work illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, from which a faded note in the artist's hand dropped out, addressed to "Dear Miss Bentley," and in it a request that "you will ask your pa to have the book noticed in the next number of the 'Mag.'" Mr. Bentley interested himself greatly in the collection of miscellaneous literary odds and ends. One volume is entitled "North Americans who have visited London," and is made up of newspaper cuttings and portraits; and this is only one of a strangely mixed collection of scrap books.

SCIENCE.

A Channel Ferry.—Once more a channel ferry is talked about, and a scheme has been originated by French and English engineers for a line of steamers which shall carry railway trains six times a day from Dover to Calais and back. These steamers are to be 450 feet long, each to be fitted with engines capable of working up to 7000 horsepower. The paddle-wheels, fifty feet in diameter, are to move independently of each other, so that the vessels can be turned in any direction with rapidity and nicety—a great advantage on approaching a landing-place. There are to be two decks: on the lower one, two lines of rails will be laid, which, in two divisions, will admit a train of thirty carriages. In fine weather, the passage will occupy seventy, and in bad weather, ninety minutes; the passengers being at liberty to leave the carriages and walk or recline in well-sheltered saloons.

The British government is to be asked to do

what is needful to accommodate such vessels in Dover harbor; and on the French side, a harbor is to be constructed in the sea about a mile north-east of the present pier at Calais. A massive semi-circular breakwater is to be built, and this, presenting its curved side to the sea, will form the outer wall of the harbor, and shelter all that lies between it and the shore. These are the principal features of the scheme, by which, as the promoters say, they could carry nearly 3000 passengers, and nearly 3000 tons of goods, every day across the Channel without discomfort or damage. The building of the steamers, the harbor, and approaches would, it is thought, require two years and a half. This is a grand scheme; but we believe that it will be found possible to effect the object desired in much less time and at much less cost.

Idiocy and Insanity.—Among painful incidents in the history of a family are signs of idiocy as a child grows up; and it becomes at times an important question to ascertain whether the mental defect existed at birth, or was occasioned by a subsequent injury. Dr. Langdon Down shows in a paper "On the Relation of the Teeth and Mouth to Mental Development," read before the Odontological Society, that it is possible, by an examination of the mouth, to answer the question above referred to. He bases his conclusion on a careful investigation into the bodily condition of nearly a thousand feeble-minded youth, during which he found, in the greater number of cases, that he could indicate the period at which the idiocy or imbecility commenced, and predicate in some degree the amount of improvement which physical, intellectual, and moral training might possibly effect. Many anxious parents have been relieved by being assured that their child had not been born an idiot, since they might thus put aside the dreadful suspicion of having transmitted hereditary insanity. In one instance, Dr. Down was able to refer the origin of want of mental power in a young girl to a sunstroke in the tropics. In this case, the condition of the mouth and teeth would afford a clue to the date at which the brain began to fail, and thus render possible a comparison with the date of the sunstroke. From even this brief notice, an idea may be formed of the importance of Dr. Down's researches; and, although it is true that idiocy may be traced by other organs, the eyes and ears, for example, and in other bodily defects, yet examination of the mouth appears to afford the best means of arriving at conclusions in cases which otherwise would baffle investigation. By taking models of malformed palates in parents and children, through a few generations, the gradual deterioration of the race, till it sank into congenital imbecility, might be read as clearly as in a book.

Ringworm.—At the Manchester Philosophical Society, a paper was read by Mr. J. Barrow "On Tricophyton Tonsurans," which is another name for that unpleasant disease known as ringworm. In this paper, the disease is shown to be a vegetable parasite, which burrows in the skin of persons predisposed to its attacks, and these are usually persons of weak general health. In many instances, the parasitic plant burrows so deeply that the skin may be destroyed by carbolic or nitric acid, without touching the disease. Noticing this, Mr. Barrow has come to the conclusion that, as light and air are essential to the growth of plants, if these vegetable parasites could be entirely excluded

ed therefrom they would perish. In other words, the patient would be cured. The exclusion of air is indeed more essential than the exclusion of light, seeing that fungoid growths, such as the *Tricophyton* in question, can better live without light than without air. Mr. Barrow therefore applies a thick coating of varnish to the part of the skin affected by the disease, and so kills the plant, and effects a cure. But he says we know really so little about skin diseases, that "it is the imperative duty of every botanist and microscopist to do what in him lies to throw light upon this subject of vegetable parasites."

Another Aspect of the Solar Question.—The Astronomer-royal for Scotland, in his last annual address to the Board of Visitors of the Edinburg Observatory, presents another aspect of the solar question. He states that he finds a correspondence between the sunspot period and the cycle of temperature, as shown by the underground thermometers under his charge. It seems likely that meteorologists will have in future to bestow more attention on the sun than hitherto, for astronomical observers in other places are discovering coincidences in other phenomena as well as in temperature. The observer at Toronto believes that he has made out a connection between the annual rainfall at that place and the sunspots; and at Oxford, eight years' observation of the direction of the wind shows that it has a regular amount of range between the maximum and the minimum of visible sunspots. From this we may infer that local meteorological observations will henceforth be discussed with reference to the grand periodical phenomena of the sun.

Success of the Eclipse Expedition.—Good news, in brief telegrams, has been received from the Eclipse Expedition. The weather was fine at all the stations from which reports have been received; good photographs were taken, and the observations made with the polariscope and spectroscope were satisfactory. From this success we may hope that on a full discussion of all the reports, large additions will be made to our knowledge of the constitution of the sun. Meanwhile, Mr. Proctor, in a communication to the Astronomical Society, shows reasons for believing that the spots on the sun are an effect of volcanoes, roused, as it appears, into activity by the relative proximity of the planets. This view is supported by the fact, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions occur most frequently on our globe when the moon is nearest to us. Even the small changes produced by tidal action were supposed, by the late Sir John Herschel, to have an exciting effect on volcanoes in the neighborhood of the coast. "And if," says Mr. Proctor, "the mightiest of the planets sympathizes with solar action—if, when the sun is most disturbed, the belts of Jupiter are also subject (as of late and in 1860) to strange phenomena of change—how readily do we find an explanation of what would otherwise seem so mysterious, when we remember that, as Jupiter disturbs the mighty mass of the sun so the sun would reciprocally disturb the mass of the largest of his attendant orbs."—*Chambers's Journal*.

A New Propeller for Ships.—In the Journal of the United Service Institution, Mr. Andrew Murray recalls attention to the experiments made a few years ago with the turbine as a propeller for ships, and advocates further trials. Among engineers it is commonly admitted that, with the

paddle-wheel and the screw, one-third of the horse-power is lost: whether the same or any amount of loss attends the use of the turbine, remains to be proved. For the information of unprofessional readers, we explain that the turbine is a water-wheel placed horizontally, and fed with water from a height or from a pump. In some parts of Tyrol and Switzerland, there are large factories in which the whole power is derived from a turbine driven with great velocity by the water of a mountain brook. In the case of a ship, the water would be admitted through openings in the bottom: this water would be driven out at the stern by the turbine, and, as a natural consequence, the vessel would move in the opposite direction. The swifter the discharge at the stern, the greater would be the vessel's speed.

Encke's Comet—A Suggestion.—The reappearance of Encke's comet has led Professor Stanley Jevons to offer a suggestion to the Manchester Philosophical Society that the reappearance of the comet, in always somewhat shorter periods, may be reconciled with known physical laws, instead of assuming, as astronomers now do, that space is pervaded by a resisting medium. For this Professor Jevons would substitute electric action. "If," he says, "the approach of a comet to the sun causes the development of electricity, arising from the comet's motion, a certain resistance is at once accounted for. Wherever there is an electric current, some heat would be produced, and sooner or later radiated into space, so that the comet in each revolution will lose a small portion of its total energy. . . . The question is thus resolved into one concerning the probability that a comet would experience electric disturbance in approaching the sun. Evidence now exists that there is a close magnetic relation between the sun and planets. If, as is generally believed, the sunspot periods depend on the motion of the planets, a small fraction of the planetary energy must be expended. . . . Is there not, then, a reasonable probability that the light of the aurora represents an almost infinitesimal fraction of the earth's energy, and that, in like manner, the light of Encke's comet represents a far larger fraction of its energy?"

ART.

London as an Art Market.—London is, in point of fact, the greatest—surest for the seller and cheapest for the buyer—of all the markets which form, from time to time, at the great centres of trade and luxury, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, even perhaps, in its time, Madrid. Hither come pictures, antiques, oriental wares, coins, etc., etc., drawn not only by the numerous collectors for their own fancies, but by the purchases made by the national museums, the British and South Kensington; and according to that law which makes the productions of market gardens cheaper in New-York than in the villages where they grew, porcelain comes cheaper here than in Nankin or Yedo. Pictures of the old school command lower prices than in provincial capitals, and coins and antiques, with few exceptions, are worth less here than in Rome or Athens. You can scarcely anywhere in the world find rarer oriental porcelain than at Mark's, and for old books and manuscripts your surest field of search is on the shelves of Ellis or Quaritch. The fact explains itself when one

knows that exceptional articles bring fabulous prices, and every possessor considers his article exceptional until a wasting sojourn in London makes him content to dispose of it for what he can get. I saw a head the other day—a mere head without even a neck—in a soft, chalky stone, (one of the trouvailles of Cyprus,) for which a dealer had paid £110, and, selling it for £250 a week later, he made an offer a few days later still of £500 to repurchase it, having an order for it at £700. It was so friable that an air-tight glass case had been made for it, but it had, at the same time, been so securely buried and so early that weather had not corroded it perceptibly, and its beauty was something quite exceptional in Greek art. Another morceau just now “on the market” is the set of table ornaments made for the Emperor Francis I. of Austria by Thomire, the greatest of the French ornamental designers of the day of Napoleon I., and the artist who made the cradle of the king of Rome. It is in the style of Louis XVI., and is something imperial in dimensions and richness. The entire place which holds the fruit, or flower-basket, is a composition of four figures, representing Music, Painting, the Drama and Agriculture—why this selection, one does not comprehend—the figures about twenty inches high, in art bronze, and executed with a delicacy and elaboration of detail which I have never seen equaled in modern bronze-work. There are besides several other groups in similar style—the graces, copies of the Medici vase, bacchantes, etc.,—and the whole arranged on a plateau of plate-glass mirror, twenty feet long. But, like the spoils of other empires, it comes to London to be broken up, and is being sold piecemeal to decorate merchants’ tables.—*W. F. Stillman in London.*

The Italian Government has taken measures for the conservation of the works of art which were contained in the suppressed convents and churches, and has collected them in different important towns. To the gallery of the Academy of Perugia have been added many remarkable works of the schools of Umbria and the Marches of Ancona. Among these were not only a great number of pictures by Perugino, his pupils, and their contemporaries, but others, the works of ancient artists whose names are little known, which will afford to the student of early Italian design important information. The same will be the case elsewhere; in Italy we are looking with some interest for news of the early art of the Southern Provinces.

The Norwegians have determined to erect a huge granite monument on the wild coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, to celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of the establishment of their kingdom by the mighty warrior, Harald Haarjager. This is a long period of national existence, filled with an interesting, almost fabulous history. In the early part of it Norwegian navigators excelled all others in boldness and skill, and it is pretty certain that they made discoveries on our coast centuries before the voyages of Columbus and the Cabots.

A black marble slab, bearing the following inscription in brass characters, has just been placed over the grave of the late Sir John Herschel, in the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey: Johannes Herschel, Gulielmi Herschel, natu opere fama filius unicus “Coelis Exploratis,” hic

prope Newtonum, requiescit generatio et generatio, Miracilia Dei Narrabunt, Psalm cxlv. 4, 5. Vixit lxxix annos. Obiit undecimo, die Mali, A.D. mdccclxxi.

Some workmen making excavations the other day at the foot of the Buttes Montmartre came upon a spring of water, at the bottom of which were found some remarkable petrifications. M. Masson, engineer of the Ponts-et-Chaussées, analyzed the water, and discovered that, owing to the calcareous earths which compose nearly the whole of those ridges, it possesses to a remarkable degree the quality in question.

The advantages derived from photography during the siege of Paris have been so highly appreciated that the study of photography is now obligatory for aspirants and military students admitted to the Ecole Militaire. Since the month of July last there have been few communications read before the *Academie des Sciences* which have not been supported and attested by photographic illustrations.

The celebrated vase of Siberian aventurine, given by the Emperor Nicholas the First of Russia to the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, as “the Explorer of the Geology of Russia,” and bequeathed by him to the Museum of Practical Geology, is now in position in that establishment. This vase is four feet high and six feet in circumference, and stands on a pedestal of polished gray porphyry.

The Boston Times says, “W. H. Beard, the artist, is at work upon his picture of ‘Dickens and his Characters.’ The author sits at his table, and about him come thronging the host of people who have made all the world laugh and cry. Modest Little Nell, the beaming Pickwick, all benevolence and gaiters, cringing Heep—they are all here, ‘the old, familiar faces.’”

Researches among the tombs and ruins of Cyprus have recently brought to light an immense quantity of relics of antiquity, including mementos of the different races, Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine, that have occupied that island.

The Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre, which was closed in August, 1870, has been reopened. To its contents have been added certain pieces of buhl, which were saved from St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere.

The Emperor of Germany has knighted and conferred an order of merit on the distinguished English painter, Sir Edwin Landseer.

VARIETIES.

A Universal Language.—A want of knowledge of a language at once brings the philosopher and the fool very much on a par when they both attempt to communicate with the foreigner who speaks that language alone. Also, if a stupid person speak a foreign language well, and a clever person speak it badly, the stupid person has the better chance of telling most to the foreigners while the clever person is like one who is dumb.

From a very considerable experience in connection with education, we are convinced that it requires a very small amount of brain-power to be a good linguist. It requires ear, and a sort of parrot-like method of imitation; but it does not

require reason, nor deep thought; in fact, there are so many absurdities in connection with language, so much that is merely arbitrary both in constructing and in other details, that the reasoner is often stopped where the thoughtless will advance rapidly. Let us take a few examples in connection with masculines and feminines in French and German. The French have but the masculine and feminine, while the Germans have also the neuter. Now, as things may be masculine, feminine, or neuter, the common sense appears with the German; consequently, a student has to learn, when studying French, what the French people have chosen to call masculine and what feminine, and in this there is no reason to guide him. It is true a man is called masculine and a woman feminine; but why the sun should be called masculine, and the moon feminine, is inexplicable on no reason whatever; and so we may proceed, finding the most arbitrary rules for this selection, a breach of any one of which causes the breaker to become a subject for ridicule. But, again, if this selection of the sexes of words were universal, there might be some hopes for a student of many languages, but what the French class as feminine the Germans often put down as neuter, and the Italians as masculine; thus, the sun in German is feminine and the moon masculine, for what reason it is impossible to say; and thus confusion reigns supreme in this subject, to the total exclusion of reason. Our own case will, we believe, be found similar to that of hundreds of thousands of other people. As a boy, we were taught Greek and Latin, such an amount as enabled us to read a Greek Testament with the use occasionally of a lexicon, and to read freely Ovid and Virgil. But our future career was selected to be one in which Greek and Latin were not subjects for examination; but French and German "paid well;" consequently, four years were devoted to the study of these two languages—at the end of which time we found ourselves in South-Africa, where the only languages of any practical use were Dutch and Caffre. To Dutch and Caffre, consequently, we turned our attention, and after rather more than a year's study we were able to converse imperfectly in both these. But again were we on the point of finding these later labors useless, for there was every prospect of our services being transferred to India, and we heard from good authority that we were not likely to get on there unless we could speak Hindustani, and perhaps understood Sanscrit or Persian.

Here, then, were Greek, Latin, French, German, Caffre, Hindustani, Persian, Sanscrit, all to be learned, in order that one's own thoughts and wishes should be made intelligible to another person. In our judgment this is not only a mistake, but it is a mistake which is remediable, and which is a slur upon the common sense and civilization of the world.

In music there is but one language. The composition of a German composer can be at once read and translated into sounds by the musicians of the whole world. To an English musician it is a matter of indifference what was the nationality of the composer; there is in music but one language, and that one simple and intelligible; and yet, what is the importance of making musical sounds compared to the importance of conveying our thoughts to other people and making them intelligible; yet there are a thousand different ways of doing the latter, instead of one, and unless a

person know at least four or five of these—that is, unless he employ some four or five years of his life in acquiring a knowledge of these languages—he is dumb in many countries.

Unfortunately, also, unless a person keep perpetually practicing a language, he soon forgets it, and all his past labor, or at least a great part of it, has to be gone over again.—*Chambers's Journal*.

HUMAN LIFE.

A LITTLE child, with her bright blue eyes,
And hair like golden spray,
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot
As the ocean ebb'd away.

And she longed for the milk-white shining foam,
As it danced to the shingles' hum,
And stretched out her hand, and tottered fast
To bring the white feathers home.

And still as she strayed the tide ebb'd fast,
And the gleaming foam laughed on,
And the white fluff shrunk from the tiny feet,
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,
As though 'twould at last be kind.

And the fluff played over her soft white feet,
And the feathers flew up to her chin,
And the soft loving water kissed her lips,
And I carried my dead child in.

W.

Ignorance of French Officers.—Prof. Chasles, member of the University of Paris, has published a pamphlet entitled "De l'Étude de la Langue Allemande dans les établissements publics de l'instruction secondaire," in which he gives a curious illustration of the ignorance of the German language which has hitherto prevailed among the officers of the French army. "In 1866," he says, "one or two months after the battle of Sadowa, a former pupil of mine in the lycée of Montpellier, a captain on the general staff, came into my study with some books under his arm and asked me to give him some German lessons, saying that he had forgotten all the German he had learnt from me before, as at that time he and his comrades only took lessons in that language to enable them to pass the examinations. I could not help smiling at this request, for I knew from long experience that only children and youths, but not adults, can be taught German; I have seen only one exception to this rule in the case of a former lieutenant of grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. You may learn English, Italian, Spanish at any age, but not German. . . . I asked the captain the reason of this sudden liking for a language which is so unpopular in the French army, and he told me—what I can now repeat without indiscretion—that the War Office was preparing for an expedition against Prussia. The army might," he added, "be ordered to march at any moment, and he was anxious to pick up enough German in a month or two to be able to talk to the inhabitants of the invaded districts, and to draw up routes for the troops. 'I have been directed,' the captain proceeded, 'by his Excellency to make a preliminary report for the expedition. Unfortunately, two essential things are wanting to me and my comrades: none of us understand German, and there are not in the War

Office any of the documents which would be necessary for deciding as to the lines of march and the means of transport. Since 1806 or 1807 there have been no new maps or charts in the library, so that the only documents I can consult before making my report to the Ministers are the books and maps which are to be got at the book-sellers'. Here is one of them, which we will at once set about translating." He then placed before me a tolerably compact book on geography; I think it was Ungewitter's. It was a meagre and insufficient production, but the young captain, notwithstanding his intelligence, was unable to digest it. Being pressed for time, and urged on by the Minister, he was obliged to fall back upon the inaccurate translation of Baedeker.

After two months my former pupil, who no doubt was disconcerted by his failure, gave up his lessons, and I did not see him again. He perceived, what is now more evident to all of us than ever, that the study of Baedeker may lead commercial travelers and tourists to Berlin without difficulty, but that it will not show the way to an army, even if it were a French one."

A London "Ring."—Although the utmost horror is expressed in this country at the state of municipal affairs in New-York and other cities in the United States, yet we shut our eyes to the practices pursued by the Ring in London composed of local authorities which are probably far more injurious to the welfare of the community than the evil doings of the late Mr. Fish and his colleagues. What, for instance, can be more discreditable than the state of affairs disclosed by a correspondent of the *Builder* with regard to "fifty acres of courts and alleys all in a mass between Aldersgate street and Bunhill fields, opening out of Upper Whitecross-street, Golden lane," etc.? What he has seen in this neighborhood is, he says, unfit for publication. Imagine the worst of dirt, squalor, misery, and vice, and you can not approach the facts. They are much worse than the human mind not accustomed to seeing these things can imagine. All this property, he adds, lies in the parish of St. Luke's, Middlesex. The vestry and parishioners now possess the power to remedy such a condition, but they refuse to do so. The medical officer has reported that much of the property should be registered and kept healthy by means of the 35th section of the Sanitary Act, 1866. The vestry have refused to adopt it. An effort was made a short time ago to pull down, open out new streets, and build model lodging houses on the ground. The promoters of this plan were immediately put into disgrace, the prime mover thrown off committees, and the public were assailed with falsehoods and deceived. In the parish many members of the vestry are holders of this squalid property, and their friends, publicans, brokers, and the like. They meet at a public-house, where the important work of the vestry is often settled. Surely, he remarks, when the health of over three millions of people is jeopardized in this way some action should be taken by the central authority.—*Full Mall Gazette*.

Progress in Japan.—A letter from Yokohama in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the reforms which are now being carried out in Japan by the Mikado. He has paid particular attention, says the correspondent, to the schools and other insti-

tutions for the education of the people; in Y alone he has established five colleges, each containing from 1500 to 3000 pupils, and a new military academy. Among the subjects taught these institutions are all the branches of science and several foreign languages. Twenty-th French professors have been engaged for military academy, and ten English professors for the naval school; and twenty Bavarian ship makers and ten brewers are to be employed teachers in the industrial establishments. Treaties concluded with the European Powers to be now revised, and will be put in force on 1st of July next. The most important of modifications to be introduced in them is the permission to export all kinds of provisions, such as rice, peas, beans, etc. This has hitherto been forbidden on penalty of death, as the Government feared that the consequence of exporting from Japan the necessaries of life would be a famine but now that the country is placed in telegraph and steam communication with other parts of the world this danger no longer exists. On the other hand, it has forbidden the exportation of silver coins and ordered the cancelling of all contracts concluded with on this subject. This reactionary measure, says the correspondent, will probably lead to diplomatic reclamations. A first step has been made by the Government towards the introduction of Western customs and industries by the dispatch of a new mission to America and Europe under the direction of the premier, Iwakura. The mission consists of the private secretary of the Mikado and several other Ministers and comprises in all five envoys, eight secretaries, a physician, and nineteen officials. Twenty-six young Japanese ladies, all daughters of daimios, are also sent to the United States to complete their education. What most astonishes the Japanese, however, is that the sacred person of the Head of the State is no longer withdrawn from the sight of his people. The Mikado now holds periodical levees; he has been frequently seen driving out, with only four attendants; and has even walked about the streets of Yedo accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, on which occasions orders were given that no one should bow to him. The birthday of the Mikado was this year celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. There was a grand reception of all the high functionaries of the State, a military review under the personal direction of the Mikado, and a grand dinner at court. The Mikado seems to wish above all to gain popularity for his Government, and the marked preference with which he treats foreigners has already induced many Japanese to wear the European dress; even the Princes are beginning to give up the old custom of having a sumptuous escort always in attendance upon them, which makes it much easier to move about in the streets than formerly. A court of appeal has been established for dealing in the last resort with all cases which come before the ordinary tribunals, and a French code pénal, which is now being translated into Japanese, will be introduced in place of the old criminal laws. The new reforms extend even to church matters; the Buddhist temples have been closed, and the houses have been ordered to give up half of their property to the Government and either to enter the army or work in the field.



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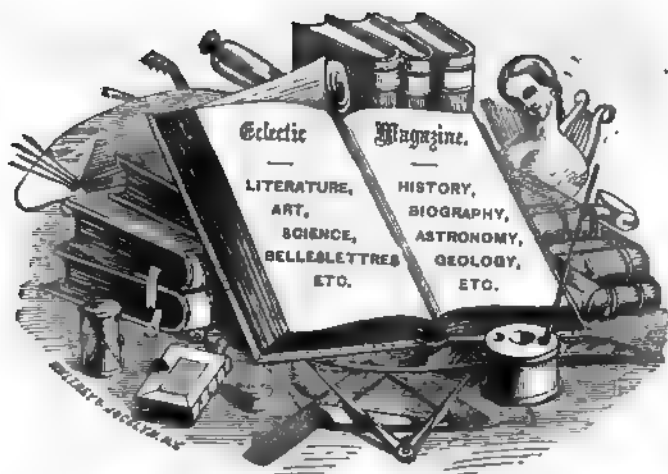
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Blackwood's Magazine.

ROBERT BURNS.

ALL lives are tragedies: and it may be that those that seem the bitterest and darkest take their intenser shades chiefly from the fact that adventitious circumstances have brought them more vividly before the eyes of the world. Such a reason might at least hold good as an explanation of the supremely tragic character of the lives of poets. Of all we have yet ventured to touch in this series, Wordsworth alone has pursued his life to a calm and ordinary conclusion, without passing through the heaviest clouds that can overshadow humanity. With the others the passage has been bitter as sorrow and suffering could make it; and not only sorrow and suffering—that which gives its deepest pang to pain, and its bitterest prostration to ruin, moral weakness and wrong-doing has woven itself in with these typical lives in an inseparable thread of darkness. The splendor of the gifts with which it is combined makes this gloomy web only the more apparent; and

through all the brightness and nobleness of the web it runs its darkling pattern, its intricate design, impairing the beauty, diminishing the greatness, yet adding a sorrowful human meaning, which touches while it humbles every spectator. And in no life of genius has this fatal darkness been more apparent than in the life of Burns. Circumstances have set it before the world in such prominence that to many it seems the chief thing notable, the first memory attached to his name. Three parts of a century have passed since in premature gloom and lurid splendor the sun went down for him at noonday; and since then the world has never ceased to dwell upon this warp in his nature and stain on his life. The reticences with which relations and friends have surrounded the name of Coleridge, have been contemptuously thrown to the winds in the case of the ploughman-poet. Whose feelings were to be considered among a race of small farmers and tradesmen, who

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much honored by incurring even the censure of the great world? Such small personages, it is well understood, must stomach the reproach as they may. Therefore every man has had his fling and said his say about Burns. The greatness of the poet has given in many cases but a reason at once and an excuse for raking up all the follies of the ploughboy, and showing the gauger in his cups. Poor devil! as it was a fine fate for him to amuse his betters at their feasts while he lived, so it was a fine fate for him when he was dead to furnish them with a moral and gratify the complaisance of his superiors. And this impertinent folly—most impudent, most foolish, despite the protests of Lockhart and Wilson and Carlyle—has survived even to this day. Perhaps no one now would venture to speak of him with the affability and condescension which all, or almost all, of his contemporaries considered themselves justified in employing. But still the facts that he was a ploughman and an exciseman, and was of dissipated habits, are much more prominent in his career to the general eye, especially out of Scotland, than are the nobler facts of his work and character. In Scotland, fortunately, thanks to the national fire which he perhaps was the first to raise again out of its embers, after all the depression and discouragement of the seventeenth century, there exists such a warmth of feeling on this subject, that he who would touch our poet rudely may well bethink himself of our national motto before he makes the venture, and remember the thistle's sharp and instant reprisals. To have re-created that national feeling, that deep and warm and unquenchable patriotism which has made Scotland, small and poor, a force in the great universe, is no small work, however accomplished. Had there been any to do it for Ireland at the same dreary crisis, when the national spirit had sunk low, and discouragement had fallen upon its heart, what issues of courage and cheerful hope and warm individual exertion might there not have been! But Ireland had neither Burns nor Scott; and the genius which might have remolded it—giving, by dint of poetry and imagination, such an impulse to all that was noble, reasonable, and resolute in the country, as no other influence could give—has flickered away in confusing lights, fantastic Will-o'-the-wisps, and eccentric gleams of contradictory guidance.

Probably the amount of genius in the two lands has not been so unequal as the world supposes; but in the one it has been frittered away in wild melodious foolishness, without plan or union, in Shan van Voghts and faction-songs; whereas in the other it has been concentrated, and done the work which one great voice better than a hundred quavering pipes of smaller singers can do. When the world comes to recognize what a wonderful agency it is which in reality makes a great part of the difference between greatness and pettiness, happiness and unhappiness, for a country, then, perhaps, yet only perhaps, it will fare better with the poet. We say only perhaps; for it is very doubtful whether the Poet bred in an intellectual hothouse and trained for a special work, would have either heart or ability for it. The chances are, according to the perversity of human nature, either that the singer chosen for such a process would turn out incapable, or that his mind would choose some other channel. The man who would touch the deepest springs of human motive, must endure the difficulties and feel the fierce contention of every struggle that he sings. A great deal too much, however, we think, has been made of the condition of life into which Burns was born. It had its disadvantages, but perhaps not more than those which belong to some other spheres. Two poets of that rich and splendid age which ushered in our own were born in exceptionally difficult circumstances. The one was a ploughman and the other a peer. Both lived and died tragically, in their youth, having had trial of cruel scourgings and woundings, bitter desertions, and still more bitter encouragements. Heaven forbid that any son of ours should emulate either fate; yet if such a terrible choice had to be made, would any man hesitate to choose for the boy most dear to him the fate of Burns rather than that of Byron? To ourselves there does not seem a moment's hesitation in the matter. Tragic and terrible as both are, there is a harmony and sweetness of life about the humble poet, a note of pathetic accordance amid all its discords with God's will and man's service, which is not in the other. It is premature to carry out the comparison, which we may resume at a later period. But the two, somehow, stand together in a sad separation from other men, in their individual places, made distinct by fortune. The one with every

thing (as people say) in his favor; the other with every thing (as people say) against him. And both failed, as men tragically and mournfully. Yet the Peasant less tragically, less awfully, than the Peer. All the gentle compensations of nature, all her tears and sweetnesses, all the flowers with which she sprinkles the too early grave, are for the lowly, the proud, the tender child of poverty—the son of the soil. Heaven and earth weep over him with an indulgence, a pitiful awe of his weakness, which is not for the other. He is footsore and weary, his dress and his hands are all scratched with briers and thorns of toil; but, heaven pardon all their straying, these feet were loyal amid their stumblings, these hands labored and pulled away the thorns out of the path of others. Never, or only by moments when the bravado of his time would seize him, did this man glory in shame. On the contrary he repented in sackcloth and ashes, standing still to note his shortcomings, struggling against them, sometimes manfully if sometimes weakly, and when he could, repairing the wrong. Whatever may be said of the disadvantages of nature, it is clear that at least in this case the exceptionally unfortunate circumstances were better than the exceptionally fortunate; and that if one extremity of the social level is to be chosen for a poet, it is better that that extremity should be low than high—a farmhouse rather than a palace.

But though it is impossible to consider him as a man, without considering these circumstances of origin and calling, we think, we repeat, that Burns's rank in life has been made a great deal too much of. It was an accident which directed his genius into a special channel; but in that direction there was certainly more good than evil. His poverty and lowliness did for him what probably no amount of training could have done. It made him the natural expositor and prophet of a certain class, and that the widest and most numerous of any in the country. It might be well a century ago to utter condescending commendations of the "short and simple annals of the poor;" but at this present time he would be a bold critic who would venture to assert that a true study of life in what we call the lower classes, is either less interesting or less noble than a study of the lives of dukes and duchesses; indeed, the balance has turned, and our predilections are

ready to go the other way. Duchesses and dukes, though sometimes admirable persons, have the lines of their life so traced out for them that, unless their characters be very exceptional indeed, there is but a very limited amount of profit to be got out of them; but the vast levels of human nature, where Sorrow and Pain, those greatest of dramatists, do their work most broadly—where the primitive emotions are less controlled by complicating cobwebs of new fangled thought—where life is more outspoken, more logical, less self-contained,—these have an interest deeper and truer than all the high life ever recorded. Nothing but the fact of being to the manner born could enable a man to elucidate to us this great silent sea of living, which without such elucidation we should know only in those periodical storms which raise it into fury, and confound all the wisdom of the wise and the conclusions of the learned. So far as this goes, the accident of birth secured for Burns a very great and real advantage—all the advantage which a man derives from an immense "backing;" and from being the representative of a very large number of other men. Neither was there any thing in his education to neutralize this advantage. For his characteristic and peculiar office, which was not that of a poet in the abstract, but that of a poet born to real and special use and service, no training could have been more perfect. He acquired letters as those do whom he had come into the world to interpret—painfully, toilsomely, at a cost which made the scanty sum of instruction dearer than the highest attainments of an education more easily acquired. Every new book was to him as an undiscovered country—a something novel and original won out of the niggardly hands of fate. The world of poetry and imagination was all the more lovely, all the more precious to him, that it lay side by side with the plainest and hardest of facts. Every intellectual step he made filled him with a delight and exultation such as a modern epicure of emotion would give worlds to taste. All that belonged to the mind and its etherial existence—all, in short, that was not hard toil and actual struggle—was fresh and sweet, and novel and lovely, full of a beauty which surprised him, and took his heart by storm. And while he had this delightful relish of novelty in every thing intellectual, his moral training was such as the world could not

have surpassed. He was the son of a good, honest, and honorable man. He was brought up fearing God and serving his neighbor—if, perhaps, within too narrow a circle, and with too absolute a limitation of the title, yet cheerfully, unselfishly, without even the idea of separating his own interests from those of the intimate few around him. In all the events of the life of William Burns's household there is nothing that is not worthy and noble. A man was above the reach of shame who came from such a house. He had as good a setting out in the world as any prince could have given to his best-beloved son. The only drawback, indeed, that we can see in Burns's education, was its tendency to cultivate that excessive pride and sense of bitterness under obligation which was the grand stumbling-block of the peasant of those days. It can not be called the weakness of any class now; yet we feel that the misery of wounded pride which attended indebtedness in the mind of the Scotch ploughman-farmer, and the morbid, passionate terror of shame which reigned in many such humble houses, was the weak point in their life, though it proceeded from very strength of character and integrity. But surely this was a failing which leant to virtue's side. The ease with which debt sits upon most people's shoulders now, and the readiness to take from all sources which is characteristic of modern civilization, is a failing of an infinitely meaner kind; though the excess of virtue had its drawbacks too.

This, so far as we know, was the only principle in which his youth was trained which could be other than advantageous to the poet. We do not contest the advantages of academical training, but we doubt much whether, had William Burns been able to send his sons to college, and had Robert struggled into a poor Scotch student's hardly-won knowledge of classic and modern literature, it would have done him half as much good as his natural breeding in his father's cottage was calculated to do. It might, perhaps, and that is doubtful, have enriched us with some smoother epic, some tragedy of loftier plan; but the cottar's fireside would have remained voiceless, and the mouse and gowan of the Ayrshire fields would have perished like their predecessors, without one word of all that tender musing, that pathetic and most human philosophy, which

has made them live for ever. Had we the choice even of another Hamlet, we should pause ere we purchased it at such a cost. Nay, we would not pause; but with a quick decisive choice would hold out our hands toward the poet of the ploughed fields, and the wimpling burn, and the farm-steading. Shakespeare is: and praised be heaven no critic has it in his power to barter him for any classic piece of perfection observant of all the rules of art, as some critics would have gladly done little more than a century ago; but not even for a second Shakespeare could we let go our Burns. We refuse to believe that education would have mended him, or that the poet, had he been more than a ploughman, would have been a greater poet. We are much more ready to believe that the very reverse is the truth, and that if ever man was anointed and consecrated to a special work in this world, for which all his antecedence, all his training, all his surrounding circumstances combined to fit him, Robert Burns was that man. What was to blame was not his birth or breeding, but that monstrous fiction of conventional life which ordains that one sphere and one set of circumstances are essentially nobler than another, and that all who deserve well of their fellows should be forced upon one monotonous level of good society, whether it suits them or not, whether it is really better or not. This fiction is wide as the world, and old as the ancient ages; neither is there any possibility, so far as we are aware, of shaking its hold upon men: but, notwithstanding, it is false and evil; and to its injurious influence, and not to any thing in the natural life of the poet, are his miseries, and, we believe, most of his sins, to be ascribed. What a pity, the world said, to permit such a man to remain in the inferior sphere where he was born! and accordingly every fool who wrote himself gentleman, and a hundred local nobodies, who were as mice—not only to Robert Burns, but to such men as his father and brother—"noticed" the poet, "raised" him to their level, impressed that foolish social lie, from the sway of which none of us entirely escape, upon his mind too, and spoiled the fit education, the noble training, which God and his home had given. By this he was, as a man, torn asunder, and ruined for this world; but faithful to his trust in the midst of all his misery, through heart-breaking,

through tempest and convulsions, he held firm his commission as poet to the last. He held that post, as a soldier blind with wounds, and dizzy with the tumult of the fight, might hold fast the flag, the symbol of duty and honor, of country and cause. Whatever he lost besides, that he held high to the end. Through worlds of good advice from the wise, and siren whispers from voices more prevailing, and suggestions of ambition, and hints of profit, he stood by those colors. His faithfulness to his work made him wiser than the wise. He yielded, facile as a man—but as a poet he was immovable; and as a poet, though not as a man, he is safe forever.

It seems almost needless to tell over again the old well-known tale; but it is so full of pity and wonder, of the beautiful and the tragic, that there are few histories of man more attractive. Robert Burns was born in January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, in a cottage built of clay by his father's own hands. The "blast of Januar' wind" which "blew hansel in" upon the new-born, blew this humble little house about his baby ears at the very outset of his career. His mother was a woman of the country, peaceable, religious, and orderly; his father a man from the north, of a sterner and higher type of character. Robert was the eldest of seven children, born to toil and to spare; to live hardly and honestly by the sweat of their brow; with no pretense beyond their station, and little hope of any advance out of it,—a most lowly, high-minded race, humble as the humblest, yet proud as the proudest, combining, in a way which few people understand nowadays, the most matter-of-fact and absolute poverty with a haughty and stern independence. In external circumstances they were scarcely better off than the villagers whose claims for Christmas coals and blankets is one of the chartered rights of English country life; but in mind they were haughty as the Doges, holding charity as poison, and debt as shame. This virtue of independence was the one only point in the family character which threatened to grow morbid. All the others were sweet and wholesome as the day. Never was there a more attractive picture than that of this peasant father among his children, in the midst of the ceaseless toil and care of their beginning of life. His first little farm was sterile and profitless; his second promised better, but

even there ill-fortune overtook him in the shape of a doubtful lease and unkind landlord. His boys had to set to work as soon as their young strength permitted, and Robert had begun to do a man's work by the time he was fifteen. He and his brother Gilbert were sent to school as occasion served—for a few years regularly, and then as they grew older, "week and week about," as they could be spared from the farm-work. When there was no possibility of schooling, "my father," says Gilbert Burns, "undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings, by candle-light; and in this way my two elder sisters received all the education they ever received." Of these sisters nothing is ever told us, but the kindly mother moved but and ben while the fireside lessons were going on, and sang them songs in the gloaming; and a certain old Jenny, brimful of ghost stories and all the ballads of the countryside, frightened and charmed the lads with her endless lore. "Nothing could be more retired than our manner of living: we rarely saw any body but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age or near it in the neighborhood. . . . My father was for some time almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us, as if we had been men, and was at great pains, while we accompanied him in the labors of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed Salmon's "Geographical Grammar" for us, and endeavored to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries in the world; while from a book society in Ayr he procured for us the reading of Durham's "Physics and Astro-Theology," and Ray's "Wisdom of God in Creation," to give us some idea of astronomy and natural history. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equaled. Quaint and strange studies for the ploughboys in their winter evenings, gathered about the solitary candle, with the cheerful glow of the fire lighting up the one homely chamber, which was kitchen and parlor and hall—the croon of their mother's long low songs lingering in their ears, and their hearts still thrilling with old Jenny's wonders. Sometimes threatening letters would come from the factor—letters threatening roup and jail,

no doubt, the two horrors of the poor, which "used to set us all in tears." Sometimes, however—a more agreeable interruption—friends would come from Ayr, to lighten this grave life with friendly talk; and on one occasion, of which there is a distinct record, the young dominie who had taught the boys came over to spend an evening in the smoky, cheery farm kitchen, when the slates and books were no doubt laid aside. He brought with him (of all things in the world) the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus"—"and by way of passing the evening he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have but a confused remembrance of it) had her hands chopped off, and her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave it with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it." Bold critic, wise by nature! Is there not something in these scenes which the imagination lingers over more tenderly than if this boy's education had been in the hands of scholars of endless learning? And then when the books were laid aside, and the porridge supped, and the homely yet hospitable table cleared, came the family service—the "*Let us worship God*," which, in the confidential intercourse between the two brothers, Robert told Gilbert had always seemed to him the most solemn of utterances. A sketch of family life more pure, more true, or more touching, was never made.

But this existence, though so beautiful to look back upon now, was painful enough then. To the lads who were confined within these bonds of toil, it seemed hard that they should have thus to labor without ceasing, with little prospect of any outlet. "The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," says the poet, looking back upon it with a shudder from the heights of early fame, when he seemed to have got clear forever of that grinding poverty. His brother is more moderate; but still with a deep gravity relates the story of their painful youth. "To the buffetings of misfortune," he says, "*we could only oppose hard labor and*

the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house; while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and even beyond it, in the labors of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crops of corn; and at fifteen was the principal laborer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind that we felt at our tender years under these straits and difficulties was very great. To think of our father now growing old, (for he was above fifty,) broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances, these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress." But, nevertheless, the lads were young and capable of throwing over their deep distress whenever the factor's letter, or some other immediate pinch of misery, was a few days, or perhaps a few hours off. At fifteen, Robert fell in love for the first time, with "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie," who was his partner in the harvest-field, following him close through the golden rig, as the manner was, binding, as he cut it, the rustling poppy-mingled grain. She "sang sweetly" a song "composed by a small country laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love;" and the dark, sun-burnt, glowing boy, with the thrill of a new emotion stirring through him, ran into song too, moved by emulation and by all those dawning "thoughts, and passions, and delights," which are the ministers of love. "My Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet," sang the fifteen-year-old boy in his rapture, in the golden autumn sunshine among the golden corn. He is not much to be pitied after all. The scene is Arcadian in its tender innocence, lit up with a sweet glow of natural light and color, but no heat of premature or unnatural passion. This little scene in the harvest-field balances with its sweet delight the Rembrandt interior of the farmhouse kitchen and its copy-books. "Puirith cauld," such as "wracks the heart," and labors without ceasing; but at the same time, warm, natural, hopeful, glowing life, and love, and song.

We need not linger to tell how he read Addison and Pope, in addition to the serious works above recorded; how his boy-

ish imagination was struck by the "Vision of Mirza," and his literary ambition aroused by the accidental acquisition of "a small collection of letters by the most eminent writers," which was bought by his uncle by mistake instead of the "Complete Letter-Writer," which he had intended to buy;—for a lurking doubt afflicts us, whether Burns's letters might not have been more natural and agreeable had he never met with the compositions of these "eminent writers;" nor need we pause to say that he acquired some rudiments of French—an acquisition which his biographers rather insist upon, but which, we imagine, the readers of his correspondence will ruefully wish had never been attained. He also began the "Rudiments of the Latin Tongue," but soon laid aside that uncongenial study. What is infinitely more important is, that he lived his toilsome life in innocence, in warm friendship with some companions of his own age, and chiefly with his admirable brother; that he obeyed, and loved, and honored, keeping faithfully in the narrow but noble track of duty which his father had trod before him, often sad and anxious, yet ever lighthearted, playing with the woes of life in a sweet unconsciousness of the deep innate happiness which lay beneath them, such as is natural to youth. How fine is his own description of this boyish innocent existence:

"I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' o' the plow,
An', though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn."

What better sketch could be made of the "happy, weary" lad, "sair forfoughten," but proud and glad of his advance to his heritage, a man's work? "He is hardly to be envied," says Mr. Lockhart, "who can contemplate without emotion this exquisite picture of young nature and young genius."

This fresh and spotless youth outlasted all the early experiences of rural life, and retained its purity through all the picturesque and dangerous flirtations of the country-side. Into these flirtations it was evident he plunged with all the warmth of his impassioned nature. He "went owre the hills to Nannie," though the wastlin wind blew both rude and chill, and the day's darg had been hard and heavy. On 'the Lammas night,' when—

"The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,"

he spent hours of happiness among "the rigs o' barley." Another "charmer" he invites on a clear evening, when "thick flies the skimming swallow," to stray with him upon his "gladsome way," to see the beauty of nature—

"The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature."

At another time the lady is unkind; and the little picture, fresh-breathing of dews and fields, surrounds one figure only in the fantastic depths of youthful despair:

"The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life's to me a weary dream—
The dream o' ane that never wauks."

Every one of these bursts of song reveals to us the sweet country-side, with all its woods and streams, the tender silence of nature, the "happy living things" which the poet loves with all the natural warmth of a heart that opens wide its inmost doors to every thing that lives. The lark which—

"'Tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,"

is as visible to him as the shepherd that "o'er the moorland whistles shrill;" and all nature is populous to his universal sympathy. A man with such exuberance of tender thought and winning words was, as might be expected, welcome everywhere to the rustic maidens, to whom it was as sweet as to any princess to receive such tuneful homage. And the farmer of Lochlea's son was "a strappin' youth," well fitted to take any woman's eye. Dark eyes glowing with latent passion and fire, ("I never saw such another eye in any human head," says Walter Scott, a tolerable judge,) dark hair curling about his honest, handsome forehead; a stalwart frame, not extravagant in height, but cast in the robustest mold; come of a creditable, honorable family; and endowed with a native wit which no one could deny, and a genial friendliness towards his fellow-creatures which few people could resist. Nature never set forth a more hopeful youth in the regions to which he belonged by birth and breeding. "I was generally a welcome guest wherever I visited," he says. "At the plow, scythe, or reaping-hook I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance." He was in the secret

of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, and as proud of his knowledge "as ever was statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe." A prince could not have been more free, more favored or well thought of; indeed, he was in his sphere an absolute prince, "able to set want at defiance," which was all he required for independence, and cumbered with no artificial needs.

Thus Robert Burns lived till he was twenty-three. The anxieties which sometimes overwhelmed him were not for himself, but for his family, that his father's honorable name might be kept pure, and a roof kept over his old mother's head, and the household held together, which it had been old William Burns's aim and pride to keep together. He kept free of debt, which he held in purest terror, upon £7 a year, as his brother Gilbert testifies. Towards the end of this virtuous beginning of his life he went to Irvine to learn the trade of flax-dressing, and there lived upon porridge—on the oatmeal sent him from home—as many a farmer's son has done while wearing the academic gown. To this he was moved either by a desire so far to improve his position as to be able to marry, or possibly by the more serious thoughts suggested by an illness, which seems to be referred to in a very grave, and, indeed, pathetic letter, written in the end of 1781, in which he declares himself to find great comfort in the description of heaven given in Revelation, and says that, "sometimes for an hour or two, when my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and, indeed, my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way." He despairs, he says, "of ever making a figure in life"—a curious idea, one would suppose, to have so much as entered his mind. These utterances of youthful sadness must always, however, be taken with a large allowance for the feeling of the moment, and seldom represent any thing more than temporary depression. And, poor fellow, he had been jilted, badly it would appear, from some letters in his correspondence of a high and splendid tone, much unlike the frank and fresh nature of his love-songs. This venture at Irvine ended in a fire, which consumed flax and tools, and left the young man without a sixpence. Its consequences were, how-

ever, still worse than pecuniary loss. The society of the little town corrupted the country lad. He heard immorality spoken of with levity, and probably was introduced to scenes of dissipation such as could scarcely be found in the parish of Tarbolton among the comrades who trusted him with their love secrets. He returned home with the seeds of evil in him. But we are loth to leave this idyllic chapter, this genial and gracious youth. Amid its simple enjoyments there had been one which is curiously illustrative of the intellectual ambition which is natural to the Scotch peasant. When he was twenty-one, he, his brother, and five other young men, established a club in the village of Tarbolton for literary purposes. They were to meet once a week in the village public-house; but lest the meeting should become an occasion of dissipation, the expenditure of each member was not to exceed three-pence on any one night. Their object was "to relax themselves after toil, to promote sociality and friendship, and to improve the mind." As was natural they debated social and sentimental subjects, "toasted their mistresses," and cultivated mutual friendship. They "found themselves so happy," says the *naïve* preamble to their rules, that after this club had existed for more than a year, they resolved to give a dance in its honor. "Accordingly we did meet, each one with a partner, and spent the evening in such innocence and merriment, such cheerfulness and good-humor, that every brother will long remember it with pleasure and delight." Such were the pleasures of the young rustics when left to themselves in their own sphere, without interference from their "betters." When Burns and his family removed to Moss-giel, near Mauchline, they originated a similar club there; and though Dr. Currie, with his usual superiority, considers their choice of books to have been objectionable, as "being less calculated to increase the knowledge than to refine the taste"—a quality he evidently considered unnecessary in a peasant—yet it is probable the rural society knew better than its critic. We dwell upon these particulars not so much for their absolute importance to Burns's life, as to show how worthy and even noble were all its circumstances so long as it remained in its natural channel. The little Tarbolton club debated whether prudence or inclination should most be

considered in marriage; but not for its edification was planned the "Holy Fair." It is connected with the "Epistle to Davie," a very different production, and with all the virtuous, innocent thoughts, the simple yet lofty impulses, the cheerful young philosophy of that pleasant poem. To his fellow-rustic it was thus the rustic poet wrote, with true hope and manful content, yet sparks of that indignation which young men feel at the inequalities of fortune:

"What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year:
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing 't when we hae dune.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gi'e the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where."

These verses were repeated by the poet to his brother Gilbert in the summer of 1784, shortly after their father's death, when they were working together at Moss-giel, the new farm in which each member of the family had embarked all his or her possessions and labors, in the hope of being able to live and toil together. It was "in the interval of harder labor, when he and I were working in the garden, (kail-yard.*)" "I believe," adds Gilbert, "the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion." As they stooped among the kail, the one said to the other that the verses were good—as good as Allan Ramsay, sweetest praise to the author's tingling, gratified ears, and that "they would bear being printed." The writer and receiver of the letter and the critic were all "country lads." These were the sentiments that naturally occurred to, and the style that pleased them. We shall see what was the different tone

employed when the young farmer of Moss-giel fell into the hands of his betters, and began to be petted, patronized, and taken notice of, to the great satisfaction of all his biographers and his own pleasure and pride.

The little town of Mauchline would seem then to have possessed a certain jovial society, true men of the time, such as have figured in many a reminiscence of the end of last century—men half-way between the rude and loud squires of Fielding and the jovial lawyers of Scott, with that smack of free-thinking which belonged to their special generation, as well as of the free living which was characteristic of the class up to a comparatively recent period. Even yet the character has not sufficiently died out of Scotland to require much stretch of memory to identify it. The "writer," who held one of the highest places in the little half-town half-village society, was probably a younger son of a laird, or possessed at least some family connection or standing-ground in the neighborhood. By this right of family he was set free from all the bonds which restrain men who have their character and position to make; and his education, his coarse wit, the familiarity which he was free to indulge in with the common people, aware that it would never lessen the importance which was derived not from himself but from his family—a familiarity which hid infinite, rude arrogance behind its convivial good-fellowship—earned him the superficial suffrages of the unthinking multitude. His natural inclination to rude and riotous skepticism was blown to a certain polemical heat by the events and commotions of the time, and he had it in his power to be irreligious at once and immoral, to drink and swear, and sneer and roar in boisterous merriment, at every thing that pretended to goodness or purity, without losing his right to be considered a gentleman. He united the vices of the rough-riding squire to those of the professional man of the town; and but for a certain wild cleverness and good-nature, had very few redeeming qualities about him. Such was the kind of man who was the aristocrat of the little Ayrshire burghs. Sometimes he was the doctor, sometimes the writer, sometimes even, softened down a little and put into a more respectable garb, he became the parish minister, and drank, and laughed, and made questionable jokes with the best.

It was into the hands of this fashion of man that Robert Burns, farmer at Moss-giel, who had already begun to write "Robert Burns, poet," across the pages of his scrap-books, fell. It was a "rise in life" for the ambitious ploughman. This wild, rude, boisterous society was the society of gentlemen. The young man was dazzled by the new light that thus shone upon him. Men who were the equals of all the lairds and lords in the country-side made him their equal. Their accent a little finer than his own, the mass of additional books which probably they had read, their superior power of expressing themselves, their possession of that gift of education which is the god of the poor Scotchman, made his admission to their company like entrance into Elysium. They were his betters; it was the natural reward of his superior genius to be admitted among them; his hopes could not have reached so far had not Poetry opened the tavern door, or the more difficult parlor, and admitted him to make sport for the gentlemen. And he was young, and had that glamour in his eyes which confers nobleness and beauty on all it looks on. Thus he who had lived all his life among the wholesome fields, and had begun to sing of them in soft delightful strains, fresh as the very voice of nature, was dragged into another atmosphere, an air laden with fumes of toddy, and hot with the excitement of local squabbles—squabbles which were not even confined to the ground of politics, but which raged in that field where vituperation is always the loudest, and temper the highest, and levity most profane—the field of religious contention. And when we add that our Burns, the first great, truly national, poet of Scotland, began his public career with a string of verses in which bad taste and profane meaning have not even wit or fun to veil them, or the headlong race of poetic excitement to excuse them, we say in a word all that his introduction to better society, his admission to a higher class, his contact with men of education and family, did for him. From the "Epistle to Davie" to the "Twa Herds," what an inconceivable downfall! The first full of all the tranquil sweetness of nature, the sober yet ever pleasant and cheerful light of morning, before misfortune had become personal, or individual passion or anguish had disturbed the early *daylight*—a poem gently intelligible to all

men, wide as humanity and poetry and all-compensating youth; the other a miserable local squib, requiring pages of explanation, filled with strange names of persons we know nothing about, bristling with allusions that are lost upon us, and possessing no zest or flavor except to those who understood all the temporary commotions of the country-side. How, with this curious contrast before them, people can still complain that Burns was not sufficiently noticed by the higher classes in his neighborhood, and that it would have been salvation to him had he shared their education and breeding, instead of that of his father's cottage, we are unable to conceive. Would to heaven that his betters had left the poet alone!—that they had left him to schoolmaster Davie and ploughman Gilbert, to his peasant society, to his musings afoot and afield, and not dragged him into their miserable and petty circles, their profane polemics, their coarse village disputes and personalities! This was what they did for the young soul coming fresh out of God's hands, (though already, God forgive him! soiled with stains of the earth.) And were it not that we have no right to judge individuals, and that the men are dead and have had their reckoning, we protest we should be disposed in good faith to indorse Holy Willie's profane petitions, so far as those "patrons" of Burns's youth—those "gentlemen" of whose friendship the ploughman was so proud—are concerned.

And to our own mind all the sad secret of the poet's life, the problem which it is so hard to read, is contained herein. He was nobly qualified, nobly trained for his true office, which lay among that class broadly and naturally entitled "the common people,"—the same who crowded the hillsides and clustered about the shores of the Lake in Galilee, listening—when their betters did not care to listen. Burns was their born exponent in his day, their minstrel, their prophet; but the moment his head appeared above the level, and those frank fervid eyes, aglow with the poet's passion of surprised delight in the newness and loveliness of all he saw, the world beheld, stared, wondered, and asked itself what to do? This strange apparition was like an unexpected visitor at the door. Of course he had to be admitted somehow. The conventional superstition which is just strong enough to keep common minds in

awe, and extort those ceremonial observances which superstition finds refuge in, of respect to genius—made it inevitable that when once the man became visible, he should be made to mount up higher, at least for the moment, and to sit down at the master's table. And the young man went up with his glowing eyes, expecting to find every thing there that imagination paints of noble and graceful and refined—and found a flutter of small-talk, the gossip of a clique, the cleverness of local malice, instead of that feast of reason and flow of soul which fancy had looked for. But fancy is strong, and would not let him believe all that in the first shock he must have felt, of bewildered disappointment and amaze. The impulse of pride and pleasure with which he had come, carried him on to a certain gratification in being thus, as it were, made one of the clique, and initiated into all their personal hatreds and jocular enmities; till at last, in his perfectly real yet fictitious enthusiasm, he lifted the clear voice, given him for so much nobler purpose, to sing to the confusion of his patrons' adversaries, adding sharp darts of his own to the vulgar gibe and coarse badinage, which was not his, poor boy, nor ever would have entered his soul. Mightily pleased, no doubt, were the patrons with this celestial slave they had gotten, this Samson whom they poked in his big ribs, and made to stretch out his muscles for their admiration—till the moment came when they had enough of him, and required no more. This natural inevitable process ruined Burns's life, and broke his heart; and it seemed for one terrible moment as if it might ruin his work too. But happily genius has better guards than those that fall to the lot of mere humanity, and the poet broke his bondage; the poet—but not the man.

When we state our conviction that this was his curse and the secret of his ruin, we do not pretend to say that we can see how it could have been avoided. It might have been avoided indeed, had the so called superior classes been really superior, greater in mind, purer in moral tone, and possessed with a fuller appreciation of real truth and beauty than their humbler neighbors. But they were not so; and we dare not assert that they are so now, or ever will be until the end of time. Equality is a miserable fiction as between man and man, but as between class and class it is a truth which no

thoughtful mind, we think, can dispute. The levels of humanity are extraordinarily like each other—as like as rivers are, or mountains, or any other species. There are differences in accent, differences in phraseology, immense differences in costume and aspect; but the biggest metropolitan society resembles the cliques of a village with a perfectly appalling likeness. Yet it is the common sentiment, the instinct of the world, that the worth which makes a man illustrious on one level should raise him to another; and hoisted up he must be accordingly, though we know he will gain nothing by it, and may lose much. We can not resist this natural impulse, this doctrine of social reward for every thing that is supremely excellent. Bad as it often is in its results, it would be worse still if the world were destitute of it, if society were so indifferent to genius as not even to gape and stare. The principle must be accepted and even encouraged for the good of the universe; but yet what pain, what terrible possibilities of ruin do we lay up for our lowly men of genius by accepting it! We lay up for them the certainty of getting tinsel for gold; of having the false so presented to them that they will accept it for a time as true; of receiving flattery which is more contemptuous than scorn, and commendation which is more insulting than insolence; and of finally dropping back into their native sphere, disgusted, disenchanted, sore, and wroth, with the beauty gone out of every thing, and no further possibility in their minds of believing in excellence or generosity. It happened in Burns's day that the humbler level from which he was raised was infinitely better and purer than, at least, the next step of the social scale—which made the process yet more fatal to him than it might have been; and still we do not see how it could have been helped. Should another Burns arise now, we do not even know how we could profit by past experience, and avoid the danger for him. Did we neglect him or allow him to be neglected, it would be a bitter wrong and shame to humanity; while in “noticing,” in “elevating,” we incur the awful risk of ruining. We can not even suggest how the difficulty is to be got over—but in our hearts we believe it was his friendly Gavin Hamiltons with their “takin' arts,” his “glib-tongued Aikens,” his good-natured, admiring, coarse, and commonplace patrons, and not his own educa-

tion or want of education, which injured Burns's life and broke his heart.

The "Twa Herds" was not the only local and polemical satire produced by the unfortunate introduction of the poet into this new sphere. The "Kirk's Alarm" and "The Ordination" followed; all of which, we are bold to say, would be gladly left out of any future edition of Burns by all who esteem him as he ought to be esteemed. They are the sort of verses which would naturally be produced by the coarse and clever poet of a village, the man whose personal satires are always received by his limited circle with "a roar of applause," until somebody who knows better happens to see them, and makes the whole gaping audience at once ashamed of itself. We know no reason why they should have been retained in print so long, for they are neither brilliant nor melodious, but petty, foolish, and vulgar to an almost incredible extent. "Holy Willie's Prayer" is quite different. It is equally, or indeed more profane, but it is pure satire, strong and trenchant, awful even in its vivid reality. This tremendous sketch wants no explanatory notes, no foolish disguise of initials. The man stands out before us in a blaze of infernal light, a being whose existence we can neither doubt nor deny. We are not sure even that we can regret the profane inspiration which turned the poet's eye upon such a figure, for its truth and power redeem its profanity. It may be laughable to the shallow reader, but it is appalling to the thoughtful; and no virtuous prejudice should be allowed to interfere with the place which it has gained by sheer vigor, power, and truth. "The Holy Fair" is not so grand; but yet in it the poet has asserted himself as a poet. The profanity is less excusable in this than in "Holy Willie," which stands altogether on higher ground; it is a kind of profanity, too, of which William Burns's son never could have been guilty in his father's lifetime, and which probably, had any true voice suggested it to him, the still ingenuous young man would have blushed for with overwhelming shame; but still it is poetry, and full of animation and melodious vigor, and that reality of rural feeling which he knew so well. We regret that he should have treated the subject in such a way: but we can not condemn.

The two years he spent at Mossgiel, however—though his habits seem to have

lost their first purity, and some real stains (stains which we have no doubt have been much exaggerated) had crept upon his name—were the richest and most poetic of his life. He wrote most of his finest poems in this chilly farmhouse, the "auld clay biggin'," where, as he sat and eyed the smoke which filled the air with a "mottie, misty" haze, the vision of Coila, blushing "sweet, like modest worth," with her "wildly witty, rustic grace" and her illuminated mantle, "stepped ben," stopping the rash vow which he was about to make, to rhyme no more. Rich and beautiful, and happy and sad, were these years. Affairs went but badly with the brothers, yet with manful modest souls they labored at their day's work, sweetening it with such communion by the common roads and laborious fields as falls to the lot of very few. We have already instanced the poem communicated to Gilbert's brotherly ears, while the two were weeding in the kail-yard. The days and the places where such communications were made to him he remembered ever after with proud and tender faithfulness. Once when the two were "going together with carts for coal to the family, (and I could yet point out the particular spot,) the author first repeated to me the "Address to the Deil." Another poem he heard of "as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me." The "Cottar's Saturday Night" was made known to him first on a Sunday afternoon walk—a pleasant moment of intercourse which the brothers often enjoyed together—and Gilbert was "electrified," as well he might be. A more effectual reply to the ordinary delusion that unbounded leisure and ease are necessary for the production of poetry could scarcely be given; for in these two years Burns was laboring not less but harder than an ordinary ploughman—as a man works on his own land, knowing that every prospect in life depends upon his exertions. He worked, and he courted, and he feasted, and yet found time, notwithstanding, for such a joyous torrent of poetry—warm, full, and strong, instinct with life, and full of the delightful ease of inspiration—as the most industrious poet by trade we have ever heard of could not have produced in the time. This stream of song included sketches of life and character which have lit up all Scotland; soft friendly outbursts of humor, and genial poetic laughter as

sweet as silver bells; and, mingled with these, such tender rural philosophies, such pathetic thoughtfulness, pity, and charity as go direct to the heart. It was his very climax of life. Every influence round him entered into his soul. Its doors stood open day and night ready to receive every thing that was weak and wanted succor, and ready to be moved by every thing that was lovely and noble. In all the world there was not a created thing which he shut out from his sympathy: from the "cowering beastie" in the fields, to auld Nickie-ben in "yon lowin' heugh"—he felt for all. He is like a god in his tender thought, in his yearning for their welfare. When he wakes by night and hears the storm shake the walls of the clay cottage, he does not hug himself upon his individual warmth and comfort like common men—

"List'ning the doors and windows rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scour.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry month o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What's come o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

When morning comes, however, the young poet shakes off his coil of painful, pitiful thought, as chanticleer "shakes off the pouthery snaw." He, too, "hails the morning with a cheer." The toil and moil may sometimes swell a poetic sigh; but Burns is not afraid of them, nor moved by them. In the evening as he comes home, a tipsy neighbor, fallen by the roadside, catches his eye: and moved with whimsical indulgent humor, he sits down on the low wall of the brig, and with laughter shining in his eyes, summons up before him the devious progress of the fallen hero:

"The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty;
I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenned aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.
The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I couldna tell."

Again, another whimsy seizes him. He will sing of "Scotch Drink," traditional

vin du pays, the sadly misnamed water of life in northern lands. With ideal fervor he depicts its potency; ideal, for as yet, at least, no respectable peasant in Kyle or Carrick is more sober than "rantin', rovin' Robin." He shows us how the "brawny, bainie, ploughman chiel" makes the glowing darksome smithy ring "wi' dinsome clamour," and "Burnewin comes on like death," after the jovial dram. Even here there comes in a touch of kindly pathos—the glimmer of the incipient tear beyond the bright eye's genial laughter as he describes how the drink he celebrates "erects its head" sometimes among the gentle:

"But humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine."

The subjects are so much alike that we may almost say it is in the same poem that one of the most brilliant and animated battle-sketches ever made comes in. The Scotch reader foresees at once to what verses we refer. They are those in which the poet, in the rush and flow of his song, seizes by chance, as it were, upon a soldier on the field, and paints him full length, with the suddenness of a photograph, but in a glory of color and life which puts all such ghostly painting to shame:

"Bring a Scotsman from his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas!"

Was there ever a more splendid, animated, living picture? The "Highland gill," after all, has very little to do with it; but he whom no faint-hearted doubtings assail—whose rush of fervid valor is limited only by the thought how best to kill twa at a blow—who breathes out in the face of death his faint huzzas,—what a vision, rapid as the lightning, plucked out of the very heart of battle! In those days the British Isles was a fighting country, prompt to take offence, and ready to resent—interfering in every man's affairs; and the reader of that period knew how true was the description. Homer himself could not

be more nervous, more curtly powerful, or move us with a deeper roll and rush of heroic emotion. Thus the young ploughman sweeps on, playing upon his readers' hearts as upon a magical instrument, now rolling deep in thunderous swells of feeling, now breathing a sweetness akin to tears. It is impossible to follow him through all those manifold notes, through this flood of harmony at once exciting and soothing, without the warmest sympathy. We know these poems half by heart. Yet when we read them over again they are all as fresh as ever, as radiant with life as if they had been printed yesterday. We change, as the poet bids us, and are grave and gay, and laugh and weep like so many fools, without pause or intermission, while we turn from page to page. Where did he get this heavenly gift. But anyhow, he exercised it while ploughing and reaping, and leading coals along the country roads, and draining the clayey barren fields. Shall we say such a wonder never was? At least it has been as rare as became a miracle.

And does not the reader see how, as these poems grew and breathed into being, the veil of the unknown was lifted, and all Lowland Scotland, sweet and cheery, came to light as when the sun rises over an unseen land? Some one, we forget at this moment whom, has directed attention lately to the place Scotland held in fiction and poetry before Burns and Scott were. Even Smollett, a Scotsman, dared say very little for his country. It was a land of sour fanatics, of penurious misers, of mean bowing and scraping, of servile acts of all kinds—a country which all its sons forsook as soon as possible, to pinch and scrape a living out of English prodigality, and to promote their raw-boned countrymen over the honest Saxon, who was no match for their groveling cunning. This was the best that was said for us on the other side of the Tweed. The extraordinary revolution of sentiment since is due entirely to the two poets whose mission in very different ways was to make their country known. Burns was the first, and in some points he was very much the greatest. His revelation was deeper, stronger, more original than that of the other. It reached lower down, revealing almost more than one nationality in the warm and tender light by which it made Scotland visible—for he

made the poor visible at the same time, the common people, the universal basis of society. Hard must that man's heart have been, and opaque his intellect, who, after reading the "Cottar's Saturday Night," could have looked with unchanged eyes upon a cottage anywhere. Scotland was the first object of the revelation—but after, all the world.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.
Th' expectant *wee things*, toddlin', statcher
through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an'
glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie *wife's* smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his
toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet:
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worship God*,' he says, with solemn
air."

All this astonishing work, or at least the greater part of it, was done, as we have said, in two years; and these most laborious, most anxious years, in which the poet did no more than "set want at defiance," and in which he had to maintain a continual conflict with fate, for the sake of all those additions which the simplest civilization must add to the wants of nature. To pay their rent, to keep the roof over their heads and their mother's head, to preserve the humble independence of men who were their own masters, and not hired ser-

vants, the brothers struggled, sometimes with failing, sometimes with courageous hearts. During this period Robert met and loved and lost his Highland Mary, the most spotless of all his loves. The little that we know of her is all tender, pure, and sweet. Her lover celebrated the house in which she was a humble maid-servant, in strains as passionate and reverent as ever knight of romance sang to his lady; and one of the sweetest pathetic love-partings recorded in the national mythology is that in which these two, with tears, and thoughts too deep for tears, exchanged their troth, holding each other's hands across the burn which wimpled between them. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thy oath," the poet wrote afterwards in his Mary's Bible, that grand and simple register of all great incidents in the lives of the poor. But death met Mary on her way, and compelled her to forswear herself. There is no record as to how he bore this blow. His early biographers were all too busy finding out how he was condescended to by the gentlemen, and how many fine houses he was asked to dine at, to have eyes or ears for such humble matters. And the next incident in Burns's career which comes clearly before us is one which connects him with the name of Jean Armour—never thereafter to be separated from his.

The story of his connection with Jean is one which it is most distasteful to tell. Professor Wilson is justly indignant with the impertinent freedom of biographers who ventured to discuss in her lifetime whether her husband had loved her or not, and whether or not she was the occasion of all his misfortunes. It was fit that one of the most generous and manful of critics should have made this protest; but yet it is impossible to exonerate Mrs. Burns from blame. There can be no doubt that her facility and that easy-minded persuadableness, to use the mildest of terms, which made her give him up when not only his peace of mind, but her own honor, was concerned, procured for the man who was so faithful to her the severest trial of his life, and inflicted such pain upon him as nothing else could have done.

We need not enter into this miserable story, which is sufficiently well known, further than to say that Jean's parents de-

stroyed, with her consent, the "marriage-lines" which made her Burns's lawful wife very shortly before the birth of her first child. Why the father and mother should have thus chosen disgrace for their daughter is one of the utterly unexplainable mysteries which occur sometimes in the most ordinary life; but when one reflects that but for this piece of monstrous and unintelligible folly, Burns's wife might have taken her place in the world as a spotless matron, no one, except perhaps some keen-sighted Mauchline gossip, being any the wiser, and the poet himself have been spared the deepest affliction of his life, and a stigma which never has been quite removed from him, it is hardly possible to refrain from a certain bitterness of denunciation. The Armours destroyed the marriage-lines, thus unmarrying the pair; rejected all Burns's overtures; and then, last insult and injury, raised proceedings against him in order to compel him to give security for the maintenance of a child which he was not to be allowed to claim as legitimately his. The despair into which he was plunged by these proceedings seems to us to acquit Burns of all the oft-repeated accusations of profligacy which have been brought against him. His own design had been to go to Jamaica, (a scheme which long had hovered in his brain,) to work there for his wife's support; but he now offered to stay at home, to hire himself out as a farm-servant—a descent in the world which, though apparently small, was great at that level, but which was refused like all the rest. It is impossible that a man who was ready to put his sincerity to such a test, whose attempt to right the wrong he had done was thus voluntary and unforced, and who was capable of the sentiments expressed in the "Lament," could be a vulgar seducer, a village profligate conversant with such adventures. The *promised father's tender name* would have been terrible and not sweet to such an ordinary villain; and the chances are that such a man would have congratulated himself on the good fortune of his escape, rather than broken his heart over the failure of his hopes.

Never was there sufferer more deeply to be pitied than the unfortunate young man who had thus been suddenly brought to a stop in the fullness of his youthful career. It is as if a ship in full sail, reckless with

the security of good weather and past prosperity, had been suddenly caught by a hurricane and dashed against some unsuspected rock. Bitter mortification, wounded love and pride, the sense of a sacrifice offered in vain, and of personal rejection and contumely, mingled with all his external miseries. He was unable to give the security required. "I suppose," says Mr. Lockhart, "security for some four or five pounds a year was the utmost that could have been demanded from a person in his rank: but the man who had in his desk the immortal poems to which we have been referring, either disdained to ask, or tried in vain to find, pecuniary assistance in his time of need." Probably the former was the true state of the case, for borrowing was horrible to him. That terrible bugbear "a jail," a spectre which haunted him to his dying day with an almost childish terror, seemed now to open its gloomy doors at his very side. The only thing to save him was flight. And to fly, accordingly, he made up his mind. The prosecution raised by the Armours drove him into hiding. He "skulked from cover to cover" as he himself describes it, miserable, shame-stricken, almost in despair. Even when a situation was procured for him on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica, as under-overseer, he had not money enough (nine pounds) to pay his passage. It was in this emergency that he bethought himself of publishing his poems, or, more likely, had that expedient suggested to him by his friends. They had become tolerably known in the local world by this time; and every body who knew Burns took in hand to get subscribers. The hope of a little profit in the matter scarcely seems, we think, to have bulked very largely with Burns himself. Another idea was foremost in his mind. Had he left the country as he felt himself forced to do at that miserable crisis, he would have left it in disgrace—a man shamed, hunted away from his native shores, rejected under the most aggravating circumstances by the woman whom he loved. At such a dismal moment it was natural that there should rise in his heart a desire to redeem his name as far as was possible. "It was a delicious idea," he says, in the narrative of his early life which he addressed to Dr. Moore, not much more than a year after, and in which a certain levity of tone scarcely veils the recent wounds, "that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it

should never reach my ears." "It is just the last foolish action I intend to do," he writes in June, 1786, to a friend with whom no forced feeling was necessary, a shoemaker in Glasgow, "and then turn a wise man as soon as possible." With this motive he drew forth those homely writing-books and scraps of manuscript on which were written the verses which would at that moment have been a greater loss to the world than the Crown jewels, and took them to an obscure Kilmarnock printer. Thus humbly stole into the world the last farewell to his country of a young man ruined and wretched—a volume which made more commotion in the world of literature than perhaps any one volume has made since. Never was there a humbler entry upon any stage; and few *débutants* have been so heavy-hearted. He was still in hiding, living about in the houses of his friends, when the volume appeared. Either its immediate success must have cowed those strange enemies who were, so to speak, of his own house, or his improving prospects disarmed them; for as the book sold he seems to have lingered, making new friends, and appearing at well-known houses in a way scarcely practicable to a hunted man. Dugald Stewart, with condescension so gracious and amiable that it seems cruel to call it by that disagreeable name, but which still was condescension, though most delicately veiled, had him to his house of Catrine, where he even "dinner'd with a lord" on an occasion which he celebrates with much fun and glee. He formed the acquaintance, besides, of Mrs. Stewart of Stair, and of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, afterwards his steady friend and constant correspondent; and perhaps with some hopes raised by the very names of these great people—hopes of an excise-man's place, which already tempted him, among others—he lingered through the autumn, ever reluctant to tear himself from his home. But no help came from any of his patrons; and the poems had produced twenty pounds. With this he secured a passage in a ship from Greenock, and even sent off his chest containing all his humble possessions. It was on a gloomy autumn night that he left the manse of Loudoun, where he had gone to take leave of the minister, Dr. Laurie, a friend who was exerting himself busily though secretly on the poet's behalf; and gloomier still were his confused and melancholy thoughts. As

he strode over the dreary moorland in the cloudy gloaming, hope forsook the young man thus "abandoned, exiled, and forlorn." Tears came to his eyes, and the familiar language of song to his lips. "Farewell," he said, with all the bitterness of the parting swelling over him—

"Farewell auld Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!
My peace with these—my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare:
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!"

This was the very darkest moment before the dawn. He had scarcely gone from Loudoun Manse when a letter arrived there from Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh, a letter which the kind minister had been hoping for, which seems to have raised Burns at once from the depths of despondency to immediate and brilliant hope, though it contained nothing but warm praise and encouragement, and urgent advice that another edition of the poems should be published. So in place of going to Jamaica, the poet, no longer despairing, went off to Edinburgh, and all his life changed like the shifting of a scene in a theatre. The first portion was over, and many scenes completed; but now another fytte of the eventful history was to begin.

The next chapter in Burns's life is a very curious one; but it was not of the importance which by all rules of likelihood it ought to have been. He went among the "first circles" of Edinburgh without perturbation, without enthusiasm, with a calm which utterly and with reason perplexed all his learned and witty and refined entertainers. The secret of this calm lay, no doubt, in the fact that he had been already disenchanted. He had found out what society was from his Mauchline experiences, being "quick to learn and wise to know" as ever man was. He had found out that gentlemen were like nothing in this world so much as ploughmen—that the entertainments of the fine people, or at least those "writers' feasts" with which he was most conversant, were, with a few differences in manner, as like as two peas to the peasant carouses in alehouse kitchens. Nay, there would even seem in his utter silence about it a kind of suggestion that Burns found in the revels at Poesie Nansie's the rudimental germ from which the whole sprang, with different degrees,

no doubt, of decency and politeness, but little that was fundamentally greater. The ploughmen were like the beggars, and the writers like the ploughmen, and the lords and philosophers like the writers; and nowhere were there any demi-gods, any Society, high-seated on the topmost rank of humanity, such as Olympus might have stooped to, such as a man might be proud to rise to. For such a society a poet might have borne even to be patronized; but he had learned that it was not to be found.

Thus there was no illusion in the eyes with which he looked out, gentle but stern, upon society in Edinburgh. Already he had found that siren out, and she could no longer delude, no more excite him. This painful enlightenment is visible through all that follows. He is never enthusiastic, never carried away, always on his guard. He does not plunge into the new world with a neophyte's generous all-belief and foolish admiration, but approaches it gravely, holding his peasant head high, penetrated by the discovery that one rank is no better than another, and that one monotonous line of limitation is to be found in all. Had he been transported out of himself, dazzled by his new associations, it would have been more natural, and, perhaps, notwithstanding all that must have followed, it might have been better for him. But the wonder remarked by all was that Burns was never dazzled. He held his head perhaps even a little rigid in his sad determination not to be again deceived, seeing with clear eyes, through all the homage paid him, that delicatest insolence of wonder that the ploughman should hold his own so calmly—that softest, kindest consciousness of his inferiority which ran beneath all the sparkling stream of admiration and adulation. The Ayrshire Ploughman!—he was so distinguished in print and in talk, delicately labeled in society, so that no man might fail to perceive what special claims he had on the forbearance of the gentlefolks; but it was disappointing to them to find no need for forbearance. Never was a more curious scene. His patrons described him, discussed him, wondered at him, without quite perceiving—though some of them, we think, had an uneasy consciousness of it—that he saw through them all, and had fuller command of the position than they had. But, we repeat, it would probably have been better for him had he been without

that painful enlightenment, had he been able to throw himself into the new world with enthusiasm, to be dazzled and have his head turned. The awakening, no doubt, would have been bitter, but still he would have had the sweeter flavor of the best kind of social condescending adulation, instead of the worst kind, which he had once received with enthusiasm, and the tasting of which had made him as the gods, seeing good and evil. But that was past praying for. And Burns passed through this Edinburgh chapter without either good or harm to speak of, wondered at, gazed at, applauded, considered everywhere the first of miracles and lions; but like a man in a strange country, holding himself separate and apart, with an almost coldness quite foreign to his nature. Among women the case was otherwise. He is said to have made the somewhat curious remark, that whereas he had met with men in his own class as wise, as excellent, as thoughtful and high-minded as any he had met in the higher circles, yet that an accomplished woman was a being altogether new to him. We have doubts whether Burns ever said, or saying, meant this. But such an idea is not necessary to explain his greater enthusiasm and warmth among ladies. Notwithstanding all his rustic adventures, it is clear that a certain chivalry of feeling towards women existed in him always, and the gentle condescension of a lady had nothing unpalatable in it to so manly a man. Is not every woman every man's superior by the gentle laws of chivalry, and that visionary courtesy which is at once the root and the finest blossom of good manners? It takes nothing from a man's manhood to defer to a woman, to accept whatever grace she gives as if it came from an eminence of nature, to assume a certain noble inferiority. This it is, perhaps, which makes such a man always more at his ease, always seen to better advantage, and even almost always better understood, by the women socially superior to him than by the men.

On the whole, however, Burns made more impression on Edinburgh than Edinburgh made on Burns. The witty city, so full of intellect and so conscious of her powers, was startled by this strange apparition. She grew serious and silent, and stared with a deeper meaning than generally animates the stare even of an intellectual crowd, at this man who refused to

have his head turned. He talked with the best of her conversationalists, had opinions, extraordinary to say, about every thing, and was neither proud nor ashamed of the fact that he was an Ayrshire ploughman. Strange, unintelligible, puzzling apparition! He came and went, and disappeared and was seen no more; and Edinburgh, which had received something of a shock from this peasant Mordecai, who gazed at her pageants in silence, and would not applaud, took a little comfort in whispering stories about him—how he had friends, Ayrshire tradesfolk and the like, in humble streets, who were more congenial society for him than the wits and the gentlemen; and how he caroused in these unknown haunts, and spent his time in drinking, and was of any thing but a satisfactory character. This was a kind of comfort—though she shook her head and professed to be very sorry—to the injured complacency of the intellectual city.

The most charming reminiscence which dwells in our minds of this Edinburgh visit may be found in Dugald Stewart's description of the poet. "I recollect once he told me," says the Professor, "when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth they contained." These dozen words, falling upon us all at once, surprise the tears to our eyes. What loyalty, what tender thoughtfulness, what faithful love of his own, breathe out of them! The wise men had been praying him, almost on their knees, to write a tragedy, to abandon the Scottish tongue—a barbarous dialect, which kept him in bondage—and to become a correct and refined English poet. And Burns, one can fancy, with a smile on his lips, had played with the idea, perhaps sincerely by moments, with a touch of gratified vanity at the notion that all styles were possible to him—for we find him talking vaguely and finely of the advantage it is to a poet to be able to study life in its full tide; and he went so far as to buy a note-book (never used, Heaven be praised!) "to take down his remarks on the spot" of the different new characters he saw. But when he went out beyond the streets, with their studies of character, and saw the hills of Braid rising soft into the morning sunshine, and

the smoke floating upward from the cottages, a sudden sweet revulsion came to him. His mission and true work returned like a dove fluttering from the west, where his heart was. Heaven keep the cottage smokes, the homely firesides, the plodding, silent folk within! These were the scenes that he knew, the worth and the happiness which he alone of all Scottish men understood and could expound, so that all the world might understand. One loves to believe that at that moment, with so fair a scene before him, Burns touched ground again after his town-spent winter, and be-thought himself of the true and only life which awaited him among his pleasant holms and fields.

When he left Edinburgh he roamed through Scotland for a short time, penetrating to the edge of the Highlands with the almost temerity of a voyager in an unknown country; for the Highlands then were closed with double barriers, Walter Scott being as yet but a long-headed boy in Edinburgh, whose pulses had tingled down to the very finger-tips with gratification at a word from the older poet on their one encounter. After this he went to Mossgiel, but only for a few days, to find all the country-side wondering over him, and to feel such a visionary sentiment of disgust as was naturally to be looked for in the circumstances, at the extraordinary difference between the sentiments of that little world when he left it in disgrace and when he returned to it in honor. Then he went off again, unsettled and scarcely happy notwithstanding his fame, with some money in his pocket but little comfort in his heart. He wandered across the Border, he went back to Edinburgh, he looked wistfully about him, wondering, perhaps, how it was that none of his many admirers made any attempt to help him to a reasonable new beginning of the thread of life. There was some vague idea of a farm on the estate of Dalswinton, near Dumfries; and then came the suggestion of the Excise, a notion which had already crossed his mind. To Burns the post of an exciseman seemed in no way derogatory. It was his own idea steadily pursued for some time, and which he was very glad and thankful to succeed in at last. And perhaps it was as good a thing as could have been done for him; although, after all the assaults upon, and all the excuses that have been made for,

his fine friends, the wonder remains why no one of them tried at least to find a more worthy position for the poet. We do not desire to join in any foolish clamor on the inappropriateness of his occupation. He himself did not consider it inappropriate, which, after all, is the grand test. But how it happened that none of these well-off people had the bowels to ask what he meant to do, or to help him in doing something, is a mystery beyond our power of solving. After all, he had to *ask* for the interest which got him even his humble appointment. Edinburgh did not take so much trouble as that. And he got £500, or, as some say, £600, for his poems, a great fortune, which, with sundry other circumstances, determined his course at once. In May, 1788, he went home, married Jean Armour, and took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries. Jean seems to have made a good and true wife, and the country-side was charitable, and she was not of the class which is "called upon," or expects to receive public recognition by society. But still the circumstances of this new beginning were little likely to encourage a man who had now become sensitive to the opinions of a different class, and who had gained some knowledge of the way in which such matters are regarded elsewhere.

Burns remained in Ellisland three years, and our space requires that we should pass these years over briefly. Things went well with him at first, but notwithstanding his excellence in individual labor, it seems very doubtful whether he was ever a good farmer; and the new household was large and wasteful, and wanted regulation, which his wife, "sair hadden down by a sma' family," was not able to give. And perhaps he wearied of the monotony of his work—perhaps felt the fatal restlessness of one who has tasted ease, and is aware of the bitter difference between his own lot and that of others. He had felt this even in his youth; but now he had no longer the easy content and hopefulness of youth, though its vigor, its impatience, its thirst for happiness, still existed in full force within him. And now he was *settled*, wedded, fixed by fate, with change no longer possible—a fact which of itself has often a startling effect upon the mind. Much can be borne when it is possible to look forward even to the chance of something better. But here no change could

be. Before long he sought active work as an exciseman, and soon was galloping about the country, over a wide district, finding, no doubt, refreshment in the variety; but cutting off his last hope of success as a farmer. On the whole, probably, the life suited him very well. He had a great deal of riding—as much as two hundred miles in a week, some one says; and wherever he went, every door of rich and poor flew open to the poet. He must have had actual enjoyment of his popularity, such as falls to the lot of few writers, in these wanderings over the country. The very face of that pleasant land brightened with smiles to see him. In the farm and the cottage as well as in the hall, he was received with enthusiasm. Now and then he could do a kindness which gratified his good heart, and increased his popularity. No doubt he liked it well enough. And yet by times there would come over him a dreary thought of better things which might have been. He encouraged himself in his career with words which would seem but an ostentatious brag of his devotion to his duty if they did not mean something deeper. Thus, when he laments over his office of gauging auld wives' barrels, he ends with a recollection of its needfulness:

“Thae moving things ca'ed wife and weans
Would move the very heart of stanes.”

And he repeats the sentiment so often, that it would weary and almost disgust the reader, but for something infinitely sad and sorrowful which lies below:

“To make a happy fireside chime
To bairns and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

How often does he say it!—reminding himself of what he had to think of, of what he must work for—with pathetic reiteration. No; he would not allow himself to forget them, would not permit all these substantial reasons for living and working, and holding by his existence, to fade out of his mind. But that September night, when his anxious wife followed him out to the barnyard, and found him “striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry,” what thoughts of the might-have-been were those which were surging up gloomily and sadly into the poet's mind? The wife went in, hoping he would follow; but, coming out again,

fearing that his cold would get worse by this exposure, found him lying “on a heap of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, which shone like another moon.” Those poet-eyes that glowed and dilated through the dew of unshed tears, what were they gazing at? A star, and the sweet image, maiden-pure, of his Mary dead; and who can tell what dead hopes, what schemes untold, what better life that might have been? Not a word of these could he say, in honor and justice, to the woman by his side, who stood and begged and importuned, no doubt, that he would not lie there and get his death of cold. He went in instead, and wrote to a confidante who would not betray him—to Mary in heaven. And how tender, how wistful and longing, are those lovely lines! How clear before him, in that winterly-autumnal night, with early frost in the air making all the stars glow and glitter, rises the never-to-be-forgotten summer day, when—

“Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;”

and flowers and birds mingled their sweet existence in the lovers' meeting! Can he ever forget that sacred hour? His heart swells, and idle tears come to his eyes, as the good housewife bustles around him; and life, with its fireside comfort and unescapable reality, embraces and binds him in a hundred chains. Perhaps the dead Mary was no wiser, no loftier, than good-humored forbearing Jean; but with her the life of dreams and imagination, the life that might have been, had departed. Where was their place of rest?

Nothing can be more touching than the silent, inexpressible pathos of this scene. Like a man of honor, he said nothing to his wife about it, nor indeed to any other mortal. And not even to his celestial confidante does he unbosom the heaviness of the dragging chain, and that sense of deadly weight and oppression which comes upon a man when fate closes round him, and he feels that nothing can better him, nothing make his future different from the past. His anguish breaks from him in the only way that was lawful and honorable to such a man, in such a way that even a jealous woman could scarcely take offence; and Jean does not seem to have been jealous, or any thing but a good, easy, sweet-tempered soul. But what worlds of suggestion breathed out of that passionate

remembrance, that sacred and unforgotten grief!

Professor Wilson treats this period of Burns's life, as his defender and champion is sufficiently justified in treating it; and with a dazzling play of special pleading almost succeeds in proving to his bewildered reader that the life of his poet, then as at all other times, was perfectly successful, spotless, and splendid. We fear, however, that this theory will not stand against the concurring evidence of all his biographers. His life was full of temptation, full of opportunity for those convivial enjoyments which were not only counted excusable by the temper of the time, but gloried in by all whose heads were strong enough to indulge in them without ruin. And to ourselves it appears little wonder that a man to whom such unbounded hopes had once opened up, and to whom such moderate realization of hope had come—who felt himself fatally distanced in the race, and whose heart had failed him along with his hopes—to us it is little wonder that he fell into greater and greater indulgence in that easy way of forgetfulness. He had failed even as a farmer, and he had failed in finding any higher standing-ground; but in every tavern, and at every uproarious table where he chanced to find himself, there was oblivion, there was honor and admiration and enthusiastic homage. He might be but a hard-riding gauger in the morning, but at night he was a king. And of all things in the world to be kept in lawful and moderate bounds, this habit is the most difficult. To “fetter flames with silken band” is an enterprise as easy. There seems no doubt that the entire country-side, great and small, abetted and encouraged Burns thus to forget his sorrows—until the moment came when the more prudent persons in it perceived that the excitement of his life was becoming too intense, and the race toward some precipice of downfall more headlong than could be encouraged any longer. Then they stopped short in their invitations “for his good,” and advised him for his good, and became exhortatory and full of admonitions. It is very likely that the poet took it badly—and with reason enough. For no man had so befriended him, so helped him in his difficult way, as to have the right of exhortation. They had invited him to their houses, so long as his visit was an honor—they

had fêted him, so long as fêting Burns was a distinction to themselves; and now what right had they to stop short and advise? So he quarreled with some hotly, and with others coldly, feeling a mist of separation grow between him and many whom he had held in warm esteem: and the country-side gathered itself away from him and stood by, with that stillness and awful interest which marks the spectators of every desperate tragedy, to see how long the headlong race could last, and how soon the catastrophe would come.

The race did not last long. In 1791 he gave up his farm at Ellisland, and removed into a small house at Dumfries. There he lived five years—and died. Through all this time he was, to use a homely phrase, burning the candle at both ends. He rode fast and far, and attended diligently to all the duties of his vocation. He poured forth floods of songs—songs full of passion and fervor—and which were not mere creations of the brain, but commemorated—in warmer terms than was probably called for by one out of fifty of these relationships—an amount of agreeable intercourse with his fellow-creatures which must have occupied no small portion of his time. He wrote numerous letters; he entered warmly, sometimes too warmly, into politics; he often spent half the night after this active employment of the day in merry companies, of which he was the inspiration, and where his talk was more fascinating than the wine—or, to speak more truly, if less poetically, the toddy—which flowed freely enough all the same. And into all these multifarious occupations he rushed with the impetuosity and unity of his nature, doing nothing by halves. He threw himself into Thomson's book of Songs with zeal as great as if it had been the only work he had in hand; and withal, neither pleasure nor poetry prevented him from doing his work as an exciseman with the most punctilious exactitude. And Thomson accepted the songs, and was easily, very easily, convinced that the author wanted no remuneration; and all the gentlemen who had known him, and did know him, and to some of whom even he had told his hopes and wishes, stood by, not even helping him on to be a supervisor, the most modest bit of promotion. His hope was that he might, on securing this step, have been eligible for the post of collector.

which was well paid, and would have given him abundant leisure for literary work. We do not remember whether this easy possibility of improving his position has been much dwelt on by his biographers; but the neglect of it is a much more serious sin to be charged against the Dumfriesshire gentry than the original offence of giving him an exciseman's place, which has been thrown in their teeth so often. A little trouble, a little steady backing from one or two influential persons, might have easily raised Burns to this modest eminence, and given him all that his heart desired. But this backing no one gave. It would seem incredible were it not very far from a solitary instance of such strange carelessness. Were it to be done over again, no doubt the same would happen. The patrons were ready to give a fluctuating hospitality and good advice, and a subscription for a book, or even a little money in genteel alms, would he have accepted it; but to take the trouble to hoist him gently on in the way chosen by himself, that is what they would not do.

Meanwhile he did his humble work with less and less hope, and tried his best to get such good as was possible out of the dregs of his broken life. Much gentle and kind domestic virtue lingered about him to the end, notwithstanding all his vagaries. He would help his boys to learn their lessons, and read poetry with them, directing their childish taste; and for years there might be seen of an afternoon by any chance passer-by, in a little back street in Dumfries, through the ever-open door, one of the greatest of British poets, sitting reading, with half-a-dozen noisy children about, and their mother busy with a housewife's ordinary labor. This, we say, was visible to every body who chanced to pass that way; and the days ran on quietly, and the world grew used to the sight, and it never seems to have occurred to any one how many blockheads had comfortable libraries to maunder in, while this man—sole of his race in Scotland, and almost in the kingdom, for Wordsworth and Coleridge were still little more than boys—had neither quiet nor retirement possible. With an inconceivable passive quiet the good people went and came, and took it as the course of nature. A little later they were proud of having seen it; in the meantime it moved them not an inch. Neither would *it now*, were it all to be done over again.

There is one pathetic scene still, which appears to us out of the mists before death and peace come to end all. Professor Wilson rejects the story with that scornful laughter which is shrill with coming tears. But we see no reason to reject it. On the contrary, all the internal evidence is in its favor. The story is told by a young country gentleman, who rode into Dumfries on a fine summer evening to attend a ball, and saw Burns walking by himself down the side of the street, while various country people, drawn together by the evening's entertainment, were shopping or walking on the other.

"The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

" 'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new,
But now he lets't wear any way it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upon the cornbing.

Oh were we young, as we ance hae been,
We suld have been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart licht I would dee.' "

It seems impossible to conceive that such a story could have been invented. To show that his forlorn heart was still "licht," God help him! Burns took the young man home and made him merry. What words these are! and with what unspeakable meaning they must have fallen from the poet's lips. Sad courage, endurance, gayety, and profound untellable despair—not any great outburst, but an almost tranquil ordinary state of mind. "*Werena my heart licht I would dee*"—it is the sentiment of all his concluding years.

And thus he died—thirty-seven years old—worn out. His old terror of a jail came over him again like a spectre at the end, but he died owing no man any thing, stern in his independence to the last. Of course his friends in Dumfries would not have allowed him to go to jail for five or ten pounds, Mr. Lockhart says. And we answer No, of course they would not—they dared not. But nobody came forward to say, Here is my purse. Nobody even attempted to pay his poor little seaside lodging for him, as Professor Wilson remarks, or to lift a single obstacle out of his way. It was so easy to say that he was proud, and would accept help from no one;

and no one, so far as we can see, ever attempted, with generous comprehension of a generous pride, to chase these scruples away.

He died cheerfully and manfully like a Christian; though with his heart rent asunder by fears for the helpless children whom he was leaving behind him. And the moment he was dead his friends came and buried him: and red-coated splendors lined the streets, and a certain noble officer who would not in his lifetime permit the gauger to be introduced to him, played mourner to the dead poet. Strange satire, enough to tempt devils to laughter, but men to very different feelings. And while there was scarce a meal left in the penniless house, the bells tolled and the shops were closed, and a great procession swept through the streets, and volleys were fired over the grave of him who had been carried out of that home of poverty. What a change all in a moment!—because he was dead, and neglect or honor, help or desertion, could affect him nevermore.

But let us add that the true Scotland, for which he lived and sang, never slighted and never has forgotten her poet. She gave him an education such as a prince might have been glad of, and many a delightful hour by Ayr and Nith, and in the breezy wholesome fields. And so long as he was in her safe keeping he was happy, and strong, and spotless, a very model of poetic life and joy and freedom. She has given him a grave besides, and many a tear which would have kept it green, but for the senseless blocks of stone with which it has been heaped over. And wherever the common people from whom he sprang, whom he loved and understood and made known to the world—wherever they meet they sing his songs, they speak his language, they hold his name dear. It is all they ever could do for him. And the others—built his monument. It was late, but it was handsome, or so at least the taste of the time thought. And what more would a Poet have?

Contemporary Review.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

HE who pretends to have any thing new to say upon so old a subject as the immortality of the soul, must expect to arouse certainly opposition, and probably contempt. Nevertheless, this at least is certain, that the tendency of science, which has powerfully affected every domain of thought in new and unexpected ways, can not but place the old doctrine of immortality under new and, it may be, unexpected lights, abolishing old arguments, and suggesting new ones that have not yet obtained the consideration they deserve. My object in this paper is, to endeavor, by the aid of all-victorious analysis, to throw some little light upon the relations of the belief in immortality with scientific thought; and at the outset, I wish distinctly and positively to affirm, that it is not my intention to construct any argument for the belief against science, but merely to explain the conditions under which, as it seems to me, the question must be debated. Those conditions, though in themselves plain and simple, are, I believe, very imperfectly understood, and much bewildering nonsense is talked upon both sides of the question by men

who have not clearly realized the nature of evidence, the amount of proof required, or the sources from which that proof must be derived. I think it possible to lay down a series of propositions with which, in principle at any rate, most reasonable minds would agree, and which would have the effect of defining the area of debate and the true point of conflict. This may sound presumptuous, whether it be really so or not, the event alone can prove.

Now, the first demand of science is for an accurate definition of the object of discussion, that is, that both religious and scientific thinkers should be quite sure that they are discussing the same thing. Immortality is bound up in the minds of religious people with a vast amount of beautiful and endearing associations, which form no part of the hard, dry fact itself. The definition of immortality, viewed scientifically, is, I take it, something of this sort: the existence of a thinking, self-conscious personality after death, that is, after the bodily functions have ceased to operate. This personality may or may not exist forever; it may or may not be responsible for the past; it may or may not

be capable of rest, joy, and love; it may or may not be joined to its old body or to a new body. These, and a hundred similar beliefs with which religion has clothed the mere fact of existence after death, form no essential part, I must again affirm, of the fact itself. And throughout the argument, this, and no other than this, will be the sense in which I use the word immortality; because it is the only one that I have a right to expect that the scientific mind will accept.

It may be well, also, before going further, to make it clear to ourselves in what sense we use the word religion. Men who would be very much ashamed of themselves if they were detected using scientific words inaccurately, do, nevertheless, attribute meanings to the word religion, which it is difficult to hear with patience. I have heard an eminent scientific man upon a public occasion, and in a serious manner, define religion to be duty, making a mere idle play upon the original meaning of the word. Without, however, entering into verbal discussions, it will be, surely, enough to define religion as a practical belief in and consciousness of God and immortality; and, as the latter is now absolutely essential to the idea of religion as a motive moral power, and as, moreover, it includes, or at any rate necessitates the belief in the existence of God, we may fairly conclude that, for all practical purposes, and certainly for the purpose of this argument, religion is synonymous with a belief in immortality. And if, for any reason, mankind does at any time cease to believe in its own immortality, then religion will also have ceased to exist as a part of the consciousness of humanity. To clear up, therefore, the relations between immortality and science becomes a matter of the utmost importance. It will be well next to analyze briefly the effect which science has upon the nature of the proofs by which this, like all other facts, must be demonstrated. Let us, for convenience sake, regard the world as a vast jury, before which the various advocates of many truths, and of still more numerous errors, plead the cause of their respective clients. However much a man may wrap himself up in the consciousness of ascertained truth, and affirm that it makes no matter to him what the many believe, yet nature is in the long run too powerful for him, and the instinct of humanity excites him to plead the cause

of what he knows to be truth, and to mourn in his heart and be sore vexed if men reject it. Truth is ever generous and hopeful, though at the same time patient and long-suffering; she longs to make converts, but does not deny herself or turn traitress to her convictions if converts refuse to be made. There is a sense, indeed, in which it may be said that truth only becomes actual and vital by becoming subjective through receiving the assent of men. What then must the advocate for the fact of the immortality of the soul expect that science will require of him, when he pleads before the tribunal of the world for that truth which, because it is dear to himself, he wishes to enforce on others?

The alterations in the minds of men which the tendency of modern thought has effected in respect of evidence, may be summed up under two heads. First, the nature of the evidence required is altogether altered, and a great many arguments that would in former days have gone to the jury, are now summarily suppressed. Fact can only be proved by facts, that is, by events, instances, things, which are submitted to experience and observation, and are confirmed by experiment and reason. And secondly, the minds of the jury are subject to *a priori*, and, on the whole, perfectly reasonable prepossessions before the trial begins. The existence of changeless law, the regular, natural, and orderly march of life, the numerous cases in which what seemed to be the effect of chance or miracle have been brought within the limits of ascertained causation; all these things predispose the mind against pleadings for the supernatural or the divine. Most true, of course it is, that there are most powerful prepossessions on the other side as well; but the difference is, that these are as old as man himself, while the former have only been of later times imported into the debate, and if they have not been originated, have at least received their definite aim and vivid impulse from the results of scientific research.

Now, the first result which flows from these alterations is the somewhat startling one, that all the arguments for immortality derived from natural religion (so-called) are, in the estimation of science, absolutely futile. To put this point in the strongest form, all the hopes, wishes, and convictions of all the men that ever lived, could

not, and can not convince one single mind that disbelieves in its own immortality. Unless the advocates of religion clearly apprehend this truth, they are, it seems to me, quite disabled from entering into the discussion upon conditions which their opponents, by the very law of this opposition, can not but demand. It is true, indeed, that this temper of mind is confined at present to a comparatively few persons, as in the last century it belonged to the philosophers and to their immediate followers. But then it is as clear as the day that, as science is getting a more and more practical hold upon men's minds by a thousand avenues, and mastering them by a series of brilliant successes, this temper is rapidly passing from the few into the popular mind; that it is becoming part of the furniture of the human intellect, and is powerfully influencing the very conditions of human nature. Sooner or later we shall have to face a disposition in the minds of men to accept nothing as fact, but what facts can prove, or the senses bear witness to. In vain will witness after witness be called to prove the inalienable prerogative, the intuitional convictions, the universal aspirations, the sentimental longings, the moral necessity, all which have existed in the heart of man since man was. Nor will the science of religion help us in the hour of need. There can be a science of religion exactly as there can be a science of alchemy. All that men have ever thought or believed about the transmutation of metals may be brought together, classified as facts, and form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the history of the human mind, but it would not thereby prove that the transmutation had taken place, or that the desire for it was any thing more than man's child-like strivings after that which could only be really revealed by the methods of natural science. So also the science of religion can prove what men have held, and suggest what they ought to hold. It can show that they have believed certain things to be true, it is utterly powerless to prove that they are true. It can strengthen the principle of faith in those who do not require positive demonstration for their beliefs; it can not even cross swords with those, soon to be the majority of thinking men, to whom positive demonstration has become as necessary to their minds as food to their bodies. Nay, they will re-

sent rather than welcome the attempt to put a multitude of hopes and myriads of wishes in the place of one solid fact, and will soon confirm themselves in their opinions, by the obvious argument that these hopes and wishes are peculiar to the childhood of the race, and form only one out of many proofs, that man is liable to perpetual self-deception until he confronts fact and law. Not indeed that they will indulge in the equally unscientific statement that there is no such thing as immortality. The attitude of mind which they will assume will be that of knowing nothing, and of having no reasonable hope of ever discovering any thing about man's future destiny. And while they will think it good that man, or at any rate that some men should allow themselves to hope for life after death, yet they will steadily oppose any assertion that these hopes ought to guide men's conduct, influence their motives, or form their character. Now if this be true, it is difficult to overrate the importance of thoroughly and distinctly realizing it. That the evidence for the truths of natural religion is overwhelming, is one of the statements that are accepted as truisms, at the very moment that science is slowly leavening the human intellect with the conviction that all such evidence is scientifically worthless. Nevertheless the opposite idea has taken firm hold of the religious mind, and forms the basis of many an eloquent refutation of the "presumptuous assurance" and "illogical obstinacy" of modern thought. Men must have smiled to hear themselves alternately refuted and rebuked by controversialists who did not understand the tone of mind against which they were arguing, or who assumed as true the very things which their opponents resolved to know nothing about, either in the way of belief or rejection. It is very certain, however, that this error will not yield to the mere statement that it is an error, and therefore I will go on to examine a little more minutely the various arguments by which men seek to prove the doctrine of immortality. These are mainly fourfold:

- (1.) That it is an original intuition, and arising from this,
- (2.) That it is an universal belief.
- (3.) That it follows necessarily from the existence of God.
- (4.) That it is essential as a motive for human morality.

(1.) I take the statement of this argument from the words of one, than whom no man has a better right to be heard on such a subject. Professor Max Müller, in his preface to the first volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop," writes as follows: "An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life, these are the radical elements of all religions. . . . Unless they had formed part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility." Now I am not quite sure that I understand in what sense the writer means to assert that these intuitions, which, for practical purposes, may be limited to three, God, sin, and immortality, are part of the original dowry of the human soul. If it is meant that there was a special creation of the human soul, furnished from the beginning with these three intuitions, then science will resolutely refuse to admit the fact. There can be no mistake about the position held by the bulk of scientific men, and little doubt I should think as to its reasonableness. If there is any thing that is in ultimate analysis incomprehensible, or any fact that can not be accounted for by natural causes, then the possibility of special creation and original intuitions must be candidly allowed, but not otherwise. There is just a chance, for instance, that the difference between the brains of the lowest man and the highest animal may ultimately be regarded as a fact inexplicable upon any theory of evolution, more however from a lack of evidence than from any other cause. Be this as it may, the possibility of special creation finds a distinct foothold in the acknowledged fact that the connection between thought and the brain of animals as well as of man, is an ultimate incomprehensibility, a mystery which the law of man's intelligence prevents his ever even attempting or hoping to understand. The famous saying "*cogito ergo sum*," the foundation of all modern metaphysics, may come to be a formula under which religion, philosophy, and science may all take shelter, and approach each other without ever actually meeting.

But the three intuitions of God, sin, and immortality, can all be accounted for by the growth of human experience, as every one knows who has at all studied the sub-

ject. At some period of the world's history, science will answer, an ape-like creature first recognized that it or he had offended against the good of some other creature and so became conscious of sin, or was created as a moral being. Thus much Mr. Darwin has affirmed, but (speaking from memory) I do not think he has called very special attention to that still greater epoch (or was it the same?) in man's history, when this ape-like creature seeing one of its own species lying dead, recognized as a fact "I shall die." This is what we may term the creation of man as an immortal being, for in the very conflict of the two facts—one, the reflecting being, the self-conscious I, the other, death, the seeming destroyer—lies embedded all man's future spiritual cravings for eternity. And the idea of God would come in the order of nature, before either of these, to the creature which first reflected upon the source of its own existence, and recognized a "tendency in things which it could not understand." This is, in brief, the scientific account of man's creation, and of the growth of the ideas of natural religion within his mind; and we may remark in passing that it must be a singularly uncandid and prejudiced mind, which does not recognize that the book of Genesis, which, upon any theory, contains man's earliest thoughts about himself, expresses, in allegorical fashion, exactly the same views.

The same views are also apparently expressed by Professor Max Müller, in a very beautiful passage in the article on Semitic Monotheism, in the same volume:

"The primitive intuition of God and the ineradicable feeling of dependence upon God could only have been the result of a primitive revelation in the truest sense of that word. Man, who owed his existence to God, and whose being centered and rested in God, saw and felt God as the only source of his own and all other existence. By the very act of the creation God had revealed Himself. Here He was manifested in his works in all His majesty and power before the face of those to whom He had given eyes to see and ears to hear, and into whose nostrils He had breathed the breath of life, even the Spirit of God."

The first impression made by this passage may be, that, in speaking of a "revelation in the truest sense," it affords an instance of that hateful habit of using reli-

gious words in a non-natural sense. But a little deeper consideration will show that no possible definition of a revelation, accompanied and attested by miracles, can exclude the revelation made by nature to the first man who thought. In fact, we have here a description of creation, which science with possibly a little suspiciousness at some of the phrases may accept, while, at the same time, natural religion is carried to its utmost and highest limits, and along with this a foundation is laid for a truer theory of the miraculous. But while gladly admitting all this, the fact remains that these intuitions, following upon a revelation in which nature herself was the miracle, are still plainly only the expressions of man's inward experiences, and that however old, and venerable, and exalted, they are still only hopes, wishes, and aspirations, which may or may not be true, but which are incapable of proving the actual facts towards which they soar. It is open, therefore, to any man accustomed to look for positive demonstration, to dismiss them as dreams of the infancy of man, or to relegate them into the prison-house of the incomprehensibilities, or to content himself with a purely natural theory of human life which rejects and dislikes the theological.

(2.) But when we come to inquire how far these primary intuitions have been universal, and whether they can be fairly called ineradicable, we are met by some very startling facts. The dictum $\delta \pi\alpha\sigma\iota \delta\acute{o}\kappa\epsilon\iota \tau\omicron\upsilon\tau\acute{o} \alpha\lambda\nu\alpha\iota \phi\alpha\mu\epsilon\nu$ is so reasonable in itself that no serious attempt would be made to question a belief that even approached to being universal, even if it could not be shown to be part of the original furniture of the mind. But the real difficulty lies in finding (apart from morals) any beliefs of which this universality can be predicated, and assuredly the immortality of the soul is not one of them. The mind of man at its lowest seems incapable of grasping the idea, and the mind of man at its highest has striven to emancipate itself from it altogether. The evidence for this statement lies within the reach of all, but I will just adduce three names whose very juxtaposition, by the sense of incongruous oddity stirred up, may make their joint testimony the more important. I mean Moses, Buddha, and Julius Cæsar, all of whom, though widely separated in time, race, and character, representing ab-

solutely different types of human nature, approaching the subject from widely different points of view, do, nevertheless, agree in this, that the consciousness of immortality formed no part of the furniture of their minds.

Moses lived one of the most exalted lives, whether regarded from the religious or political side, that has ever been lived on earth, and yet, as is well known, there is not a shadow of a trace to prove that he was moved by the hope of a reward after death, or that the idea of existence after death was ever consciously presented to his mind. He may be, on the whole, claimed by modern science (the miraculous element being by it excluded) as an example of those who perform the greatest practical duties, and are content to stand before the mystery of the Unknowable without inquiry and without alarm, so far as the doctrine of man's immortality is concerned. Here is another of those strange links that unite the earliest thinker and legislator with so much of the spirit of modern thought and law. Buddha, on the contrary, (or his disciples, if it be true that this original teaching is lost to us,) can not be quoted as one who did not realize the possibility of life after death, nor is any scheme of philosophy that is practically Pantheistic inconsistent with immortality, if we limit the word to the bare idea of existing somehow after death. But I rather quote him as one of those who show that the very consciousness of undying personal life, the existence of a self-reflecting ego, which gives all its shape and force to the desire for life after death, may come to be regarded as a positive evil, and painless extinction be maintained as the ultimate hope and destiny of man. And the case of Julius Cæsar is, in some respects, stronger still. He is one of the world's crowning intellects, and he lived at a time when men such as he were the heirs of all the ages, the possessors of the treasures of thought in which, for generations past, the greatest men had elaborated doctrines concerning religion, duty, and life. And he represents the views of those whom the truest voice of science now repudiates as running into unscientific extremes. With him non-existence after death was a matter of practical belief. It colored his opinions upon politics, as really as Cromwell's religion affected his. He spoke against the infliction of the penalty of death upon the

conspirators in Catiline's case, because death was a refuge from sorrows, because it solved all mortal miseries and left place for neither care nor joy. And Cato expressly applauded his sentiments, though with a touch of reaction from popular theology, which sounds strangely modern. To this then all the original intuitions of the human mind, all the glowing aspirations enshrined in Greek poetry, legend, and art, all the natural theology contained in the works of Socrates and Plato, had come at last. Will any reasonable man affirm that an age, which breathes the very air of materialism, and whose children suck in the notions of changeless law with their mother's milk, will arrive at any thing better if it has no facts upon which to rely as proofs that its hopes are not unfounded? And how can that be called a truth of human nature, or be allowed to exercise a real influence upon men's minds, which is capable of being either entirely suppressed, or earnestly striven against, or contemptuously rejected?

(3.) The remaining two arguments need not detain us long; indeed, I should not have mentioned them were it not that very eminent divines have based the belief in immortality upon the existence of God or the necessities of man. Let it once be granted that we are the creatures of a personal, loving, and sustaining God, concerning whom it is possible to form adequate conceptions, and then doubts as to our immortality would be vain indeed. But the rejoinder from the scientific view is plain enough. This, it would be said, is a mere *obscurum per obscurius*. The belief in God is simply the working of the human mind striving to account for the beginning of its own existence, exactly as the belief in immortality is the result of the attempt to think about the end thereof. If the definition of God be a stream or tendency of things that we can not otherwise account for, then it will not help us to a belief in immortality. It is surprising indeed to see how the plain conditions of the case are evaded by enthusiastic controversialists; and I am almost ashamed of being obliged to make statements that have an inevitable air of being the baldest truisms.

(4.) The idea that immortality is essential to the moral development of man, and that therefore it is demonstrably true, seems to receive some little countenance from Professor Max Müller in the close of his

article on Buddhism, in which he thinks it improbable that—

“The reformer of India, the teacher of so perfect a code of morality, . . . should have thrown away one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of every religious teacher, the belief in a future life, and should not have seen that, if the life was sooner or later to end in nothing, it was hardly worth the trouble which he took himself, or the sacrifices which he imposed upon his disciples.”

The true bearing, in all its immense importance, of man's morality upon his belief in immortality will have to be considered hereafter; but when used as a demonstration, it is at once seen to belong to the class of arguments from final causes which science resolutely rejects. A much more fatal answer, however, is found in a simple appeal to history, from which it will be found that, in Mr. Froude's words, no doctrine whatever, even of immortality, has a mere “mechanical effect” upon men's hearts and consciences, and that noble lives may be lived and exalted characters formed by those who are brave enough to disregard it. Nay, what is worse, immortality may be a powerful weapon for evil as for good, if it chime in with a perverted nature. The Pharaoh before whom Moses stood believed it, and we know with what results. Only that, once more will science retort, which can be proved to be true upon sufficient evidence, can be positively known to be useful.

To sum up, then, what has been said, we have seen that, however strong may be the wishes of man for immortality, however ennobling to his nature and true to his instincts the belief in it may be, there is nothing in natural religion to answer the demands of modern thought for actual proof, and nothing therefore to impugn the wisdom or refute the morality of that class of persons, representing, as they do, a growing tendency in the human mind, who take refuge in a suspense of thought and judgment upon matters which they declare are too high for them. Occasionally we may suspect that the garb of human weakness does but conceal the workings of human pride, never perhaps so subtle and so sweet as when human nature meekly resolves to be contented with its own imperfections, and to bow down before its own frailty; but denunciations of moral turpitude only harden the hearts of men

who ask for the bread of evidence and receive stones in the shape of insults.

We turn next to consider the effects of modern thought upon the evidence for immortality derived from Revelation. And here the difficulty of obtaining assent to what seem to me obvious truths will be transferred from the advocates of religion to those of science. Nevertheless, I maintain an invincible conviction that it is possible to state the terms of debate in propositions which commend themselves to candid minds, and which do not, as I have said, pretend to solve the controversy, but merely to define its conditions.

Now the first proposition is: That the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, if assumed to be true, does present actual scientific evidence for immortality. An illustration will make my meaning clear. Whether or not life can be evolved from non-living matter is a subject of debate; but it is admitted on all hands, that if a single living creature can be produced under conditions that exclude the presence of living germs, then the controversy is settled, and therefore Dr. Bastian sets himself to work with the necessary apparatus to prove his case. So, in the same way, if any man known to be dead and buried did rise again, (as for the moment is assumed to be the case,) and did think and act and speak in His own proper personality, then immortality (in the scientific sense of the word) is thereby proved. Accordingly, those who wish to prove their case, betake themselves to history for the required evidence, which they may or may not find, but which, such as it is, must be allowed to go to the jury. Science may refuse to listen to arguments for facts derived from men's hopes and beliefs; it ceases to be science if it refuses to listen to arguments which profess to rely upon facts also. Were there to happen now an event purporting to resemble the Resurrection, it would be necessary to examine the evidence exactly as men are commissioned to investigate any unusual occurrence, say, for instance, the supposed discovery of fertile land at the North Pole. All this is plain enough, and leads to no very important conclusions, but it is, nevertheless, necessary that it should be stated clearly and distinctly apprehended.

Two other propositions may also be laid down as to the nature of the evidence for the Resurrection, both of them once more sufficiently obvious, but still not without

their value in leading to a fair and reasonable estimation of the exact state of the case, and tending also, as we shall see presently, in one direction. It may be taken for granted, in the first place, that nothing can be alleged against the moral character of the witnesses, or against the morality which accompanied and was founded upon the preaching of the Resurrection. Mistaken they may have been, but not dishonest; enthusiasts, but not impostors. Furthermore, the deeper insight into character, which is one of the results of the modern critical spirit, enables us to see that they numbered among their ranks men of singular gifts, both moral and intellectual, who combined in a wonderful degree the faculty of receiving what was, or what they thought to be, a miraculous revelation, and the power of setting it forth in a sober and measured manner. All this is candidly admitted by the best representatives of modern thought.

Again, it may safely be asserted that, judged by the critical standards of historical science, the evidence is abundantly sufficient to prove any event not claiming to be miraculous. Let us suppose such an event as an extraordinary escape from prison related in the same way, though I admit that it requires a considerable intellectual *tour de force* to eliminate, even in imagination, the supernatural from the narrative. It is not going too far to say that no real question as to its truth would in that case ever be raised at the bar of history, even though a powerful party were interested in maintaining the contrary. A strictly scientific investigation, for instance, has brought out in our own days the absolute accuracy and consequent evidential value of the account of St. Paul's voyage to Malta. On the whole, then, we may conclude that the testimony is really evidence in the case, that it proceeds from honest and capable men, and that no one, *apart from the existence of the supernatural element*, would care to deny its truthfulness, except upon grounds that would turn all history into a mass of fables and confusion.

There remains, then, the old argument, that it is more easy to believe the witnesses to be mistaken than the fact itself to be true, and that we can not believe a miracle unless it be more miraculous to disbelieve it. To this argument I avow my deliberate conviction, after the best thought I can give the subject, that no answer can be

given regarded from a merely intellectual point of view, and subject to the conditions which modern thought not only prescribes, but is strong enough to enforce. It goes by the name of Hume, because he was the first to formulate it, but it is not so much an argument as a simple statement of common experience. All men who, from the days of St. Thomas, have disbelieved in miracles have done so practically upon this ground. And to the "doubting" Apostle may be safely attributed the first use of the now famous formula, "It is much more likely that you, my friends, should be mistaken than that he should have risen." Now, to such a state of mind, what answer short of another miracle could be given then, or can be given now? True, you may point out the moral defects in the mind of Thomas which led him to disbelieve, but these are immediately counterbalanced by a reference to the intellectual defects of Mary Magdalene, which prompted her to accept the miracle. There is no real room for weighing the evidence on both sides, and pronouncing for that which has the greatest probability, when your opponent, by a simple assertion, reduces all the evidence on one side to zero. Once more let me ask Christian apologists to realize this, and having realized it, no matter at what cost to the fears and prejudices of theology, let us then proceed the more calmly to examine what it precisely means and to what conclusions it leads us.

We observe, first, that this argument is derived not from the first of the two ways in which, as we saw, science influences belief, namely, by altering the nature of the evidence required, but from the second, namely, by predisposing the minds of men against belief upon any attainable evidence whatever. We have seen that the evidence is that of honest men, that it is scientifically to the point, and sufficient to prove ordinary historical events. More than this can not be demanded in the case of events which do not come under law or personal observation. But the minds of men are so predisposed by their experience of unchanging order to reject the miraculous, that first, they, demand more and more clear evidence than in other cases; and secondly, they have recourse at once to the many considerations which weaken the force of evidence for things supernatural, and account for men's mistakes without impugning their veracity. Any one who

reads Hume's essay will be struck at once with the, so to speak, subjectivity of the argument. Upon this very point he says, "When any one tells me he saw a dead man restored to life, I immediately *consider within myself*," etc., etc. We ask then, at once, "To whom is it more likely that evidence of a miracle should be false than that the miracle should be true?" and the answer must of course be, "Those who, rightly or wrongly, are predisposed in that direction, by their experience of a changeless law, growing ever wider and more comprehensive." Nor is Paley's answer, which assumes the existence of God, at all available as against Hume, who, in his next section, puts into the mouth of an imaginary Epicurus all the arguments against such a belief. But it is a most just and reasonable remark that this predisposition does not exist in the case of those who—again rightly or wrongly—are wishing to know God and hoping to live after death. It is at this point that natural and revealed religion, weak when divided, becomes strong by combination. The Resurrection would certainly never be believed if it did not fall like a spark upon a mass of wishes and aspirations which are immediately kindled into life. Granted a man, (and this is no supposition, but a fact,) whose whole nature craves not to die, and whose mind is occupied by the standing miracle of its own immortality, and then the Resurrection, so far from being improbable, will be the very thing which gives life to his hopes. The more he sees that natural religion can not give him facts as proofs, the more he will welcome Revelation which does, just because it will satisfy the rational desire which science is creating in the human mind. And just as there is no answer to Hume's argument for one predisposed as Hume was, so is there none to one predisposed as this supposed (but very actual) man is. The one is as incapable of disbelief as the other of assent. Hume and Paley do not really grapple with each other, but move in parallel lines that never meet. As Hume himself said of Berkeley, "His arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction," so might each of the two say of the other. On the one hand we have all the results of human experience, a severe standard of intellectual virtue, a morality which confines itself to its duties toward humanity, and the power of being able not to think about ultimate incompre-

hensibilities. On the other hand, we have intense longings after the infinite, which science, admitting, as it does, the existence of the Unknowable, can not possibly deny to be legitimate in those who feel them sincerely; also a body of evidence, sufficient to prove ordinary events, for a fact that gives certainty and power to all these longings; a morality, which has reference to a Supreme Judge, and an absolute incapacity for life and duty until some sort of conclusion has been arrived at concerning the mysteries of our being and destiny. Both of these represent tendencies of human nature with which the world could at this stage very badly dispense; both may have their use and their justification; either may be true, but *both* can not, for the Resurrection either did or did not happen.

From this account of things some very important considerations follow, a few of which I will endeavor to sum up in three heads. The scientific value of Revelation as a necessity, if there is to be any vital and practical religion at all, will, I hope, have been sufficiently indicated already.

(1.) The lines of a long and, perhaps, never-ending conflict between the spirit of Religion and what, for want of a better word, I will call the spirit of Rationalism, are here defined. Neither of the two being able by mere argument to convince the other, they must rely upon gradually leavening the minds of men with prepossessions in the direction which each respectively favors. The time may come when Rationalism will have so far prevailed that a belief in the miraculous will have disappeared; the time may also come when the Christian Revelation, historically accepted, will everywhere be adopted as God's account to man of ultimate incomprehensibilities. Surely, no man who has ever fairly examined his own consciousness can deny that elements leading to either of these two conclusions exist within his own mind. He must be a very hardened believer to whom the doubt, "Is the miraculous really possible?" never suggested itself. And he must in turn be a very unscientific Rationalist who has never caught himself wondering whether, after all, the Resurrection did not take place. Nor, so far as we may at this epoch discern the probable direction of the contest, is it possible to estimate very accurately the influence which science will exercise upon it. On the one hand, it will certainly bring

within the mental grasp of common men that view of law and causation which, in Hume's time, was confined to philosophers and their followers, and was attained rather by intellectual conceptions than by such common experiences of every-day life and thought as we have at present. On the other hand, it will purge religion of its more monstrous dogmas, and further, by calling attention to the necessity of proving fact by fact, and again, by clearing up the laws of evidence, will tend to deepen in the minds of religious people the value and meaning of Revelation; while, at the same time, by its frank admission of hopeless ignorance, it will concede to faith a place in the realm of fact. Every man will have his own views as to the issue of the conflict: for the present it is sufficient for him, if he can be fully satisfied in his own mind.

(2.) The predisposition in men's minds in favor, whether of Religion or Rationalism, will be created and sustained solely by moral means. This is the conclusion toward which I have been steadily working from the beginning of this paper to the end of it. The intellect of both Christian and Rationalist will have its part to play; but that part will consist in presenting, teaching, and enforcing its own morality upon the minds of men. I need not say that I use the word morality as expressing in the widest sense all that is proper for and worthy of humanity, and not merely in the narrower sense of individual goodness. Rationalism will approach mankind rather upon the side of the virtues of the intellect. It will uphold the need of caution in our assent, the duty of absolute conviction, the self-sufficiency of men, the beauty of law, the glory of working for posterity, and the true humility of being content to be ignorant where knowledge is impossible. Religion will appeal to man's hopes and wishes recorded in nature and in history, to his yearnings for affection, to his sense of sin, to his passion for life and duty, which death cuts short. And that one of the two which is truest to humanity, which lays down the best code of duty, and creates the strongest capacity for accomplishing it, will, in the long run, prevail; a conclusion which science, so far as it believes in man, and religion, so far as it believes in God, must adopt. Here, once more, it is well-nigh impossible, to discern the immediate &

rection of the conflict, whatever may be our views as to its ultimate decision. Science is almost creating a new class of virtues; it is laying its finger with unerring accuracy upon the faults of the old morality; it is calling into existence a passion for intellectual truth. But then religion has always given the strongest proofs of her vitality by her power of assimilating (however slowly) new truths, and of rejecting (alas! how tardily) old falsehoods, at the demands of reason and discovery. A religious man can always say that Christians, and not Christianity, are responsible for what goes amiss. It is because religious practice never has been, and is at this moment almost less than ever, up to the standard of what religious theory exacts, that we may have confidence in gradual improvement in advance, until that standard, towards the formation of which science will have largely contributed, be attained.

(3.) Closely connected with the above, follows the proposition that all attempts on the part of religion to confute the "skeptic" by purely intellectual methods are worse than useless. There is no intellectual short cut to the Christian faith; it must be built up in the minds of men by setting forth a morality that satisfies their nature, consecrates humanity, and establishes society. It is not because men love the truth, but because they hate their enemies, that in things religious they desire to have what they can call an overwhelming preponderance of argument on their side of the question, the possession of which enables them to treat their opponents as knaves or fools or both. Religion may have been the first to have set this pernicious example; but, judging from the tone of much modern writing, Rationalism has somewhat bettered her instructions. No doubt it is a tempting thing to

mount a big pulpit, and then and there, with much intellectual pomp, to slay the absent infidel—absent no less from the preacher's argument than from his audience. Delightful it may be, but all the more dangerous, because it plunges men at once into that error, so hateful to modern thought, of affirming that intellectual mistakes are moral delinquencies. No one, least of all science, denies that men are responsible for the consequences of their belief, provided these consequences are limited to such as are capable of being recognized and foreseen, and are not extended to comprehend endless perdition in a future state—an idea which is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to lurk beneath the preacher's logical utterances, and which religion has done next to nothing to disavow. And so we come to this conclusion: to build up by precept and example a sound and sufficient morality; to share in all the hopes and aspirations of humanity; to be foremost in practical reforms; to find what the instincts of mankind blindly search for by reference to the character of God finally revealed in Christ, and to the hope of immortality which his Resurrection brought to light; to endeavor to clear religion from the reproach of credulity, narrowness, timidity, and bitter sectarian zeal;—these are, as our Master Himself assured us, the only means of engendering in the hearts of men that moral quality which we call Faith: for "HE THAT IS OF THE TRUTH HEARETH MY VOICE."

In a future paper I hope to show, by reference to the facts of man's nature, how this faith in immortality is being, and is to be, so far wrought into his mind as to form a predisposition toward a belief in the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of Christ as a proof of that which he can not help but desire to believe.

REV. T. W. FOWLE.

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NAFOOSA: A STORY OF GRAND CAIRO.

It had been a glowing, scorching day. The desert was a vast glistening expanse of pitiless staring light, and the sky above it—intensely blue, and without the tiniest cloud to diversify its infinite monotony—had contemplated us, fried, shriveled, dust-blinded mortals, as we had toiled painful-

ly, yet with heroic endurance, through our duties of sightseeing.

We had spent the afternoon visiting the dilapidated, but still beautiful, "Tombs of the Caliphs," standing apart now in solemn isolation a mile or two from the city, and surrounded on every side by yellow sand—

fitting resting-places, in their deep repose, for the great dead who lie there.

Their calm sleep is seldom disturbed now. Tourists, to be sure, like ourselves, come now and then from the bleak North to stare and giddily chatter within the sacred precincts. But tourists have not as yet become the plague of these regions, and their visits are comparatively few and far between. They come and go quickly, for there is not much to tempt them to loiter, and their voices grow fainter and fainter, and their footprints are swiftly effaced from the ever-shifting sand, and all is silent as before. The swarthy Bedaween stalks majestically past next, with his dark, fierce face turned towards the West. He is returning from a hurried visit to the hated city to his roofless home in the desert; but he will not loiter within reach of even the faintest sounds of civilized life, and his grand, swift, yet never-hurried step, quickly passes by, and he is soon lost in the burning expanse. Then, perhaps, comes a dark string of heavily-laden camels, or a veiled woman, with a pitcher on her head, and a dusky naked imp on her shoulder, or a troop of laborers, or a file of donkeys. But they all, like ourselves, have come merely to go again, and, gliding by noiselessly, the dead are once more left to themselves.

The sun has set now in a tremulous golden glory, and the short southern twilight has already deepened into night. The yellow sands and silent tombs are behind us—pale ghostly shadows; and before us is the strange fantastic city, through whose narrow streets our donkeys, and we upon them, are threading our way, under the guidance of our donkey-boy, Ali Achmet. Every body who has ever been in Cairo is intimately acquainted with the tribe donkey-boy, the irrepressible, impudent, yet fascinating youth, who, chattering a dozen languages in a breath, bewilders the unexperienced traveler into the belief that he is a genius, and knows them all. Foolish supposition, indeed. Six words of each is, on an average, the extent of his knowledge. But with these six words, his bright laughing eyes, his gleaming teeth, his never-tired legs, and his inexhaustible stock of good-will, fun and impudence, he is the donkey-boy *par excellence* of all the world, and has won your heart in five minutes.

This, however, is a digression, for Ali,

our friend, was not, strictly speaking, a donkey-boy, though he called himself one, but rather, a master donkey-boy, owner of several beasts and several boys. Ali was, in short, a man of substance, who was doing well in the world. His age, according to his own account, was about twenty; but he looked, as all Easterns do, at least ten years older. His figure was tall and slender, yet strongly made, and his dark camel hair cloak hung upon it in fine artistic folds. His small well-shaped feet were shod in bright yellow slippers, and a spotlessly white turban was wound in soft thick coils round his head. His face—it was a face such as one never forgets, and which, even in this land of dark-eyed, passionate-visaged men, had a character and distinction of its own. A deep olive skin, a long flat nose, a thin broad mouth, which smiled now and then rather sweetly and sadly, and slow lazy oval eyes, lighting up occasionally with a sort of fierce eagerness, almost, I might say, cruelty, which took one's breath away, and somehow seemed to make one's blood creep in one's veins.

Ali and I were fast friends. From the first, he had taken my donkey and myself under his special protection, and his place was invariably by my side. From the first, too, he had been communicative, confidential even, and had readily enough let me into the mysteries of his domestic interior. One day I had chanced to ask him if he had a wife, or two, or, perhaps, even three, I had added, with an involuntary lowering of my voice, and with a wholesale gulping down of the repugnance I felt at making the odious suggestion. His answer relieved me immensely. Ali had but one wife, and Nafosa was her name.

"And do you love her very much?" I inquired eagerly, and with a keen sense of delight at the promising condition of Ali's morals and manners.

"Love her? Yes!" And the oval eyes flamed up suddenly. "I give her diamants and pearls, and beautiful dresses—the best in the bazaar. My wife pretty—very pretty. Love her? Yes, I do!" he concluded, emphatically.

This was delightful. But the very next instant my feelings received a cruel shock.

"And how long have you been married? Have you any children?" I asked imprudently.

"Children? Yes. One boy, dead—of

other wife, you know; not this one," he replied, carelessly, and urging my donkey on to a quicker pace.

"Other wife!" I repeated aghast. "But, Ali, you told me——"

"She bad,—very bad. Put her away—sent her home to her father. She ugly, very ugly,—hate her!" my friend proceeded in an off-hand way.

This was unpleasant, and it took me a few minutes to recover myself. Presently, however, I had, with a facility which astonished myself, faced the position, and I was curiously inquiring into all the particulars. Not very many could I gather. The subject seemed to be of very slight interest to Ali. As far as the difficulties of language would allow me to discover, he had first married a wife of eleven, he being himself fourteen years old. She had had a temper, and probably a tongue. It was the old story of mother-in-law versus daughter-in-law, except that in this land of lightly-considered matrimonial engagements, the mother-in-law had carried the day in the end, instead of the wife. The refractory Fatimeh had, probably by mutual consent, returned to their father's house, after the death of her child, and in due time, Nafosa had become her successor. Nafosa! It was a sweet sounding name, and somehow took my fancy strangely. I caught myself repeating it over and over again with a lingering tenderness, observing which, Ali suddenly looked up at me with flashing eyes. Would I come to his house to see her? he inquired. Nafosa would be glad; his mother would be glad; everybody would be glad; the coffee would be ready,—“real, Arab coffee—not the stuff they give at hotel,” with an expressive grimace: but good coffee, such as Arab drinks. Would I come?

Of course I said that I would come, some day, soon, but—— And I looked back with a smile at the gentlemen of our party. Might they come too? Were they to be allowed to see the lovely Nafosa?

Ali smiled too, but rather darkly. I had only made the proposal for a little jest, but my friend seemed to consider it a serious sort of jest, and without ceremony, gave it a flat refusal. No man but himself might look on his wife's face. Her father? Yes, that did not count. And her brother, of course. Yes. But a stranger, a Frank, a Christian! By the soul of the Prophet's mother, a thousand times, No!

And so it came to pass that to-day, on our way back from the Caliph's Tombs, Ali reminded me of my promise. Its fulfillment had been, from one cause or another, from day to day delayed, but now my friend seemed resolved to take no excuse, and though I was tired and hungry, and anxious to be at home, I did not know how to refuse his eager invitation, and after a short hesitation, said “yes” to it at last. The next minute I half regretted my complacency. Daylight had almost gone now, and the Mouski,—the Regent Street of Cairo—was brilliantly lit, and filled with a screaming motley throng. But Ali and I had left the Mouski, and my companions, (who were returning to the hotel,) and had turned sharply into a narrow passage, which led us, after a minute or two, into a dark, quiet quarter. The change was sudden, and startling. I was alone with an Arab, whom, a week ago, I had never seen, and I was in the midst of a large Eastern city, and it was late, almost night. In short, to be perfectly candid, I suddenly felt a little frightened, and rather suspicious and distrustful of my friend Ali, in whose complete power I had rashly placed myself. We had both become very silent. My silly alarms paralyzed my tongue, and while Ali was probably indulging in a pleasant dream of the home to which he was bringing me, I am ashamed to say, that my brain was busy conjuring up all sorts of imaginary horrors.

It was very foolish of me, no doubt. Yet, for my self-defence, the circumstances were, to say the least of them, slightly peculiar. On he went, through narrow lanes and winding passages, in which my feet came into continual contact with the walls. So narrow were they, that the sky above was often but a slender streak of dark, liquid blue, in which a stray star was calmly shining; so narrow, that often too, the delicately carved latticed Arabian night balconies, jutting out on either side, hid the sky and the stars altogether, and made the passage beneath completely dark. Once, I remember, we came to a sort of little “Place,” crossing which I breathed more freely. Here, too, were the tall, dark houses and the mysterious balconies, and strange dusky shadows were lying about. A white-veiled woman was gliding across it in a ghostly fashion. But above, in the deep, distant sky, there was a moon, and such a moon! So serenely, beautifully

nd shining down upon the little
ith such a glorious tranquil light,
uited my nerves all at once, and
e feel myself again. Our wander-
e moreover nearly concluded now,
ently Ali and the donkey came to
till.

is my home," he announced la-
y, taking me in his arms, the East-
ion of dismounting one, and plac-
upon my feet in front of a very low
, behind which pitch darkness, and
else, was visible. But something
ible—sounds which frightened me
asonably than the imaginary ter-
a few minutes ago—the loud bark-
crew of the inevitable hateful, ugly
ich are the veritable plague of all
cities, and my especial aversion
ror.

quired all Ali's persuasive powers to
me, and to induce me to follow
o the somber regions whence the
or rather yells, proceeded; but at
make a long story short, I plucked
courage, and, keeping close at his
soon found that I had safely cross-
ort of court-yard, and that I was
g up the very steep and rickety
e which led to his "home." What
ge, dark place it was! How mys-
and still seemed the dim, lofty
across which the lantern, which Ali
a few moments ago, threw all sorts
, shimmering glances. In the half
t seemed to be quite a palatial

We passed through at least two
ood-sized apartments before reach-
one in which Ali, with the gesture
ng, and with a courteous dignity
made me blush for my recent ridicu-
of suspicion and distrust, pointed
divan and requested me to be seat-
t was easy to see that my friend was
ad master of his kingdom, and his
g seemed all at once to rouse it out
sort of magic slumber in which it
een plunged. Doors opened and
gain. The shuffling of pattens made
eard. There was a general waking
d presently his womankind began to
—slaves, servants, relations, children
t not? In these Eastern house-
it is as well not to inquire too close-
particulars, nor to attempt to fath-
e mysterious depths of a Moslem's
. Soon a faint ray of light began to
upon me. At all events, whatever

or whoever they were, they were not all
Ali's. My friend was one of several broth-
ers, who kept house together, and the con-
sequence was this numerous female con-
gregation, over which his mother reigned
as queen. A hideous, disagreeable old
queen she was too. I disliked her from
the very first, and looking at her wrinkled,
malignant, hard face, I fancied that I could
fully sympathize with the wrongs and woes
of the luckless Fatimeh.

"But Nafsoosa?" I inquired presently,
when I had done my best to acknowledge
the numerous salaams and greetings which
I received from all sides, and I had be-
come somewhat accustomed to the eager
gaping and staring to which I was of
course subjected. "Surely Nafsoosa is not
one of these?" There were one or two
tolerably pretty faces among them. But,
not even the *kohl* which darkened their
eyes, nor the paint which colored their
cheeks, nor the gleaming whiteness of their
teeth—which I believe was genuine—gave
them the remotest claims to beauty. As
to the rest, they were unmitigatedly ugly
and awkward in their tasteless, clumsy
clothes, and with their grinning, vacant
smiles. "Surely Nafsoosa could not be
one of these?" Ali, seated by my side on
the divan—all the women, not even ex-
cepting his mother, standing in various un-
graceful attitudes before us—smiled a qui-
et, superior sort of smile, at my question.
"No, certainly. Nafsoosa was not one of
these. She had been sleeping probably,
and was now dressing herself. She would
come in a minute."

She was coming even then; had indeed
come—noiselessly, like an apparition—and
was standing, white and still, in the midst
of that chattering, grinning, untaking group
of women. It was as if a pure white lily
had suddenly sprung up in the midst of a
gaudy, vulgar flower-bed. Perhaps Na-
foosa, roused abruptly from her slumbers,
(Eastern women sleep, from want of any
thing else to do, at all times and hours,)
had not had time to deck herself, and had
therefore, at the summons of her lord, has-
tily concealed deficiencies by wrapping
herself up in the white linen garment, call-
ed *eezar*, which is the female out-of-door
toilette in the East. At all events, from
whatever cause, she wore it now. The ef-
fect of the contrast was delightful. The
eezar was not put on after the usual hide-
ous and ungainly fashion, which convects

its wearer into a shapeless, waddling bundle, but was carelessly thrown over the shoulders, leaving the head and neck uncovered, and if the girl had studied her appearance for a week, she could not in the end have selected a more becoming or striking costume. How beautiful she was! with those lustrous, wistful eyes, and that soft, entirely colorless skin, and that profusion of rich, dark hair; and when she smiled, as she was now smiling at me, a shy, surprised smile, so unlike the bold, gaping smiles of the other women, I felt my heart jump into my mouth, and thought that in all my life I had never seen any thing half so pretty.

And so I enthusiastically informed her husband, who received my compliments with true Eastern phlegm; and I could see well enough that he was proud and delighted, for, with an air of condescension, he rose from the divan and went over to his young wife, and pulled her hair, and, I suppose, repeated my words; for the girl blushed a little, and laughed a little, and presently, at my urgent request, Ali induced her to seat herself beside me, and to make friends—no very easy undertaking, considering my limited stock of Arabic.

However, we got along famously. Nafosa seemed to like me, and she was quick and intelligent, and she managed to understand most of what I tried to say to her. Before long I remembered Ali's boast of the diamonds and pearls, and, for the sake of conversation, I alluded to it. The other women were bedizened with trinkets, but Nafosa was unadorned, save for a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets which peeped slyly out from the folds of her white drapery. I regretted my inquiry the moment it was made, for Ali's face suddenly darkened, and he spoke to her roughly. "Why was she not properly dressed?" he asked; "and where were her ear-rings, and her brooches, and her rings?" And then he appealed to his mother; and so far as I could gather, Nafosa got a good scolding from both of them, for the untimely simplicity of her costume. It was in vain that I did my best to repair my mistake, and declared that I liked Nafosa best as she was, without ornament; and that jewels could add nothing to her beauty. All in vain. The poor girl was carried off like a child in disgrace by her mother-in-law, who chattered vehemently all the while, and Ali resuming

his seat, and calmly sipping a cup of the delicious coffee with which I had already been regaled, informed me that he had sent her to dress herself.

"She has got lazy of late," he said; "and she does not care about dressing and making herself beautiful. But she must, I tell her; and she must do it," he concluded with one of his emphatic looks.

Silently, because I felt a sudden aversion to the tyrant, and did not care to pursue the conversation, I awaited her return. Not for long. Presently she came back, tricked out with the famous ear-rings—tolerably good diamonds—and with a brooch awkwardly stuck in her hair, and another fastening her dress, and with a chain round her neck, and a few cheap rings on her fingers. All the other women burst into loud mockery and gayety, and clapped their hands, as the old hag, with a triumphant air, led the girl back to us adorned, shrinking and captive. But I did not laugh; nor would I give more than a passing glance at the jewels, to which Ali proudly called my attention, exhibiting his wife as he might have exhibited a favorite horse or dog. For my part I could only look at Nafosa's face and into her deep pathetic eyes, and marvel and puzzle over the great wild sadness which I suddenly saw there.

And so Ali Achmet introduced me to his young wife, and initiated me into the mysteries of his harem; and then, all at once, dropping the grand courtesy of a host, and relapsing into the obliging obsequious Ali of my acquaintance, brought me safely home, in good time for dinner. Heaven knows that I was glad enough to get back to the pleasant, well-lit, gay hotel, away from Nafosa's dim, quiet home, and Nafosa's piteous haunting eyes. They haunted me all that night and the next day, and the next night too—haunted me so vividly, and to such a purpose, that before many days had passed, I awoke one morning with an irresistible longing at my heart to see the girl once more. No reason why I should not. Ali, when I told him of my wish, looked the least possible shade surprised, it is true, but professed himself delighted and honored: and so I paid another visit to his "home," and not one only, but several. I grew fond of Nafosa, and she liked me. She interested me strangely, winding herself in some mysterious fashion round and round my heart

—drawing me to her as to a magnet—and when one day she suddenly told me, what indeed I had guessed from the very first, that she was miserably, wretchedly unhappy, so unhappy that she longed to die, I took her in my arms and kissed her, as though she were my sister. Perhaps it was this that won her heart. Poor girl! I would have done any thing I could for her. But what could I do, save listen, and make frantic efforts to progress in Arabic, so as to be able to listen to some purpose, and to speak to the unfortunate girl a few words of the warning and advice which she so badly needed.

“But Nafsoosa, it is wrong, dreadfully wrong, for a married woman to love any man but her husband,” I said to her, when she had told me all about Hassan’s dark, sweet eyes, and his gentleness, and his bravery, and his goodness, and how they had loved one another from childhood, and how they would continue to love one another so long as life lasted. But the girl only shook her head and smiled drearily at my meek little sermon.

“Of course it was wrong,” she said, “she knew that, and she was a lost, wicked woman, and,” here she shuddered and grew pale, “Ali would kill her if he knew it.” And I very soon discovered that a slavish terror of her husband’s jealousy and vengeance was poor Nafsoosa’s standard of right and wrong.

“But how did you come to marry Ali,” I inquired, “if you loved Hassan all the time?”

She laughed at my simplicity and ignorance. After the barbarous fashion of these countries, she, a girl of fifteen, had been made a wife without being asked or consulted, or even having ever seen her husband’s face.

“But Ali is fond of you and good to you, is he not?” I inquired softly, when I had thought a little over her sad story.

Her face darkened, and there came another piteous outburst. Her husband’s love was that of a tyrant for his slave. He was proud of her beauty, because it belonged to him. It was his pleasure, as it is the pleasure and custom of all Arabs, to invest his money as quickly as it was gained, in jewels and trinkets, with which to deck her. He caressed and petted her, much as a tiger might caress and pet a trembling white rabbit, which happened to be his plaything for the moment, and she

—she loathed and shrank from this hated affection, and lived in abject, slavish submission to his authority.

It was a terrible business. Soon she had told me all, the little all there was to tell. It was but a slender, pitiful little romance, and its incidents were tiny ones, such as would seem very flat and insignificant to the free-born strong-minded heroines of romance at home. But insignificant as they were, they were every thing to Nafsoosa—all-important, all-engrossing. A furtive glance, a hasty pressure of the hand, a loving word whispered into her ear, the gift of a flower now and then—this was the weak food upon which her guilty love so passionately lived; these were the great stirring events of her life. Once a week Nafsoosa went to the bath; now and then on a shopping expedition to the bazaars, and always with her face closely veiled, and under the watchful protection of her mother-in-law. These, and these only, were the lovers’ opportunities.

“Then Hassan never comes here?” I inquired.

“Here!” Nafsoosa laughed at my ignorance, or rather, incredulity in what I had often heard, of the rigor with which a Moslem guards his harem. “No man ever does,” she said. “It would cost him his life.” And with blanched lips close to my ear, for the other women were constantly passing to and fro, and privacy was totally unattainable in this crowded establishment, she related to me how, a month or two ago, some trifle had aroused her mother-in-law’s suspicion, which had been at once imparted to her son, and how Ali had come to her, and had sworn a terrible oath, that if ever he discovered her to be guilty of a fault, the vengeance he would take would be sure and terrible. “For myself I would not care much,” she said recklessly. “The pain would be short and quickly over. But for Hassan, my Hassan!” and she shuddered and clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

“Your Hassan!” I repeated, reproachfully. And then I asked her what had been the beginning of this unfortunate love, and how it had come to pass that, strictly guarded as Moslem women are, she had yet managed to know and to love a man.

With eyes softly lit with happy memories, Nafsoosa told me of her childhood, when her mother and Hassan’s had been

close friends, and their children had played together. If the old people had but lived, all would have been well, she said, for, even in those days, she and Hassan had been called husband and wife, and plans had been made that, in due season, they should marry. But, after a while, both Nafsoosa's parents died, and Ali's father, who was a distant relation, had become her guardian.

The law gave him a right to marry her, but he, being an old man, had transferred this right to his son, who, inflamed by the accounts he heard of her wonderful beauty, had refused to relinquish his claims. "If Hassan had been rich, and had been able to offer a good price for me," Nafsoosa concluded, a little scornfully, "Ali would probably have given me to him, for he loves money; but Hassan is poor, and could give little but his love."

That was all. Poor, poor child! I had not it in me to chide her—hardly even to think her sinful and guilty, now that I knew all.

And had she no confidante, no consoler? I inquired, with wondering pity. No safe friend with whom to share her dreadful secret?

Then, for the first time, Nafsoosa burst into tears. Before, all had been excitement and smoldering passion, and resentment and rebellion; but now, I had unwittingly touched another and a softer chord, and had awakened the memory of a gentler and more heart-piercing grief. She had had a sister, a twin-sister, who had known all. While she lived, life was endurable, for they loved one another passionately. But, three months ago, she and her baby had died, and Nafsoosa was alone.

"And can none of these other women help you?" I asked presently, when her piteous sobs had somewhat subsided, and her tears were flowing more gently.

The girl shook her head wearily and sadly. Yet some of them looked good-natured and kindly, and the sight of Nafsoosa's tears seemed to distress and concern them.

"They would talk," she whispered, with a frightened glance. And, observing their vacant, silly faces, and the ceaseless, giddy chatter which they kept up, I could not feel surprised at her reserve and caution.

Just then, Ali's mother appeared, and I rose to depart. The old dame liked neither me nor my visits, and I could very

well see that she looked with distrust upon my friendship for her daughter-in-law. But I did not care a rush for her disfavor, feeling perfectly sure that, so long as Ali found it profitable to remain in our service, not one of his household would venture to show the English *Sitt* the smallest sign of discourtesy. And so, though, upon that occasion, the old lady's coming was the signal for my departure, I often returned again, generally seizing the opportunities when I knew that Ali's engagements with one or another of our party secured his absence from home.

One day, a little while after this, I chanced to meet Nafsoosa in the bazaar. My companions and myself were spending an idle hour in poking about and making purchases, and I, wearied of one of the inevitable and interminable bargaining-wranglings, which are an indispensable part of the business of buying and selling in these countries, had wandered a little apart, into a quiet, dim place, where a few cross-legged, gray-bearded merchants held stately watch over their stalls.

At the further end two women were engaged in a loud altercation over a pair of slippers, with a picturesque and venerable gentleman, whose superb appearance would have led one to suppose him quite superior to the weakness of wishing to drive a good bargain. At least, one of the women was fighting valiantly for the slippers; the other was standing by listlessly, apparently a mere spectator of the dispute. To my amazement, she all at once rushed to meet me, and seized my hand. It was Nafsoosa, but Nafsoosa enveloped from head to foot in her white *cezar*; and with such a thick, impenetrable *yashmah*, that she was quite unrecognizable. Her mother-in-law, who was her companion, was as closely veiled as herself. The charms of sixteen and sixty required, it seemed, the same protection. While the old lady was wrangling over her slippers, Nafsoosa and I enjoyed a quiet little chat. Only for a few minutes, however. Suddenly I felt the girl's hand, which I held in mine, tremble, and she plucked it away brusquely. "It is he—Hassan!" she whispered, in a choked voice, and with a quick, sudden movement she changed her position, so as to place my figure between her own and that of her mother-in-law, whose attention was still, luckily absorbed by the obstinacy of the slipper merchant. I looked around. A fine, handsome

young man, in chocolate-colored petticoat trousers, and an embroidered jacket, was slowly, and with an air of studied unconcern, approaching us. When he was quite close to Nafosa, after a cautious glance towards her mother-in-law, he paused. I saw their hands meet in a convulsive clasp. I saw more—that which, if the eyes of any of the cross-legged, solemn sons of the Prophet had seen from their stalls, would probably have then and there exposed Nafosa to the direct consequences. I saw her, quick as lightning, raise her hand, and draw aside her veil for an instant, showing him her white, beautiful face, and smiling upon him the saddest and sweetest smile that ever made a man's heart beat.

Lucky Hassan! It was all very wrong and dreadful, and I, a mere spectator, felt, somehow, horribly guilty myself; but all the same, I could not, for the life of me, help liking the young man on the spot. He looked so much in earnest and so grateful, and—rare sign of emotion in an Eastern—he actually colored violently; and he really was extremely handsome, and his refined, thoughtful face betrayed no symptom of conceit or vanity, but only deep, passionate, eager affection. It was all over in a minute; indeed so quickly over, that none but a close observer could have detected the lovers' little pantomime; and then the young man, having given me a courteous salutation, passed on his way, and had in another instant disappeared.

"Hassan knows you. I have told him about you," Nafosa explained to me, after a minute or two of breathless silence. And I knew by the altered tone of her voice, that a ray of sunshine which would gladden her life for some time to come had stolen into the girl's heart, and was making sweet melody there.

It chanced that soon after this little adventure I caught a cold which kept me a prisoner at home, and thus a longer time than usual elapsed without my having seen Nafosa. When I did next see her a change seemed to have taken place in her which frightened me. She was looking ill—wretchedly ill—and there was a recklessness in her manner and a despair in her eye, which told me clearer than words could tell, that the yoke was becoming too galling and difficult to bear. Her husband too had altered. Ali had grown silent and morose. Now he never jested nor

smiled, and his glistening, snake-like eyes were generally moodily bent upon the ground. Now and then, however, I caught them fixed upon me with a dark look of suspicion, which, whenever I perceived it, used to make my heart jump into my mouth, and my thoughts fly with cruel anxiety to his wife. Once, as indifferently and innocently as I could, I ventured to ask him what the cause of his unwonted gravity was—whether he was ill, or in trouble, or unhappy. But I was repulsed with such a short answer that I understood at once that no further confidences were to be made me about his domestic concerns, and that the dark grief over which he was brooding was too sacred and terrible to be approached.

The end of my story is coming now; and the end is such a sad one that I must hurry over it as quickly as possible. It was about six weeks since the evening that I had paid my first and memorable visit to Ali's house. We were soon to leave Cairo, and we had, during the last days of our stay, made a little expedition to see the Pyramids of Sakkara. Ali accompanied us as usual, for though, by this time, I had grown both to dislike and fear him, for the sake of keeping up my intercourse with his wife to the last, I was careful to conceal my sentiments, and to retain him in our service. We were to have been two nights absent, but on the second day one of our party got ill, which obliged us to alter our plans and return at once to Cairo. It was late when we reached the hotel, and I remember the pale smile with which Ali listened to me, as, when I bade him good-night, I promised to go to see Nafosa on the following day—resolved in my heart to make the girl a final entreaty to submit to her fate, hard as it was, and to implore of her, if, from no other motive than the dread of her husband's vengeance, to be faithful to him to the last. Ali heard my promise with cold politeness. A little while ago, he would have expressed himself delighted, and would have bidden me a glad welcome. But times had changed now, and I could see that jealousy had awakened distrust even of me, and that he now repented of the foolish indiscretion he had been guilty of, in allowing a "dog of a Christian" to penetrate into the privacy of his harem. That night I could not sleep. The slow hours went wearily by, and I counted them all. At last, when it was

broad daylight, I fell into a disturbed slumber, which was worse than wakefulness, for it was haunted by a wretched dream. What it was I could not at once recall, but I awoke screaming, and frightened out of my life. To sleep again was of course impossible, and I was soon up and dressed. It was early still, but I longed for a breath of fresh air, and I resolved to go out and get it. It was not till I found myself out of the house, inhaling the delicious morning air, and looking with delight at the beautiful sky, still tinged with countless delicate dawn colors, that I all at once remembered that I had dreamt of Nafsoosa. It was one of those rare moments in one's life when the perfect loveliness of heaven and earth brings home to one's heart a sudden, swift conviction that existence is a blessed thing. Yet in the midst of it, like a dark, chill shadow, the memory of my dream crept across the brightness and extinguished it. I hurried on my way. Instinctively, and half unconsciously, I had taken the now very familiar direction of Ali's house. It was a tolerably long walk, but I had soon accomplished it, and was in the dusky courtyard from which, on the first evening of my coming, the dogs had barked such an unceremonious welcome. Now they were quiet enough. Every thing was still, strangely still—for, early as it was, there were a few people about—dark Moslems, with grave, stern faces, and, here and there, a woman rocking herself to and fro, beneath her white *ezzar*, and uttering harsh, wailing sounds. At once I knew that something had happened. What it was I could not summon courage to inquire. My appearance was well known in the place by this time, and I was allowed, without question, or comment, to climb the dark, steep staircase. The door at the top of it was half open—an unusual circumstance in a Moslem house. I entered. In the first room there was a small group of turbaned heads and petticoated figures, speaking in subdued tones. One of them approached me as I went by. I believe that it was Ali's brother; but I hardly saw him or heard the words which he addressed to me. The next door was closed. It was that of the women's apartment, and, after a little pause, it was opened for me, and when I passed through quickly closed be-

hind me. I made one step forward, calling Nafsoosa. Then I paused, motionless. Nafsoosa was there, close to me, on the low divan at my feet. But she never stirred when I called her. Oh, God! she was dead—dead! her white face whiter than I had ever seen it before, her wistful smile smiling up at me more wistfully than it had ever done, and—but I turned away, and could look no more. I had seen a spot of dark crimson blood upon her dress.

Not then, but afterwards, I heard the particulars. As he had threatened, Ali's vengeance had been swift and sure. Nafsoosa's young life had been cut off quickly, too quickly, please God, for much pain. It appeared that of late his wife's rebelliousness and open unhappiness had increased the suspicion that he had, for a long time, secretly harbored. Hassan, counting upon his absence with us, had chosen the previous evening to make an attempt to carry off Nafsoosa. But for Ali's unexpected return, he might possibly have succeeded; but, as it was, Ali was behind him, dogging his footsteps, when, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, he was waiting for Nafsoosa's coming. She came, poor girl, she came. But, if her lover was waiting for her, so also was her husband, armed with a sharp weapon with which he had sworn to revenge himself. Nafsoosa had fallen at his feet without a struggle; but Hassan and he had had a terrible one. Fortunately, interference had come in time to prevent a second death, and both the combatants were secured. Ali's punishment was slight—almost, indeed, nominal. In the East, a wife's infidelity is the justification of any crime; and I believe that he very soon consoled himself with another one. As to Hassan, I heard afterwards that he had disappeared from Cairo, and that even his friends knew nothing of him. Some said that he had committed suicide; others, that, to expiate his sin, he had undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca; others, that he had lost his reason, and had wandered away purposely to distant countries. I could never discover the truth. Time has passed—all the actors in the little tragedy have faded in the dim past; but Nafsoosa's memory ever remains vivid and clear, and her sad, beautiful eyes haunt me still.

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A VOYAGE TO THE SUN.

[ALTHOUGH the following narrative is related in the first person, it is not to be understood that the account was actually written by a voyager. The writer of these introductory lines does not deem it desirable to particularize the manner in which this account has reached him. For the present, at least, he prefers to leave the reader to guess whether (like Cardan) the voyager who is responsible for the principal facts, saw, in a vision, what is here described; or whether, "the interiors of the spirit" were "opened in him," as chanced to Swedenborg, so that he could "converse with spirits, not only those near our earth, but with those also who are near other orbs;" or whether, like the author of the "*Neue Reisen in den Mond, in die Sonne, etc.*," he obtained his information through the agency of *clairvoyance*; or, lastly, whether spiritualistic communications from departed astronomers are here in question. According to the ideas which the readers of these lines may severally entertain respecting the manner in which such facts as are here described may have come to our knowledge, they will doubtless decide for themselves among these explanations, and others which may, for aught we know, be available. Nay, there may even be some who may be disposed to regard the whole of what follows as a mere effort of imagination. For our own part we must be content to present, without comment or explanation, the information which has reached us; there are, indeed, some circumstances in the account which we could not explain if we would. It will be noticed that from time to time the narrator refers to explanatory communications having reference to the real nature of the voyage. These communications belong to the details which we do not desire to enter upon at present.]

Our voyage commenced shortly before noon on January 9, of the year 1872. As we started from the central part of London—or, to be more particular, from the rooms of the Astronomical Society in Somerset House—our course was directed, in the first instance, towards a part of the sky lying southwards, and some sixteen degrees above the horizon. From what I have already told you, you will

understand that the earth's attraction did not in the least interfere with our progress. But atmospheric resistance was not altogether so imperceptible; and from time to time, notwithstanding our familiarity with all the astronomical details of our journey—and X.'s special mastery of the laws to which we were to trust—we found considerable inconvenience from the loaded state of the lower atmospheric strata. Although we were no longer subject to any physical inconveniences, (indeed, our enterprise would otherwise have been impracticable,) and although our powers of perception were greatly enhanced, yet the very circumstances which enabled us to exercise powers corresponding to those of the common senses, rendered the veil of mist and fog which surrounded us on all sides, as impenetrable to our vision (to use this word for want of a better) as to the eyesight of the Londoner.

Presently, however, we rose into a purer atmosphere. The sun—the end and aim of our journey—was seen in a clear sky, while below us the vast mass of cloud and fog which hung over London appeared like a wide sea, shining brilliantly under the sun's rays, and effectually concealing the great city from our view.

Our flight was now very rapid, and each moment becoming more so, as we reached rarer and rarer regions of the upper air. We noticed that the noise and hubbub of London seemed rapidly to subside into what appeared to us at the time as almost perfect stillness. And in passing I may confirm what Glaisher has said respecting the voices which are heard to the greatest distance. For the shrill tones of women and children were heard from time to time, when the loudest tones of the male voice were altogether beyond our hearing. The sounds which we heard latest of all, however, were the occasional shrieks of railway-whistles, and (quite unexpectedly) a peculiarly shrill note produced by the beating of the sea-waves on the shore, which I do not remember to have observed under other circumstances. We noticed this as our onward course carried us past (though far above) the waters of the British Channel.

I forbear to speak of the aspect present-

ed by the earth as our distance gradually increased; though, for my own part, my attention (at this part of our progress) was directed far more closely to the planet we were leaving than to the orb which we proposed to visit. X., on the other hand, absorbed (as you will readily believe) in the anticipation of the revelations about to be made respecting the sun, directed his sole attention to the contemplation of that luminary. Y., who accompanied us, (as I have already informed you,) rather *en amateur* than because of any profound interest which he takes in scientific investigations, appeared to be too much perplexed by the unexpected appearance of all the objects now in view to attend to any special features of the scene. He was in particular surprised at the rapidly increasing darkness of the sky in all directions, except where the sun's intense lustre still lit up a small circle of air all round his orb. Long before we had reached the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere the stars began to shine at least as brilliantly as in ordinary moonlight; and when certain signs recognized by X. showed that we were very near the limits of the air, the stars were shining as splendidly all around as on the darkest and clearest night. At this time X. asked us to turn our attention to those parts of the sky which were most remote from the sun, in order that when we were actually beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, we might see at once the full glory of a scene which he had been contemplating for some time with unutterable wonder. I am, therefore, unable from my own experience to describe how the effects of atmospheric illumination in concealing the real splendor of the regions closely surrounding the sun had gradually diminished as we rose into rarer and yet rarer strata.

But while we were preparing for the surprise which X. had promised, a surprise of another kind awaited all of us. It had become clear that although the tenuity of the air through which we were now passing was almost infinitely greater than the gaseous rarity produced in any experimental researches undertaken by men, we were yet approaching a definite boundary of the terrestrial atmosphere. None of us were prepared for the effects which were produced when that boundary was crossed. On a sudden the darkness of the heavens all round us increased a myriadfold,

insomuch that the darkness of the blackest night seemed like midday by comparison. Yet I speak here only of the blackness of the background on which the stars were shown; for the light of the stars as suddenly increased in an equal degree, while thousands of thousands of stars not before seen in a moment leapt into view, (I can use no other expression.) The familiar constellations were there, but they seemed lost in the splendor of a thousand more wonderful constellations hitherto unrevealed, except ("as through a glass and darkly") to the telescopist. Each star of all these unnumbered thousands shone with its proper splendor, and yet each, as respects size, seemed to be the merest point of light. It would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the amazing beauty of the spectacle thus presented, or the infinite complexity of structure seen amidst the star-depths. We stayed for a while entranced by the sublime picture suddenly disclosed to us; and it was with difficulty that X. (even more enthusiastic, you remember, as a student of the stars than as one of our modern sun-worshippers) could be withdrawn from the contemplation of the wonderful display.

One other circumstance I must mention before describing the scene which we witnessed when the sun and sun-surrounding regions became the object of our study. I have spoken above of the silence which prevailed around us after we had reached a certain height above the earth. To our infinite amazement, we found, as we passed the limit of the atmosphere, that what we had regarded as silence—nay, as an almost oppressive silence—was only silence by comparison with the noise and tumult lower down. A sudden change from the uproar of the fiercest battle to the stillness of the desert could not surpass in its effects the change which we experienced as we passed through the impalpable boundary of the earth's atmospheric envelope. What had seemed to us like an oppressive silence appeared now by contrast, as the roar of a storm-beaten sea. We experienced for the first time the effects of absolute stillness. It is certain that Pythagoras was right when he spoke of the tumult which, in reality, surrounds us, though,

Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we can not hear it.

Yet, as to the harmony of the spheres, he

was mistaken; for, even when the unnoticed but ever present mundane noises suddenly ceased, as we passed the limit of the earth's airy vesture, no sound betrayed the swift rush of the planets on their course around the sun. We were still close to the earth, the desert of Sahara lying now vertically beneath us at a distance of rather more than 500 miles, yet her onward rush at the rate of more than eighteen miles per second produced no sound which could be perceived, even amid the intense silence—the *black* silence, as X. called it—of interplanetary space.

And now, how shall I fitly describe the scene which was revealed to us as we directed our attention towards the sun. He was scarcely nearer to us—at least, not perceptibly nearer—than as commonly seen, and yet his aspect was altogether new. His orb was more brilliantly white than it appears when seen through the air, but a close scrutiny revealed a diminution of brilliancy towards the edge of his disk, which, when fully recognized, presented him at once as the globe he really is. On this globe we could already distinguish the spots and those bright streaks which astronomers call *faculæ*. But it was not the aspect of his globe which attracted our wondering attention. We saw that globe surrounded with the most amazingly complex halo of glory. Close around the bright whiteness of the disk—and shining far more beautiful, by contrast with that whiteness, than as seen against the black disk of the moon in total eclipses—stood the colored region called the chromosphere; *not red*, as we had expected to see it, but gleaming with a mixed lustre of pink and green, through which, from time to time, passed the most startlingly brilliant coruscations of orange and golden yellow light. Above this delicate circle of color towered three tall prominences and upwards of thirty smaller ones. These, like the chromosphere, were not red, but beautifully variegated. We observed, however, that in parts of the prominences colors appeared which were not seen in the chromosphere—more particularly certain blue and purple points of light, which were charmingly contrasted with the orange and yellow flashes continually passing along the whole length of even the loftiest of these amazing objects. It was, however, worthy of notice that the prominences round different parts of the sun's orb pre-

sented very different appearances; for those near the sun's equatorial zone and opposite his polar regions differed very little in their color and degree of light from the chromosphere. They also presented shapes reminding us rather of clouds moving in a perturbed atmosphere, than of those tremendous processes of disturbance which astronomers have lately shown to be in progress in the sun. But opposite the spot zones, which were already unmistakably recognizable, the prominences presented a totally different appearance. They resembled jets of molten matter, intensely bright, and seemingly moving with immense velocity. One or two formed and vanished with amazing rapidity, as when in terrestrial conflagrations a flame leaps suddenly to a great height and presently disappears. Indeed, the whole extent of the two spot zones, so far as we could judge from our view of the region outside the bright solar disk, seemed to be in a state of intense electrical disturbance, since the illumination of the solar atmosphere above and around these zones appeared not only brighter than elsewhere, but was here subject also to continual changes of brightness. These changes, viewed from our great distance, did not, indeed, seem very rapid, yet, remembering the real vastness of the atmospheric regions, it was impossible not to recognize the fact that they implied the most intense activity in the solar regions beneath.

It was clear, even at the great distance at which we still were, that the solar atmosphere extends far above the loftiest of the colored prominences. We could not yet distinguish the actual boundary of the atmosphere, though we entertained little question, after what we had discovered in the case of the earth's atmosphere, that a real boundary exists to the gaseous envelope surrounding the sun. But we could perceive that a brightly luminous envelope extended to about twice the height of any prominence visible at the moment, and that the solar atmosphere extends and remains luminous to a far greater height than this more brilliant region. But the most amazing circumstance of all was this, that above even the faintest signs of an atmosphere, as well as through and amidst both the inner bright envelope and the fainter light surrounding it, there were the most complex sprays and streams and filaments of whitish light, here appearing as

streamers, elsewhere as a network of bright streaks, and yet elsewhere clustered into aggregations, which I can compare to nothing so fitly (though the comparison may seem commonplace) as to hanks of glittering thread. All these streaks and sprays of light appeared to be perfectly white, and they only differed among themselves in this respect, that, whereas some appeared like fine streaks of a uniform silvery lustre, others seemed to shine with a curdled light. The faint light outside the glowing atmosphere surrounding the prominences was also whitish; but the glowing atmosphere itself shone with a light resembling that of the chromosphere, only not so brilliant. The pink and green lustre—continually shifting, as it appeared to us, so that a region which had appeared pink at one time, would shine a short time after with a greenish light—caused us to compare the appearance of this bright region to that of mother-of-pearl. I suppose that, at a moderate computation, this glowing envelope must extend to a height of about a quarter of a million of miles from the sun; while from where we were we could trace the fainter light of the surrounding atmosphere to a distance of about half a million miles from the sun's surface. As for the white streaks and streamers, they were too irregularly spread and too complicated in their structure for us to form a clear opinion as to their extension. Moreover, it was obvious that their real extension was greater than we could at present perceive, for they gradually became less and less distinct at a greater and greater distance from the sun, and finally became imperceptible, though obviously extending farther than we could trace them.

We had passed more than two million miles beyond the moon's orbit—our progress being now exceedingly rapid—when we encountered a meteor-stream, which appeared to be of great extent. We had already noticed the passage past us of many single meteors, which seemed to cross our path in all directions. But the members of the meteor-system now encountered were all traveling nearly in the same direction, coming from below (if we may so describe the portion of space lying south of the general level in which the planets travel) slantingly upwards, and nearing the sun, though not on a course *which would carry them within several*

millions of miles of his globe. This meteor-system is not one of those which our earth encounters; nor could X.—who, as you know, has closely studied the subject—recall the path of any comet which travels along the course which the meteors of this system were pursuing.

We paused to study, with not a little interest, a system which belongs to a class of cosmical objects playing, as would appear, a most important part in the economy of the universe. The members of this meteor family were small—few of them exceeding a few inches in diameter—and separated by relatively enormous distances. Except in the case of a few sets of two or three or more of these bodies, which evidently formed subordinate schemes, I could not perceive any instances in which any meteor was separated by less than a hundred miles from the nearest of its fellows, insomuch that it was impossible for us to perceive more than a very few of these objects at a time. More commonly, indeed, two or three thousand miles separated each meteor from its immediate neighbors. Yet the actual number of the bodies forming this system must be enormous, for we found that the system extended in the direction in which we were traveling for no less than a million and a half of miles, and its longitudinal extension—that is, its extension measured along the orbit of the system—must be far more enormous, even if the system does not form a closed ring, as in other cases known to terrestrial astronomers. It is, however, somewhat unlikely that this can be the case; for we observed that the meteors were traveling at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second, which implies (so, at least X. asserted) that the path of these meteors is a very eccentric one, extending farther into space than the paths of the most distant known members of the solar system.

Most of the meteors were rounded, though few were perfectly globular; some, however, appeared to be quite irregular in shape. We were interested (and Y. was not a little amused) to observe that most of the meteors were rotating, as steadily as though they were of planetary importance: the sets of meteors, also, which I have already referred to, were circling round each other with exemplary gravity. A strange circumstance, truly, that those peculiarities of planetary motion, which we are accustomed to associate with the existence of

living creatures (whose requirements these movements so importantly subserve) should thus be simulated by the minute orbs which wander to all appearance uselessly through space !

After passing this interesting region, and traveling more than three million miles further on our course towards the sun, we noticed for the first time that a change had passed over the appearance of the sun's atmosphere and the surrounding regions. The radial streamers respecting which astronomers have so long been in doubt had come into view in the most unmistakable manner. We could trace them from the very border of the sun's globe ; across the inner glowing atmosphere as well as the outer and more faintly illuminated region ; and beyond that region to distances which we judge to vary from some seven or eight millions of miles opposite the solar spot zones to about two millions and a half opposite the polar and equatorial regions of his globe. Yet it must not be inferred that the radiated glory now visible round the sun was, strictly speaking, four-cornered. There was a general tendency to the four-cornered or trapezoidal form, but the apparent figure of the light was gapped and striated in an irregular manner, suggesting that the real shape of the portion of space through which these radial gleams extended was far from simple. We could not trace any actual outline of the coronal glory ; so far as we could judge, it merged itself gradually into a faintly illuminated background of light, which, as we could now perceive, surrounded the sun to a vast distance on all sides, but with an obviously increased extension opposite the sun's equatorial regions.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, in the radial aspect now presented by the outer corona, was the fact that it had undoubtedly not been so well marked—even if it had existed at all—only a short time before. There could, indeed, be no mistake about the matter ; some strange process of change had taken place whereby the coronal region had become thus marvelously striated. The same process of change had caused all parts of the solar atmosphere, excepting only the chromosphere, to glow more resplendently. But the streaks and sprays of faint white light remained unchanged, as well in shape as in lustre and color. They appeared now by contrast somewhat fainter than they had

been ; and, of course, owing to our having drawn nearer to them, they appeared somewhat larger : but we agreed that, in reality, no appreciable change whatever had affected these mysterious objects.

As it seemed not unlikely that we should shortly witness farther changes in the radiated glory, which we could not but regard as probably auroral in its nature, it appeared desirable to X. that we should endeavor to time the continuance of the aspect now presented. A sufficiently accurate measurement of time seemed likely to be obtained by noting the moon's motion. The earth and moon were now far behind us, appearing as two planets of great splendor and close together. The apparent diameter of the earth was about a sixth of that commonly presented by the moon ; while the moon, which was approaching the earth (in appearance) from the left, showed a diameter equal to about a fourth of the earth's. Both seemed appreciably "full," that is, shown with full circular disks, the moon seeming to shine with a somewhat fainter degree of luminosity. This was, no doubt, due to the inferior reflective qualities of her surface, or rather, to the superior reflective power of clouds in the earth's atmosphere. For we could distinctly perceive that the middle part of the earth's disk, occupied at the time by the Atlantic Ocean, showed a band of whitish light, north and south of which the ocean presented a purplish color much darker than we should have expected, and certainly not shining with more light than the general surface of the moon. The ice-covered regions round the southern pole could be plainly recognized by the brilliant whiteness of the light they reflected ; and all the appearances suggested that this part of the earth is occupied by an ice-covered continent.

Not to digress further, however, I return to the consideration of the method by which X. proposed to time any solar changes. The moon was now, as I have said, very close to the earth in appearance, and slightly below or south of the earth, speaking always with reference to the general level of the paths on which the planets travel—on which level, as I have said, we judged it well to pursue our course. At the moment we could see that the distance separating the moon and earth was equal (in appearance) to about six times the apparent diameter of the earth ; and X's

long experience enabled him to form an exact estimate on this point. It was only necessary, therefore, to compare this distance with that noted subsequently, as occasion might arise, to form a tolerably exact estimate of the time which should then have elapsed. For it will be understood that, placed as we were, we could quite readily recognize the relatively rapid motions of the moon on her course round the earth. And in passing, I may mention how strange it appeared to us to see the earth, so long known to us as a body to be contrasted with the celestial orbs, now taking her place as a planet among the stars. There, not far from Jupiter, (whom she very much outshone at the time,) among the familiar though now enhanced splendors of the constellation Gemini, shone our earth and her satellite,—a double planet, and next to the sun himself the most beautiful object in the heavens.

During the next ten million miles of our progress we passed the neighborhood of several meteor systems, actually traversing three, whereof two were far more important, so far as we could judge, than the one already described. It was worthy of notice also that the members of all those systems traveled much more swiftly than the meteors formerly seen.

But what appeared to us a most remarkable circumstance was this, that as we drew nearer towards the sun, these meteor systems became more numerous and more important, while we could recognize many objects resembling comets in their general structure, (only they had no tails,) but much smaller, inasmuch that many of them appeared to be only a few hundred miles in diameter. They were in a general sense round, and became more numerous as we proceeded; while in several instances we observed that they appeared in groups. It would seem from this that multitudes of comets, too small to be discerned by any telescopes yet made, exist within the confines of the solar system; but whether these are the remains of larger comets, or have an independent cosmical existence, it is difficult to determine. Before we reached the orbit of Venus (now shining very brilliantly on the left of the sun, and through our own motion passing rapidly from Aquarius to Pisces) these objects began to appear in countless numbers, with obvious signs of an increased condensation in the sun's neighborhood. We could perceive

that for the most part they were followed by flights of meteors, individually minute, but more closely packed (so to speak) than the meteor systems near our own earth. We began to suspect that this unexpected wealth of cosmical matter in the sun's neighborhood, might supply the explanation of those interlacing streaks and sprays and hanks of whitish light to which reference has already been made.

When we were about half way between the paths of Venus and Mercury, we for the first time noticed a diminution in the distinctness of these auroral radiations which had first made their appearance when we were but some six millions of miles from the earth. It seemed as though the glowing streamers were slowly fading from view, in the same way that streamers of an auroral display wane in splendor even as we watch them. In a short time we could no longer distinguish the radiations, the solar atmosphere resuming the appearance it had presented when we first observed it. Unfortunately we were unable to estimate the length of time during which the radiated appearance had continued visible, for we were now much too far from the earth to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount by which the moon had advanced on her course. But although X.'s ingenious plan had thus failed to supply an exact estimate, we could still infer from the aspect of the earth and moon, that some three hours of common time had passed since the radial streamers appeared.

It seems difficult to understand how the phenomenon we had witnessed could be otherwise regarded than as a solar aurora. How the electrical action causing such an aurora is excited, seems open to question; though the facts to be presently described suggest a probable cause. But after what we had now seen, I had myself very little doubt that electricity is the main cause of the phenomenon.

Passing Mercury (some twenty millions of miles on our right as we crossed his orbit) we began to draw so close towards the sun, that many of the features shown by good telescopes could be clearly recognized. His spots already presented a striking appearance; but we were most interested at this stage of our progress by the aspect of the colored prominences and chromosphere. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the fringe of colored light surrounding the intensely white orb of

the sun. The varieties of color mentioned above seemed now to be multiplied fifty-fold. There are no terms by which the beauty of the scene can be described. To say that the sun appeared like a shield of glowing silver set round by myriads of sparkling jewels of all the colors of the rainbow, is as far from the truth as though one should compare the hues of the most brilliant fireworks with the somber tints of autumn foliage.

The glowing inner atmosphere amidst which these prominences displayed their splendors, had now, owing to our near approach, increased very largely in apparent extent. We could distinguish many varieties of color and brightness within its limits, and from time to time radial striations appeared, over the solar spot zones, though they showed but faintly compared with those we had seen earlier, and remained visible but a short time. When they were most clearly seen they could be traced outwards into the less luminous atmosphere, which we could now distinguish to a vast distance from the sun's surface. This outer atmosphere was not irregular, as we might have judged from the earlier appearance of the radiations; for we could now see that those radiations had been wholly within the limits of this exceedingly rare atmosphere. We could trace the envelope to the distance of about eight millions of miles from the sun on all sides; at which distance it appeared to have a definite boundary. But outside, as well as within its limits, the irregular streams and sprays of whitish light could now be seen with greatly enhanced distinctness, and could be traced to a much greater distance from the sun. It had become perfectly obvious to us that these whitish streaks were due to myriads of meteor systems existing in the sun's neighborhood. We had long since observed how much more richly these systems were congregated close by the sun; and the nearer we ourselves approached his orb, the more surprising was the richness of meteoric aggregation. We now encountered, not systems of meteors, but systems of meteor systems; while amidst these systems, and seemingly associated with them, were countless thousands of those relatively minute comets which have been already referred to. That these comets glowed chiefly with their own inherent luster, we could not doubt; but the meteor sys-

tems shine by reflecting the sun's light; and we could already perceive how much more brilliantly they are illuminated than the meteors which pass close by the earth. For the sun presented a disk many times larger than as he appears to the terrestrial astronomer. So that the meteor systems, infinitely more numerous as well as severally richer in the sun's neighborhood, and illuminated many times more brightly, formed a conspicuous but irregular halo around the sun. We could perceive also that as their motions (far more rapid than those of the meteors first encountered) carried groups and clusters of them into the solar atmosphere, they began to glow with inherent light, partly, no doubt, because of the increased heat to which they became exposed, but chiefly, as I judge, because the sun's electrical action was then more freely communicated to them. We can not suppose that atmospheric resistance can have been in question, since even such tenuous bodies as comets pass far nearer to the sun without being appreciably affected by this cause.

It was the sudden access of brilliancy in meteor systems close by us, which gave us the first intimation that we were about to cross the boundary of the solar atmosphere. We were all prepared, as we thought, to experience in some striking manner the effects produced as we passed from the ether of interplanetary space into the sun's atmosphere—infininitely rare though it might be at this distance from his surface. But we were in no sense prepared for the surprise which actually awaited us. Of a sudden we passed from absolute silence to an uproar infinitely surpassing the tumult of the fiercest terrestrial storms. We were still some eight millions of miles from the sun, yet the tremendous processes at work within his domain produced the most stupendous reverberations even at that enormous distance, and in an atmosphere rarer than the so-called vacuum of the experimentalist. Nothing in all our progress thus far had given us so startling an insight into the mighty energy of the sun, as this amazing circumstance. Somehow we had always associated the idea of perfect silence with the solar activity; and perhaps it had been on this account that we had hitherto experienced a sense of unreality when considering the mighty processes at work, as telescopic research had shown, in the

solar orb. But now that we could, as it were, hear the working of the mighty machine which governs our scheme of worlds—now that we could feel the pulsations of the great heart of the planetary system—the sense of the sun's amazing vitality was brought home to us, so far at least as so stupendous a reality can be brought home to the feeble conceptions of the human mind.

Amidst a continually increasing uproar, and through an atmosphere so intensely heated that no creature living on the earth could for an instant have endured its fiery breath, we passed onwards to the glowing inner atmosphere, and still onwards to the very limits of the chromosphere—where it seemed fit that our course should be stayed in order that we might contemplate the wonders that surrounded us. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe all that we had witnessed during this last stage of our voyage to the sun; wonders had surpassed wonders, glories that had seemed incredible had become lost in yet more amazing glories, each moment had seemed to bring the climax of splendor, of fierce energy, of inconceivable uproar, and yet at each moment we seemed as though we should forget the wonders we had witnessed in those which were being newly revealed.

We were now within twenty thousand miles of the sun's surface. All round us were waves of flaming hydrogen into which uprose continually vast masses of glowing vapor resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow, if a rainbow can be conceived of intensest fire. Some thirty thousand miles from where we were, a mighty prominence towered aloft to the height of at least seventy thousand miles. We had arrived close by the spot zone, and between us and the prominence the surface of the intensely bright photosphere was tossed into what appeared as the immense waves of a white-hot sea. We could perceive that along the whole length of the prominence, even to its very summit, which seemed to be almost vertically above us, a rush of fiery vapor was passing continually upward with incredible velocity. From time to time masses of matter which resembled molten metal were expelled as if from a vent far beneath the lowest visible part of the fiery column. After each such outburst, the prominence seemed to glow with increased brilliancy,

its shape also changing, as though the surrounding atmosphere were agitated by tremendous hurricanes. But even as we watched, the explosions grew less fierce and presently ceased; after which, the whole prominence, vast as was its extent, seemed to dissolve, until in an incredibly brief space no trace of it could be perceived.

But a circumstance which surprised us greatly was this. Although the uproar and tumult which prevailed were inconceivably great, yet during the whole progress of the solar eruption which we had been witnessing, there were no sounds which we could associate with the tremendous outbursts which must in reality have taken place. Accustomed to associate terrestrial volcanic explosions with sounds of exceptional loudness, we were amazed to perceive no distinctive sounds during the infinitely mightier eruption we had just watched.

But as we passed toward the scene of the eruption—eager to contemplate the effects of an outburst competent to destroy the whole frame of a globe like the earth—the mystery was explained. While we were still far from the place of explosion, and intent on the study of the great facular waves which were passing swiftly beneath us, we suddenly heard a series of explosions so tremendous that we imagined a new eruption was commencing close by. Yet we could perceive no signs of unusual solar activity. All round our horizon, indeed, we could discern prominences of greater or less dimensions; but these we had observed before. Whence then came the tremendous noises now reverberating through the solar atmosphere?—noises so tremendous, that the unutterable uproar which had prevailed unceasingly all round us, seemed hushed, by comparison, into perfect stillness. X. was the first to see the meaning of the phenomenon. These sounds were those produced during the explosion which had ceased some time before; the interval which had elapsed corresponding to the vast distance which still separated us from the scene of the outburst. Just as a perceptible interval elapses between the flash of a gun and the moment when the noise of the discharge reaches the ear of a distant observer—so in the present case a comparatively long interval elapsed before the sound-waves traversed the distance which light had traversed in less than a second.

As we approached the scene of the outburst, we perceived that we were nearing the borders of an enormous region which seemed dark by comparison with the intense brilliancy of the rest of the photosphere. The *faculæ*, forming here immense ridge-like waves, prevented us for a time from fully discerning the nature of this region; but after we had passed some of the loftiest of these seeming waves, we could perceive that the dark region formed a sort of lagoon, though of an extent exceeding the whole surface of the earth. We had, in fact, approached one of those regions which terrestrial observers call spots. We could readily infer that the spot was not one of the very largest; in fact it was little more than twenty thousand miles in width. We found that (as astronomers have inferred) the dark region lay below the general level of the photosphere. But terrestrial observers have wholly underrated the extent of the depression of these regions. The reason of this X. considered to be the refractive power of the dense atmosphere within these depressions, which causes them to appear shallower than they really are, much as a basin when filled with water appears shallower than it really is. We judged the depth of the depression in the case of this particular spot to be fully ten thousand miles.

Placed as we were now at the borders of an enormous sun-spot, we could understand the real meaning of some of those appearances which had seemed perplexing during the telescopic scrutiny of the sun. In the first place, we could perceive that, throughout the whole extent of the depression before us, there was the most intense activity; but the most violent action took place all round the borders of the spot. We could see, in fact, that several of the prominences we had observed during our progress sprang from the borders of the relatively dark depression; and though scarcely a trace remained (to our great amazement) of the mighty eruption we had so lately witnessed, we could judge from the aspect of the region we had reached, that *here* (on the nearer border of the spot) that tremendous outburst had taken place. All round the spot immense waves of *faculæ* raised their glowing crests above the general solar level; and we could see that this was due to the action of some cause by which the matter of the photosphere had been driven outwards

from the region of the spot, and had so become heaped up in great ridges all round. Descending to a lower level, we found that this photospheric matter was actually of the nature of cloud or fog, and that it was, in fact, formed by the condensation of the glowing vapors of many metallic elements into innumerable globules or vesicles resembling the water-vesicles of our clouds. From the inner surface of some of these clouds, we could perceive that metallic rain was falling. The metallic showers were particularly heavy on the borders of the spot, though whether this was due to the cooling to which the region of the spot appeared to have been exposed, or to electrical action caused by the intense activity all round the spot, we could not satisfactorily determine. And though we visited several other spots—one of them remarkably large—we could perceive nothing explanatory of these localized showers.

In passing over the general photosphere—that is, over regions where there were no spots—we saw no signs of the objects which have been called willow-leaves. The photosphere presents a curdled aspect, as though the metallic clouds which produce the greater part of its light had been agitated into somewhat uniformly-disposed waves—not rollers, but such waves as are seen when two seas meet—but there was nothing suggestive of interlacing. In the neighborhood of the great dark depressions, however, the rounded clouds seemed to be lengthened by the effects of atmospheric disturbance, an effect which was enhanced by the downfall of metallic showers from these clouds. X., who had been inclined to entertain the belief that the bright solar willow-leaves are in some sense organized beings, admitted at once that nothing in their aspect on a nearer view encourages such a conception of their nature.

We visited both spot zones, and examined many spot depressions in several stages of development. From what we saw, we were led to the conclusion that spots are caused, in the first instance, by the arrival of matter from without, under such circumstances as to cause a large portion of the solar atmosphere to be cooled. It was clear, indeed, that much of the matter which continued to arrive from without caused a local increase of the sun's heat. This was especially the case with matter

which arrived nearly on a vertical course. But other matter, which descended less rapidly to the surface, produced a precisely contrary effect, and as it settled down in the solar atmosphere, displacing and driving outwards the intensely bright solar clouds, it appeared to cool the underlying matter in such sort as to cause it to shine less resplendently than elsewhere. But all round a region thus cooled, intense eruptive action was invariably excited, every spot we visited being literally circled about by prominences of greater or less size. Some of these eruptions were so amazingly active that the ejected matter (which seemed to come from an immeasurable depth) was propelled with a velocity even exceeding that of any of the matter which arrived from without; so that we could not but conclude that the matter thus disgorged was driven wholly and for ever away from the sun. There were signs which led us to believe that intense electrical action was excited during these eruptions, and it does not seem unlikely that such action may afford the true explanation of the radiations seen in the outer solar envelopes.

Although not liable to any sense of fatigue, and impervious to any of those risks which seemed to multiply around us, we began to be bewildered by the succession of wonders which had been revealed to us. Y., in particular, wished to escape from the

fierce light and the dazzling colors, as well as from the inconceivable uproar and tumult, which we had now experienced, for some hours in reality, but for an age to our perceptions. X. was desirous of penetrating deeply beneath the photosphere, in order to obtain an answer to some of those questions which have lately arisen respecting the condition of the sun's interior. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled, though exacting from us a promise that this, our first voyage to the sun, should not be the last.

Shall I tell you the thought that chiefly occupied us as we returned to the earth? On all sides were countless myriads of stars; in front, the mighty convolution of the galaxy, infinitely complex in star-texture; directly below, the great Magellanic cloud, full of stars and star-clusters; suns every where, of every order of magnitude and splendor. We had wondered at the beautiful spectacle presented by the sun of our own system; but now that we had visited that sun, and had learned something of its amazing might and activity, the thought seemed awful, nay, almost appalling, that all those suns, as well as the unnumbered millions which we could not perceive, were of like nature—that the infinitely wonderful scene we had just beheld was thus infinitely multiplied throughout the infinite universe of the Almighty.

St. Paul's.

TO "LYDIA LANGUISH."

You ask me, Lydia, "whether I,
If you refuse my suit, shall die."
(Now pray don't be offended;)
Although the time be out of joint,
I should not to a bodkin's point
Resort, at once, to mend it;
Nor, if your doubtful mood endure,
Attempt a final Water-cure
Except against my wishes;
For I respectfully decline
To dignify the Serpentine
And make *hors-d'œuvres* for fishes.
But, if you ask me whether I
Composedly can go,
Without a look, without a sigh,
Why, then I answer—No.

"You are assured," you sadly say,
 (If in this most considerate way
 To treat my suit your will is,)

That I shall "quickly find as fair
 Some new Neæra's tangled hair—
 Some easier Amaryllis."

I can not promise to be cold
 If smiles are kind as yours of old
 On lips of later beauties ;
 Not can I hope to quite forget
 The homage that is Nature's debt,
 While man has social duties ;
 But, if you ask, do I prefer
 To you I honor so
 This highly hypothetical Her,
 I answer plainly—No.

You fear, you frankly add, "to find
 In me too late the altered mind
 That altering Time estranges."

To this I make response that we,
 As physiologists agree,
 Must have septennial changes ;
 This is a thing beyond control,
 And it were best upon the whole
 To try and find out whether
 We could not, by some means, arrange
 This not-to-be-avoided change
 So as to change together :
 But, had you asked me to allow
 That you could ever grow
 Less amiable than you are now,—
 Emphatically—No.

But—to be serious—if you care
 To know how I shall really bear
 This much-discussed rejection,
 I answer you. As feeling men
 Behave, in best romances, when
 You outrage their affection ;
 With all the ecstasy of woe,
 By which, as melodramas show,
 Despair is simulated ;
 Enforced by all the watery grief
 Which hughest pocket-handkerchief
 Has ever indicated ;
 And when, arrived so far, you say
 In tragic accents "Go,"
 Then, Lydia, then—I still shall stay,
 And firmly answer—No.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

GENERAL LEE.

MORE than a year has passed away since the death of General Lee. In ordinary times such an event could hardly have happened without reviving, if only for a moment, much of the eager interest with which, between 1861 and 1865, the Old World watched the Titanic Civil War of the New. But during the October of 1870, when General Lee breathed his last, the siege of Paris absorbed the thoughts and engrossed the attention of civilized mankind. Little or no notice has therefore been taken in England of the death of one who, when his career, character, and military genius are better known and understood, will, in spite of his defeat, be pronounced the greatest soldier, with two exceptions, that any English-speaking nation has ever produced. Upon the other side of the Atlantic circumstances have conspired to obscure the great deeds and spotless purity of the noblest son to whom the North-American continent has hitherto given birth. A "Life of General Robert E. Lee" has indeed appeared, from the pen of Mr. John Esten Cooke, upon which we propose to make a few comments; but it can in no sense be regarded as more than an adumbration of the man whom it professes to delineate. Public expectation on the other side of the Atlantic anticipates much from a biography, already too long delayed, of which Colonel Marshall, who for four years served at General Lee's right hand in the position which corresponds in European armies to our Chief of Staff, is to be the author. But in both sections of the reconstructed Union the passions and animosities of the American War are still so much alive that it is a political necessity for General Lee's conquerors to darken his fame and sneer at his achievements.

Nothing can be fairer than the reasons by which General Badeau explains the secession of General Lee and his Southern fellow-officers. To many of them the struggle to decide whether their State or the Union claimed priority of allegiance was no less painful than the struggle—so beautifully described in Clarendon's "History of the English Rebellion"—which raged in the breast of Falkland. "When there was any overture or hope of peace,"

says Lord Clarendon, "Falkland would be exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." No one who served by General Lee's side during the war, or who had occasional opportunities of conversing with him during the five years of life which remained after his surrender at Appomattox Court-House, can entertain any doubt that he suffered no less agony of heart than the young and accomplished Royalist who died on the field of Newbury. But to brand him with infamy, and call him a traitor and a recreant because he deemed it his duty to fight for the State which sent him to West Point and paid for his education, is unworthy of so brave and sensible a man as General Schenck. Even in the report of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant upon the armies of the United States in 1864 and 1865, he has but one faint word of approbation to bestow upon the adversary who, having fought with unshaken fortitude and self-denial throughout the war, became the most patient and loyal of citizens when his sword was surrendered. "General Lee's great influence throughout the whole South," says his conqueror, "caused his example to be followed; and to-day the result is, that the armies lately under his leadership are at their homes, desiring peace and quiet, and their arms are in the hands of our ordnance officers." The patience, humility, and moderation of General Lee during the five closing years of his life extorted frequent admiration from his late antagonists, but have hitherto won from them no concessions to his crushed and oppressed brethren and sisters in the South. The remnant of the armies over which he was supreme "desired peace and quiet" as intensely as their Northern conquerors; but after they had for three years been ruled by the sword, and despoiled by "carpet-baggers" and negroes, it was natural that

the discontent of a brave and proud people should here and there break out in a few spasmodic flutterings of disaffection. In one of his speeches to his constituents, Mr. Grant Duff, himself an ardent Northerner, told them that

“Reconstruction is the readmission of the seceding States to political communion with the States which remained true to the Union, and the restoration to them of those powers of self-government which, forfeited by the war, had been replaced since their defeat by military rule. But how was this to be done? The majority of the United States Legislature decided that each of the States should choose a new constitution for itself, and that in choosing it the old planters, ‘the mean whites,’ and the ex-slaves should all have an equal voice; but that all the principal rebels, and the whites who would not take a test-oath, should be excluded. The effect of this has been, that constitutions for the Southern States have been prepared in the North, and voted at the South over the heads of white men by negro majorities.”

Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose Northern proclivities during the war were not less pronounced than those of Mr. Grant Duff or Professor Goldwin Smith, calls reconstruction, as understood and practiced by the Republican party—

“A provision for a war of races, with the express object of keeping down a people, in order that that people may be debarred from all political power in the empire. In Georgia, the black men, on those lines of reconstruction, would have the power of making all laws for the restraint of the white. But it has never been intended to intrust this power to the negroes; the intention is that, through the negroes, all political power, both State and Federal, shall be in the hands of members of Congress from the North—that the North shall have its heel upon the South, and that the conquered shall be subject to the conquerors. *Never has there been a more terrible condition imposed upon a fallen people.* For an Italian to feel an Austrian over him, for a Pole to feel a Russian over him, has been bad indeed; but it has been left for the political animosity of a Republican from the North—a man who himself rejects all contact with the negro—to subject the late Southern slave-owner to dominion from the African who was yesterday his slave.”

The oppression of the South, which is to-day far worse than when these words of Mr. Trollope were written, wrung General Lee's affectionate heart as the loss of Calais weighed upon the spirits of our own Queen Mary. Lord Macaulay tells us that “no creature is so revengeful as a proud man who has humbled himself in vain;” but during the concluding years of General Lee's life, no symptoms of passion or vindictiveness were discernible in his daily bearing. He mourned over the abject and oppressed condition of South-Carolina until death freed his soul from the suffering which crushed him. Mr. John Esten Cooke makes it abundantly evident that he died from a broken heart. But in order that the virtues of a singularly pure and noble character may not be unrecorded in England, we desire to follow Mr. Cooke through some of the most notable passages of his hero's life, and to do what in us lies to make Robert E. Lee's memory a precious possession wherever the English tongue is spoken.

“The Lees of Virginia,” says the volume before us, “spring from an ancient and respectable family of Essex in England,” whose ancestor came over to the fast-anchored isle with William the Conqueror. One member of this family, Lionel Lee, accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, and displayed special gallantry at the siege of Acre. The first of the Virginian Lees, Richard by name, was an ardent monarchist, and left the old country in the troubled times of King Charles the First. “It is not certainly known,” says Mr. Cooke, “whether he sought refuge in Virginia after the failure of the King's cause, or was tempted to emigrate with a view to better his fortunes in the New World.” Whatever may have been his motive in repairing to Virginia, Richard Lee undoubtedly brought with him from England a number of followers and servants, and took up extensive tracts of land in the Old Dominion. Among the manor-houses which he there built or commenced, was one at Stratford, in the Virginian county of Westmoreland—within which county George Washington himself was born. This house having subsequently been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt—Queen Anne herself having been a contributor to the fund subscribed in England and in the colony for its re-erection—and became at a later date the birthplace of

Richard Henry Lee, and of his distinguished son, Robert Edward. Richard Henry Lee, the father of the great Confederate general, was one of Washington's best subordinates; and under the *sobriquet* of "Light-Horse Harry," gained conspicuous fame as a cavalry general in the revolutionary war of the American colonies against England. In a letter written in 1789, George Washington conveys his "love and thanks" to Light-Horse Harry, whose admirable qualities as a soldier were always recapitulated with modest pride by his still greater son. In 1869 General R. E. Lee published a new edition of his father's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," to which he prefixed an unostentatious life of its author. Richard Henry Lee was twice married; and by his second wife, Anne Hill Carter, he had three sons and two daughters—Charles Carter, *Robert Edward*, Smith, Anne, and Mildred. The old house at Stratford, wherein the great American soldier first saw the light, deserves a few passing words of comment. It is one of those Virginian manor-houses which so warmed the heart and kindled the fancy of William Makepeace Thackeray; for in one of these, he loved to say, that it would delight him to write the history, which he always contemplated but never executed, of the times of good Queen Anne. The bricks, paving-tiles, carvings, window-sashes, furniture, and decorations of these stately old country-houses, were all transported from England to the Old Dominion. English plasterers molded and spread the ceilings; English masons upraised the Italian mantelpieces which they brought with them across the Atlantic; English carpenters made fast the window-sashes, and set up the lintels of the doors. Their book-shelves were filled with the great English classics who flourished in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. Within the libraries of some of these houses Thackeray passed many hours, enraptured to find himself surrounded by the works of all the English authors who were most to his taste. There he again familiarized himself with the tender grace of Addison, the rugged force of Smollett; there he forgot the "wild relish and vicious exuberance of the too copious present" by bending over the pages of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Walsh, and Granville; and there for the first time he became acquainted with the "Memoirs

of Colonel Byrd of Westover," the founder, during George II.'s reign, of Virginia's beautiful capital at Richmond. The very bricks, paving-stones, and window-frames of Westover, Brandon, or Stratford, exhaled an atmosphere which was fragrant to his nostrils, and enabled him again to summon into fleshly existence those English worthies of whose literature he was so fond. There he loved to rehearse that Charles II. wore a coronation-robe of Virginia silk when reinstalled upon the throne of Great Britain; and that, in gratitude for her loyalty in the hour of his abasement, he permitted the proud old State to rank thenceforward in the British Empire with England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to bear upon her shield the motto, *En dat Virginia quartam*.

The early influences of the old grange at Stratford, in which he was born, had much to do with shaping the character of General Lee.

"Critics," says Mr. Cooke, "charged him with family pride. If he possessed that virtue or failing, the fact was not strange. Stratford opened before his childish eyes a memorial of the old splendor of the Lees. He saw around him old portraits, old plate, and old furniture. Old parchments contained histories of the deeds of his race; old genealogical trees traced their line far back into the past; old servants grown gray in the house waited upon the child; and, in a corner of one of the great apartments, an old soldier, grey too, and shattered in health, once the friend of Washington and Greene, was writing the history of the battles in which he had drawn his sword for his native land."

To the last hour of his life, General Lee retained the affection for trees, streams, mountains, and country associations with which his happy childhood at Stratford had imbued him. One of the last letters which he ever wrote contains the following passage: "My visits to Florida and the White Sulphur have not benefited me much; but it did me good to go to the White House"—a small country seat not far from Richmond, which came into his possession by his marriage with Mary Custis, the daughter of Washington's adopted son—"and to see the mules walking round, and the corn growing." He loved the country, the woods, the birds, and the brooks as fondly as Izaak Walton or Waterton. His favor-

ite talk was about country life; and nothing was so grateful to him as a chat with plain Virginian farmers. The writer of these words well remembers a ride on horseback which he took in company with General Lee upon the morning of the 7th of May, 1863. The battle of Chancellorsville—which, regarded militarily, will always bear the same testimony to Lee's tactical ability as did Leuthen to that of Frederick the Great, or Salamanca to that of Wellington—had just been fought. General Hooker, at the head of what he had just called "the finest army on the planet," had retreated, in confusion and discomfiture, across the Rapidan. If ever there was a moment when human vanity would have been pardonable and natural, General Lee might have betrayed it upon the morning of the day which followed Hooker's retreat. With little more than 40,000 men, the great Confederate captain had defeated and utterly routed a host of at least 130,000 Federals. Nevertheless, even at this intoxicating moment, not a particle of self-exaltation or conscious triumph was discoverable on Lee's features, or traceable in his conversation. Cognizant of the enormous superiority of the resources wielded by the enemy with whom he had to do, he felt that Chancellorsville, like Fredericksburg, would produce little effect upon the North, and that "another Union army," magnificently found in every respect, would again take the field before many weeks had passed. Heart-sick at the flow of blood by which he was surrounded—his road lay over ground where the hottest fighting had taken place—and *attendri* by the recent wounds of Stonewall Jackson, from which, however, upon the morning in question, he did not anticipate a fatal result, General Lee said, in weariness and anguish, "All that I want them" (the Federals) "to do is to leave us what we are, plain Virginian farmers." There never was a man who had in him so little of the "politician," as his own countrymen understand that term. "I think," said Mr. Carlisle, the well-known lawyer of Washington, a man of high character, who had known Lee long and intimately, "that he was freer than any man I ever knew from the taint of any passion or party prejudice." He stood apart from the intrigues, schemes, and guile of cities and their denizens, as though unconscious of their existence, but with quiet scorn deep-seated in his

heart. He was a fine judge of character; and his diagnosis of men and women was too keen and accurate for him to blind his eyes to the little pettinesses, self-seekings, and intrigues which daily came across him. But although he perceived, and quietly put them aside, he never betrayed his consciousness of their existence, or wounded *amour propre* by any thing seeming to convey a reproach. But, after all, the most winning of his traits was the affection and confidence which, without any seeming consciousness, and without an effort, he inspired in little children. Often, in the course of the great Civil War, he would approach a Virginian farm-house inhabited by a family of whom he knew nothing. Adored as he was throughout the length and breadth of the Old Dominion, the fame of his approach preceded him wherever he went. In response to the cordial welcome always extended to him, he would descend from his horse and sit down for a few minutes upon the porch, accepting, perhaps, a glass of water, and possibly a square inch or two of corn-bread, but never taking any thing more. It might have been imagined that the gravity and seriousness of his demeanor would have possessed little attraction for young children. But before many minutes had passed, it was invariably remarked that one or two children would be crowding round his knees, and, finger in mouth, looking up into his kind, honest face. He was generally surrounded by younger, more demonstrative, and more talkative officers. But his empire over the hearts of the young, though, like all his other great qualities, unconsciously manifested, was irresistible. If it may be said without irreverence, it was impossible at such moments to forget the affection with which the Master, whom General Lee loved to serve, "suffered little children" to draw near unto His presence, and saw in them an image of that child-like faith which is the shortest and surest path to the kingdom of heaven.

One other advantage was gained by General Lee from the country life and simple tastes of his boyhood. He carried with him into the field a "superb physical health and strength"—to quote Mr. Cooke's words—"which remained unshaken by all the hardships of war." The time has not yet come when the history of the great Civil War in America can be fairly and impartially written. It may reasonably be

doubted whether such a history can *ever* be written by any one who took part in, or was an eye-witness of it, upon either side. It is true that some of the greatest military histories of the world—those, for instance, of Thucydides, Xenophon, Sir William Napier, and General Foy—have been written by men who themselves fought in the wars which they have so ably delineated; but, with the exception of the matchless masterpieces of the two Greek historians, narratives of wars by soldiers who fought in them are never free—altogether free—from partisan bias. Traces of it are recognizable in many passages of Sir William Napier; they are of constant recurrence in the pages of his French antitype, General Foy. But whenever the story of the American Civil War is truly and exhaustively told, it will become abundantly apparent, if its chronicler does his duty, that seldom if ever in modern history has there been a struggle, firstly, upon so large a scale; secondly, which was so long maintained; and thirdly, in which the disproportion of the combatants was so great. One of England's greatest soldiers, Sir Charles James Napier, exclaims, "How much more depends upon the chief than upon the numbers of an army! Alexander invaded Persia with only 30,000 foot and 5000 horse; Hannibal entered Italy with 20,000 foot and 6000 horse, having lost 30,000 men in crossing the Alps. What did he attempt with this small army? The conquest of Italy from the Romans, who, with their allies, could bring into the field 800,000 men in arms; and he maintained the war there for fifteen years." Without maintaining that General Lee, who was neither an Alexander nor a Hannibal, had such odds against him as these two great captains of ancient history, we doubt whether any general of modern history ever sustained for four years—a far longer time nowadays than Hannibal's fifteen years in the remote past—a war in which, while disposing of scanty resources himself, he had against him so enormous an aggregate of men, horses, ships, and supplies. It is an under rather than over estimate of the respective strength of the two sections to state that, during the first two years, the odds, all told, were ten to one, during the last two twenty to one, against the Confederates. The courage of the rank and file of the rebel army is

refreshing to contemplate in these days, which have seen a European war between two nations equal in numbers and resources triumphantly closed in seven months, and stained by the three unprecedented capitulations of Sedan, Metz, and Paris. But, after all, the one name which, in connection with the great American Civil War, *posteris narratum atque traditum superstes erit*, is the name of Robert Edward Lee. It is not likely that any biographer or historian will ever portray him as he seemed to those who served by his side and knew him best. It is as impossible to describe as to prove a negative; and the negations of General Lee's character dwell more in the memory than the positive attributes of other men. He was never haughty, never insolent, never vain, never false, never idle, never self-indulgent, never unpoised, never uncharitable, never ungenerous. In no form did he use or touch tobacco; had no taste for liquor of any kind, and seemed never to require a stimulant. Were it possible to give a statistical record of the amount of food which, during his four crucial years of trial, General Lee consumed, it would be found that no great captain was ever so abstemious. Of a truth, his "superb physical health, which remained unshaken by all the hardships of war," counted for much in molding the shape of his country's history.

The biography from the pen of Mr. J. E. Cooke is more successful in delineating the private and personal traits of General Lee than in tracing his public career. It is well and tastefully written, and its language is altogether free from disfiguring "Americanisms." But Mr. Cooke's descriptions of battles lack fire and force, and he has none of the gifts of a military historian. Reverting to its personal reminiscences, we search in vain for any allusion to one of General Lee's peculiarities, which no one who lived much in his society could have failed to notice. We refer to his rich sense of humor—a quality which Dr. Arnold, in his character of Hannibal, says is rarely wanting in great men. There was a quiet vein of unmalignant fun in "Uncle Robert"—for thus he was always named by his enthusiastic followers—which was continually cropping to the surface, and the recollection of which often raises a smile on the lips of those who lived by his side, and remember how quaintly he

loved to manifest it. The two following anecdotes will serve to illustrate its nature: About a week before the battle of Fredericksburg—that is to say, on or about the 6th of December, 1862—the weather was for a few days bitterly cold. General Lee and his Staff were camping out—as usual, in tents—about three miles to the south of the Rappahannock River and the little town of Fredericksburg. There were some members of his Staff, who, although young enough to be his sons, were more sensible of the cold than their iron chief. To him, as to Hannibal, cold or heat made no difference; for in both there was, as Livy writes of one of them, *caloris ac frigoris patientia par—nullo labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat*. Standing round the camp-fire upon the morning in question, and shivering before each blast of a biting wind which came from the frozen north, and reminding the sufferers that the thermometer was below zero, more than one member of General Lee's Staff was heard to mutter an aspiration for a glass of whisky-toddy, or some other alcoholic stimulant. No one noticed that the General took any cognizance of this half-articulate expression of a wish. But presently, emerging from his tent with a stone bottle or demijohn under his arm, he drew near to the camp-fire, and said: "Gentlemen, the morning is very cold—the kindness of a friend enables me to offer you a cordial: pray bring your tin cups and taste what I have here." There were one or two on-lookers who noticed a twinkle in the old soldier's eye, and a lurking smile upon his mouth, which taught them to anticipate a "sell." But the majority of the company hastily fetched their drinking-cups and stood expectant round their chief. The cork was drawn, and the liquor proved to be butter-milk. Upon another occasion, two members of his Staff sat up late at night discussing a keg of whisky and a problem of algebra. Upon meeting one of them in the morning, General Lee inquired, as usual, after his health, and learned in reply that he was suffering from a headache. "Ah, Colonel," remarked the old man, "I have often observed that when the unknown quantities, x and y , are represented by a keg of whisky and a tin cup, the solution of the equation is usually a headache!"

We are tempted to linger a moment longer over some points of character

which caused General Lee to be often misunderstood, and sometimes to be misrepresented. There were many to maintain that, though spotless and irreproachable, he was cold and unsympathetic, and that his immunity from human vices and frailties arose from absence of passion. The truth, however, is that no one ever had a more human heart than General Lee. His temper was naturally quick, impetuous, and choleric, but his inexorable and ever-present sense of duty—which, as will presently be seen, he called "the sublimest word in our language"—constrained him to control every passionate impulse. Being in his fifty-fifth year when the Civil War broke out, he had already learned to check his natural tendency to choler; but no one could have seen much of him between 1861 and 1865 without perceiving that passion was by no means extinguished in his heart. There are many who remember how, upon the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, a sudden and impetuous onslaught was made, just after the break of dawn, by a picked body of Federal troops, whom General Grant launched against a salient of his adversary's lines in the forests of Spotsylvania. This salient was occupied by Johnson's division of Ewell's Confederate Corps. The Federal onslaught was a complete surprise. The redoubt was stormed at the point of the bayonet; nearly 3000 rebels were taken prisoners, and 18 pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the assailants. General Lee regarded this bit of success as being attributable to want of vigilance and courage in his own men. Instantly throwing himself at the head of a Texan regiment, he waved his hat in the air, and prepared to lead it forward. No man who, at that terrible moment, saw his flashing eyes and sternly-set lips, is ever likely to forget them. But, spurring rapidly to his side, General Gordon seized hold of his horse's rein, and exclaimed, "This, General Lee, is no place for you! these are men who never failed yet, and who will not fail now." With unanimous voice the soldiers around them refused to advance until "Uncle Robert" went to the rear. Slowly and reluctantly retiring, General Lee—the light of battle still flaming in his eyes—was dissuaded from his purpose. But it would be idle to tell those who then witnessed him that his nature was cold and passion-

less, or that his temper, if under better control, was not as impulsive as that of Washington. Certain it is, that Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Stuart, who all loved Lee with more or less of filial affection and respect, would never permit him to be called cold in their presence. It is the more necessary to deny the truth of this imputation, since it has been repeated more than once since his death, both by friendly and unfriendly commentators upon his character. It is rebutted by all that is known of his domestic life and family affections. The following letter could never have been written by one whose heart was not warmed by the living blood of an unusually sympathetic nature. There are few passages in the English language which deserve to be more widely known. The famous lines of advice to his son which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius may surpass General Lee's letter in the beauty of their language and the worldliness of their wisdom, but they lack the Christian tenderness and purity of the words which follow. The letter was written to his eldest son, then an *alumnus* in the Military Academy at West Point:

"You must study," writes the father, "to be frank with the world: frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just **what** you mean to do on every occasion, and **take** it for granted that you mean to **do right**. If a friend asks a favor, you should **grant** it, if reasonable; if not, tell him **plainly why** you can not: you will **wrong** him and **wrong** yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to **make** a friend or **keep** one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a **sacrifice**. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all **your** classmates; **you** will find it the policy which wears best. **Above** all, do not **appear** to others **what you are** not. If you **have** any fault to **find** with any one, tell him, not others, of **what** you complain; there is no more **dangerous** experiment than that of **undertaking** to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should **live** so as to say and do nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only **best** as a matter of principle, but it is the **path** to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly 100 years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still

known as 'the dark day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, and quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. *Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language.* Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You can not do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

It is always pleasant to know that good seed has not fallen upon barren places. The young man to whom this beautiful letter was addressed, and who has succeeded his father as President of Washington College at Lexington, is, *consensu omnium*, one of the most promising and exemplary men that Virginia now contains.

Within the limits at our command, it would be impossible to rehearse the leading passages of Lee's military career, or to review analytically the constituent elements and characteristics of his genius as a soldier. That he possessed many of the natural aptitudes which go to make up the sum of a great captain, became abundantly evident during the Mexican War of 1846. Many of his comrades in the only two wars wherein Lee ever took part, were of opinion that if he had held supreme command when in his fortieth year, he would have exhibited greater qualities than he possessed when called upon at the age of fifty-four to guide the military destinies of the Southern States. Those who believe that in every field of human endeavor nature occasionally supplies what are called "heaven-born" prodigies, can not pretend that General Lee belonged to this rare, if not hypothetical, class of beings. He was above all things a painstaking, unempirical, and scientific soldier. By constitution

he was a rigid causationist, and knew as well as Napoleon that great ends are unattainable until the means which produce them have been summoned into existence. Mr. Cooke tells us that his hero having thrown up his commission in the United States army, found, upon repairing to Richmond in April, 1861, that the South was utterly destitute of the munitions of war essential to her protection :

"All," he says, "had to be organized and put at once into operation—the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and other departments. Transportation, supplies, arms, ammunition—all had to be collected immediately. The material existed, or could be supplied, as the sequel clearly showed ; but as yet there was almost nothing. And it was chiefly to the work of organizing these departments that General Lee and the Military Council addressed themselves with the utmost energy. The result was, that Virginia found herself very soon in a condition to offer a determined resistance. The troops at various camps of instruction were sent to the field, others took their places, and the work of drilling the raw material into soldiers went rapidly on ; supplies were collected, transportation found, workshops for the construction of arms and ammunition sprung up ; small arms, cannon, cartridges, fixed and other ammunition were produced ; and in a time which now seems wholly inadequate for such a result, the Commonwealth of Virginia was ready to take the field against the Federal Government."

We hazard little in saying that to this end no one contributed so powerfully as General Lee. He was the first to laugh his countrymen out of their Quixotic notion that discipline was of little or no value, and to teach them that an armed mob full of courage and enthusiasm was not an army. He induced the many hundreds of men, whom the South poured into Virginia, to submit patiently to daily drill, and to put their faith in the camps of instruction, which owed their existence to him. His resource, ingenuity, and inventiveness were inexhaustible, and while inspiring other men, he allowed them to receive all the credit which they claimed for their activity. If Mr. Jefferson Davis had not found in 1861 such a right hand in Virginia as General Lee, it is more than doubtful whether the battle of Bull Run could ever have been fought.

There are few more striking evidences of the self-abnegation and modesty of Lee's character than the fact that, for more than a year after the commencement of the great American struggle, he was content to stand unobtrusively aside to allow inferior men, like Generals Joe Johnston and Beauregard, to "flame in the forehead of the morning sky." Nothing was more common in the winter of 1861 and the spring of 1862 than to hear men say at Richmond that Lee was "of no account," and that Secession had gained little by his accession to her cause. Such was not the opinion of Mr. Jefferson Davis, who eagerly longed for an opportunity to put him in command of the army of Virginia. At length such an opportunity presented itself, when, on the last day of May, 1862, General Joe Johnston was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. Upon the 3d of June, Lee assumed command of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. From that day forward until the 9th of April, 1865, his life became a term convertible or synonymous with the history for thirty-four months of the North American Continent. Upon both sides, armies of immense magnitude fill the eye of the reader, while generals succeed to generals, strut their hour upon the stage, and then are seen no more. But the American War, as it recedes further and further into the distance, is seen to have derived its shape and form from General Lee more than from any other individual who fought upon either side. It would be difficult to speak or think of the history of Europe between 1800 and 1815 without having the tongue and brain occupied exclusively by Napoleon. Similarly, the name of General Lee has blotted out in North America all recollection of those by whom he was supported or opposed. It is very possible that if, at the end of 1862, Stonewall Jackson had been transferred to the command of that Western Confederate Army which, under Bragg, Joe Johnston, or Hood, became familiar with nothing but disaster, Lee's fame might have been shared or diminished by that of another Virginian luminary. But impartial history will eventually pronounce that it is more impossible to regard either Grant or Sherman as Lee's equals, than to maintain that Wellington and Blucher were greater than Napoleon because they defeated him

at Waterloo. If in these few pages we endeavor, however inadequately, to draw the attention of English soldiers to Lee's great qualities as a commander, especially when acting upon the defensive, we do so in the conviction that the campaign of 1864 is the finest specimen of resisting strategy that the history of any nation, ancient or modern, supplies. It deserves as well to be studied in this light by professional critics like Colonel Hamley or Colonel Chesney, as the famous campaign of Napoleon in 1796 to be viewed as a model of scientific offensive warfare. And we are but repeating the opinion of the ablest historian that this campaign of 1864 has yet found—we allude to Mr. Swinton, the author of an excellent book called "The Army of the Potomac"—when we say that, if the issue of the American War had depended solely upon the two rival armies which opposed each other in Virginia, the Stars and Stripes would never have floated above the Capitol of Richmond. Vast as were the resources in men and material of which in 1864 General Grant disposed, it was not by General Grant that Richmond was taken, but by General Sherman. If any American doubts the correctness of this view, we beg to refer him to the passage in Mr. Swinton's book which describes the hopelessness and dejection of General Grant's army after their bloody repulse at Cold Harbor upon the 3d of June, 1864. But, in addition to the testimony of Mr. Swinton, who served himself with the Northern army, and was an eye-witness of the deep dejection which he describes, we might easily quote many other facts which irrefragably substantiate this view, and dissipate the sophisms advanced in the case which our cousins have submitted to the Arbitrators at Geneva, that the battle of Gettysburg was the death of the Rebellion. Whenever the private letters of Mr. Stanton, the War Secretary at Washington, shall see the light, it will be conceded, even by the most thoughtless of readers, that if the fate of the contest had depended solely on Lee and Grant, the great Republic would not to-day be one and indivisible.

"So gloomy," says Mr. Swinton, "was the military outlook after the action at Cold Harbor, and to such a degree by consequence had the moral spring of the public mind become relaxed, that there was at this time great danger of a collapse

of the war. The history of this conflict, truthfully written, will show this. The archives of the State Department, when one day made public, will show how deeply the Government was affected by the want of military success, and to what resolutions the Executive had in consequence come. Had not success elsewhere come to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to raise new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, was the Army of the Potomac no more."

In reference to this famous campaign of 1864, which, although Mr. Swinton is its hitherto best historian, still stands much in need of a Jomini or a Napier, we have but space for the following passage from General Lee's last biographer:

"The campaign of one month," says Mr. Cooke, "from May 4 to June 4, had cost the Federal commander 60,000 men and 3000 officers, while the loss of Lee did not exceed 18,000 men (*of whom few were officers*). The result would seem an unfavorable comment upon the choice of route made by General Grant. General McClellan, two years before, had reached Cold Harbor with trifling losses. To attain the same point had cost General Grant a frightful number of lives. Nor could it be said that he had any important successes to offset this loss. He had not defeated his adversary in any of the battle-fields of the campaign, nor did it seem that he had stricken him any serious blow. The army of Northern Virginia, not reinforced until it reached Hanover Junction, and then only by about 9000 men, had repulsed every assault; and in a final trial of strength with a force vastly its superior, had inflicted upon the enemy, in about an hour, a loss of 13,000 men."

When we urge upon military students the importance of giving an attentive study to this campaign of 1864, it may be as well to whet their appetite by stating the comparative numbers of the two rival armies. Lee's numbers upon the 1st of May were, as nearly as possible, 50,000 men. Within the month he was joined at Hanover Junction by 9000 more. General Grant opened the campaign in command of 141,161 men. Within the month, and in fact from the very commencement of the bloody struggle, Grant received reinforcements

day by day, which amounted to more than 100,000 additional men before he crossed the James River. Lee's army," says Mr. Cooke, "small as it was, was wretchedly supplied. Half the men were in rags, and, worse still, were but one-fourth fed. When Lee met his enemy at the commencement of May, the men were gaunt, half-starved, and in no condition to enter into so arduous a campaign." We submit to all military readers that never yet did 59,000 men quit them more gloriously than these tattered and starving Southern regiments. "Never let me hear," says Sir Walter Scott, "that brave blood has been shed in vain—it sends a roaring voice down through all time." It is not necessary to comment upon the magnificent abundance and variety of food, drink and munitions of war supplied to the 250,000 men who followed General Grant; but when military epicures, while familiarizing themselves with every detail of Wörth and Sedan, profess themselves unable to study the irregular conflicts of two armed American mobs, we venture to tell them that, in all that constitutes true manliness, the Transatlantic Civil War far surpasses the Franco-German conflict. Nothing is easier, says the steward of Molière's miser, than to give a great dinner with plenty of money; the really great cook is he who can set out a banquet with no money at all. General Grant in 1864 drew upon an almost inexhaustible treasury; General Lee's account was heavily overdrawn before the campaign began. Nevertheless, it is every day more and more patent that Mr. Swinton was right in believing that the ragged, famished, and suffering regiments of Secession, numbering altogether but 59,000 men, would have discomfited their 250,000 opponents, if General Sherman and his Western army had not revived the spirits and reanimated the courage of his drooping colleague in Virginia. *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

Having paid our tribute to Lee's great, if not matchless, qualities as a defensive soldier, we proceed, in conclusion, to offer a few remarks upon the causes of his failure when called upon to assume the offensive, or to turn to advantage the victories which he had gained when acting on the defensive. It can not be doubted that the two great stains on his military reputation were, first, his omission to "use up" the Federal Army of General Burnside before

it recrossed the river Rappahannock after the battle of Fredericksburg; and secondly, his handling of the Confederate army in the Gettysburg campaign. Any body who carefully studies Lee's military genius will come to the conclusion that he was admirably bold when weak, but that he became unduly cautious when he was, comparatively speaking, strong. To our thinking, the unhappiest mistake which he ever made was his rejection of the earnest advice offered on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg by General J. E. B. Stuart. It was the opinion of this fiery young Confederate general that Burnside's host, huddled together in and about the little city of Fredericksburg, and with a broad and deep river, spanned only by three pontoon-bridges, in its rear, would offer little resistance if vigorously attacked on the night of the 13th or 14th of December—the battle itself, in which not more than 25,000 Confederate soldiers had taken active part, having been fought on the 13th.* Unfortunately, Lee cherished the belief that Burnside would renew his attack; and he was satisfied that, in that event, he would have the Federal army at his mercy. But when the morrow of the battle passed without any fresh attack on the part of the Federals, it was a lamentable error on Lee's part not to have attacked shortly before dawn on the 15th. In our opinion, such an attack would have led to the capitulation of at least one-half, if not two thirds, of Burnside's army; and it is extremely doubtful whether it would not have ended the war. European recognition of Southern independence could hardly have been withheld if the victory of Fredericksburg

* The following extract from General Lee's official report upon the battle of Fredericksburg will be read with interest: "The attack on the 13th," says he, "had been so easily repulsed, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his efforts to one attempt, which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations and the extent of his force, seemed to be comparatively insignificant. Believing, therefore, that he would attack us, it was not deemed expedient to lose the advantage of our position. But we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the darkness of the night and the prevalence of a violent storm of rain and wind, to recross the river. The town was immediately reoccupied, and our positions on the river-bank resumed."—[Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia from June to December, 1862, vol. i. p. 43.]

had been turned into a Waterloo. No one who is acquainted with the low *morale* of the Federals after their bloody repulse before Marye's Heights, will entertain any doubt that during those three crucial days which intervened between the battle and the Federal retreat across the river, Lee had his enemy in his power. As for the Federal guns on Stafford Heights, of which the fire, according to some critics, would have decimated the Confederates, there is little doubt that their projectiles would have been equally destructive to both armies.

But if Lee's inaction after Fredericksburg was, as we have called it, an unhappy or negative blunder, undoubtedly the greatest positive blunder of which he was ever guilty was the unnecessary onslaught which he gratuitously made against the strong position into which, by accident, General Meade fell back at Gettysburg. We have good reason for saying that, during the five years of calm reflection which General Lee passed at Lexington, after the conclusion of the American war, his maladroit manipulation of the Confederate army during the Gettysburg campaign was to him a matter of ceaseless self-reproach. "If," said he on many occasions, "I had taken General Longstreet's advice on the eve of the second day of battle at Gettysburg, and had filed off the left corps of my army behind the right corps, in the direction of Washington and Baltimore, along the Emmetsburg road, the Confederates would to-day be a free people." There can now be no doubt that before Gettysburg, General Lee was, to use a homely expression, "too big for his breeches." Never had the Confederates been so full of fight; and on the first day of battle, the Federals who, under General Reynolds, came into collision with Stonewall Jackson's old corps, then commanded by Ewell, were driven like chaff before the wind. Lee's true policy, after reconnoitering the position into which, by the merest chance, and in no degree by his own deliberate choice, General Meade had been driven, was to have abstained from attacking his enemy. "You are at the head of an invading army," wrote Napoleon to Marmont not long before the battle of Salamanca, "and ought never to fight a battle except on the ground of your own choosing. *Il n'y a ni si, ni mais*; choose your own battle-field, force your enemy to attack you upon it, and never

yield it so long as one living Frenchman is left." Wise words, which it would have been well if General Lee—who, by the by, was little familiar with any of Napoleon's campaigns or maxims—had known and taken to heart during those three opening days of July which, in 1863, he passed in Pennsylvania. But even after the second day of battle, which had taught him the strength of his enemy's position, there was time for him to have reconsidered his plan, and to have followed General Longstreet's advice. We close the volume of General Lee's life with the conviction that the contemplation of this battle of Gettysburg will forever prevent his being ranked as a great offensive general. But, *en revanche*, when it became necessary for him to assume the offensive-defensive, he will bear comparison with any general of modern times. His tactical management of the troops which drove McClellan away from before Richmond in 1862, and of those which won the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863, is above all praise. But it was in purely defensive strategy that he most shone. We are willing to stand upon the campaign of 1864, and to abide the judgment which enlightened and impartial students will be constrained to pass upon it.

The fame and character of General Lee will hereafter be regarded in Europe and in America under a dual aspect. In Europe we shall regard him merely as a soldier; and it is more than probable that within the present century we shall have accustomed ourselves to regard him as a third upon the list of English-speaking generals, and as having been surpassed in soldierly capacity by Marlborough and Wellington alone. In America, when the passions of the great Civil War shall have died out, Lee will be regarded more as a man than as a soldier. His infinite purity, self-denial, tenderness, and generosity, will make his memory more and more precious to his countrymen when they have purged their minds of the prejudices and animosities which civil war invariably breeds. They will acknowledge before long that Lee took no step in life except in accordance with what he regarded as, and believed to be his duty; and they will hold up his example, no less than that of Abraham Lincoln, as one of the brightest patterns which they can set before their children. Let us conclude by quoting one final story which ought to be without influence upon

men like General Grant, who, although owing his elevation in life to the magnificent resistance made by the South, seems now to lose no opportunity of demonstrating his vindictive resentment against Southern men :

"A still more suggestive exhibition," says Mr. Cooke, "of Lee's freedom from rancor, was presented in an interview which is thus described by a citizen of the North : 'One day last autumn, the writer saw General Lee standing at his gate, in Lexington, talking pleasantly to a humbly-clad man, who seemed very much pleased at the cordial courtesy of the great chieftain, and turned off, evidently delighted, as

I and my companion came up. After exchanging salutations, and in answer to my queries, the General said, pointing to the retreating form, "He is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances." I took it for granted that it was some Confederate veteran, when the noble-hearted chieftain quietly corrected me by saying, "He fought on the other side; but we must not think of that." I afterwards ascertained—not from General Lee, who never alluded to his charities—that he had not only spoken kindly to the old soldier who had fought on the other side, but had sent him away rejoicing in a liberal contribution to his necessities.'"

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ATRA CURA.

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
To where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!"

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. Why should you rebuke Bell for occasionally using one of those quaint American phrases, which have wandered into this country? I can remember a young person who had a great trick of quoting Italian—especially in moments of tenderness—but that was a long time ago—and perhaps she has forgotten——"

"It is shameful of you," says Queen Titania, hastily, "to encourage Bell in that way. She would never do any thing of the kind but for you. And you know very well that quoting a foreign language is quite a different thing from using those stupid Americanisms which are only fit for negro-concerts."

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. When America started in business on her own account, she forgot to furnish herself with an independent language; but ever since she has been working hard to supply the want. By and by you will find an American language—sharp, concise, expressive—built on the diffuse and heavy foundations of our own English. Why should not Bell use those tentative phrases which convey so much in so few syllables?

Why call it slang? What is slang but an effort at conciseness?"

Tita looked puzzled, vexed, and desperate; and inadvertently turned to Count von Rosen, who was handing the sugar-basin to Bell. He seemed to understand the appeal, for he immediately said—

"Oh, but you do know, that is not the objection. I do not think Mademoiselle talks in that way, or should be criticised about it by any one; but the wrong that is done by introducing the slang words is, that it destroys the history of a language. It perverts the true meaning of roots—it takes away the poetry of derivations—it confuses the student."

"And who thought of students when the various objects in life were christened? And whence came the roots? And is not language always an experiment, producing fresh results as people find it convenient, and leaving students to frame laws as they like? And why are we to give up succinct words or phrases because the dictionaries of the last generation consecrated them to a particular use? My dear children, the process of inventing language goes on from year to year, changing, modifying, supplying, and building up new islands out of the common sand and the sea. What to-day is slang, to-morrow is language, if one may be permitted to parody Feuerbach. And I say that Bell, having an accurate ear for fit

sounds, shall use such words as she likes ; and if she can invent epithets of her own——”

“ But, please, I don't wish to do any thing of the kind,” says Bell, looking quite shamefaced.

That is just the way of those women : interfere to help them in a difficulty, and they straightway fly over to the common enemy, especially if he happens to represent a social majority.

I began to perceive about this stage of our journey that a large number of small articles over which Bell had charge were now never missing. Whenever she wanted a map, or a guide-book, or any one of the things which had been specially intrusted to her, it was forthcoming directly. Nay, she never had, like Tita, to look for a hat, or a shawl, or a scarf, or a packet of bezique-cards. I also began to notice that when she missed one of those things, she somehow inadvertently turned to our Lieutenant, who was quite sure to know where it was, and to hand it to her on the instant. The consequence on this morning was, that when we all came down prepared to go out for an exploration of Oxford, we found Bell at the window of the coffee-room, already dressed, and looking placidly out into the High-street, where the sunlight was shining down on the top of the old-fashioned houses opposite, and on the brand-new bank, which, as a compliment to the prevailing style of the city, has been built in very distinguished Gothic.

It was proposed that we should first go down and have a look at Christ Church.

“ And that will just take us past the post-office,” said Bell.

“ Why, how do you know that ? Have you been out ?” asked Tita.

“ No,” replied Bell, simply. “ But Count von Rosen told me where it was.”

“ Oh, I have been all over the town this morning,” said the Lieutenant, carelessly. “ It is the finest town that I have yet seen—a sort of Gothic Munich, but old, very old—not new, and white like Munich, where the streets are asking you to look at their fine buildings. And I have been down to the river—that is very fine, too—even the appearance of the old colleges and buildings from the meadows—that is wonderful.”

“ Have you made any other discoveries this morning,” said Queen Tita, with a gracious smile.

“ Yes,” said the young man, lightly. “ I have discovered that the handsome young waiter who gave us our breakfast—that he has been a rider in a circus, which I did suspect myself, from his manner and attitudes—and also an actor. He is a very fine man, but not much spirit. I was asking him this morning why he is not a soldier. He despises that, because you pay a shilling a day. That is a pity your soldiers are not—what shall I say ?—respectable ; that your best young men do not like to go with them, and become under-officers. But I do not know he is good stuff for a soldier—he smiles too much, and makes himself pleasant. Perhaps that is only because he is a waiter.”

“ Have you made any other acquaintances this morning ?” says Tita, with a friendly amusement in her eyes.

“ No, no one—except the old gentleman who did talk politics last night. He is gone away by the train to Birmingham.”

“ Pray when do you get up in the morning ?”

“ I did not look that ; but there was no one in the streets when I went out, as there would be in a German town ; and even now there is a great dullness. I have inquired about the students—they are all gone home—it is a vacation. And a young lady in a book-shop told me that there is no life in the town when the students are gone—that all places close early—that even the milliners' shops are closed just now at half-past seven, when they are open till nine when the students are here.”

“ And what,” says my lady, with a look of innocent wonder, “ what have the students to do with milliners' shops that such places should be kept open on *their* account ?”

No one could offer a sufficient solution of this problem ; and so we left the coffee room and plunged into the glare of the High-street.

It would be useless to attempt here any detailed account of that day's long and pleasant rambling through Oxford. To any one who knows the appearance and the associations of the grand old city—who is familiar with the various mass of crumbling colleges, and quiet cloisters, and grassy quadrangles—who has wandered along the quaint clean streets that look strangely staid and orthodox, and

are as old as the splendid elms that break in continually on the lines and curves of the prevailing architecture—to one who has even seen the city at a distance, with its many spires and turrets set amid fair, green meadows, and girt about with the silver windings of streams—any such brief recapitulation would be inexpressibly bald and useless; while he to whom Oxford is unknown can learn nothing of its beauties and impressions without going there. Our party absolutely refused to go sight-seeing, and were quite content to accept the antiquarian researches of the guide-books on credit. It was enough for us to ramble leisurely through the old courts and squares and alleys, where the shadows lay cool under the gloomy walls, or under avenues of magnificent elms.

But first of all we paid a more formal visit to Christ Church, and on our way thither the Lieutenant stopped Bell at the post-office. She begged leave to ask for letters herself; and presently reappeared with two in her hand.

"These are from the boys," she said to my Lady; "there is one for you and one for papa."

"You have had no letters?" said Tita.

"No," answered Bell, somewhat gravely as I fancied; and for some time after she seemed rather thoughtful and anxious.

As we paused underneath the archway in front of the sunlit quadrangle of Christ Church, the letters from the boys were read aloud. This is the first one, which shows the pains a boy will take to write properly to his mother, especially when he can lay his hands on some convenient guide-book to correspondence.

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR MAMMA—I take up my pen to let you know that I am quite well, and hope that this will find you in the enjoyment of good health. My studdies are advancing favably, and I hope I shall continue to please my teacher and my dear parents, who have been so kind to me, and are anxious for my wellfare. I look foward with much delight to the ap-roarching hollidays, and I am, my dear mamma,

"Your affectionate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. He does gallop so; and he eats beans."

Master Tom, on the other hand, showed

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ed that the fear of his mother was not on him when he sat down to write. Both of them had evidently just been impressed with the pony's galloping; for the second letter was as follows:

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—He does gallop so, you can't think (this phrase, as improper, was hastily scored through) and I took him down to the river and the boys were very Impertinent and I rode him down to the river and they had to run away from their clothes and he went into the river a good bit and was not afraid but you know he can not swim yet as he is very young Harry French says and Doctor Ashburton went with us yesterday my dear papa to the ferry and Dick was taken over in the ferry and we all went threw the trees by Ham House and up to Ham Common and back by Richmond bridge and Dick was not a bit Tired. But what do you think my dear papa Doctor Ashburton says all our own money won't pay for his hay and corn and he will starve if you do not send some please my dear papa to send some at once because if he starves once he will not get right again and the Ostler says he is very greedy but he is a very good pony and very intelgent dear papa Doctor Ashburton has bawt us each a riding-whip but I never hit him over the ears which the Ostler says is dangerus and you must tell the German gentleman that Jack and I are very much obled [scored out] obledg [also scored out] obliged to him, and send our love to him and to dear Auntie Bell and to dear Mamma and I am my dear papa your affexnate son,

"TOM."

"It is really disgraceful," said the mother of the scamps, "the shocking way those boys spell. Really, Doctor Ashburton must be written to. At their age, and with such letters as these—it is shameful."

"I think they are very clever boys," said Bell, "and I hope you won't impose extra lessons on them just as they have got a pony."

"They ought not to have had the pony until they had given a better account of themselves at school," said my Lady, severely; to which Bell only replied by saying, in a pensive manner, that she wished she was a boy of nine years of age, just become possessed of a pony, and living in the country.

We spent a long time in Christ Church,

more especially in the magnificent Hall, where the historical portraits greatly interested Bell. She entered into surmises as to the sensations which must have been felt by the poets and courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's time when they had to pay compliments to the thin-faced, red-haired woman who is here represented in her royal satins and pearls; and wondered whether, after they had celebrated her as the Queen of Beauty, they afterwards reconciled these flatteries to their conscience by looking on them as sarcasm. But whereas Bell's criticism of the picture was quite gentle and unprejudiced, there was a good deal more of acerbity in the tone in which Queen Tita drew near to speak of Holbein's Henry VIII. My firm belief is, that the mother of those two boys at Twickenham, if she only had the courage of her opinions—and dared to reveal those secret sentiments which now find expression in decorating our bed-rooms with missal-like texts, and in the use of Ritualistic phrases to describe ordinary portions of the service and ordinary days of the year—would really be discovered to be—but let that pass. What harm Henry VIII. had done her, I could not make out. Any one may perceive that that monarch has not the look of an ascetic; that the contour of his face and the setting of his eyes are not particularly pleasing; that he could not easily be mistaken for Ignatius Loyola. But why any woman of these present days, who subscribes to Mudie's, watches the costumes of the Princess of Wales, and thinks that Dr. Pusey has been ungenerously treated, should regard a portrait of Henry VIII. as though he had done her an injury only the week before last, it is not easy to discover. Bell, on the other hand, was discoursing to the Lieutenant about the various workmanship of the pictures, and giving him a vast amount of information about technical matters, in which he appeared to take a deep interest.

"But did you ever paint upon panel yourself, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Bell, "I was at one time very fond of it. But I never made it so useful as a countryman of mine once suggested it might be. He was a Cumberland farmer who had come down to our house at Ambleside, and when he saw me painting on a piece of wood, he looked at it with great curiosity.

" 'Heh, lass,' he said, 'thou's pentin a fine pictur there, and on wood, too. Is't for the yell-house?'

" 'No,' I said, explaining that I was painting for my own pleasure, and that it was not a public-house sign.

" 'To please thysel, heh? And when thou's dune wi' the pictur, thou canst plane it off the wood, and begin another—that's thy meanin', is't?'

"I was very angry with him, for I was only about fifteen then, and I wanted to send my picture to a London exhibition."

"Why, I did see it down at Leatherhead!" said Von Rosen. "Was not that the picture, on panel, near the window of the dining-room?"

"Come, come!" said Titania to the girl, who could not quite conceal the pleasure she felt on hearing that the Count had noticed this juvenile effort of hers; "come along, and let us see the library before we go into the open air again."

In the library, too, were more portraits and pictures, which these young people were much interested in. We found it impossible to drag them along. They would loiter in some corner or other, and then, when we forsook our civil attendant and went back for them, we found them deeply engrossed in some obscure portrait or buried in a huge parchment-bound folio which the Lieutenant had taken out and opened. Bell was a fairly well-informed young woman, as times go, and knew quite as much of French literature as was good for her; but it certainly puzzled Tita and myself to discover what possible interest she could have in gazing upon the large pages of the Encyclopedia, while the Lieutenant talked to her about D'Alembert. Nor could it be possible that a young lady of her years and pursuits had imbibed so much reverence for original editions as to stand entranced before this or that well-known author whose earliest offspring had been laid hold of by her companion. They both seemed unwilling to leave this library; but Von Rosen explained the matter when he came out—saying that he had never felt so keenly the proverbial impulses of an Uhlan as when he found himself with these valuable old books in his hand, and only one attendant near. I congratulated the authorities of Christ Church on what they had escaped.

Of course we went down to the river

some little time after lunch; and had a look from Folly Bridge on the various oddly-assorted crews that had invaded the sacred waters of the Isis in the absence of the University men. When the Lieutenant proposed that we, too, should get a boat and make a voyage down between the green meadows, it almost seemed as if we were venturing into a man's house in the absence of the owner; but then Bell very prettily and urgently added her supplications, and Tita professed herself not unwilling to give the young folks an airing on the stream. There were plenty of signs that it was vacation-time besides the appearance of the nondescript oarsmen. There was a great show of painting and scraping and gilding visible among that long line of mighty barges that lay under the shadow of the elms, moored to tall white poles that sent a line of silver down into the glassy and troubled water beneath. Barges in blue, and barges in cream and gold, barges with splendid prows and Gorgon figure-heads, barges with steam-paddles and light awnings over the upper deck, barges with that deck supported by pointed arches, as if a bit of an old cloister had been carried down to decorate a pleasure-boat—all these resounded to the blows of hammers, and were being made bright with many colors. The University barge itself had been dragged out of the water, and was also undergoing the same process; although the cynical person who had put the cushions in our boat had just remarked with something of a shrug—

“I hope the mahn as has got the job 'll get paid for it, for the 'Varsity Crew are up to their necks in debt, that's whar they are!”

When once we had got away from Christ Church meadows, there were fewer obstructions in our course; but whether it was that the currents of the river defied the skill of our coxswain, or whether it was that the Lieutenant and Bell, sitting together in the stern, were too much occupied in pointing out to each other the beauties of the scenery, we found ourselves with a fatal frequency running into the bank, with the prow of the boat hissing through the rushes and flags. Nevertheless, we managed to get up to Iffley, and there, having moored the boat, we proceeded to land and walk up to the old church on the brow of the hill.

“It's what they call eerly English,” said the old lady who showed us over the an-

cient building. She was not a talkative person; she was accustomed to get over the necessary information rapidly; and then spent the interval in looking strangely at the tall Lieutenant and his brown beard. She did not betray any emotion when a small gratuity was given her. She had not even said “Thank you” when Von Rosen, on calling for the keys of the church, had found the gate of her garden unhinged, and had labored fully ten minutes in hammering a rusty piece of iron into the wooden post. Perhaps she thought it was Bell who had driven down the gate; but at all events she expressed no sense of gratitude for its restoration.

Near an old yew-tree there was a small grave—new-made and green with grass—on which some careful hand had placed a cross composed exclusively of red and white roses. This new grave, with these fresh evidences of love and kindly remembrance on it, looked strange in the rude old church-yard, where stones of unknown age and obliterated names lay tumbled about or stood awry among the weeds and grass. Yet this very disorder and decay, as Tita said gently, seemed to her so much more pleasant than the cold and sharp precision of the iron crosses in French and German grave-yards, with their grim, fantastic decorations and wreaths of immortelles. She stood looking at this new grave and its pretty cross of roses, and at the green and weather-worn stones, and at the black old yew-tree, for some little time; until Bell—who knows of something that happened when Tita was but a girl, and her brother scarcely more than a child—drew her gently away from us, toward the gate of the church-yard.

“Yes,” said the Lieutenant, not noticing, but turning to the only listener remaining; “that is true. I think your English church-yards in the country are very beautiful—very picturesque—very pathetic indeed. But what you have not in this country are the beautiful songs about death that we have—not religious hymns, or any thing like that—but small, little poems that the country people know and repeat to their children. Do you know that one that says—

Hier schlummert das Herz,
Befreit von betäubenden Sorgen;
Es weckt uns kein Morgen
Zu grösserem Schmerz.

And it ends this way—

Was weinest denn du?
Ich trage nun muthig mein Leiden,
Und rufe mit Freuden,
Im Grabe ist Ruh!

There was one of my comrades in the war—he was from my native place, but not in my regiment—he was a very good fellow—and when he was in the camp before Metz, his companion was killed. Well, he buried him separate from the others, and went about till he got somewhere a grave-stone, and he began to cut out, just with the end of a bayonet, these two verses on the stone. It took him many weeks to do it; and I did hear from one of my friends in the regiment that two days after he had put up the stone, he was himself killed. Oh, it was very hard to have your companion killed beside you, and he is away from his friends, and when you go back home without him—they look at you as if you had no right to be alive and their son dead. That is very hard—I knew it in Sixty-six, when I went back to Berlin, and had to go to see old Madame von Hebel. I do hope never to have that again.”

Is there a prettier bit of quiet river-scenery in the world than that around Iffley Mill? Or was it merely the glamour of the white day that rendered the place so lovely, and made us linger in the open stream to look at the mill and surroundings? As I write, there lies before me a pencil sketch of Bell's, lightly dashed here and there with water-color, and the whole scene is recalled. There is the dilapidated old stone building, with its red tiles, its crumbling plaster, its wooden projections, and small windows, half-hidden amid foliage. Further down the river there are clumps of rounded elms visible; but here around the mill the trees are chiefly poplars, of magnificent height, that stretch up lightly and gracefully into a quiet yellow sky, and throw gigantic lines of reflection down into the still water. Then out from the mill a small island runs into the stream; the wood-work of the sluice-gates bridges the interval; there is a red cow amid the green leafage of the island, and here again are some splendid poplars, rising singly up from the river-side. Then beyond there is another house, then a wooden bridge, a low line of trees; and the river, in a sharp curve, glimmers in the light and loses itself behind low-lying meadows and a marginal growth of willow and flag.

For very shame's sake, the big Lieutenant was forced to offer to take Tita's oar, as we once more proceeded on our voyage; but she definitely refused to endanger our lives by any such experiment. A similar offer on the part of Bell met with a similar fate. Indeed, when this little woman has once made up her mind to do a certain thing, the reserve of physical and intellectual vigour that lies within the slight frame and behind a smooth and gentle face, shows itself to be extraordinary. Place before her some arithmetical conundrum that she must solve in order to question the boys, or give her an oar and engage her to pull for a certain number of miles, and the amount of patient perseverance and unobtrusive energy she will reveal will astonish most people. In the meantime, her task was easy. We were going with the stream. And so we glided on between the green banks, under the railway-bridge, past the village of Kennington, past Rose Isle, with its bowers, and tables, and beer-glasses, and lounging young fellows in white trousers and blue jackets, and so on until we got up to Sandford Lock. Here, also, we fastened the boat to the bank, close by the mill, and went ashore for half an hour's stroll. But while Tita made direct, as she generally does on entering a new village, for the church, the Lieutenant went off in quest of beer; and when we came back to the boat, he had a wonderful story to tell us. He had made friends with some innkeeper or other, and had imbibed from him a legend which was a curious mixture of fact and inference and blunder. Von Rosen had doubtless mistaken much of the Oxfordshire *patois*; for how could any man make a reasonable narrative out of the following?

“And he told me it was a farmer's house in the village—the village of Sandford, I suppose—and while they took it down to repair it, they were lifting up the floors, and many strange things were there. And he said among the nonsense and useless rubbish they were finding there, was a hat; and the man brought the hat down to him; and he saw it was a cavalier's hat——”

“A cavalier's hat,” suggested Bell; and the Lieutenant assented.

“Then the farmer went up to the house, and he found some hidden letters, and one was to Ettrick—to some soldier who was

then on a campaign at the river Ettrick in the north. And they found that it was in this very house that King Charles the First did cut off his beard and mustache—I suppose when he was flying from the Parliamentary army; but I am forgetting all about that history now, and the inn-keeper was not sure about the battle. Well, then, the news was sent to London; and a gentleman came down who is the only surviving descender—descendant—of King Charles, and he took away the hat to London, and you will find it in the British Museum. It is a very curious story, and I would have come after you, and showed you the houses; but I suppose it is a new house now, and nothing to look at. But do you know when the king was in this neighborhood in escaping?"

Here was a poser for a woman.

"I don't remember," says Tita, looking very profound, "to have seen any thing about Oxford in Lord Clarendon's narrative of the king's escape after the battle of Worcester."

"Mamma!" said Bell, in accents of reproach, "that was Charles the Second."

"To be sure it was," returned Tita, with a gesture of impatience; "and he couldn't have come this way, for he went to Bristol. But Charles the First was continually at Oxford—he summoned the Parliament to meet him here——"

"And shaved off his beard to curry favor with them," it is suggested.

"You needn't laugh. Of course, when he was finally defeated he fled from Oxford, and very probably disguised himself."

"And when did he fly, and whither?"

"To Scotland," said Bell, triumphantly, "and after the battle of Naseby."

"Good girl. And where is Naseby?"

"Well, if he fled north-east from the Parliamentary army, Naseby must be in the south-west; and so I suppose it is somewhere down about Gloucester."

"Herr Professor Oswald, where is Naseby?"

"I do not know," says the Lieutenant; "but I think it is more in the north, and not far from the country of your great man Hampden. But he was killed before then, I think."

"And pray," says Queen Tita, taking her seat, and putting her oar into the row-lock, "will you please tell me what you think of those men—of Cromwell and

Hampden and those—and what your historians say of them in Germany?"

"Why, they say all kinds of things about them," said the Lieutenant, lightly—not knowing that he was being questioned as a representative of the feudal aristocracy of a country in which the divine right of kings is supposed to flourish—"just as your historians do here. But we know very well that England has got much of her liberty through that fight with the king, and yet you have been able to keep a balance and not let the lowest classes run riot and destroy your freedom. They were ambitious? Yes. If a man is in politics, does not he fight hard to make his side win? If he is a soldier, does not he like to be victorious? And if I could be King of England, do you not think I should like that very well, and try hard for it? But if these men had their own ambitions, and wanted to get fame and honor, I am sure they had much of righteousness and belief, and would not have fought in that way and overturned the king if they believed that was an injury to their country or to their religion. And besides what could this man or that man have done except he had a great enthusiasm of the nation behind him—if he did not represent a principle? But I have no right to speak of such things as if I were telling you of our German historians. That is only my guess—and I have read not much about it. But you must not suppose that because we in Germany have not the same political system that you have, that we can not tell the value of yours, and the good it has done to the character of your people. Our German historians are many of them professors in universities; and they spend their lives in finding out the truth of such things; and do you think they care what may be the opinion of their own Government about it? Oh, no. They are very independent in the universities—much too independent, I think. It is very pleasant when you are a very young man, to get into a university, and think yourself very wise, and go to extremes about politics, and say hard things of your own country; but when you come out into the world, and see how you have to keep your country from enemies that are not separated by the sea from you, (as you are here in England,) you see how bad are these principles among young men, who do not like to be obedient, and always want to hurry on new systems of government before such things

are possible. But you do not see much of those wild opinions when a war comes, and the young men are marched together to save their country. Then they forget all the democratic notions of this kind—it is their heart that speaks, and it is on fire—and not one is ashamed to be patriotic, though he may have laughed at it a week before.”

“It must be very hard,” said Bell, looking away at the river, “to leave your home and go into a foreign country, and know that you may never return.”

“Oh, no; not much,” said the Lieutenant; “for all your friends go with you. And you are not always in danger—you have much entertainment at times, especially when some fight is over, and all your friends meet again to have a supper in the tent, and some one has got a bottle of cognac, and some one else has got a letter from home, full of gossip about people you know very well. And there is much fun, too, in riding over the country, and trying to find food and quarters for yourself and your horse. We had many good parties in the deserted farmhouses, and sometimes we caught a hen or a duck that the people had neglected to take, and then we kindled a big fire, and killed him, and fixed him on a lance, and roasted him well, feathers and all. Then we were very lucky—to have a fire and good meat, and a roof to keep off the rain. But it was more dangerous in a house—for it was difficult to keep from sleeping after you had got warm and had eaten and drunk perhaps a little too much wine—and there were many people about ready to fire at you. But these are not heroic stories of a campaign, are they, Mademoiselle?”

Nevertheless, Mademoiselle seemed sufficiently interested; and as Tita and I pulled evenly back to Iffley and Oxford, she continually brought the Lieutenant back to this subject by a series of questions. This modern maiden was as anxious to hear of the amusements of patrols, and the hair-breath escapes of dare-devil sub-lieutenants, as was Desdemona to listen to her lover's stories of battles, sieges, fortunes, and moving accidents by flood and field.

That was a pleasant pull back to Oxford, in the quiet of the summer afternoon, with the yellow light lying warmly over the level meadows and the woods. There were more people now along the banks of the river—come out for the most part in

couples to wander along the pathway between the stream and the fields. Many of them had a good look at Bell; and the Radley boys, as they sent their long boats spinning down the river towards Sandford, were apparently much struck. Bell, unconscious of the innocent admiration of those poor boys, was attending much more to the talk of our Uhlan than to her tiller-ropes. As for him—but what man would not have looked contented under these conditions—to be strong, healthy, handsome, and only twenty-five; to have comfortable means and an assured future; to have come out of a long and dangerous campaign with honor and sound limbs; to be off on a careless holiday through the most beautiful country, take it for all in all, in the world; and to be lying lazily in a boat on a summer's evening, on a pretty English river, with a pretty English girl showing her friendly interest and attention in every glance of her blue eyes?

You should have seen how naturally these two fell behind us, and formed a couple by themselves, when we had left the boat and were returning to our inn. But as we walked up to Carfax, Bell separated herself from us for a moment and went into the post-office. She was a considerable time there. When she came out she was folding up a letter which she had been reading.

“You have got your letter at last,” said Tita.

“Yes,” said Bell, gravely, but showing no particular gladness or disappointment.

At dinner she was rather reserved; and so, curiously enough, was the Lieutenant. After dinner, when we were allowed half an hour by ourselves for a cigar, he suddenly said—

“Why do you not interfere with that stupid young fellow?”

“Who?” I asked, in blank amazement.

“Why that young fellow at Twickenham—it is quite monstrous, his impertinence. If I were the guardian of such a girl, I would kick him—I would throw him into the river and cool him there.”

“What in all the world do you mean?”

“Why, you must know. The letter that Miss Bell did ask for more than once, it is from him; and now when it comes, it is angry, it is impertinent—she is nearly cry-

ing all the time at dinner. It is for some one to interfere, and save her from this insult—this persecution——”

“Don’t bite your cigar to pieces, but tell me, if you please, how you happen to know what was in the letter.”

“She told me,” said the Lieutenant, with a stare.

“When?”

“Just before you came down to dinner. It is no business of mine—no; but when I see her vexed and disturbed, I asked her to tell me why. And then she said she had got this letter, which was a very cruel one to send. Oh, there is no mystery—none. I suppose he has a right to marry her—very well; but he is not married yet, and he must not be allowed to do this.”

“Bell at least might have told me of it, or have confided in Tita——”

“Oh, she is telling her now, I dare say. And she will tell you too, when there are not all of us present. It is no secret, or she would not have told me. Indeed, I think she was sorry about that; but she was very much vexed, and I asked her so plain, that she answered me. And that is much better to have confidence between people, instead of keeping all such vexations to yourself. Then I ask her why he is angry? and she says only because she has gone away. Pfui! I have never heard such nonsense!”

“My dear Oswald,” I say to him, “don’t you interfere between two young people who have fallen out, or you will suffer. Unless, indeed——”

“Unless what?”

“Unless they happen to be angels.”

“Do you know this—that he is coming to see her?”

“Well, the phaeton can hold five at a pinch. Why should not we have an addition to our party?”

“Very good. I do not care. But if he is rude to her, he will not be very long in the phaeton.”

“Why, you stupid boy, you take those lovers’ quarrels *au grand sérieux*. Do you think he has been positively rude to her? Nothing of the kind. He has been too well brought up for that, although he has a peevish temper. He might be with us all through the journey——”

“*Fott bewahre!*” exclaimed the Count, with a kick at a cork that was lying on the carpet.

“—And these two might be at daggers drawn and you would see nothing of it. Indeed, young people never get extremely courteous to each other until they quarrel and stand on their dignity. Now, if you had seen that letter, you would have found it respectful and formal in the highest degree—perhaps a trifle sarcastic here and there, for the lad unhappily thinks he has a gift that way—but you would find no rhetorical indignation or invective.”

The Count threw his cigar into the grate.

“They will be waiting for us,” he said “let us go.”

We found Tita with the bezique-cards spread out before her. Bell looked up with rather a frightened air, apparently conscious that the Lieutenant was likely to have spoken about what she had confided to him at the impulse of a momentary vexation. However, we sat down.

The game was an open and palpable burlesque. Was Ferdinand very intent on giving checkmate when he played chess with Miranda in the cave; or was he not much more bent upon placing his king in extreme danger and offering his queen so that she had to be taken? The audacious manner in which this young Lieutenant played his cards so as to suit Bell was apparent to every one, though no one dared speak of it, and Bell only blushed sometimes. When she timidly put forth a ten, he was sure to throw away another ten, although he had any amount of aces in his hand. He spoiled his best combinations rather than take tricks when it was clear she wanted to lead. Nay, as he sat next to her, he undertook the duty of marking her various scores, and the manner in which the small brass hand went circling round the card was singular, until Tita suddenly exclaimed—

“Why, that is only a common marriage!”

“And do not you count forty for a common marriage?” he said, with a fine assumption of innocent wonder.

Such was the ending of our first day’s rest; and then, just before candles were lit, a Cabinet Council was held to decide whether, on the morrow, we should choose as our halting-place Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Bourton-on-the-Hill. The more elevated site won the day.

CHAPTER VIII

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

"In olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speake great honour,
All was this land full filled of faerie;
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion, as I read;
I speak of many a hundred years ago;
But now can no man see no elves mo."

THE phaeton stood in the High-street of Oxford. Castor and Pollux, a trifle impatient after the indolence of the day before, were pawing the hard stones, their silken coats shining in the morning sunlight; Queen Titania had the reins in her hands; the tall waiter who had been a circus-rider was ready to smile us an adieu; and we were all waiting for the Lieutenant, who had gone off in search of a map that Bell had forgotten.

If there is one thing more than another likely to ruffle the superhuman sweetness of my Lady's temper, it is to be kept waiting in a public thoroughfare with a pair of rather restive horses under her charge. I began to fear for that young man. Tita turned once or twice to the entrance of the hotel; and at last she said, with an ominous politeness in her tone—

"It does seem to me singular that Count von Rosen should be expected to look after such things. He is our guest. It is no compliment to give him the duty of attending to our luggage."

"My dear," said Bell, leaning over and speaking in very penitent tones, "it is entirely my fault. I am very sorry."

"I think he is much too good-natured," says Tita, coldly.

At this Bell rather recedes, and says, with almost equal coldness—

"I am sorry to have given him so much trouble. In future I shall try to do without his help."

But when the Count did appear—when he took his seat beside Tita, and we rattled up the High-street and round by the Corn-market, and past Magdalen church, and so out by St. Giles's road, the remembrance of this little preliminary skirmish speedily passed away. For once more we seemed to have left towns and streets behind us, and even while there were yet small villas and gardens by the side of the road, the air that blew about on this bright morning seemed to have a new sweetness in it, and

the freshness and pleasant odors of innumerable woods and fields. There was quite a new light, too, in Bell's face. She had come down stairs with an obvious determination to cast aside the remembrance of that letter. There was something even defiant in the manner in which she said—in strict confidence, be it observed—that if Arthur Ashburton did intend to come and meet us in some town or other, there was no use in being vexed about it in the meantime. We were now getting into the open country, where pursuit would be in vain. If he overtook us, it would be through the mechanism of railways. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Bell was to lie in wait for us in one of the big towns through which we must pass.

"But why," said the person to whom Bell revealed these matters, "why should you be afraid to meet Arthur? You have not quarreled with him."

"No," said Bell, looking down.

"You have done nothing that he can object to."

"He has no right to object, whatever I may do," she said with a gentle firmness. "But, you know, he is annoyed, and you can not reason with him; and I am sorry for him—and—and—and what is the name of this little village on the left?"

Bell seemed to shake off this subject from her, as too vexatious on such a fine and cheerful morning.

"That is Woolvercot; and there is the road that leads down to Godstow, and the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, in which Rosamond Clifford lived and died."

"And I suppose she rode along this very highway," said Bell, "with people wondering at her beauty and her jewels, when she used to live at Woodstock. Yet it is a very ordinary-looking road."

Then she touched Tita on the shoulder.

"Are we going to stop at Blenheim?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said our driver.

"I think we ought not," said Bell; "we shall be greatly disappointed, if we do. For who cares about the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture? You know you will be looking about the trees for the old knight with the white beard, and for Alice Lee, and for pretty Phoebe Mayflower, and for Wildrake and the soldiers. Wouldn't it be better to go past the walls, Tita, and fancy that all these old friends of ours are still

walking about inside in their picturesque costume? If we go inside, we shall only find an empty park and a big house, and all those people gone away, just like the fairies who used to be in the woods."

"But what are the people you are speaking of?" said the Count. "Is it from history, or from a romance?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bell, "how much is history, and how much is romance; but I am sure we know the people very well; and very strange things happened inside the park that we shall pass by and by. There was a pretty young lady living there, and a very sober and staid colonel was her lover. The brother of this young lady was much attached to the fortunes of the Stewart's, and he brought the young Prince Charles in disguise to the house; and all the gratitude shown by the Prince was that he began to amuse himself by making love to the sister of the man who had risked his life to save him. And of course the grave colonel discovered it, and he even drew his sword upon Prince Charles——"

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "but do not trouble to tell me the story; for I know it very well. I did read it in Germany years ago; and I think if Colonel Esmond had thrashed the Prince——"

"Oh no, you are mistaken," said Bell, with some wonder; "it is Colonel Markham, not Colonel Esmond; and the brother of the young lady succeeded in getting the Prince away just before Cromwell had time to seize him."

"Cromwell! said our Lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ah, then, it is another story. But I agree with you, Mademoiselle: if you believe in these people very much, do not go into the park, or you will be disappointed."

"As you please," said Tita, with a smile.—I began to observe that when the two young folks agreed about any thing, my Lady became nothing more than an echo to their wishes.

At length we came to the walls that surrounded the great park. Should we leave all its mysteries unexplored? If one were to clamber up, and peep over, might not strange figures be seen, in buff coats and red, with bandoleers and helmets; and an aged knight with a laced cloak, slashed boots, and long sword; countrywomen in white hoods and black gowns;

divines with tall Presbyterian hats and solemn visage; a braggart and drunken soldier of the king, and a colonel the servant of Cromwell? Or might not Queen Elizabeth be descried, looking out as a prisoner on the fair domains around her? Or might not Chaucer be found loitering under those great trees that he loved and celebrated in his verse? Or, behind that splendid wall of chestnuts and elms, was it not possible that Fair Rosamond herself might be walking all alone, passing like a gleam of light through the green shadows of the trees, or sitting by the well that still bears her name, or reading in the heart of that bower that was surrounded by cunning ways? Was it along this road that Eleanor came? Or did Rosamond, surviving all her sin and her splendor, sometimes walk this way with her sister-nuns from Godstow, and think of the time when she was mistress of a royal palace and this spacious park?

We drove into the town of Woodstock. The handful of houses thrown into the circular hollow that is cut in two by the river Glym, was as silent as death. In the broad street that plunged down into the valley, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and even about the old town-hall there were only some children visible. Had the play been played out, and the actors gone forever? When King Henry was fighting in France or in Ireland, doubtless Rosamond, left all by herself, ventured out from the park, and walked down into the small town, and revealed to the simple folks the wonders of her face, and talked to them. No mortal woman could have remained in a bower month after month without seeing any one but her attendants. Doubtless, too, the people in this quaint little town were very loyal toward her; and would have espoused her cause against a dozen Eleanors. And so it happened, possibly, that when the romance came to an end, and Rosamond went to hide her shame and her penitence in the nunnery of Godstow, all the light and color went out of Woodstock, and left it dull and gray, and silent as it is to this day.

The main street of Woodstock, that dips down to the banks of the Glym, rises as abruptly on the other side; and once past the turnpike, the highway runs along an elevated ridge, which on the one side is bounded by a continuation of Blenheim Park, and, on the other, slopes down

to a broad extent of level meadows. When we had got up to this higher ground, and found before us an illimitable stretch of country, with ourselves as the only visible inhabitants, the Lieutenant managed to introduce a remote hint about a song which he had heard Bell humming in the morning.

"I think it was about Woodstock," he said; "and if you will please to sing it now, as we go along, I shall get out for you the guitar."

"If you will be so kind," said Bell, quite submissively.

What had become of the girl's independence? Asked to sing a song at great trouble to herself—for who cares to play a guitar in the back seat of a phaeton, and with two pairs of wheels rumbling an accompaniment?—she meekly thanks him for suggesting it! Nay, it was becoming evident that the girl was schooling herself into docility. She had almost dropped entirely the wild phrases and startling metaphors that so deeply shocked Tita. Sometimes they dropped out inadvertently; and sometimes, too, she gave way to those impulsive imaginative flights that led her unthinkingly into an excitement of talk which Tita used to regard with a sort of amused wonder. But of late all these things were gradually disappearing. She was less abrupt, independent, wayward in her manner. She waited more patiently to receive suggestions from others. She was becoming a good listener; and she received meekly criticisms that would, but a short time before, have driven her into a proud and defiant silence, or provoked some rejoinder a good deal more apt than gentle. It was very odd to mark this amiable self-discipline struggling with her ordinary frank impetuosity; although sometimes, it is true, the latter had the best of it.

On this occasion, when the Lieutenant had jumped down and got out the guitar for her, she took it very obediently; and then Tita rested the horses for a little while under the shadow of some overhanging trees. Of course you know the ballad that Bell naturally turned to, seeing where she was at the moment, and the sort of music she was most familiar with.

"Near Woodstock town I chanced to stray,
When birds did sing and fields were gay,
And by a glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

This was what she sang, telling the story

of the forlorn maiden who was found weeping for her faithless lover, who only wished that he might come and visit her grave, and think of her as "one who loved, but could not hate." Perhaps this old-fashioned ballad is not a masterly composition; but the music of it is expressive enough; and we who were familiar with Bell's ballads had got into a habit of not caring much what she sang, so long as she only continued singing.

"You would make your fortune by singing," said Tita, as Bell finished, and the horses were sent forward.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if all my audience were like you. But I think you must have been lent out as an infant to an old woman with an organ, and so, by merely sitting on the vibrating wood, you have become so sensitive to music that any thing at all pleases you."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "you do yourself an injustice. I never heard a voice like yours, that has the tremble of a zither in it, and is much softer than a zither."

Bell blushed deeply: but to conceal her embarrassment, she said lightly to Tita—

"And how am I to make my fortune? Oh, I know—by coming in after public dinners, to sing grace, and follow the toasts with a glee. I am in white silk, with a blue ribbon round my neck, white gloves, bracelets, and a sheet of music. There is an elderly lady in black velvet and white pearls, who smiles in a pleasant manner—she sings, and is much admired by the long rows of gentlemen—they have just dined, you know, and are very nice and amiable. Then there is the tenor—fair and smooth, with diamond-rings, a lofty expression, and a cool and critical eye, that shows he is quite accustomed to all this. Then there is the stout, red-bearded man who sings bass, and plays the piano for the four of us, and is very fierce in the way he thumps out his enthusiasm about the Queen, and the Navy, and the Army, and the Volunteers. What a happy way of living that must be! They will give us a nice dinner beforehand—in a room by ourselves, perhaps; and all we have to do is to return thanks for it in an emotional way, so that all the waiters shall stand round in a reverential manner. But when that is over, then we introduce a few songs—sprightly, coquettish songs, and the

gentlemen are vastly amused—and you think——”

“Well, what do you think?” said I, seeing that Bell rather hesitated.

“I think,” said Tita, with a smile, “that you are very ungenerous, Bell, in remembering so much of what you saw the other night from the gallery of the Freemasons’ Tavern. Is it fair to recall, in open daylight, in the cool forenoon, the imbecile good-nature and exuberant loyalty of a lot of gentlemen who have just dined? I wonder how many of the husbands there told their wives what sums they signed away under the influence of the wine?”

“I dare say,” says one of the party, “that the wives would be sorry to see so much money go in charity which might otherwise have been squandered in millinery and extravagances.”

“Don’t be ill-tempered, my dear,” says Queen Tita, graciously. “Women are quite as charitable as men; and they don’t need a guinea dinner to make them think of other people. That is a sort of charity that begins at home. Pray how much did *you* put down?”

“Nothing.”

“I thought so. Go to a charity dinner, enjoy yourself, and come away without giving a farthing! You would not find women doing that.”

“Only because they have not the courage.”

“They have plenty of courage in other directions—in getting married, for example, when they know what men are.”

“Knowing that, is it not a pity they choose to make martyrs of themselves? Indeed, their anxiety to become martyrs is astonishing. But what if I say that in the next published list of subscriptions you will find my name down for about as much as your last millinery bill came to?”

“I think that a good deal more likely, for I know the state of philanthropy into which men get at a public dinner—fathers of families, who ought to remember their own responsibilities, and who are impatient enough if any extra bit of comfort or kindness is wanted for their own kith and kin.”

“Some such trifling matter as a fur cloak, for instance, that is bought out of a Brighton shop-window for sixty-five guineas, and is only worn twice or thrice, because some other woman has the neighbor of it.”

“That is not true. You *know* the weather changed.”

“The weather! what weather? Were you at Brighton at the time?”

Titania did not reply for a considerable time. Perhaps she was thinking of some crushing epigram; but at all events Bell endeavored to draw her away from the subject by pointing out another river, and asking whether this or the Glym at Woodstock was the stream associated with the “Oxfordshire Tragedy” she had just been singing. We discovered, however, that this small stream was also the Glym, which here winds round and through the marshy country that Thomas Warton described.* Bell came to the conclusion that the banks by the river at this part were not sufficiently picturesque for the scene of the song, where the love-lorn heroine sits and weeps by a glassy stream, and complains that her lover is now wooing another maid.

Meanwhile, my Lady had given expression to the rebellious thoughts passing through her mind, by admonishing Castor and Pollux slightly; and these accordingly were going forward at a rattling pace. We rushed through Enstone. We dashed along the level highway that lies on the high ground between the Charlford Farms and Heythrop Park. We sent the dust flying behind us in clouds as we scudded down to Chipping Norton; and there, with a fine sweep, we cantered up the incline of the open square, clattered over the stones in front of the White Hart Inn, and pulled up with a noise that considerably astonished the quiet village.

This large open space gives to Chipping Norton a light and agreeable appearance; and on entering the big tall inn that looks down over the square, we found everything very cleanly, bright, and comfortable. The very maid-servant who served us with lunch was a model of maid-servants, and was a very handsome young woman besides, with shining light-blue

* “Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym’s low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent’s oozy stains;
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom’d nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current’s caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck’s early brood.”

eyes and yellow hair. The Lieutenant at once entered into a polite conversation with her, and she informed him, in answer to his respectful inquiries, that she had just come from Folkestone.

"From Folkestone! that is a seaport—a busy place—a large town, is it not?"

"Yes, there *was* some business doing there," said the maid, with an inflection of voice which rather cast discredit on Chipping Norton.

"Don't you find this place dull?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say the people seem to worry themselves much," she replied with a slight curl of the lip.

"That is very good for the health," said the Count gravely. "Now I do think you have a very nice and even temper, that does not irritate you——"

But here my Lady and her companion came into the room, and the conversation ceased; for the Lieutenant had at once to spring up and take charge of the books, maps, and scarves that Bell had brought in with her. And then, when we sat down to lunch, he was entirely engrossed in attending to her wants, insomuch that he was barely civil to the more elderly lady who had from the first been his champion. As for Bell, what had become of her dislike to officers, her antipathy to the German race, her horror of Uhlans? That very morning I had heard on good authority that Bell had been asking in confidence whether England did not owe a great debt to Germany for the gift of Protestantism which that country had sent us. "And were not the Prussians mostly Protestant?" asked Bell. What answer was returned I do not know; for Queen Titania is strong on the point that the word "Protestant" is not scriptural.

"But I have quite forgotten to tell you," remarked the Lieutenant, "that this morning, when I was walking about in Oxford, I came into the theatre. I saw some bills up; I went along a strange passage; I found an iron gate, and much lime and stone, and things like that. A man came—I asked him if I could see the theatre, and he took me into the place, which they are repairing now. Oh, it is a very dingy place—small, tawdry, with ridiculous scenes, and the decorations of the galleries very amusing and dirty. Why, in an old city, with plenty of rich and intelligent people, you have such a pitiful little

theatre?—it is only fit for a country green and wandering actors. In a great university town, you should have the theatre supported by the colleges and the bequests, and hire good actors, and play all the best dramas of your great writers. That would be good education—that would be a good compliment to pay to your great dramatists. But here, in a city where you have much learning, much money, much of your young men of good families being educated, you have only a dingy small show, and I suppose it is farces they play, and wretched dramas, for the townspeople and the farmers. That is not much respect shown to your best authors by your learned institutions."

"No wonder students find the milliners' shops more attractive," said Tita with a smile.

"But I think there is always much interest in an empty theatre," continued the Lieutenant. "I did go all over this poor little building, and saw how it imitated the deceptions of fine theatres in a coarse manner. I saw the rude scenes, the bad traps, the curious arrangements, which I do not think can differ much from the theatre which Shakespeare himself described, where a man was made to represent a city, if I am right."

"You are familiar with the arrangements of a theatre, I suppose?" I say to the Lieutenant.

"Pray tell me if you saw any thing else in Oxford this morning," says Tita, hastily.

"I suppose you could produce a pantomime yourself," I observe to the young man.

"Did you visit any more of the colleges?" said Tita, at the same moment.

"Or get up a ballet?"

"Or go down to the Isis again?"

Von Rosen was rather bewildered; but at last he stammered out.

"No, Madame, I did not go down to the river this morning. I walked from the theatre to the hôtel; for I remained much too long in the theatre. Yes, I know something about the interior of theatres. I have been great friends with the managers and actors, and took great interest in it. I used to be much behind the stage—every night at some times; and that is very curious to a young man who likes to know more than other people, and thinks himself wise not to believe in delusions. I think it is Goethe who has made many of

our young men like to know stage-managers, and help to arrange pieces. But I find that they always end by being very much in love with one of the young ladies, and then they get not to like the theatres, for they do not wish every body to admire her and be allowed to look at her. This is very good for the theatre, however; for they take many boxes, and ask their friends to accompany them, and that pays better than to let out the seats by the year to families. Some of the young men make light of this; others are more melancholy, but afterwards they have much interest in some theatres merely for the sake of the old associations."

"Oh, Bell," exclaimed Tita, turning anxiously to our companion, "did you see that your guitar was properly put away, or has it been left lying open in the phaeton?"

"I did put it away, Madame," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, thank you," said Tita. "I am sure if some of those ostlers were to have their curiosity aroused, we should have no more music all the journey."

And thus, having got the Lieutenant away from rambling reminiscences of theatres, the little woman took very good care he should not return to them; and so we finished luncheon without any catastrophe having happened. Bell had been sitting very quietly during these revelations, scarcely lifting her eyes from the table, and maintaining an appearance of studied indifference. Why should she care about the mention of any actress, or any dozen of actresses. My Lady's anxiety was obviously unnecessary.

CHAPTER IX.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

"Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat."

CHIPPING NORTON is supplied with all the comforts of life. Before leaving for the more inhospitable regions in which we are to pass the night, we take a leisurely walk through the curious little town, that is loosely scattered over the side of a steep slope. Here civilization has crowded all its results together; and Queen Tita is asked whether she could not forsake the busy haunts of men, and exchange that hovering between Leatherhead and Lon-

don, which constitutes her existence, for a plain life in this small country town.

"Chemists' shops abound. There is a subscription reading-room. There are co-operative stores. A theatre invites you to amusement. You may have *Lloya's News*, various sorts of sewing machines, and the finest sherry from the wood——"

"Along with a Wesleyan chapel," she says, with a supercilious glance at the respectable, if somewhat dull-looking little building that fronts the main street.

There is no reply possible to this ungracious sneer; for who can reason, as one of us hints to her, with a woman who would spend a fortune in incense, if only she had it, and who would rejoice to run riot in tall candles?

Bell takes us away from Chipping Norton, the Lieutenant sitting beside her to moderate the vehemence of her pace in the event of her getting into a difficulty. First the road dips down by a precipitous street, then it crosses a hollow, in which there are some buildings of a manufactory, a tiny river, and a strip of common or meadow, and then it ascends to the high country beyond by a steep hill. On the summit of this hill we give the horses a rest for a few seconds, and turn to look at the small town that lies underneath us in the valley. There is a faint haze of blue smoke rising from the slates and tiles. The deadened tolling of a bell marks the conclusion of another day's labor; for already the afternoon is wearing on apace; and so we turn westward again, and set out upon the lofty highway that winds onward towards the setting sun. Small hamlets fringe the road at considerable intervals, while elsewhere our route lies between stretches of heath and long fields. And still the highway ascends, until we reach the verge of a great slope; and, behold! there lies before us a great landscape, half in gloom, half in the dusky yellow light of the evening. And over there, partly shutting out the dark lines of hills in the west, a great veil of rain stretches from the sky to the earth, and through it the sun is shining as through ground glass. But so far away is this pale sheet of yellow mist, that we seem to be above it, and over the level and dark landscape on which it descends; and, indeed, where this veil ends, the sunlight sends forth long shafts of radiance that light up level tracts of the distant and wooded country. What fate is to

befall us when we get down into this plain, and go forward in search of the unknown hostelry at which we are to pass the night?

"I hope the rain will not spread," says Bell, who had been telling us of all the wonders we should find at Bourton-on-the-Hill; "but even if it does rain to-night, we shall be as well off on a hill as in a swamp."

"But at Moreton-in-the-Marsh," says Tita, "there is sure to be a comfortable inn, for it is a big place; whereas Bourton-on-the-Hill appears to be only a small village, and we may find there only a public-house."

"But suppose it should clear?" says Bell; "the moon will be larger to-night, and then we can look down on all this level country from the top of the hill. We have not had a night-walk for a long time, and it will be so much more pleasant than being down in the mists of a marsh."

"And you are prepared to sleep on a couple of chairs in the smoking-room of a public-house?" I ask of Miss Bell.

"I dare say we shall get accommodation of some kind," she replies, meekly.

"Oh, I am quite sure Mademoiselle is right; there is so much more adventure in going to this small place on the top of a hill," cried the Lieutenant.

Of course Mademoiselle was right. Mademoiselle was always right now. And when that was understood, Queen Titania never even attempted to offer an objection, so that in all affairs pertaining to our trip the rude force of numbers triumphed over the protests of an oppressed and long-suffering minority.

But only change the relative positions, and then what a difference there was! When the Lieutenant hinted in the remotest way that Bell might do so and so with the horses, she was all attention. For the first time in her career she allowed the interests of justice to moderate her partiality for Pollux. That animal, otherwise the best of horses, was a trifle older than his companion, and had profited by his years so far as to learn a little cunning. He had got into a trick accordingly of allowing Castor—the latter being younger and a good deal "freer"—to take more than his share of the work. Pollux had acquired the art of looking as if he were perpetually straining at the collar, while all the time he was letting his neighbor exercise to the full that willingness which was his chief

merit. Now Bell had never interfered to alter this unequal division of labor. Queen Tita knew well how to make the older horse do his fair share; but Bell encouraged him in his idleness, and permitted his companion to work out of all reason. Now, however, when the Lieutenant pointed out the different action of the horses, and said she should moderate the efforts of the one, while waking up the other to a sense of his duties, she was quite obedient. When the whip was used at all—which was seldom enough, for both horses were sufficiently free—it was Pollux that felt the silk. The Lieutenant fancied he was giving Bell lessons in driving, whereas he was merely teaching her submissiveness.

That golden sheet of rain had disappeared in the west, and the yellow light had sunk further and further down behind far bands of dark cloud. A gray dusk was falling over the green landscape, and the birds were growing mute in the woods and the hedges. In the pervading silence we heard only the patter of the horses' feet and the light rolling of the phaeton, as we sped onward down the long slopes and along the plain. We passed Four-shire-Stone, the adjacent shires being Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, and Oxford; and then, getting on by a piece of common, we rattled into a long and straggling village, with one or two large and open thoroughfares.

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was asleep, and we left it asleep. There were still a few men lounging about the corner public-house, but the women and children had all retired into the cottages from the chill night-air. In some of the windows the light of a candle was visible. The dark elms behind the houses were growing darker.

Between Moreton and Bourton you plunge still deeper into this great and damp valley, and the way lies through a rich vegetation which seems to have thriven well in this low situation. The hedges along the roadside are magnificent; the elms behind them constitute a magnificent avenue extending for nearly a couple of miles; all around are dense woods. As we drove rapidly through this country, it almost seemed as though we could see the white mists around us, although the presence of the vapor was only known to us by the chilling touch of the air. On this July night we grew cold. Tita hoped there

would be a fire at the hostelry on the top of the mountain, and she besought Bell to muffle up her throat, so that we should not be deprived of our ballads by the way.

At last we beheld the hill before us.

"It is not very like the Niessen," says Tita.

"But I have no doubt there is a very good inn at the top," remarks the Lieutenant; "for after this hill the people would naturally stop to rest their horses."

"And we shall get up to see the sunrise, as we did on the Niessen?" asks Bell, with a fine innocence; for she knows the opinions of some of us on the subject of early rising. "Do you remember the fat little woman who had walked up all by herself, and who came out by herself in the morning, and appealed to us all to tell her the names of the mountains, that she might write them down?"

"And how oddly she turned up again at nearly every railway station we stopped at, with all her luggage around her!" says Tita.

"I believe," says Bell, "she is still sailing all through Europe on a shoal of band-boxes and portmanteaus. I wish I could draw the fat little woman balancing herself in that circle of luggage, you know, and floating about comfortably and placidly like a bottle bobbing about in the sea. She may have drifted up to St. Petersburg by this time."

"I think *we* have," says the Lieutenant, who is leading the horses up the steep hill, and who rubs his chilled hands from time to time.

We reach the centre of the straggling line of houses which must be Bourton, and behold! there is no inn. In the dusk we can descry the tower of a small church, and here the cottages thicken into the position which ought to be dominated by an inn, but there is no sign of any such thing. Have we climbed this precipitous steep, and have Castor and Pollux laboriously dragged our phaeton and luggage up, all for nothing? The Count asks a startled villager, who points to a wayside house standing at the higher extremity of the row. Where is the familiar signboard, or the glowing bar, or the entrance to the stables? Von Rosen surrenders his charge of the horses, and walks into the plain-looking house. It is an inn. We begin to perceive in the dusk that a small board over the doorway bears the name of "SETH

DYDE." We find, however, instead of a landlord, a landlady—a willing, anxious, energetic woman, who forthwith sets to work to take our party into this odd little place. For dinner or supper, just as we choose to call it, she will give us ham and eggs, with either tea or beer. She will get two bedrooms for us; and perhaps the single gentleman will accept a shake-down in the parlor. In that room a fire is lit in a trice; a lamp is brought in; and presently the cheerful blaze in the huge fireplace illuminates the curious old-fashioned chamber, with its carpets and red tablecloth, and gloomy furniture. A large tray appears—an ornamental teapot is produced. Sounds are heard of attendants whipping through the place—so anxious and so dexterous is this good woman. And Queen Tita, who is merciless in one respect, examines the cups, saucers, forks and knives, and deigns to express her sense of the creditable cleanliness and order of the solitary inn.

Meanwhile the horses.

"Oh," says the Lieutenant, coming in out of the dark, "I have found a famous fellow—the first man I have seen in England who does his work well with grooming a horse. He is an excellent fellow—I have seen nothing like it. The horses are well off this night, I can assure you—you will see how good they look to-morrow morning."

"It is strange so good an ostler should be found here," remarks Tita.

"But he is not an ostler," replies the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands at the fire; "he is a groom to some gentleman near. The ostler is away. He does his work as a favor, and he does it so that I think the gentleman must keep some racing horses."

"How do you manage to find out all these things about the people you meet?" asked Titania, with a gracious smile.

"Find out!" replied the tall young man, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not think I find out any more than others. It is people talk to you. And it is better to know a little of a man you give your horses to—and there is some time to talk when you are seeing after the horses—and so—that is perhaps why they tell me."

"But you have not to see about horses when you are in a bookseller's shop at nine in the morning, and the young lady there tells you about the milliners' shops and the students," says my Lady.

"Oh, she was a very nice girl," remarks the Lieutenant, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"But you talk to every one, whether they are young ladies, or innkeepers, or grooms: is it to perfect your pronunciation of English?"

"Yes, that is it," said the young man, probably glad to arrive at any solution of the problem.

"Then you ought not to speak to ostlers."

"But there is no ostler who talks so very bad as I do—I know it is very, very bad——"

"I am *sure* you are mistaken," says Bell, quite warmly, but looking down; "I think you speak very good English—and it is a most difficult language to pronounce—and I am sure there are few Germans who can speak it as freely as you can."

"All that is a very good compliment, Mademoiselle," he said, with a laugh that caused Bell to look rather embarrassed. "I am very glad if I could think that, but it is impossible. And as for freedom of speaking—oh, yes, you can speak freely, comfortably, if you are going about the country, and meeting strangers, and talking to any one, and not caring whether you mistake or not; but it is different when you are in a room with very polite English ladies who are strangers to you—and you are introduced—and you do not know how to say those little sentences that are proper to the time. That is very difficult—very annoying. But it is very surprising the number of your English ladies who have learned German at school; while the French ladies, they know nothing of that, or of any thing that is outside Paris. I do think them the most useless of women—very nice to look at, and very charming in their ways, perhaps—but not sensible, honest, frank like the English women, and not familiar with the seriousness of the world, and not ready to see the troubles of other people. But your Englishwoman who is very frank to be amused and can enjoy herself when there is a time for that—who is generous in time of trouble, and is not afraid, and can be firm and active and yet very gentle, and who does not think always of herself, but is ready to help other people, and can look after a house, and manage affairs—that is a better kind of woman, I think—more to be trust-

ed—more of a companion—oh, there is no comparison!"

All this time the Lieutenant was busy stirring up the fire, and placing huge lumps of coal on the top; and he had obviously forgotten that he was saying these things to two Englishwomen. Tita seemed rather amused, and kept looking at Bell; Bell said nothing, but pretended to be arranging the things on the table. When the Lieutenant came back from the fire, he had apparently forgotten his complimentary speech; and was regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for our supper.

That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. When the chill of driving through the fogs of the plain had worn off, we found that it was not so very cold up here on the hill. A very liberal and honest appetite seemed to prevail; and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our Lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer, to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

Women get accustomed to many things during the course of a rambling journey like this. You should have seen how naturally Queen Tita brought forth the bezique-cards directly after supper, and how unthinkingly Bell fetched some matches from the mantelpiece and placed them on the table. My Lady had wholly forgotten her ancient horror of cigar smoke—in any case, as she pointed out, it was other people's houses we were poisoning with the odor. As for Bell, she openly declared that she enjoyed the scent of cigars; and that in the open air, on a summer evening, it was as pleasant to her as the perfume of the wild roses or the campions.

However, there was no bezique. We fell to talking. It became a question as to which could find the freshest phrases and the strongest adjectives to describe his or her belief that this was the only enjoyable fashion of traveling. The abuse that was poured upon trains, stations, railway porters, and the hurry of cabs in the morning, was excessive. Time-tables of all sorts were spoken of with an animosity which was wonderful to observe when it came along with the soft and pleasant undertones of our Bonny Bell's voice. Tita said she should never go abroad any more.

The Lieutenant vowed that England was the most delightful country in the world to drive through. The present writer remarked that the Count had much to see yet; whereupon the foolish young man declared he could seek for no pleasanter days than those he had just spent, and wished, with some unnecessary emphasis, that they might go on for ever. At this moment Bell rose and went to the window.

Then we heard an exclamation. Looking round, we found the shutters open, and lo! through the window we could see a white glare of moonlight falling in the empty thoroughfare, and striking on the wall on the other side of the way.

"It can not be very cold outside," remarks the young lady.

"Bell!" cries Queen Tita, "you don't mean to go out at this time of night!"

"Why not, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "Was it not agreed before we came up the hill? And when could you get a more beautiful night? I am sure it will be more beautiful than the sunrise from the top of the Niessen."

"Oh, if you think so," says my Lady, with a gentle courtesy, "by all means let us go out for a little walk."

That is the way affairs began to be ordered about to suit the fancies of those young nincompoops. What little vestige of authority remained with the eldest of the group was exerted to secure a provision of shawls and rugs. Bell was not loth. She had a very pretty grey shawl. She had also a smart little grey hat, which suited it; and as the hat was trimmed with blue, the grey shawl could not have a prettier decoration than the blue ribbon of the guitar. Who proposed it I can not say; but Bell had her guitar with her when we went out into the bright wonder of the moonlight.

Bourton-on-the-Hill was now a mass of glittering silver, and sharp, black shadows. Below us we could see the dark tower of the church, gleaming gray on the one side; then a mass of houses in deep shadow, with a radiance shining from their tiles and slates; then the gray road down the hill, and on one side of it a big wall, with its flints sparkling. But when we got quite to the summit, and clambered on to a small piece of common where were some felled trees, what words can describe the extraordinary view that lay around us? The village and its small church seemed to be

now half-way down the hill; whereas the great plain of the landscape appeared to have risen high up on the eastern horizon, where the almost invisible stars met the dark woods of Oxfordshire. Over this imposing breadth of wood and valley and meadow—with its dark lines of trees, its glimmerings of farm-houses, and winding streams—the flood of moonlight lay so softly that the world itself seemed to have grown clear from underneath. There were none of the wild glares of white surfaces, and the ebony blackness of shadows which threw every thing around us into sharp outline; but a far-reaching and mellow glamour that showed us the mists lying along the river-tracks, and only revealed to us the softened outlines and configurations of the land. If there had been a ruddy light in Moreton-in-the-Marsh, we should have seen it; but the distant village seemed dead; and it, as well as all the great tract of wooded country around it, was whitened over by this softened and silent and almost sepulchral radiance that lay somehow between the dark blue vault overhead and the vast plain beneath. It was but a young moon, but the exceeding rarity of the air lent strength to its radiance.

"Does not moonlight give you the impression that you can hear far?" said Bell in a rather low voice, as if the silence and stars had overawed her. "It is like frost. You fancy you could hear bells ringing a hundred miles across the clear air."

"Mademoiselle, you will let us hear your singing in this stillness?" said the Lieutenant.

"No, I can not sing now," she said; and the very gentleness of her voice forbade him to ask again.

We passed along the road. The night air was sweet with the odor of flowers. Out in the west, where the moonlight was less strong, the stars were faintly twinkling. Not a breath of wind stirred; and yet it seemed to us that if a sound had been uttered anywhere in the world, it must have been carried to us on this height. We were as gods up here in the cold sky and the moonlight; and far over the earth, sleep had sealed the lips and the eyes of those poor creatures who had forgotten their sorrows for a time. Should we send them dreams to sweeten their lives by some glimpses of a world different from their own, and cause them to awaken in the

morning with some reminiscence of the trance in their softened memories? Or, would it not be better to drown them in the fast and hard sleep of fatigue, so that the dawn might bring them a firmer heart and no vanity of wishes? Gods as we were, we had no care for ourselves. It was enough to be. Could not the night last for ever, and keep us up here near the stars, and give us content and an absolute want of anxiety for the morrow? Queen Titania wandered on as if she were in an enchanted garden, followed by a black shadow on the gleaming white road; and her face, with all its gentleness and delicacy, seemed to have gained something of a pale and wistful tenderness as the white light shone down over the dark woods and crossed our path. As for Bell—but who can describe the grace of the figure that walked before us—the light touching the gray shawl, and the fine masses of brown hair that hung all around the shapely neck, and the flat, small shoulders? We four were in England, sure enough; but it seemed to us then that we were very much alone, and about as near to the starry world as to the definite landscape lying far away on the plain.

We turned, however, when it was found that the road did not lead to any view of the western country. It seemed to run along a high level, cutting through between sand-pits, farms, and woods; and so we made our way back to the bit of common overlooking Bourton, and there we had a few minutes' rest before getting into the small inn, whose windows were gleaming red into the white moonlight.

"Now you must sing to us something, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant "and here is a fine big tree cut down that we can all sit on; and you shall appear as Apollo in disguise, charming the natives of this landscape with your song."

"But I do not know any thing that Apollo sang," said Bell—sitting down, nevertheless, and taking the guitar from her companion.

"That is no matter. You must think yourself some one else—why not Zerlina, in this strange place, and you see Fra Diavolo sitting alone on the rock, and you sing of him? This is a very good place for highwaymen. I have no doubt they have sat here, and watched the gentleman's carriage come up the road beneath; and then, hey! with a rush and

a flourish of pistols, and a seizing of the horses, and Madame shrieks in the carriage, and her husband, trembling, but talking very brave, gives up his money, and drives on, with much swearing, but very contented to have no hurt."

"You are very familiar with the ways of highway robbers," said Bell, with a smile.

"Mademoiselle, I am an Uhlan," he replied gravely.

Two at least of the party startled the midnight air with their laughter over this unintentional rebuke; but Bell, conscious of past backslidings, seemed rather discomfited, and hastened to say that she would, if he pleased, sing the song in which Zerlina describes the bandit.

She sang it, too, very charmingly, in that strange silence. Knowing that we could not well see her face, she lent herself to the character, and we could hear the terror of Zerlina thrilling through her experiences of the dreaded Diavolo. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the dark woods around us seemed to say. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" throbbed the base strings of the guitar; and the girl's voice trembled in its low tones as she pronounced the name. If any lonely stranger had been passing along the highway at this hour, what would he have thought of this strange thing—a beautiful girl seated overhead, amid the stars, apparently, with the moonlight striking on her exquisite face, and her masses of hair, while she sang in a low and impassioned voice, and struck chords from some strange instrument? Would she not appear as some wild vision of the Lorelei? Or, considering that companions were visible, and some talking and jesting occasionally heard, might not this be a company of strolling play-actors, such as all honest persons were aforetime conjured to discountenance and suppress?*

You know that when Zerlina has sung the first verses of her dramatic song, Diavolo, disguised as a marquis, suddenly rises and sings the concluding verse himself. Bell accordingly handed the guitar to Count von Rosen, with a pretty smile.

* "All persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, ballad-singers, etc., that have not a license from the Master of his Majesty's Revels (which for the present year are all printed in black letters, and the king's arms in red) . . . and all those that have licenses with red and black letters, are to come to the office to change them for licenses as they are now altered. April 17, 1684."

But would a young man, on such a night, sing a ballad about a mere bandit? No! The Lieutenant was not averse to act the character of Diavolo, so far as his minstrelsy went, but he adopted one of his gentler moods. Lightly running his fingers over the strings, he began to sing of Agnese la Zitella, and how had he learned to soften his voice so? The pretty Agnes was told that she was as sweet as the Spring, and then she is made to call forth her lover because the night is so fair—so much fairer than the day—and so silent. 'Tis a pleasant barcarole, and conveys a message as well as another. But lest he should be thought too bold, probably, our Uhlan rose abruptly when he had finished the song, and said lightly, with a laugh—

“There! was not that touching enough for Diavolo? He was a very accomplished person, to have all the rough delights of a brigand, and then go about dressed as a marquis, and amuse himself with adventures. I think they treated him badly in the end, if I do remember right.”

Bell did not answer. She had got back the guitar. Apparently she was looking far down over the moonlit plain—her eyes grown distant and thoughtful—and as her fingers wandered over the strings, we heard, almost as in a dream, the various careless notes shape themselves into a melody—a wild, sad melody, that seemed to breathe the tenderness and the melancholy of this still night. “Silent, O Moyle, be the sound of thy waters”—perhaps that was the air; or perhaps it was the heart-breaking “Coolin”—one could scarcely say—but when at last we heard no more of it, Tita rose and said we must go indoors. There was something quite regretful in her tone. It seemed as if she were bidding good-by to a scene not soon to be met with again.

The Lieutenant gave his hand to Bell, and assisted her down the steep bank into the road; and we passed on until the window of the inn was found glimmering red through the moonlight. We cast a passing glance around. Bourton lay beneath us, asleep. The great landscape beyond remained dark and silent under the luminous whiteness of the air. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken.

“Good night,” said Tita to the Lieutenant; “I hope you have spent at least one pleasant evening with us on this journey.”

“I have spent many, Madame,” he said,

earnestly, “and many very pleasant mornings and days, and I hope we shall have a great many more. I do think we four ought to turn vagrants—gypsies, you call them—and go away altogether, and never go back any more to a large town.”

“What do you say, Bell?” asked Tita, with a kindly, if half-mischievous look.

“I suppose we get to Worcester to-morrow,” said Bell, with not much appearance of joy in her face; and then she bade good-night to us all, and left with my Lady.

“There it is,” said the Lieutenant, with an impatient flinging down of his cap on the table. “That is what interferes with all our pleasure. You go away on the most delightful excursion—you have the most beautiful scenes and pleasant companions, and freedom—every thing you can wish; and then the young lady who ought to be more happy than any one—who is at the time of life to have no care but to enjoy her prettiness and her good temper, and all that—who is the pleasant ornament of the excursion, and is a great delight to all of us—then she is vexed and frightened because that this—this—this contemptible fellow threatens to meet her in one of those big towns. Sacker-rrrrriment! I do hope he will come and have it over—but if he is annoying—if he vexes her any more——”

Thus do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves in the midst of our happiest circumstances. But at last there comes a time for sleep. And soon this solitary inn on the hill was as quiet and peaceful as the great world outside, where the moonlight seemed to have hushed the very winds to rest, and where the far woods and the streams and the low hills along the edge of the land lay still and dark under the cold majesty of the stars.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Worcester on the evening of the following day.*—Any comment of mine on the foregoing is at the moment unnecessary; we have other matters to engage our attention. *Arthur has come.* I can find no words to express the deep and serious annoyance which this escapade is likely to cause. All our plans may be upset; for he can scarcely explain his present wild proceedings without provoking some sort of final agreement with Bell. And suppose she should consent to be engaged to him, how are we to continue our journey? Of course he will not allow her: if he had not disliked it, he would not be here now. Certainly, I *think* Bell has acted imprudently; for I told her that if she did not answer his letter, he would be sure to imagine all manner of things, and come and see her. The consequence is that she is, I fear, in a great di-

lemma; for I do not see how she can avoid either refusing him altogether, or consenting to *every thing* that he asks. And as we can't continue our journey till Monday, he will have a whole day to persecute her into giving him an answer of some

kind; and then she is so foolishly good-hearted that, if he is only pathetic enough, she will say "yes" to *every thing*. It is *most provoking*. If we could only get this one day over, and *him back to London* !]

(To be continued.)

Chambers's Journal.

THE VINTAGE IN PORTUGAL.

WE stood on the deck of the Beta, bound from London to Oporto, on our way to see for the first time the mysteries of a vintage in the port-wine country. We were provided with letters of introduction to English wine-merchants in the "loyal and ever unconquered city," as it is officially designated; and we congratulated ourselves, and, as we found afterwards, with reason, on having hit upon a new and pleasant field for our autumn holiday.

We arrived off the bar of the Douro on the fifth day after leaving London; and after exchanging innumerable signals with the fort and lighthouse at the mouth of the river, we were taken in charge by a pilot, and ran safely through the dangers of the entrance.

Oporto looks bright and picturesque with its gayly-colored white, green, and yellow houses piled one over the other up the steep hillsides, and contrasting with the gloomy green of the pine-woods on the southern bank of the river. On a closer acquaintance, we found the city fresh, clean, and bright; and though the architecture of the streets is beneath criticism, the streets themselves are gay with the brightly-colored dresses of the peasant-women, with their enormous gold ornaments, ear-rings and necklaces of the most curiously solid workmanship.

We found one of the gentlemen to whose care we were recommended on the point of starting for the wine-country, it being the custom of the wine-merchants of Oporto to go to the upper country for two or three weeks every year at this season, to superintend personally the making of their wine. From Oporto to Regoa, the chief town of the wine district, is a journey of eighteen hours by "malla posta," or diligence; from Regoa onward, all traveling is done on horseback. The scenery through which the diligence road is carried is beautiful in the extreme, especially in one place, where there is an

ascent of a mountain so steep that the coach has to replace its five horses by a team of four oxen during a climb of ten miles.

At Regoa, we were met by our friend's "comissario," or agent, a Portuguese in the service of the house, who resides entirely in the wine-district, and superintends the business of the firm there. At the house of this gentleman we found (for Portugal) most comfortable quarters; and an hour after our arrival, two o'clock in the afternoon, we sat down to a dinner which would have been amply sufficient for forty hungry men, but was rather overwhelming in quantity for the four who made up our party; but we were told that, in this part of the world, hospitality is not considered to be properly shown unless the table is crowded with about a hundred times as much solid food as the guests can possibly eat, and unless they are warmly pressed by the host to partake of every dish in turn. I can not undertake to describe all the dishes on this occasion, but I remember that a sucking-pig, a roast turkey, an enormous piece of beef, a huge lump of veal, a leg of mutton, a dish of roast partridges, some rabbits, and some chickens boiled in rice, were all crowded on to a small square table at one time; and that, rather than hurt the feelings of our host, who really seemed distressed when we declined to have our plates refilled, we made the most gallant efforts to consume, at any rate, a small part of each dish.

The next morning we made an early start on horseback for the higher country, carrying a change of clothes in our saddle-bags. The roads defy description; in fact, had it not been for the stonewalls on each side, I should certainly have taken them to be rather the beds of torrents, than roads intended to be ridden over by mortal men and horses. They wind up and down the sides of almost perpendicular mountains, and are strewn with loose

stones of all sizes, and encumbered with masses of the live rock, sticking up so as to form almost impassible barriers, and often run along the edges of precipices, without the slightest parapet for protection in the case of a false step on the part of the horse, so that it requires considerable faith in one's mount to induce one to venture on them at all. The horses were little hill-ponies, badly shaped, and out of condition, but wonderfully sure-footed and willing; they are excessively ill-tempered to one another, but quiet enough to their riders, and a good deal attached to the attendants who accompany them — each horse being attended by a man on foot, who runs before him, however hot and trying the day's journey may be. Of course, trotting and cantering are out of the question on such roads; the usual pace is a peculiar one called "*furta passo*," or "stealing-step," about six miles an hour; it is easy for the rider, though not for the horse, and well adapted to long journeys over such ground.

The grooms go along gallantly, half-walking and half-running in front, swinging their arms vigorously all the time. However bad the road, no one ever seems to think of dismounting, and we found ourselves following our leader, now grasping our horses' manes as we went up a hill like the side of a house, and presently holding on to the backs of our saddles, to avoid falling forward during the descent of the other side, while all the time showers of loose stones went rattling down from under the horses' hoofs. Above and below, and on all sides, and as far as could be seen, were vines, and nothing but vines terraces upon terraces of them from the very edge of the Douro to the tops of the highest mountains. No villages to be seen, only here and there a white house, usually built about half-way up a mountain-side; no trees anywhere, nothing but the little terraces of yellowish-brown stone, covered at the top with yellowish-brown earth, and the little green vines like gooseberry-bushes, about three feet high, growing along them. Here and there we saw parties of men and women scattered along the terraces gathering the grapes; and we met strings of men, ragged, filthy, stained all over with wine, laboring in single file up the steep paths and awkward steps that lead from terrace to terrace; each man carrying on his head a large deep basket

filled with grapes, in a crushed unsavory-looking mass, the red juice oozing out in every direction.

Alas! for our visions of lovely, picturesquely-dressed peasant-girls, such as one has seen in pictures, tripping gayly along with little white baskets poised airily on their heads, and containing half-a-dozen bunches of exquisite grapes of different colors elegantly arranged, and sometimes a few flowers or a peach or two on the top, to complete the picture! How hideous is the reality! A coal-heaver grimed with coal-dust is not a picturesque object, but he is positively beautiful as compared to a laborer in a vineyard, smeared from head to foot with dark-red grape-juice.

When we reached an "*adega*," or wine-press, we were even more disenchanted. As we drew near the evil-smelling place, we became aware of a low, monotonous sound, which we were told was the music to enliven the gang who were treading the grapes. On entering the building, as we became accustomed to the darkness, we found the interior to be almost entirely filled by three large stone cisterns, or "*lagares*," each capable of containing more than twenty pipes of wine: they were about three feet deep, and filled with a black mass of stalks, skins, and juice, which had been grapes, and would in time become wine. In this mass were slowly moving about, to the sound of the melancholy music aforesaid, and which consisted of a drum, fife, and guitar, a dozen men, dressed in ragged shirts, and their bare legs stained to a hideous red color by much soaking in grape-juice. Every thing reeked of new wine, which was splashed about in every direction. The men, moving slowly through the grape-juice, and immersed in it to above the knees, lifted their feet high at each step, so as to bruise and stir thoroughly the mass. The amount of treading necessary varies considerably, but usually lasts for from thirty to forty hours, the gangs being, of course, relieved at intervals. In this "*adega*," the men had already been for a considerable time in one of the "*lagares*," while one was yet being filled with grapes, basket after basket being brought from the vineyard, and thrown in while we were there. On our expressing a wish to taste the "*must*," the man in charge of the "*adega*" produced a white plate, and called to one of the gang in

the "lagar" to approach the side; he did so, and then, to my horror, lifting his leg in the air, he allowed the juice which streamed from it to run off over his heel on to the plate, which was held to catch it. I found afterwards that this extremely disgusting proceeding was in truth unavoidable, because the "must" sinks to the bottom of the "lagar," and could not otherwise be got at through the thick crust of skins and stalks which rises to the surface, while in this way the juice alone drains off into the plate. Mr. — and the "comissario" smelled and tasted the "must" with much care; and, after consulting together, they came to the conclusion that more treading was unnecessary, and the men were ordered to leave the "lagar."

The next operation would be to run off the wine into a vat, and add enough brandy to it to stop its further fermentation. In this vat it would remain until the beginning of the following year, when it would be drawn off into smaller casks, (pipes,) and sent down to Oporto, to be got ready for shipment to England.

We spent the rest of the day in riding along the mountain-sides; and at intervals of an hour or so, arriving at some little white-washed "adega," where Mr. — repeated the operation of tasting the "must," and discussed prices, and the prospects of the vintage, with the farmer or owner of the grapes. We were everywhere received with the greatest possible courtesy; and, indeed, the politeness of all classes of Portuguese was one of the things which most struck us during our visit; even the laborers in the vineyards, who are considered as the lowest of the low, never met us on the roads without taking off their hats, and wishing us a pleasant good-day.

We found ourselves compelled to eat half-a-dozen lunches during the day at different farmers' houses; cream-cheese, grapes, sweets, and wine of last year's vintage; and we found that our protestations, that we had already lunched, and could not by any possibility begin again, had not the slightest weight with any of our too hospitable entertainers.

The "must," in a state of fermentation, and tasted off a man's leg, is not a pleasant thing, but there seems to be no help for it, as it is of importance that it should not be too much or too little fermented,

but should be run off into the vat exactly at the proper moment. The farmer himself does not usually interfere with the regulation of this process, but leaves it to the discretion of the buyer of his wine; for the wine is very generally bought before it is made—that is to say, the merits of the different "fuintas," or vineyards, and the quantity they generally produce, being pretty well known, the English merchants, or their representatives, offer the farmers so much per pipe for the produce of the "fuintas" while the grapes are yet on the vines; if this offer be accepted, the buyers naturally exercise their right to make the wine according to their own fancy.

At length there were no more "adegas" to be visited that day, so, in the evening, we turned our horses' heads towards Mr. —'s headquarters, the house of a large farmer whose wine Mr. — had bought for many successive years. Our "arrieros," or grooms, started off again as fresh as possible, keeping their usual place, a few yards in front of us, during the couple of leagues between the last "adega" and our night-quarters, although they had been on the stretch since sunrise, their only intervals of rest being when they held our horses for a short time when we dismounted at each "adega." Considering the excessive heat, (the thermometer stood at a hundred degrees in the shade,) and the extreme steepness and roughness of the ground, it was a good exhibition of walking powers, the more so when one remembers that these men, like all of the working-class in Portugal, seldom or never taste meat, but live on a wretched diet of thin cabbage-broth and an occasional sardine, or small bit of salted cod-fish and maize-bread. Their broth is really nothing but cabbage and warm water, with a small piece of lard dipped into it, to give it a flavor!

At the "fuinta" where we were to pass the night, we met a large party assembled in honor of Mr. —, the company consisting chiefly of the owners and managers of neighboring "fuintas," pleasant and courteous, if not highly-educated men; though the excessive ceremony of Portuguese manners gave rather a constrained character to the entertainment, at any rate until after dinner. The dinner itself was an exaggeration of the profusion we had seen on the day before, the only thing worth

remarking being, that the drinking of toasts began with the dinner, and concluded when the dishes were removed. Cigarettes were smoked at intervals during dinner; and soon after it was over we voted it bedtime.

We spent a fortnight in this manner, in our saddles all day, and becoming quite learned in the varieties of "musts," and delighted with the picturesque mountain and river scenery, and constantly amused and interested by the strange characters we encountered among these dwellers in an out-of-the-way corner of the world. Sometimes in our rides we came to "fuintas," where other Englishmen from Oporto had established themselves for the vintage; when an invitation to dine and sleep seemed to follow as a matter of course, and caused us to pass many pleasant evenings.

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. — prepared to return to Oporto, his purchases being completed. Our journey on this occasion was to be made by water, and a large boat of about five tons' burden was elaborately prepared and provisioned for the voyage. The distance to Oporto was sixty or seventy miles, but had it been six or seven hundred, we need not have been better provided. I stood on the bank of the river the evening before we started, and watched with amazement the hampers of roast turkeys and partridges, the trays of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, and the jugs and bottles of wine, which we were expected to consume on the voyage. The boat was peculiar in shape, but no doubt well adapted for the passage of the dangerous rapids of the Douro: her most remarkable feature was her rudder, which was an enormous wooden beam as long as the boat herself, and projecting several yards over the stern; it had a blade at the outer end, and was managed at the other by a man standing on a small platform raised six or eight feet from the floor of the boat. This extraordinary piece of timber seems to be necessary to guide the boat in the rapids, where oars can not be used, and an ordinary rudder would have no effect, from the boat's having no steerage-way through the water. The oars, four in number, are used at the bows, the men standing to row with their faces turned forwards. All the middle part of the boat was taken up by a cabin extemporized for our comfort; canes were arched across

from gunwale to gunwale, and, being covered with canvas and tarpaulin, and the floor carpeted with matting, it looked extremely snug: canvas curtains were provided at both ends, to be drawn if needful, and mattresses, and cushions, and rugs were laid down to be lounged on; round the sides were ranged the hampers and boxes of provisions. All these arrangements were completed the night before; and at half-past four the next morning we went on board, and the "arraes," or captain of the boat, standing on his high platform, gave the word to "haul in the bow-rope, in the name of God;" the current caught her bows as the rope was let go, and we started at a wonderful pace. For the first five hours of the voyage, our way lay down an almost continual succession of rapids; the river roared and foamed, and eddied round the boat as she rushed past the walls of rock, which rose in many places perpendicularly from the water's edge. The steering here is a matter of extreme nicety, the least error, causing the boat to touch the rock on either side, would be fatal, at the tremendous pace one is carried along; and in spite of all the care and skill of the "arraes," many accidents occur every year, though hardly as many as one would suppose probable from the frightful violence of the current. The men row steadily, except when in the greatest force of the rapids, when it becomes impossible to do so, and they ship their oars. It is most exciting traveling, especially when, as in this case, we shot the first half-dozen rapids by moonlight, and that so faint, that we could see little beyond the foaming water and the dark outlines of the banks on either hand. When the rapid runs in a straight channel, there is not much danger in it; but where there is a curve in the river, and the stream rebounds from side to side, it becomes more difficult to avoid coming to grief. However, we were fortunate enough to experience no more than a pleasant amount of excitement during the passage of the rapids; and we performed the whole distance to Oporto in twelve hours, getting through the day pleasantly enough between eating, sleeping, smoking, and lounging on the steering platform, admiring the beauty of the river-banks. Five o'clock in the evening found us safely moored under the bridge at Oporto, with the most pleasant remembrances of our fortnight in the wine-country.

Fraser's Magazine.

A FRENCH ANARCHIST.

WHATEVER is connected with the idea of anarchy is naturally an object of uneasy suspicion to many people, especially if it emanate from France. And when an individual is found possessing no patience, but much turbulent vigor and passion, no useful faculty of compromise, but much unselfish sincerity, he is often put down as disorderly, and is more likely to be feared than loved. When, too, he blurts out in some hour of disappointment, as if to console himself, "All that I know, I owe it to despair," he will scarcely win suffrages thereby from the more comfortable sections of society. Paul Joseph Proudhon struggled and fought against such odium as this, and with a pen, as one of his critics says, dipped in vitriol instead of ink. He had the advantage of possessing more capacity for receiving blows than most men of original and eccentric genius, and he had a marvelous faculty for giving them. And he said outright, as if to tease his persecutors, that anarchy was his creed. In spite, however, of his anarchical soul that shook off all fetters, not only of despotism, but of all authority that does not emanate from one's highest self, and in spite of his amazing egotism, Proudhon was no common disturber of the peace, and the despair which filled him was no sentimental or ignoble feeling, but one that was generated from long contemplation of wronged right and baffled justice. Since 1848, Proudhon has been a historical character, but although possessing the brawny arms of a Samson, he failed to pull down the Philistine temple wherein he never worshiped. He shook the pillars, frightened a number of foolish people, was greatly hissed at by others, and died.

In nothing is Proudhon, a Frenchman, more remarkable than in his difference from Frenchmen. Between him and his compatriots there was a great gulf fixed, so that he never passed over from his position to theirs, nor did any of them ever care or dare to come from their own side of it to him. He was too vitally and really radical for the moderates, and the scream of the volatile enthusiast without backbone only produced a sense of weariness in him. In a fit of this kind, he says petulantly, but with some sad truth of discernment, "The

Frenchman does not really want to be free. Some one has said that we are not ripe for liberty: it is inexact. We shall never be ripe; this liberty is useless to us. Provided he has the wherewithal to live, permission to rhodomontade, to jest; provided he may comment upon the Government while obeying it, the Frenchman is content." Proudhon accused the *bourgeoisie* of killing the Republic: "Disorder or Cæsarism, you have willed it," he says.

He was, too, a stern, serious man, with but little sympathy for Parisian frivolity. Here was another reason which conduced to his intellectual isolation, so that he affords us always the picture of a solitary thinker living apart in a remote corner of Paris. He looked upon every thing and every body as composed of possible humbug. He was ready to scorn his allies and snap all bonds that might seem to imply compromise of any kind whatsoever. Hence he was misunderstood and mistrusted. Sentiment to him brought with it an evil suspicion of sentimentality. "After persecutors, there is nothing I hate so much as martyrs," he says; and those who can not follow the workings of his mind are startled at his hard sayings, and hold aloof from him. He took great delight in paradoxes and seeming contradictions, but what raised the rancor of so many was his intense hostility to humbug. A man must believe, not only believe that he believes, was his creed; and he liked opinions to be "first-hand" and a part of the individual, not a garment to be put on or off at pleasure. Here are the words of the scroll affixed to his banner: "My name is Seeker of Truth; my mission is written in these words of the law—Speak without hate and without fear; say that which thou knowest." If ever man were true to the principles he professed, it was Proudhon.

Paul Joseph Proudhon was born in the Faubourg de la Mouillère, at Besançon, in January, 1809. His parents were poor, and descended from poor people; his father was a brewer's cooper. He began life as a compositor in a printing house in Besançon, and gradually worked his way up from this position to that of corrector for the press. A new edition of the *Fathers* being in course of issue by the firm

who employed him, this became the occasion of his studying Hebrew, and acquiring such technical knowledge of theology as often astonished his Catholic opponents of after life, who imagined him an escaped Seminarist.

At this period of his life, as indeed at all periods, he engaged with great earnestness in studies of many different kinds. While working as a corrector for the press he appended an essay of his own on general grammar to a work which was being reprinted. This essay he dedicated to the Academy of Besançon; and the society, recognizing the scientific merit of the work, accorded him a small pension, lasting a few years. His mental bias was even thus early declared. In the formal petition which, according to custom, was addressed to the Academy, was a passage which the secretary thought fit to strike out. It was to the effect that the writer belonged to that interesting portion of society "*décorée du nom d'ouvrière*," and that his greatest joy was to have attracted the suffrages of the Academy to that class. He expressed a lively gratitude to the Academy for enabling him to give a portion of his time to labor in philosophy and science, and promised to devote his studies to the complete enfranchisement of his brothers and companions.

While Proudhon was working as a compositor, a young man in the same trade came to Besançon seeking employment, and hoping for an immediate engagement, as he was absolutely at the end of his resources. There was no work to be had. While the young man, forty-eight hours without food, is contemplating suicide, Proudhon meets him. Learning his distress, he takes him to his own room, gives him food, clothing, lodging, all this for two months, and finally is enabled to procure work for him. "You ask me if I know Proudhon," said this young workman some time afterwards; "I owe him life: I it was whom he preserved from a leap into the river." The fact of the absolute helplessness of the working man under certain circumstances, and from no fault of his own, was thus prominently brought before Proudhon's attention, and doubtless he received an abiding impression from this incident.

Partly relying upon the small pension allowed him by the Besançon Academy, in 1832 Proudhon came to Paris. He set

himself an enormous amount of work. Besides the gaining of his living, he had to acquire culture in many branches of learning and philosophy in order to prepare himself for that *rôle* of a reformer which he saw clearly before him. A long-headed and a strong-headed man, he always prepared for his part as an army makes ready for battle, by accumulating ammunition, surveying the field, and calculating as well as possible for every emergency. We have quoted the words "Say that which thou *knowest*" as his motto. It was from his immense command of facts digested and assimilated that he was able so often to confound his antagonists. It was this sense of the solid firmness of his ground, as well as his strong belief in his own logic, that made him so often laugh to scorn a multitude of his opposers. "From 1839 to 1852," says he, "my studies have been of pure controversy; that is to say, I confined myself to investigating ideas taken in themselves, and their worth, what was their signification and bearing, in what direction they led, in what direction they did not lead; in a word, I have tried to furnish myself with exact and complete notions upon principles, institutions, and systems."

This forms the negative stage in his life; he denied much, finding that, almost universally, theories were not in accordance with their proper elements, institutions not in harmony with their object or their end, authors not sufficiently well informed, independent and logical. Alas for any conscience-driven mortal entering upon studies such as these!—he has an almost boundless despair opened before him; conventionalisms will obstruct him at every turn, the real will establish itself on that possession which is nine tenths of the law, and mock the vain struggles of the ideal to oust it; his friends who are not endowed with the same clearness of vision as himself, will look coldly on him as a theoretical dreamer, or suspiciously on him as a disturber. The world's Augean stable refuses to be cleansed, and asserts that its arrangements are perfect, and that attempts at cleansing are supererogatory. But Proudhon set himself to reform the world with a labor that never halted, and a courage that never quailed. With the whole world against him, Proudhon entered upon the combat with perfect *sang-froid*. Such is the power of faith—faith which in this instance some people would prefer to call fanaticism.

Having found that society—in appearance peaceable, regular, sure of itself—was given over to disorder and antagonism, Proudhon's studies entered upon a new stage. He began afresh the work of investigating society; but now his design was a general examination of facts, ideas, and institutions, without prejudice, and with no other rule of appreciation than pure logic; it was not till 1852 that he began to build up a system from positive studies and scientific truth. This extensive and painstaking analysis was instructive enough to Proudhon, but the public misunderstood it. They did not like to enter into a chamber of which they could not see the door of exit; they demanded what he was driving at, whither he was going; and his manner was not of a nature to bring them to an attitude of calm attention. We have spoken of him as entering upon a contest with the giant Society with absolute *sang-froid*; but he did not conduct the battle in the same spirit. He fought with vehemence. He united two qualities—a strong will and fearless sincerity; and these two elements, finding themselves in contact with the omnipresent shams and make-believes of the world, were provided with a sufficiently callous anvil to work upon—an anvil whereon an impetuous hammer might soon find itself growing hot. This element of extreme sincerity in Proudhon's nature led to his being misconstrued in many ways. He was as prompt at pointing out any contradiction amongst those who were his friends as amongst his opponents, and this in a world which is accustomed to be guided greatly by hearsay, and which does not expect a personal conviction and creed from all its individual members, and is content so long as they are not notoriously helpless or heretical. Proudhon was an anomaly. Always independent, always acting on principle, and never owning the sway of the whipper-in of any sect or party, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*; always seeking in every man's mind the interior light of pure reason as he found it shining through his own—he could not be reckoned on by any clique. So he became isolated from all, and lived always an intellectual hermit.

If he could not rule by sympathy, he could at least command attention by blows, and he soon became known and

dreaded as a terribly hard hitter; whilst he met all the strokes that fell upon himself either with imperturbable calm, or with a tumult of redoubled vehemence. We once heard a temperance street-preacher express a desire to have the Evil upon which he was making war brought before him bodily in the form of a raging beast, to the end that he might combat with it face to face, and destroy the monster utterly. We doubted the courage of the individual making this profession, in the event of his being put to the test he appeared to be anxious for. We should not have doubted Proudhon. Had the false elements in society—the injustices and the wrongs, come before him in the form of a serpent, he would have trampled it to death, or have suffered himself to be strangled. The life through which he passed would indeed have borne most men down to earth; Proudhon gave himself up to despair, and only toiled the more desperately for it. Partly, no doubt, he grew callous and in part found a certain piquancy in the continued hostile criticism.

He has been called "Byron, turned economist and publicist; doubt and despair raised into doctrine." He worked under the stimulus, however, of other sensations besides doubt and despair. His boiling, passionate sense of justice and equality of rights, was no doubt the chief spur of his mind, and that, when beaten back, led to this despair which, as he says, brought forth the best fruits of his intellect. This unswayable sense of justice was the guiding principle of his mind; it formed the ardor of his life, and the directness of his aims. It was his religion; and those who looked upon all actions as dictated by selfish policy were confused by this man, who acted from a principle which they could not see, and who would be just as likely to be found diametrically opposed to them as on their side in any question.

Says William Blake, "Energy is eternal delight." Proudhon seems to have been endowed with vast stores of energy, that found it their delight to be constantly expending themselves in their peculiar intellectual channels. The unrequited toil, the unrelaxed struggle of year after year, the laborious energy that after all seems futile, and vain, and thrown away, would have proved an insupportable torture, and

at last death, to most men. It seems, however, to have been the natural state of Proudhon's intellectual faculties to be engaged in unending warfare for an idea ever unrealized.

A passionate sense of justice, a mighty superabundance of vital and intellectual energy, these would constitute two constant spurs to his ardor. The sense of justice produced despair at the hopeless mass of injustice around, and the masterful energy kept the mind in action without permitting it to be utterly weighed down. But there was probably a third element of strength. When an enthusiastic man gains vision, even though but a partial or obscured one, of a future that, though not heaven, shall at least bring the heavenly state a hair's breadth nearer to earth, there follows a sudden rush of enthusiasm through his soul. Should his dream be tested by his experience and his strictest faculties of logic, and be found to contain an unyielding element of reality and truth, it will often produce in him an elation of mind that laughs at opposition and despair. The despair and unbelief will recur sometimes, but the stimulus of the vision is never lost; and between these two poles of elation and despair, a fiery and powerful energy will find an unremitting spur, and will learn in time to revel in labors and contest.

Proudhon, for all his despair, had had unrolled before him some true vision of social regeneration; he looked forward to a time when it should result, not from force but from reason, "that the poor be no longer despised!" and in this hope he was glad.

He sees the growth of reason, and from that growth he deduces hope of its supremacy. He expresses his views in this form: Man living naturally in society, follows naturally a chief, the father; the patriarch, the arbitrator, (the word he makes use of is *prud'homme*, which comes near his own surname,) the sage. But the danger is that ambition places the wrong people at the head—tyrants instead of fathers. So that as man advances he seeks law; and soon law becomes for him living, visible, tangible; it is his father, his master, his king. As society grows more enlightened, royal authority proper diminishes just as the rights of force and cunning are brought under by the larger determination to justice. The sovereignty of the will yields

before the sovereignty of reason, and ends by becoming reduced into a scientific social system. But though, according to the motto prefixed to one of Proudhon's works, he believes that "order pursues disorder," yet he sees it is with pain and trouble that the process goes on; still he says, "What the fathers have sown in tears, the sons shall reap in joy." We, who see a still further sowing in sanguine tears of the land of Proudhon's hopes, are compelled to postpone that reaping in joy to a more distant generation.

The most distinctive part of Proudhon's system lies in his views on property and labor. His most notorious aphorism is the somewhat startling one, "Property is robbery." Unless we keep before us the paradoxical tendencies of its author, and go carefully through his explanation of its meaning, we are liable to fall into the general error that this maxim means to imply that all property-holders are robbers. The greatest portion of his vehemence seems to have had an escape-valve in those few words, "*La propriété c'est le vol.*" Here is a sample of his self-assertive power: "Is property just? All the world answers without hesitation: Yes, property is just. I tell all the world, for no one up to the present time seems to me to have answered with full knowledge: No." In another place he states the matter differently: "Property is the suicide of society." Endeavoring to explain the former so oft-repeated assertion, he says, "If I had to give an answer to the following question, What is slavery? and in a single word I replied, It is assassination, my thought would be at once comprehended, and I should not need a long discourse to show that the power of taking from a man thought, will, and personality, is a power of life and death, and that to make a man a slave is to assassinate him. Why then to this other query, What is property? may I not answer similarly, It is robbery? Yet there is the same certainty of being understood, although this second proposition is only the first transformed." The property Proudhon always had before his mind was of that old Roman tenure which granted "*jus utendi et abutendi re sua*," and what he really resented in property was what he considered its infractions of justice, its privilege, its monopoly, its manorial character. He lays great stress upon a quotation from Rousseau: "The rich say to no purpose,

It is I who built this wall; I have gained this land by my labor. Who has assigned you the boundaries? we may reply; and on what ground do you expect to be paid, at our expense, for a labor that we have not imposed upon you?" When subjected to judicial trial on account of one of his works on property, Proudhon addressed the jury thus: "I have written in all my life but one thing, *La propriété c'est le vol*. And do you know what I have concluded from that? This: that in order to abolish this species of property, it is necessary to universalize it. I am, you see, gentlemen of the jury, as conservative as yourselves; and whosoever shall say the contrary proves by this alone that he understands nothing of my books." The grand distinction that he made was between property and possession. He would suppress property while retaining possession, the latter being in his view in accordance with right, the former against right. Speaking about wealth, he says, "Well, yes, I am poor; a poor man's son, I have passed my life with the poor, and, according to all appearance, poor I shall die. What would you? I could ask nothing better than to gain wealth; I believe that wealth is good in its way, and that it suits every body, even the philosopher. But, I am *fastidious about the means*, and those which I should like to use are out of my reach." The love of a sensational, obscure form of casting his thoughts, which we have noticed in the famous definition of property, is also evinced in several other instances. One of his sayings was, that he was neither republican, democrat, monarchist, constitutionalist, nor aristocrat, but an *anarchist*. Anarchist in this instance meant simply that he believed in the absence of personal rule. He who had faith in reason was also the decided friend of order. On one occasion he manifested specially his sentiments in this direction. He had given his vote against the *ensemble* of the Constitution in 1848, but wished to assist at the *fête* of inauguration which was to be held in La Place de la Concorde, for he desired to state implicitly the duty of minorities, in their demands, to lean upon the constitution and the law.

Proudhon's "anarchy" is of a rare kind—so rare a kind that he ought to have given a fuller explanation of his creed. But he was careless about being misunderstood. All he sought was to state a truth barely,

even harshly, so long as it was a truth. We might almost fancy that he delighted in giving people trouble to find out his meanings. Perhaps he had a notion that a thought which has to be laboriously sought for carries an impression strong in proportion to the labor of arriving at it. He just deigned to state, as if by accident, in a note in one of his works, that disorder was a corrupted meaning of the word anarchy, which he used in its original signification of "absence of a head, a chief." His anarchy was of those who have attained the high level of being kings and priests to themselves. This in its highest sense belongs only to those who follow their own consciences without swerving, and do not permit themselves to be turned from the sincerity of their purpose by any earthly power whatever. Proudhon did follow his uncompromising star, no matter through what hardships, poverty, or obloquy his journey led him.

Our rebel against human authority does not appear as a rebel against the divine, but he is one of those who are at first sight set down as atheists. His creed would be that the nature of God and the conditions of future existence are perfectly well able to take care of themselves; that the life which is present is the true object of our highest exertions. He possessed more of reason than of that element of religion which goes by the name of faith. He had a reasonable belief in the motive power of the universe, but he kept his faith and enthusiasm for humanity. His reason accepted the human tide that throbbed at his feet as deserving the all of his service; and through all his conflicting beliefs and unbeliefs in men, the story of his life is ample evidence of a faith sufficient to make him toil unremittingly for their needs. Sayings such as "*Dieu c'est le mal*" were just those which Proudhon's enemies loved to seize upon, and twist and turn to their own uses. Such a man as this it was impossible to comprehend without study, and those who opposed him found it easier to misrepresent than to give an exposition of him. With regard to a plan brought forward for taxing incomes, M. Thiers said, "The proposition of Citizen Proudhon is immoral, unjust, factious, full of malice, perfidy, and ignorance, anti-financial, anti-social, savage, extravagant, emanating from misanthrophy, chagrin, and loneliness, an en-

couragement to informers and civil war, an assault upon property, and tending to the abolition of the family, and atheism."

Proudhon's views on labor are these: "Labor is a condition, and not a combat; but from the moment that property, absolute, incoercible, takes to protecting itself, labor turns to a sword." He looks upon property of this kind as upon the lion in the fable:

Ego primam tollo, nominor quia leo:
Secundam, quia sum fortis, tribuetis mihi:
Tum, quia plus valeo, me sequetur tertia:
Malo adficietur, si quis quartam tetigit.

Proudhon is neither socialist nor communist in the commonly received acceptance of the terms. We should imagine him to be more in sympathy with co-operative societies; such, for instance, as the extensive one by which Rochdale has gained so much fame—a mutual association of working men, and not a mere association of capitalists borrowing only their name. Proudhon speaks of equality, but it is equality of justice. In discoursing upon an *association ouvrière*, he speaks of the division of profits as made proportionally with regard to *function*, to *grade*, etc. All he requires is the emancipation of labor. He desires no more to see individual right sacrificed to social right, than he desires society to be sacrificed under a complicated individualism. This view of distribution of profits was probably formed late in life, when he had had experience of the working of the equality system. His earlier argument ran as follows: "All capacity of labor being, just as much as every instrument of labor, an accumulated capital, a collective property; inequality of treatment and of fortune, under pretext of inequality of capacity, is injustice and robbery." His notion of capacity is, that it is a result of the capacities of humanity preceding it, and so he argues that it is in some fashion a common property. In another place he says, "All social pre-eminence accorded, or rather usurped, under pretext of superiority of talent or of service, is iniquity and brigandage. All men, say I, attest these truths in their soul; the question is only to make them perceive them." There is, doubtless, a certain ideal truth in the notion that, as no individual is responsible for his natural faculties, whether they be high or feeble, so he ought to reap no special benefit on account of what is no

merit of his own. The difficulty would not be to make men perceive this, but, under the principle of absolute equality, to prevent the finer minds from drifting into that stagnation for the prevention of which some element of emulation and reward seems to be absolutely required. The English artisan appears to have partially adopted this principle of equality of wage for a dexterous workman and a bungler. It is doubtful whether this will be his final conviction; nevertheless, it would be difficult to frame a philosophical reply to the individual of slow fingers or feeble faculties who would say, "I am not responsible for my infirmities; am I to be only half fed because I am weak? Is my brother entitled to the lion's share because he is strong, and with a strength not of his own creating?" However, natural selection is a fact, and these speculations are in the main casuistry.

It is interesting to note how Proudhon carries his theories on property and labor into the intellectual field. They run as follows: Intellectual work is not a property in the same sense as houses and lands. A writer is a producer, and his work is a product. This product is, in truth, the property of the producer, but we must not conclude from the property of the product the creation of a new species of manorial property. The work of the writer is a product in the same sense as the harvest of the peasant. Going back to the principles of this production, we arrive at two conditions of combination from which the product has resulted. On the one side, labor; on the other, a fund, (stock, soil,) which for the cultivator is the physical world, the earth; for the man of letters, the intellectual world, the spirit. What bears interest to the one is his cultivated field, to the other his cultivated spirit. From this Proudhon concludes that there should be no copyright rent to be paid perpetually to the author or his heirs. It is a rather subtle distinction to allow an author the crops of his spiritual land, but not to permit him, as it were, to put them in a barn. We are led into a somewhat obscure corner. The journalists of Paris made their own way out of it by organizing against the author of the work on Literary Property "*la conspiration du silence*."

In a footnote to Proudhon's work "*Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?*" we find an

observation which is interesting, as showing the closeness of his critical studies, as well as possessing a value of its own. He is comparing the charitable terms used by different races. The Hebrew would use a term equivalent to *justice*, the Greek to *compassion*, while in Latin we get *amour*, *ou charité*, in French *l'aumônier*. The degradation of the principle, he says, is perceptible through these varying forms of expression. The first designates duty; the second only sympathy; the third virtue of expediency, not of obligation; the fourth denotes mere voluntariness.

One of Proudhon's works on property was submitted by the Minister of Justice to M. Blanqui, a professor of political economy, for his decision as to whether it ought to fall under the official ban. After a long and painstaking consideration of it, M. Blanqui gave his report in its favor. He wrote also to the author, stating what he had done. "Your style," he said, "is too high ever to be of use to those madmen who discuss in the streets, with accompaniment of paving stones, the grand questions of social order." But he bade him beware lest his book should fall into the hands of some ingenious agitator, who should adapt it to the wishes of a hungry crowd. Those most bitterly opposed to Proudhon's views, and who endeavored to reconcile what they considered their atrocity with the purity and simplicity of his life, styled him the "genius incarnate of contradiction," and cried that his heart was excellent, but that all bad instincts lodged in his head. Proudhon may be supposed to retort with the lines of Béranger, which he quotes in one of his works:

Vieux soldats de plomb que nous sommes,
Au cordeau nous alignant tous;
Si des rangs sortent quelques hommes,
Tous nous crions: A bas les fous!

When he became a celebrity, which we may suppose to have come to pass in 1848, when he was sent with nearly 80,000 votes to the National Assembly as representative of the Seine, he received daily ten or a dozen letters asking for his autograph, or a few lines written by him. Sometimes he granted the request, sometimes he politely refused it. For instance, a society of men of letters, engaged in compiling an album, in which the most famous names of the day were to figure, applied to him. Herein, according to Proudhon's creed, might lurk

some spice of vanity: he would not be guilty of such a weakness. "Let these gentlemen be told that I am not a public writer," was the reply he caused to be made to their request. He was looked upon as a bear in consequence, but it was from no want of civility that such a reply had been given: it was from that peculiar exaggeration of antipathy to conventional compliments, that shrinking from prevalent humbugs, which was a misunderstood, but not ignoble feature in his character.

On another occasion, when another man might have behaved with more rudeness, we find Proudhon most gentle and obliging. The incident is a curious one, but will certainly be evidence of his most careful conscientiousness. He received a letter, professing to come from "*une ancienne écuyère de l'Hippodrome*," and the substance of it was an appeal for advice as to a return to the path of virtue. Proudhon was suspicious about his correspondent's sincerity; but his conscience told him it was better to err on the safe side; so he wrote a long letter in reply. In this he confesses himself unable to form a judgment upon the letter he had received, "half ironical, half desolate;" but thinks it may be attributable to the insurmountable lassitude which forms the bitter compensation of the intoxications of his correspondent's state. Expressing his ignorance of the world in which she lives, he nevertheless decides to reply to the questions put, as if they were serious. She believed in the virtue of men no more than in the virtue of women, it was stated. Proudhon replies, "I am not at all astonished at it after the life you have led; but a truce to misanthropy as well as austerity. It is with virtue as with health. Virtue is just, to my thinking, nothing more than the health of the heart, as health is the virtue of the body." Then he asks, how many persons out of a hundred are there who will be found bodily sound? Not five, he answers himself, perhaps not three. From that we are not to argue, he says, that disease is our natural and normal state. And in like manner with regard to the virtue or health of the soul, because it is to be found to some degree everywhere, even though but sparse and rare, and nowhere complete, we must not deny its existence; and a very good answer to the pessimists Proudhon's argument forms. He was far too energetic himself to be a pessimist; he felt that health, and not dis-

ease, was the primal and greater law. Proudhon then proceeded to prove that his correspondent actually possessed some moral health. "The beasts," said he, "know no *ennui*, no disgust, no despair; their existence is protected by their animality. The proof that a being participating in superior life, and not following an inflexible instinct, but obeying reason, whose equilibrium is liable to be disturbed, is not wholly without moral health, is to be found in his profound sad desire to have more virtue, like a convalescent who aspires to perfect health."

Proudhon put himself to this trouble on a faint possibility that his words might be of service to an awakening conscience. We can not help a feeling of disgust when we hear that this letter to him was a hoax. The real writer was a journalist named Gabriel Vicaire, who, when he had received Proudhon's reply, took it round to the autograph merchants for sale as a curiosity. "Never let me meet M. Gabriel Vicaire," said Proudhon, when he learned how disgracefully his generosity had been abused; and the sentiment was natural. This little incident at least serves to show how deep and genuine were the courtesy and charity of the man.

Proudhon had, even in the latter years of his life, a powerful frame, an energetic mien, and a voice clear and vibrant like the sound of a bell. In Paris, so full of *ennui* and unbelief, he was always fresh-hearted and young. Every thing he did, we learn, he did with passion. He had been through many a troubled time; following the caprice of circumstances, he had been journalist, representative of the people, originator of a new species of bank, organizer of a Utopia, accused, condemned, prisoner, proscribed; he had married; he had, too, poor as he was, the responsibilities of a family; he was the willing adviser of all who came to him for guidance. He lived, we are told, a solitary thinker in one of the least noisy suburbs of Paris, writing page after page for very scanty pay, dishonored by some, abjured by others, aimed at without ceasing by the sentinels of the reigning law. How then, it is asked, had he avoided wearing himself out, as so many have done, in the strife of politics, in prison, in exile, in the disappointments of a legitimate ambition so quickly frustrated, and in the midst of petty artist life unelevated by ideas and all burdened with

ennuis? And the answer which is given to this goes to the bottom of the man's character. He had lived a peasant of the Franche-Comté, (he was born at Besançon,) even in the midst of the whirl of Parisian life. He had not departed a single day from sobriety and activity. He was invited one evening to the house of a rich man, where he might expect to meet a number of the gilded youth of Paris. His reply was like a message from a simple and patriarchal world: "It is impossible for me to accept your invitation, because I have the invariable rule of going to bed every evening at nine o'clock." We can scarcely contemplate Proudhon as a Frenchman, he is so absolutely at the antipodes of the conventional ideal of the Parisian revolutionist. His face, as we find it engraved, is as that of a highly idealized, nay, of an almost angelic, blacksmith; and all who were his opponents were compelled to recognize in him the existence of a fine capacity for hammering. Such occupation came natural to him: wherever he saw abuses, he was ready with his powerful right arm. Conventionalities, and shams, and things unjust, coming across his path, could not hope to escape without a mark being put upon them. He was not, however, without his own proper pride. When some one was endeavoring to demonstrate to him the advantages of the aristocratic principle, he responded, "I have fourteen quarterings of *paysannerie*; cite me a noble family counting so many in its own order."

He was more than once in prison—he was even married from thence. He was several years in exile; and while editor of the *Représentant du Peuple* in August, 1848, his journal was suspended and he condemned to a fine of 24,000 francs. On account of his work *La Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise*, he was in 1858 condemned to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 4000 francs. He fled to Brussels and remained there till 1862. Returned to Paris, he was seized in July, 1863, with physical prostration and utter loss of energy. He had but strength to crawl day by day into the Bois de Boulogne, where, lying down on the grass in the shade, he would sleep or dream for hours. From this attack he partly recovered, but only for a time. The air of his native county had proved beneficial to him; but various disorders came upon

him, under which the frame which had been the medium of so vehement an energy at length succumbed. He died in January, 1865.

Those who most severely criticise Proudhon's works assert that he is not a politician in the true sense of the word, but that he intervened in public affairs, being merely a philosopher and economist. They allow him to be a brilliant journalist, but set him down as a defective tactician—an incomplete appreciator of events; as one that regarded *ensemble* and *avenir* to the detriment of his appreciation of *détail* and *présent*. There is truth in this latter remark. Proudhon was philosopher rather than statesman, ideal rather than practically minute. What strikes us in his system is a certain unfinishedness, as if his ideas, although labored so long and so earnestly, had not reached their final cast and completeness. He is apt, too, to lean towards a certain scholasticism, and to trust overmuch in the infallibility of his logical abstractions. But there are in his works rare and noble elements; we find an unselfishness, a consecration to purpose, a devotion to an ideal and to humanity in disregard of any sacrifice it might entail—a steadiness of labor and a chastity of life that are in every way remarkable. This workman, son of a workman—this peasant of fourteen quarterings, says with even Mazzinian gravity and sternness, "To play is not the end of man." If his class could

but follow this maxim and persevere in the doctrine in spite of the allurements to which, when brought within reach, it so speedily succumbs, it would have no difficulty in becoming the dominant class and in molding the world to its designs. But for nights of study, days of care, hours of plodding labor for bread, imperviousness to scorn, charity in spite of wrongs, sympathy in spite of antipathy, patience in spite of rebuffs, energy in spite of defeat, faith in spite of despair, Proudhon is without a peer, and he must be a strong man who can support himself through and in all these. Proudhon was a strong man; but he died at fifty-six, worn out.

We may sum up his highest praise in this, that although as an isolated anarchist he was an object of misunderstanding and of suspicion, yet if his compatriots, enemies or brothers, would but follow anarchy of such an unselfish kind, his country would advance to harmony as complete as that of a bee-hive. But the corruption of the term anarchy still holds the place of the true meaning, and that absence of necessity for a ruler which is the result of a conscience which respects itself, has only yet appeared in isolated individuals. When will the time come for that orderly freedom, which is shadowed forth in the career of a few exceptional individuals, to advance to its grand completeness by being represented in the life of a nation? Not soon, to all appearance—especially in France.

Fortnightly Review.

ESTANISLAO FIGUERAS.

THE art above all others is the art of eloquence. Beyond its intrinsic qualities of thought and logic, language—like poetry, like the harmony of music, like the arts of illustration and of color, like architecture, like war strategy, like swordsmanship—is governed by supreme laws of skill and address, strict as the supreme moral rules of justice. Oratory is the richest and most varied manifestation of the human mind, and is of many degrees and qualities. Among the principal artists of language, among the most distinguished orators who do honor to our country and our Parliament, all consider Don Estanislao Figueras an inspiration of his native land, the glory of the republican party, which is indebted

to him for the direction of its campaign in the constituent Córtes—a man unexampled for prudence and energy in our august chamber. Before analyzing the distinctive characteristics of the speeches of Figueras and of his political genius, let us give some biographical data in support of the reputation which the republican orator enjoys as a model of consistency and dignity in his glorious career.

Figueras was born in beautiful and enlightened Barcelona, on the 13th November, 1819. After having studied the humanities in the *Escuela Pia* of that city, in which he remained five years, he applied himself to philosophy at Cervera, and soon afterwards at Tarragona. He entered as

a law student in the universities of Barcelona and Valencia, terminating his education in the month of June, 1842. Even while thus engaged, he made some figure in politics, showing an extraordinary ardor in the defence of liberal principles; in 1837 he was enrolled in the ranks of the Progressist party, which then represented the most radical aspirations of the youth of his time. But his active temperament, and his ardent devotion to all that is just and noble, soon separated him from a political school which was as yet unable to satisfy the natural exigencies of a revolutionary epoch. In 1840 he joined the Republican party, being among the first who embraced their idea in Spain. After the events of 1842, which culminated in the bombardment of Barcelona, he differed from the Republicans in their appreciation of that incident. About this period he joined the editorial staff of the *Constitucional*, in connection with Mata and Ribot.

When the famous coalition occurred which threw the reins of power to General Espartero in the names of the most distinguished Liberals, he opposed that rising with all his energy, and foretold its fatal consequences. After the fall of the Regent and the acquisition of power by the moderate party, he retired to the town in which his mother resided, (Tivisa, in the province of Tarragona,) continuing his relations with the Republicans, who in 1848 appointed him their commissioner in Madrid, to organize the movements then attempted by the Liberals. The revolution, twice commenced and twice overthrown, being crushed, Figueras withdrew to Tarragona, where he established himself as an advocate in 1849. He was elected deputy in 1851 for the first district of Barcelona. In that *Córtes* he formed a Republican nucleus with Ortense, Lozano, and Jaen.

In 1854 he became a member of the revolutionary *junta* of Tarragona, and deputy in the *Córtes* for the same provinces. He was of those one-and-twenty who, on the 30th November, 1854, voted against the monarchy. Since that period Madrid has been his fixed place of residence, and there he exercises the profession of an advocate, in which he has acquired enviable notoriety, being one of the most famous lawyers in the city. In 1862 he was again elected deputy for the first district of Barcelona, and disputed with his friend Don Nicolas Maria Rivero the administration

of the Liberal Union, then in power. The retreat of the two parties, Progressist and Republican, being decided, and the movement of the 3rd of January, 1866, being overthrown, Figueras withdrew for a time from active and militant politics, notwithstanding that he maintained his relations with the most important men of his party, and labored unceasingly, although indirectly, with his counsel for the triumph of the second revolutionary attempt, which occurred in June of the same year. After that abortive revolution, the consequences of which were so fatal for the Liberal party, he threw himself resolutely into the work of conspiracy, which in correspondence with the leaders in exile was carried on in Madrid. In consequence of these labors he was arrested on the 12th of May, 1867, by order of Narvaez, and imprisoned in the Saladero, together with his friend, Don Nicolas Rivero. There he remained two days, when a commissary of police and two civil guards conducted him to Pamplona. In a short time the government ordered him to fix his residence at Aosis. He was pardoned in October of that year, when, the revolution of Aragon and Cataluña being over, the government had nothing to apprehend. Subsequently, he was appointed a member of the revolutionary junta, elected justice of the peace for the congressional district, and in the municipal elections member of the council for the district of the Hospital. In the elections for the constituent *Córtes* he was presented as a candidate in Barcelona, Tortosa, Vich, and Madrid; in the two first-named places he was elected.

Being now acquainted with the biography of Don Estanislao Figueras, let us proceed to regard the intellectual qualities which so greatly exalted him.

One of the two great peculiarities of our friend—perhaps the most remarkable—is his moral character. Nobody, not even his greatest enemy, can doubt the rectitude of his motives, the nobility of his soul, the integrity of his life. Beneath an exterior expressing the sweetness and docility common to benevolent natures, he conceals an indomitable energy, which has enabled him to stand erect, with a front calm and serene, here in this land where we see so much debility, so much inconsistency, only to be explained by the suggestion of qualities opposed to those which shine so brightly in Figueras—want of energy in the char-

acter or want of faith in ideas. Nothing is so difficult as to eradicate prejudices. Habits take root strongly, and remain with the people, even after the institutions have expired under whose influence they developed into existence. It is a common error in Spain to believe that malignity and falsehood are necessary elements in a political character. This may be true in the palaces of kings, where all manner of intrigue finds its natural habitation, and political immorality its familiar seat; but the proceedings of liberty, the political acts of the people, the characters of the tribunes, should be frank, loyal—in a word, most nobly moral.

The tribune of the people, like the Grecian athlete, goes forth naked to the combat. He can conceal nothing—not even those beatings of the heart that are hidden and suppressed by the jewels, the velvet, and embroidery with which courtiers are bedizened. The first quality of the popular orator should be frankness, and fidelity to the prominent virtue in his character. But if to frankness in expression, if to fidelity in the character, he unites the skill which is part of the tactics of his enemies, and can pursue them with their own arms, gathered in the same field of battle, the tribune of the people elevates himself immensely, and is formidable even under the most disadvantageous conditions. Such, then, is Estanislao Figueras—sincerity personified, fidelity complete, ability unrivaled in that chamber where so many gifted orators have shone with such extraordinary splendor.

The orator must not be judged by any one of his qualities, though he must necessarily have a facile tongue and a lively imagination. No; he must be judged by all combined—his face, his tone, his voice, his action, for all contribute to the lustre of his eloquence. Estanislao Figueras unites great external advantages. His face gives him that oratorical expression mentioned by the ancients; the repose of his attitude adds majesty; his action, neither rapid nor measured, but always suited to the emotions of his soul, is worthy of his attitude. The unalterable serenity, the self-possession, the benevolent smile, which he does not belie even when his lips send forth darts of bitterness, the perfect calmness, which so forcibly contrasts with the excitement produced upon his hearers by his eloquence—all these qualities make

Figueras one of our greatest parliamentary orators, and his struggles in our Parliament the first glories of the Republican party. When the horizon is obscured, when the seas become boisterous, when difficulties threaten to overwhelm us, all eyes turn instinctively to Figueras, certain of security from his unequalled dexterity. If we entangle ourselves in legal problems, he lays down their solution; if we engulf ourselves in political questions, his masterly decision is in reserve, with that sense of opportunity which is the greatest of parliamentary gifts.

Never shall I forget the remarkable occasion in which the entire chamber turned against us for some words of our respected friends, Ortense and Pierrad, in the manifestation against the *Quintas*. Sagasta poured forth burning words upon our heads, Prim threatened us, Topete made those interruptions natural to his nervous temperament, the hosts of the majority insolently vociferated, threats of expulsion appeared on the brows of some of our deputies—and in all that disorder, Figueras, sure of himself, like an experienced mariner in a destroying storm, counseled the one, supported the others, with imperious gesture restrained the just anger of his party, discharging, as it were, stunning bombs in speeches brief as the lightning, and of as vivid effect on his enemies, changing into victories the greatest difficulties, tranquilizing the turbulence and confusion, and returning to us in safety, bearing his household gods and his family, as Virgil says Æneas issued from the flaming Troy.

Political eloquence has lost much in our time; now the Press contends with the Tribune, which it eclipses. The subjects discussed are in general prosaic. The apostrophe, the invocations, the appeals of Grecian eloquence, are proscribed on our Parliament, and can not be attempted save when the orator holds in his hand the heart of his audience, which in the majority is usually hostile. From the modern tribune, men can neither express their thoughts nor their passions. Compare this confined auditorium, this narrow semi-circle, with the Greek Agora, with the sea in front, like the perspective of a tragic theatre, the people around storming with anger or overflowing with enthusiasm, the green-sward adorned with statues of the gods or the sepulchres of heroes, to which

Demosthenes could extend his supplicating arms, and, remembering the days of Marathon, implore the manes which arise in majestic shades to infuse their spirit, and with their spirit their valor, into the souls of the degenerate Athenians, ready to sacrifice the country and the republic.

Thus it is that our parliamentary oratory must be sparing in adornments without declining into a school, correct without harshness, lively without passion, severe without bitterness; always prompt to attack the enemy, but never uncourteous; reasonably, but not factiously, striving with the opposition; skillful, untiring, quick to arrive at extraordinary ends with wonderful simplicity of means. The orator who rises and pushes his own ideas to extremity, being ignorant of the beneficial aspects of contrary opinions, harsh to individuals, rough, verbose, subject to that anger which breaks out in rudeness and imprecations, will never be able to follow up any parliamentary openings; neither can he advance himself in public opinion, nor acquire the social influence necessary to his party, nor utilize his own ideas, which require to be surrounded with the more precaution, especially if they are most novel or most extreme. Anger should be reserved for rare and supreme occasions, as the atmosphere holds in reserve the rays which consume the miasma. Variety is most agreeable in art, and contrast most necessary. To the sublime one may aspire but seldom, yet it is reached without premeditation; for the sublime is a bright point in the firmament of the soul, and the sentiment which inspires it resembles a shock of electricity.

In hastily writing these reflections, I think I have described the speeches of Figueras. They are sober, correct, and brilliant; earnest, courteous, calm, and reasonable; wonderfully acute, and at the same time persuasive. But when he seeks the sublime, he ascends to sublimity. We remember that night in which he pronounced his *Creo en Dios*, which for the moment converted the assembly into a temple. And when passion is necessary, he knows how to be passionate. We recollect his imprecations against the Duc de Montpensier.

But his essential quality is that delicate smile which wounds his enemies like a subtle poison. What a keen glance to divine the weak point in the armor of the enemy! What skill in sowing dis-

cord! What a prodigious memory, bringing forward those historical records which inflict such injury upon the opposition! And, above all, what sense of opportunity! He is never the victim of subterfuges. He knows how to engage in battles when his enemies are unequal to open combat. He can call up storms upon the opposition benches with the same facility with which he calms them among his own partisans. In fine, what conciseness, what rapidity! Homer named his Achilles the swift-footed, and the eloquence of Figueras we might call the light-winged, did we not see how these airy pinions can resist the tempest. In the skirmish, in the encounter, to direct a sally, to make an assault, for all that necessitates the inspiration of a moment, Figueras is unrivaled in the Spanish Parliament. He is always a combative orator, and this is the reason that in the Constituent Assembly, turned sometimes by natural skepticism from the subjects of debate into an academy, his political expositions shine less than his instantaneous passionate polemics. When the conflict comes suddenly, when he replies to a provocation, when dark clouds surprise him among intricate pathways, when the unexpected thunder rolls in his ears, and the lightning flashes before his footsteps, then all opposition invigorates him, and he becomes greater in face of difficulties.

The records of the parliamentary career of Figueras are those of the progress of the Republican idea in Spain. At the first congress in which he took part he was scarcely twenty-five years old, and he stood alone. Afterwards he had two or three companions. In 1854 twenty deputies voted against the monarchy. In 1869 seventy members voted for the Republic. When Figueras, almost a boy, entered the Chamber, with the timidity natural to one who comes for the first time to the Córtes, and encountered so powerful a monarchy, with a sovereign still popular, with orators who defended both throne and monarch, with generals who aided so much power—when he faced the brilliant and gilded wall of opposition, behind which lay sheltered a tradition of twenty centuries, renewed by the vigor of modern liberty—certainly none could suppose that at his advance those bulwarks would tremble, that at his voice the throne would totter, and that

Providence had destined him to be one of the first to dash down the false idol. He struck it, and thus by right became the leader of the Republican minority in the constituent field.

The Republican minority will be judged by the future; it forms a phalanx as deeply interested and no less illustrious than the men of 1812. Its enthusiasm for ideas is boundless. Its perseverance in the combat is unrivaled. To it belongs the glory of having given to the discussions that calm and manly serenity which accompanies conviction and irresistible power. It has raised the most perplexing questions and the most difficult problems to the luminous regions of science. It has always been the advocate of order, not only as a supreme necessity of the moment, but also as the essential tactics of its party. Its voice has stifled religious intolerance. Its debates have awakened in the sister land of Portugal noble republican aspirations, which our nationality must crown and bring to perfection. Its ideas have been like a ray of light penetrating into the dungeons of the oppressed people. Europe, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Grecian Seas, and from Norway to Italy, has translated in all languages the discourses which converted in so brief a space of time the Spanish tribune into a likeness of the French senate at its most exalted period, into the Mount Tabor of the human conscience.

In the labors and the direction of the Republican minority a very considerable share falls to Senor Figueras—to his eloquence, to his rectitude, to his integrity. Some appear anxious to depreciate his other qualifications, as if among the vicissitudes of humanity, in the infinite variety of its ways, there were not to be found some faculties supported at the expense of

other faculties. If in the realm of Nature you would form a perfect being, with the voice of the nightingale, the strength of the elephant, the agility of the horse, the flight of the eagle—the result would be a monster. In the mind the same thing happens. The sublime indignation of Mirabeau harmonizes not with the perfect and beautiful manner of Vergniaud; the former is great for his speeches, short as those couplets of Esquilo which inspired tragic terror, and the latter excels for his discourses complete as a tragedy of Sophocles, and faultless as a statue of Praxiteles. Fox did not fill his audience with enthusiasm without being many times hurried and confused; Chatham was not admired for his majesty without being often accused of stiffness; Burke did not radiate into sublimity without losing himself in obscurity, as if it was necessary to deepen the darkness, in order to show the greater brilliancy of the lightning. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Spanish eloquence stands as high as the first parliamentary eloquence of Europe. I do no more than repeat a universally admitted judgment in placing Senor Figueras in the immortal band of our most gifted orators. Some shine by their energy, others by the force of logic, and others by their flow of language—none so much as he for sense of opportunity, for ingenuity, for skill, for the most excellent endowments of parliamentary orators. For myself, I say that one of the greatest satisfactions of my life has been to fight by his side, and one of the most pleasing records of my memory his combats and his triumphs. Worthy of the most noble cause, worthy of the Republic, which, conquered to-day to reappear more vigorous to-morrow, will count him among its founders and its heroes.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

St. Paul's.

THE LAW AND THE LYRE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, having gone steadily through the business part of the plan of a deputation, which was to end by serenading him, sat down at the close of his speech, saying rather perfunctorily, "And now, gentlemen, I will take the music." It is the way with us English, too. When we have shut up shop, we take the music. And it is noticeable, for reasons,

that whereas at dinners, presentations, and on all manner of state or ceremonial occasions, we go grandly through a large quantity of downright self-conscious humbug, (this ugly word is, unfortunately, the only one that suits the case,) yet we are strongly suspicious of all enthusiasm in the case of music. We execute with our own pens and tongue any quantity of

"entoosy-moosy,"* in praise, loyalty, or self-magnification in other matters; and we can be very absurdly gallant; but when St. Cecilia is the lady, we are apt to introduce her name rather coldly. Thomas Hood, resenting a rudeness on the part of some fanatic of the fiddle who rebuked his indifference, retorted, that musical fervor was so far like turtle-soup that there were hundreds of gallons of the mock for one of the real. This is no more than might be said of every class fervor whatever; but it is only when Art is in question that Englishmen are contemptuous. Music, unlike painting, makes a noise, and it is a thing that women are more likely to drag men about to, whether they like it or no, and that may be part of the reason. But still there is apt to be something churlish about the way in which many Englishmen dismiss art-topics in general. If there is on the face of the earth an object ludicrously horrible, especially in a pouring rain, it is that statue of Mr. Peabody, hatless and shivering, behind the Royal Exchange. But there are comparatively few Englishmen who will join you in laughing at it. They will say or think the statue is well enough, and suspect you of simulated disgust or amusement. Men of fine culture are not exempt from this kind of weakness—the tendency to treat Art questions with brusquerie. Edward Biscuit wrote to the Club, that the first complaint Sir Roger made of being out of sorts, was "that he had lost his roast-beef stomach;" and whenever an educated Englishman stoops to admire a fiddle, he suddenly picks himself up again, as if he was afraid he had imperiled "his roast-beef stomach." Mr. Emerson says, that Mr. Carlyle told him that he believed Goethe, towards the close of his life, had begun to find out that "Kunst" was "wind-bag nonsense." This high-and-dry pococurantism, is a very different thing from the *bonhomie* of a man like Charles Lamb, in his indifference to music:

"Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.
Can not a man like free and easy,
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?"

* Byron used to say Braham sang the word like that; as well he might! Let it stand for false enthusiasm.

So help me, Heaven, I hardly have;
And yet I eat and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stake or crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer-diluvians
That lived in the unwash'd world with Jubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith Tubal
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut."

This is delicious. Beethoven would have called Charles Lamb a "dumm-kopf," as he used to do the poor music-seller;* and Lamb, with equal simplicity, says:

"Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel
Had something in them; but who's Purcell?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;"

and then, having crushed him and Weber, he mercifully refrains from stamping out Rossini:

"As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em."

This most felicitous poem, entitled "Free thoughts on Several Eminent Composers," would probably be valued by many an Englishman, as expressing his sentiments about music, if people capable of *consequently* snubbing Art were able to see the wonderful grace with which the sweet humorist glides from one grotesque touch to another, and winds up in a way that reminds you at once what a kindly heart he had, and that "Novello" was a member of circles in which he moved.

One more curious fact this little poem brings to the memory, namely, that poets who have been masters of the melody of words have so often been destitute, or nearly destitute, of musical sensibility. Chaucer says right out that he had at all events no *skill* in music, and he leaves us to infer that he did not care for it. Goethe was, we believe, "no great shakes" at it. Wordsworth and Scott belong to a similar, or even a lower, category, and strong living instances might be given. Now, some of Scott's songs are exquisitely musical, (e. g., "Proud Maisie," and "County Guy;") and Wordsworth, though often a lumbering fellow, can be finely musical too. On the other hand, there is Shakespeare, and then, again, Milton, and later on, Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Landor writes

* In his morning walks Beethoven used to pop his head in at the door of a music-seller who had misappreciated him, and say, "Good morning, blockhead!"

of "Paradise Lost" that it contains more music than has ever been heard on earth since the angels sang over it at the Creation. Of all critics Leigh Hunt has shown the most acute sense of the music of verse. Then it is curious that Shelley, intensely musical as his verse often is, very rarely writes *singable* lines. At the first glance, the facts just thrown together in a heap make an odd jumble, and we can not now try to assort them. But we might go on picking up odd things for ever. There is, for example, a species of musical sensibility (we have intimate personal knowledge of such cases) which constitutes the possessor a good judge of music, and that, strange to say, in proportion to its fullness of harmony, and which makes the possessor susceptible of musical emotion; and yet it is a sensibility that carries with it no aptitude for recognizing melodies, or even "learning" music. Then, again, it *looks* (though any such generalization would be hasty) as if musical talent were, more than most other kinds of talent, certain of descending until a certain climax is reached. Lastly, there is the striking fact that, while women have shown the highest executive power in music, and have, as a class, had more chances of musical culture than men, no woman ever produced any considerable musical work.*

These, and many other apparently related facts, we must leave, though they all bear upon the subject of "Music and Morals," treated by the Rev. H. R. Haweis in a most delightful book now before us. In his inaugural lecture at St. Andrews, Mr. Mill noticed with emphasis the slowness of the British mind to *conceive* even of Art as a means of culture co-ordinated with indoctrination of any kind. And the whole subject is of such a nature, that it is extremely difficult to find any thing in the average mind upon which to fix a grappling-iron of logic—while it is wofully easy to toady vulgar prejudice. How often do we find the question shelved with the remark, (which we hope no intelligent reader of this paper will pay the least attention to,) that the examples of ancient Greece and the Italy of the Renaissance prove that the deepest moral debasement may co-exist with the highest

pitch of excellence in Art! Yet the traditions of nation after nation point to the existence of some sort of *aperçu* in the mind of earlier ages upon the subject of the uses of music as a discipline. We may smile when we find Goethe calmly remarking that we ought never to pass a day without exposing ourselves to the influence of some beautiful work of art,—we may exclaim, to ourselves at least, "Namby-pamby old prig!" but not even the "roast-beef stomach," which passes for a mind with some people, will openly deny that music may have a *direct* influence upon the emotions. And every thoughtful person sees that if you persist in stimulating certain emotions, you must in time do something towards modifying the character. Only one or two words upon the more remote issues of the question can find a place here. At the root of the matter lies this all-important truth—that the influence of Art (take music as an instance) is an influence which, while it affects character and conduct, leaves the conscious will free. Its ultimate uses in Education, and culture in general, including religious culture, nobody would yet dare to put into words. But let us just look at Education for a moment. Mr. Stansfeld said the other day that he had never troubled himself about the question of compulsory education, because all Education must be compulsory. The element of absolute truth which this proposition contains is, in my opinion, limited to this,—that all the restraining or protective part of the education of the young must be compulsory. Whatever we may from time to time do as a matter of expediency in applying compulsion in the whole range of education, it is yet to be proved that we are not (except as to mere protection and restriction) on the wrong tack altogether in the teaching of the young. I have not a moment's doubt that we are, and that the ultimate way out lies in a word—Art. In other language, that the principles of which we may catch a glimpse in the kindergarten system will gradually receive extended application, until it will be seen that our present method is a mass of brutality and injustice, (like our methods everywhere else;) and that in the higher portions of our nature there are resources, of which Art holds one of the keys, and which, once drawn upon, will make the dictum that all education must

* Minor instances of musical constructiveness, such as the assistance rendered to Mendelssohn by his sister, are fully present to our mind while writing.

be compulsory, read as absurdly as the dictum—almost axiomatic to our forefathers—that all government must proceed by assuming that traitors should be disemboweled and quartered.

If Mr. Haweis had only broken ground upon the subject of "Music and Morals," in the very crudest manner, he would have deserved our thanks. But he has used with great skill and candor his large stores of general and specific culture, and some much higher matters, in the production of a book which, to use a conventionalism, is as entertaining as a novel. His acuteness, poetic sensibility, large candor, sense of literary proportion, and quick feeling for whatever things are lovely, and true, and of good report, have combined to make these chapters singularly attractive. If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, Mr. Haweis is not the man to miss an opportunity of making the reader think on these things. His book has four main divisions, Philosophical, Biographical, Instrumental, and Critical; and it must be a strange reader who can not find something to gratify him under one or other of those headings. As to the Philosophical part of the book, it is only just to remark that the rapid and vivacious manner of the author places him at some disadvantage with inattentive readers; in other words, the thought does not look as solid as it really is, and the careful implications of the phraseology run some risk of being overlooked. There is another danger against which a word of warning may be permitted. Mr. Haweis has so much glinting, darting, self-conscious humor that he sometimes *assumes* a glance of mental intelligence between himself and the reader, when duller people will unfortunately miss the twinkle in his eye. In spite of the serious intention of the writing, Mr. Haweis, it may be seen, enjoyed his (or rather his wife's, for he tells us the lady did all the drawings) "Emotional Diagram of the Man in the Desert" from a point of view not wholly philosophical.

After the philosophical portion of the book, we have a series of interesting biographies of great musicians, with facsimile scraps of their musical "copy;" essays on the violin, the piano-forte, the bells, etc., and some highly amusing sketches of professional and amateur music in England. These last constitute the

most generally entertaining portion of the book, though not a page of it is dull.

It is well known that musicians proper, and musical people in general, are very much split up into factions; and, apart from this, some of the judgments of Mr. Haweis will be challenged. I have no pretensions to his special musical culture, but it seems to me that his estimate of the Italian school is quite inadequate, if not harsh. On the other hand, I entirely share his feeling that there is an essential incongruity, from the Art point of view, in all serious Opera, (taken as represented on the stage :) but here he has an immense public against him. Personally I have laughed as much at some of the passages in "Lucrezia Borgia" as at "Box and Cox;" but my laughter fearfully scandalized the elect, and I regard myself simply as a branded heretic. Comic Opera is quite another thing.

The list of the ages at which different composers have died is very instructive. It has been said that men of genius are apt to die at thirty-seven. Of course no such empirical generalization will hold water; but in the list of Mr. Haweis there is certainly something to suggest that, accident and some special causes apart, the musicians of the most powerful genius live longest. This also is but a rough and empirical way of putting one's meaning, for you can no more deny great power to Mozart than you can to Handel. Yet one can not help recalling the old distinction, so happily put by Dr. Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," between genius which seems almost wholly a thing of receptivity and fineness of fibre,—"*moonlight*" genius, I think he calls it, or perhaps it is my fancy,—and genius of the more muscular and creative kind. It seems in the natural order of things, comparing musicians with other men of genius, that Mendelssohn should die at thirty-eight, and Chopin at thirty-nine, while Handel should live till seventy-four, and Rossini till seventy-eight. Of course, I again say, all this is very roughly put, and quite empirical. Beethoven, for instance, died at fifty-five, and in power he was second to none upon the list. But then he *looks* like an old lion, who ought, from mere force of brain and viscera, to have lived to ninety; so that we put him on the accidental list at once.

That great musicians, and musicians in

general, are not less moral than the rest of the world, or, to say the least, have no reason for being so, Mr. Haweis goes far to make out; but the collateral questions are not easy, and I can not say I think he has disposed of them quite satisfactorily. Whether or not he is inclined to depreciate a little unduly the essential *morale* of Italian music is a question. But it is not one to which any certain answer can be given by you or me—it is in its nature an open one. Not so, as it seems to me, the dispute raised on pages 84 and 85. Taking these pages together, we can not put it lower than this,—that Mr. Haweis *complains*, in what he holds to be the interest of goodness, that executive musicians are so seldom “excluded from public engagements” by the “indignant virtue” of the public when they have violated morals. Some, he says, “have left this moral country hurriedly, and under a cloud, and been rapturously welcomed back to London in the following season;” and so on. But *après?* What can we do? What is possible to be done, consistently with common justice, in these and similar matters? There are *loathsome* forms of misconduct which must, from the nature of things, shut the wrong-doer out of all society; and a reason of principle might be stated with perfect precision, though the application could never be made precise. But when once this line is passed, we not only fail to see our way; we fail to see how *any* way could be made safe or just. Nor is the executive musician, or any other artist, in a different position from, say, a great captain. Nelson was guilty of a “glaring violation of morals.” Well, what was to be done? Was he to be hissed in the streets, or what? I am not for a moment suggesting that Mr. Haweis would have any such idea—his writings are instinct with fairness, tenderness, and the kind of humor without which it is so hard to be even just; I am only illustrating the difficulty of the question. But Mr. Haweis himself helps us to come much closer. He tells us with much candor the story of George Sand and Chopin. It would be easy to tell it in another way, which should make out Chopin to be the sole author of his own misfortune, and George Sand to have been both wise and self-sacrificing. It is certain that Chopin was, in American slang, already “shot;” and also that

George Sand was his patient and faithful nurse long (I think for three years) after fidelity to her convictions had led her to reduce the friendship to those terms. All the world knows what those convictions are; they have often been held and acted upon by men of admitted conscientiousness, piety, and purity, and they are practically legalized in Protestant Germany. Here, then, we have this “large-brained woman and large-hearted man,” as Mrs. Browning called her; on the whole, the greatest woman of genius known in Europe; a woman of a most serious and thoughtful character, abundantly capable of nearly all that makes human beings loved; loved in *fact*; and admittedly doing much good;—and she is deliberately guilty of violations of the received morality of her own country and ours—that is to say, of certain rules and customs by which it is attempted to promote the cultivation of a social ideal which is as much honored and aspired to by George Sand as by the Archbishop of Paris. If you asked her about it, she would make answer: “I am very sorry to have to do this, but my conscience will not let me do otherwise.” Now, what is to be done? Is any body to hiss the friend of Mazzini, and Lamennais, the authoress of “*Consuelo*” and “*La Petite Fadette*” in the street? or to burn her books? or what? Again I say, Mr. Haweis would be the very last man in creation to hint at any thing ever so faintly or remotely resembling this, any thing so absurd. But that is not the point—I am trying to see my way out. In what particular is the position of this lady distinguished from that of any “executive musician” whose violations of morality the public condones? In one way, it may perhaps be said—she does not intend to do wrong; she thinks she is right; and she is not guilty of any obvious act of mere self-indulgence. But this distinction will not carry us far. Possibly a moral critic like (say) Canon Lid- don would affirm that in a case like that of George Sand there was as much self-indulgence as in that of an “executive artist,” who is in my mind just now, and was probably in that of Mr. Haweis when he wrote the pages in question—only that it was more refined. Nor is that all, or half. For just think of hissing an “executive artist” for a sudden offence of coarse, or even, if you please, perfidious

gallantry; and, on the other hand, receiving with an applause another "executive artist" who was quite incapable of any such fault as that, but who was shamefully guilty of the sin of "covetousness, which is idolatry," and letting his old mother languish in an almshouse! In fact, if the public—the *public*, ye gods! what an interference that would be!—is to interfere in such matters it must come to this:—that no person shall receive money, applause, or sympathy for singing, playing, writing acting, engineering, fighting, legislating, or whatnot, unless he or she comes up to the moral standard of — And there we must stop, for the blank could never be filled up. I am not writing all this to Mr. Haweis. He is far too honest and acute a man not to feel this difficulty, and to see and admit, when challenged, that there is no "standard" anywhere existing with which we could possibly finish the sentence.

The reader will, however, take my word for nothing, but will go to the work itself. Personally, however, I have long ago thought out these questions, and concluded that the most correct *épicier* going must take the "artist" with all his drawbacks, just as the *épicier* takes *him*. On the whole, the artistic temperament must be expected to carry with it a tendency to dislike of mechanism of all kinds, and we have no more right to insist that John Clare shall have all the citizen virtues of John Gilpin than that John Gilpin shall write poems like John Clare's; nay, it is a very good thing in the interest, not only of charitable constructions, but of the higher ethics, that there are corners of life, in which the foregone conclusions of the correct *épicier* are quoted at some discount.

The mention of John Gilpin's name reminds me of one point more. Mr. Haweis, in writing of the uses of music in public worship, has the following characteristic passage:

"One day, noticing a very poor and aged woman in tears during the service, I spoke to her at the close, and inquired the cause of her grief. "Oh, sir," she replied, "that blessed, blessed song in the

middle of the prayers!" She could say no more; but she was alluding to an anthem by Professor Sterndale Bennett—"O Lord, thou hast searched me out." The function of anthems is no doubt quite different from that of psalms or hymns. It is greatly to be wished that the congregation would never attempt to join in the anthem, nor even in the chorus, strong as the temptation may sometimes be. Above all, let not people with musical ears sing fancy parts to their own edification and the great distress of their fellow-worshippers. The strength of the congregation during the anthem is emphatically to sit, or at all events to stand still. They need lose nothing by their silence, for, rightly understood, it may be quite as blessed a thing to allow music to flow into the soul as to pour forth actively songs of praise. This is hardly a popular view of the subject. In every church where an anthem is sung, the majority of the congregation seems to belong to one of two classes—those who look upon the anthem as an unwarrantable interloper, and those who regard it simply in the light of a show-off for the choir. Need we observe that neither of these two views is the correct one?"

Sir John Lubbock says, there is no finer fun than a contested election. Perhaps not. I never stood for anywhere; but it would have been fine fun, also, to lay the above anecdote and comments before the poet who wrote the couplet:

"Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman or a fiddling priest,"

and then to make him turn to those pages of the book of Mr. Haweis, which inevitably suggest that this human, thoughtful, and highly cultivated clergyman is capable of being as "deeply, darkly in love" with a fiddle as any musical *enragé* that ever rosined a bow. Was it not Themistocles who said he couldn't play the fiddle, but he could turn a small city into a large one? Mr. Haweis has done fine service in writing this volume; but he is doing still finer service in another kind, and much more of it is to be looked for from him.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

Temple Bar.

M A R I E .

WHAT of the night, Marie?—

“Never a time to pray,
Never a time to woful be,
Whatever the good ones say.
Go to: let them pray and sleep.
I pray? when men pray to me,
With pleading, passionate, deep—
Me, their god, their ‘own little Marie!’
Night is a time to be laid—
Away from the lights and the flowers,
From the throng, where love’s prelude was played—
Laid warm through the dim dreamy hours.”

What of the morn, Marie?—

“Morn? is it morn so soon?
Nay, get you gone; let us be—
Leave us to sleep till noon.
What?—the world long awake?
And men gone forth to their toil?
Let them go, let them toil, and take
The fruits of their toil and the soil.
We have not wherefore to rise,
No taskwork for hand or brain:
Shut out the light from our eyes,
Leave us to dream night again.”

What of the eve, Marie?—

“Set these flowers in my hair.
Ay, but my lovers shall see
I am comely and fair;
Comely: my hair is fine gold,
My breasts are as rose-tinged snow,
All men shall crave to behold
My beauty. Forth let us go.
. . . . Here will we sit in the glare,
While the music surges and dies:
Darling, am I not fair?—
Am I not sweet in your eyes?”

What of the past, Marie?—

“You speak of the long-dead days,
Or ever men knew of me,
Or ever they loved to praise
The glorious gold of my hair,
(Their words, not mine;)—you mean
Long ago. Ah, I never dare
To think of what might have been.
‘Chose it myself?’ may be:
Sometimes I wish . . . but nay,
Nought else could have been for me
So utterly sweet and gay.”

What of the end, Marie ?—

“ When I am gray and old ?

When my beauty is gone from me ?

When my lovers are all grown cold ?

I shall die before these things be.

And what of the end ? Shall we weep ?

Soon we must tire of the glee,

Soon we shall fain find sleep.

One day we must all lie low ;

But we shall have had our spell.

Tush—never speak of death now.

. . . . Ay, but if death means hell ?”

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

Temple Bar.

MODERN MANNERS.

THE difficulty of defining a gentleman has long been keenly felt and never been wholly overcome ; but if we search deeply into the causes which have created the perplexity we shall find that they spring mainly from the repugnance experienced by most people to acknowledge that there may be, not only a distinction, but a positive antagonism, between good manners and good morals. Yet every attempt to make external deportment dependent upon interior virtue has ended in failure ; and every impartial person will admit that a monstrous villain may be a man of consummate address, whilst a paragon and pattern of goodness may possibly offend even ordinarily sensitive eyes and ears by awkward actions and untimely observations. This is to put the case extremely ; but it is equally true that average instances of imperfection in outward behavior and fundamental conduct establish the same conclusion. Is it invariably the most agreeable person that we most respect ? And are we for ever seeking the society of individuals for whom we are always ready to profess sincere reverence ? It will be admitted by all Englishmen that the highest of all virtues is truthfulness, taking the word in its most comprehensive signification. For see what truthfulness implies ! It implies sincerity, simplicity, courage, absence of self-interest, and a belief in the possession by others of the same lofty qualities. Yet is it possible to be always and uncompromisingly truthful, and yet to be a “ perfect gentleman ?” We do not speak of gratuitous plain-speaking, which a spirit of truthfulness never exacts ; but there are a thousand occasions when regard for the

feelings and conveniences of others compel a man who otherwise loves to speak the truth, more or less to deviate from it. No doubt these deviations, so harmless in themselves, are completely condoned by the charity of the motive and the excellence of the result ; but they are deviations from the truth none the less. Hence we may observe without surprise, that the most truth-telling nations are the least polite, and the least truth-telling nations the most pleasing in their manners. We have only to compare Englishmen with Irishmen or Frenchmen, Germans with Italians, and the European with the Asiatic, to be convinced of the accuracy of the dictum, laid down by way of generalization. It is often observed that the French people are rapidly ceasing to deserve the character they have long arrogated to themselves of being the most polite people in the world ; but those who make the observation are acquainted only with Paris and a few other large towns, in which democracy is the watchword and mentor of the majority. When a Parisian shopman, waiter, or cabman is rude, it is because he does not wish to lose the opportunity of conveying to you the fact that he is just as good as you are, and that you and he are and must remain on terms of perfect equality. But the “ just as good as you” doctrine, when carried into practice in this conscious direct way, must necessarily be the death of all good manners. It induces men to arrogate what they ought to be content to receive, and to refuse what they would be wise to give. It is to overlook the obvious truth, that if two people treat each other with reciprocal deference their equality will

be established in the same way that occurs when a couple of rival political candidates vote each for his opponent. On the "just as good as you" principle the weaker is sure to go to the wall, and the contention which underlies all intercourse based upon such a system can be ended only by one of the rivals succeeding in being more rude or more arrogant than the other. This incidentally, though by no means irrelevantly. But we see here, as in prior instances, that it is the wish to be frank and truthful that spoils the French democrat's manners. Every traveler in Oriental countries has come away impressed with the superiority of Asiatic politeness, but at the same time insists with equal zeal on Asiatic duplicity. Amongst Europeans, diplomatists are generally supposed to have and to require the finest manners. It is scarcely necessary to point out what it is that renders these fine manners indispensable. When we say that a person would never do for a court, we again imply that his candor would shock its well-bred atmosphere of dissimulation.

It does not at all follow from the above unavoidable concessions that the greatest liar will be the most polished gentleman, or indeed that disingenuousness of any serious kind is required in a gentleman at all. But it rids us of the supposition that perfect virtue and perfect manners are strictly convertible terms, and forces us to look elsewhere than in morality—at least as that word is generally understood—for the secret and soul of gentlemanliness. We believe they are to be found in what may be called the half-way house between a systematic frankness and bluntness of speech, and conscious insincerity. Nothing can be more opposed to our idea of active truthfulness than reticence or reserve; yet no discriminating person would confound them with real disingenuousness. Now, from what do reticence in speech and reserve in manner spring, so long indeed as they are not carried to an extreme and do not raise the notion of shyness or excessive caution? We think the answer that ascribes them to self-respect united with a respect for others will commend itself to most people. Respect for one's self, which is not complemented by reverence for one's neighbors, will more generally be known by another name, and be justly stigmatized by the opprobrious epithet of pride; whilst respect for others which does not commence at home is sure to be attributed to

an inherent spirit or an acquired habit of servility. But regard that looks both ways, that is careful not to offend, and does any thing but invite offense, will be misconstrued only by those who are not initiated into its invaluable properties as the guide and guardian of social intercourse.

It will be evident that nothing is so incompatible with the good manners which, as we now see, mainly depend on a certain fine reserve and a certain judicious and instinctive reticence, whilst these again spring from a reciprocal respect and consideration, than what is colloquially known as familiarity. It is in this sense that we are to read the wise old maxim, that familiarity breeds contempt. Many, alas! have construed it in a more literal sense, and this adherence to the letter has chilled and killed various promising friendships. Ours would be a world not worth living in if it were once established beyond contradiction that the more intimate we become with each other the less likely to endure will be our esteem and affection. Closeness of intercourse and thorough knowledge constitute the only true basis of perfect love and regard. But perfect love and regard are never familiar, in the sense in which the cited saw warns all of us against being. To permit one's self to be thus familiar is to permit one's self to take liberties, and to take them is to provoke them. Every man who respects himself strongly objects to be the object of them, and he would therefore never dream of subjecting to them any one he revered or was attached to.

Slowly, but we trust surely, we have thus arrived at the heart of our subject, which is, modern manners. We are not much afraid of contradiction when we say that modern manners unfortunately are not good; and we expect to have the whole world on our side when we add that they are nearly always excessively, and in many instances intolerably, familiar. We heard it remarked only the other day that there are but few gentlemen in England and none out of it. The observation is too epigrammatical to be quite accurate, but it contains an element of truth. We are dealing only with English modern manners, and shall therefore be spared any invidious comparison with the manners of other countries, save in so far as they may incidentally illustrate our meaning; but we fear that it is no exaggeration to say that fine manners exist among us almost exclusively as

a tradition. A few old people linger here and there to deepen the contrast between what was once an acknowledged standard of deportment and the various self-constituted types of free-and-easy behavior which represent the younger ideas of social address. But these octogenarians are, in their quiet way, the most severe critics of habits utterly alien to their prior experience, and do but confirm the estimate we have formed. It is in a thousand ways that this hideous familiarity, this want of reserve, of self-respect, and of respect for others, is manifested; but never is it more noticeable than in conversation. Listening has long been pronounced, in modern phraseology, a bore; and one of the most striking features of modern politeness is a readiness to know all you are going to say before you have said it. One is constantly prohibited, in practice, from finishing one's sentences. They are finished by proxy, or suppressed in order to give way to a premature rejoinder. Another respectable element of conversation is now regarded as a "bore;" and that is, seriousness. The only persons who are considered duly qualified to converse are the persons who can be unflaggingly jocose; witty we do not say, for wit presupposes gravity and reflection, whilst any fool can be funny. Funny fools are at present much in request and their particular vocation absolves them from all obligation to be either reticent or respectful. They may say any thing provided it raises a laugh, and take any name in vain so only it conduce to our merriment. Every man of spirit now aspires to be a chartered libertine in the matter of speech; and the unhappy individuals whose tongues are restrained by old-fashioned prejudices are driven into a cold and silent corner, whence they contemplate the lively sallies of unchastened humor with an amazement not always unembittered by chagrin. In the very highest society these phenomena may be witnessed; indeed they obtrude themselves upon our notice. Nor, even in the matter of dress, in which men of fashion are supposed to be so particular, are signs wanting that here too the familiar non-respectful spirit is gaining an entrance. In London, where carelessness in such a matter is practically impossible, and where indeed there is no temptation to it, inasmuch as a man must be prepared, morning, noon, and night, for the presence of strangers by whom he

would on no account be caught off his guard, no complaint can be urged. But truly good manners, like charity, begin at home; and politeness will not forget its duties even in the country, and when a mother, sister, or aunt is the only judge. Yet we have heard the finest ladies complain that their sons, brothers, and nephews pronounce it to be "a bore" to don the dress which we have agreed to consider appropriate for dinner, when they are strictly in the bosom of their family and not in London; and we have ourselves been invited "not to bother," but to present ourselves in costume that prophesied an evening in the smoking or billiard room rather than in the drawing-room. By some people this will be regarded as a small matter, and especially by those among whom, as we can well understand, what is called evening dress is not habitually put on. When it is not expected, the omission of it can give no offense and presumes no familiarity. But when it has long been rigorously insisted on, to pretermitt the custom on certain exceptional occasions, because "it is a bore," is surely no unimportant sign of the times.

The influence of women upon manners has long been notorious; and painful as it may be, it is our duty to charge upon women a large portion of the responsibility for modern manners being what they are. It is they who not only tolerate, but encourage and abet, the laxity of which we have so much to complain. A hideous word, representing a hideous thing, has found its way into our language. Purists might well object when they heard of fast men; but criticism was stupefied when it was invited to contemplate fast women. A fast woman, to a person accustomed to hold by the niceties of language, sounds like a perverse paradox: is a contradiction in terms, *nigroque simillima cygno*. Many impossibilities, however, have become glaring facts in these wonderful days; and we do possess, there can be no doubt of it, both black swans and fast women. Whether snow will, by the law of progress, soon be black too, we must wait and see. Meanwhile, a woman, and even a girl, who is not just a trifle fast is a poor creature; fit for a rural rectory, a Quaker hearth, to be a Dorothea Casaubon, if one likes, but utterly disqualified from passing the very portals of polite life. The very basis of fastness is to be familiar; and we must

protest that were Polonius living now he would never dream of directing us to be "familiar, but by no means vulgar." Any reserve of manner or any reticence of speech savors so insufferably of slowness, that to say every thing and do just as you like are two golden rules. Distance no longer lends enchantment to a woman's view of man; the less deference or hesitation he displays in his manner, the more closely and the more rapidly he approaches her, the better chance has he of conciliating her favor. The surest path to her partiality is to treat her as a "good fellow;" and whilst—*credite posteris!*—she will not hesitate playfully to assure him that he is a "pig," and that somebody else is a "beast," the highest compliment he can pay her in return is to inform her that she is a "brick." Is it our boast that we are no longer a pastoral people. Is it on that account that the Damon and Amaryllis of Mayfair exchange amenities in a language borrowed from the vocabulary of Arcadia? With such evidences of reciprocal respect, we can not be surprised if, in speaking of their male acquaintances, young ladies no longer think it worth while to retain titles of courtesy, to be burdened with the prefix of Mr., but give the surname *tout bonnement*, and not unoften the Christian name, again abbreviated or travestied with all the felicitous familiarity of the play-ground. They themselves often delight in nicknames, for which a male acquaintance is usually sponsor. It would be unreasonable to expect under such circumstances that manner would be better than matter; and the women who permit themselves all these liberties of speech are not afraid of being overheard. A voice gentle and low is no longer deemed excellent. They have been converted by the legal maxim, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, and take care therefore to be, in their own sweet language, "well to the fore." None of their observations are thrown away, and they are more anxious to parade and proclaim their nonsense even than a person of judgment is to whisper his wit. They would stare a *roué* of the last century out of countenance, and if they do not understand *doubles entendres* that would do credit to Congreve, their simulation of intelligence does them gross injustice.

Now it is quite impossible that women should thus forget what is due to them,

from themselves and from others, without the manners of the men who associate with them being mischievously affected. The society of women ought to be a school of manners for the other sex. Men come from school impudent, and from college awkward; it is in the drawing-room that they should learn to be easy yet respectful. Shyness is painful; but to behold a person who is always "at home" is offensive and insufferable. When a gentleman addresses a barmaid he accommodates himself to her intelligence and tastes by a directness and familiarity that even then are not admirable, but may be pardoned. To judge by the way in which most men nowadays address many ladies, one would conclude that the counter was the school of true deportment. Ladies are addressed and looked at as though they were barmaids, and ladies do not resent it. It would be strange if men who show no deference to the other sex manifested any in dealing with their own. It would seem monstrous to treat a man and a brother with a consideration greater than is extended to his sister or his bride. Men advanced in life who refrain from this easy mode of address escape censure, for they are too old to be censured and their demeanor becomes them. But woe to the young man who acts as though he thought a fair young maiden is as holy as a shrine, or who appears before a comely matron with somewhat of the deferential diffidence that a well-bred junior counsel will display before a court of justice. He will be deemed a spiritless fellow, ludicrously sheepish, and, don't you know? not *quite* a gentleman.

It would perhaps be immaterial in a democratic age that what is still called aristocracy should be so indifferent about losing one of its most valuable and distinctive badges, if there were any hopeful signs that the leveling principles which are afloat will bring their own law of politeness with them. As we have already intimated however, the doctrine of equality, when actively employed as a creed, and the watchword of a social crusade, must be fatal to good manners. The very soul of politeness consists in giving every thing and exacting nothing; though it will be obvious that the consequence of such a principle, when put in practice, is, that every body gets as much as he deserves and most people much more. This is as it should be. The really distinguished, meritorious, and

great, should receive from all a measure of deference commensurate with their merits; and the poorer creatures of life should be made comfortable in it and led to forget their inferiority by a share of consideration utterly out of proportion to their deserts. This, it will be seen, is the very opposite of "the weakest to the wall" result, which, we noted, necessarily ensues from the assertion of the "just as good as you" doctrine. There is no merit in deferring to the exalted and the powerful; our refusal of deference would be of mighty little consequence. But there is something eminently pathetic in the extension of consideration to those by whom the withholding it would be keenly felt. It is not because women are superior to men—we do not mean to imply that they are inferior—that precedence is universally allowed to them, but because if it came to a rough vulgar scramble they would fare the worst. Therefore are they put in the front rank. Tenderness for children and for animals is based upon the same proper feeling, which is the sentiment of true politeness, and eternally opposed to the "just as good as you" dogma. Politeness knows nothing of better or worse; and the polite person never assigns inferiority to any one but himself. This has nothing to do with those conventional laws of precedence which are made for our convenience, and which no sane man regards as any thing more than symbols.

But there are other active reasons for the inability we remark in democratic principles to further the cause of good manners, over and above the fatal assertion of personal equality. The democratic spirit, as we are now considering it—and we need scarcely tell our readers that we are not talking politics, but are occupied solely with the matter as an ethical and social one—is the most disingenuous of all forms of egotism. It does not mean what it professes. Far from really seeking to obtain the social and individual equality, of which it prates so fervently, it gives rise to endless ambitions, personal rivalries, and acute struggles. As far as the democratic spirit, socially considered, has manifested itself among Englishmen or Americans, it inculcates the habit of what is called "getting on" above every other virtue and obligation. Its ideal seems to be that life is a ladder, and that every body should try to mount to the highest rung—we need scarce-

ly add, by means which are certain to prevent every body at least from attaining that lofty position. The operation, when successful, is attended with considerable contempt for those who do not attempt it, or attempting, fail. One of the immediate consequences of this soaring state is, that in those classes which are now so numerous, and who may be described as people whose material possessions are out of all proportion to their education, culture, or refinement, children have generally a profound contempt for their parents and are not slow to exhibit it. Here, good manners are tarnished at their very source; and the reverence which young men and women should entertain for their father and mother, and which leads to reverence for all recognized, if but conventional, superiority, is exchanged for pity, sometimes tinged with shame. The parents have been highly successful, but still remain simple and unpretending folks, and very likely lack the acquirements or finish which would enable them to play a spirited part in society. This is highly distasteful to the younger generation, who, seeing themselves in possession of as good a roof, as good a cook, as good a stable, and as good a cellar, as the squire over the way or the Queen's Counsel round the corner, are impatient to cut as telling a figure as their neighbors. The inferiority in accomplishments, and probably in manners, of their parents is obvious, though perhaps to none so much as to their own children; and the latter appear to be of opinion that they can escape being deemed to share in the parental shortcomings only by showing how thoroughly they are aware and ashamed of them. The result is usually something very lamentable. The parents may possibly not be drawing-room ladies and gentlemen; but the sons, who fancy themselves to have walked out of the family, are downright cads, and the daughters are an affliction of the flesh to those who, seeing fine feathers, expect fine birds. There is no such offensive class of people as this. Modesty, naturalness, simplicity, were all or nearly all the sins of the generation to which success has come with such rapidity. Impudence, affectation, and vulgarity stamp the next one, whose members opine that they can become persons of fashion as expeditiously as their parents became persons of wealth. This is not always the case; and the fact that people have become rich

suddenly—if honestly—is all in their favor, if the material transformation be accompanied by a transformation of mind and manner. Unfortunately, society is much too tolerant in this respect, and tolerant from the worst of motives. Nothing could be more meritorious in persons of refinement than to admit to their society persons who are wanting in refinement, in the hope that we might see the reverse of that which is said to take place when evil communications corrupt good manners. But it is a matter of notoriety that a wish to partake of the vulgar advantages of this rapidly-got wealth is the ruling and indeed the only reason why people who ought to be above such sordid motives admit to their houses men and women who are little better than well-dressed boors. It is not to be supposed that the individuals thus made free of the best society attribute their admission exclusively to their money. People rarely fail to find more flattering explanations of their own successes. The line where the influence of wealth ends and that of personal merit begins must necessarily be vague; and it is not wonderful if people who are very wealthy, and not otherwise meritorious at all, reverse the ratio of those elements which constitute their visible influence. People so warmly welcomed by an old and would-be aristocratic society may be forgiven if they conclude that they are amply qualified to move in it, and have nothing to learn from its breeding, bearing, language, or reticence. Folks affecting to be studiously fastidious, begin by eating their suppers and end by adopting their manners. Thus the proper *rôles* are precisely reversed; and the vulgarian, whom it would have been a kindness and a charitable action to teach, silently becomes a pedagogue and a pattern. He is familiar because he knows no better; and people who once knew better, end in adopting something of the deportment they at first intended, from interested motives, only to tolerate. Man is such a monkey that it is impossible for him to consort often and long with persons of inferior manners without his own manners, if originally good, becoming deteriorated. It is possible that the person who inspires him in the matter he slightly improves. But a slight improvement in so delicate a thing as good manners is not of much consequence; whilst a slight deterioration is disastrous.

At the same time all public discussion and criticism conspire toward the same end. Want of reverence, want of consideration, which, we have seen, is the cause of the sad falling-off in our manners, is not a little promoted by that in many respects useful and certainly necessary institution, the Press. To be a public man is to be pelted; and even to be a private one is not always to escape the mud that is perpetually flying about. Nothing is sacred. Ridicule is the weapon ready to every one's hand, and you are much more likely to hit somebody if you aim at the biggest people you see. There is a weekly journal which has for the last fifteen years maintained notoriety and profit by the systematic depreciation of every body and every thing that have won the respect of any portion of the community. To lead us to despise men in public life and to despise women in private life has been the main object of its energy. Such a task demands no great ability, though no doubt it requires a certain fertility in thinking evil. But the chief requisite for this sort of thing is, to be wholly free from the sense or obligation of good manners, to think truth a poor thing compared with a good or even with a bad joke, and to esteem no person's character, no matter how exalted he be, of any consequence, if, by depreciating or ridiculing it, the public can be amused.

If then good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women will end by behaving with politeness towards each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real, or well-assumed. In a self-making age we can not be surprised at

meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be com-

plete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

Chambers's Journal.

THE SHORE AND THE GLACIER.

IN the magnificent spectacle which the ocean presents, one of the features which is most pleasing, and leaves a durable impression on the mind, is the harmonious curve which is formed by the shore. These lines softly bent inward are marked by a marvelous beauty which rests and rejoices the eye; they carry it on into space by the natural grace of their geometrical development; and in contemplating them there is an instinctive sensation of pleasure, which renders the cadenced movement of the waves still softer as they break upon the coast. On every shore there is the great curve of sand, bathed by the waves, following a regular profile, more or less distant, to the point where the breakers surge; beyond the advanced angle is another equally graceful bay, and in the further distance a succession of others, dimly vanishing away. It is this harmony which gives a charm to the most monotonous coast; we recognize the power of that mighty laborer, the ocean; and are confounded in thinking of the centuries that the forces of nature must have employed in establishing so perfect a relation between the wave and the shore, the sea and the continent. Under the incessant action of the water, the outline of the land has been sculptured afresh, and curved into regular undulations, often compared to a garland suspended from column to column. Every bay reproduces on a large scale the form of the wave as it unfurls, marking on the sands an elliptical curve of foam.

The coasts of most mountainous countries, beaten for ages past by the sea, are no less gracefully designed than the lower lands. Remarkable examples of this may be seen on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, in Spain, in Provence, in Liguria, and in Greece. There, every promontory, the remains of an old chain of hills carried away by the sea, rises in a high cliff; every valley which descends to the sea ends in a tract of fine sand of a perfectly rounded curve. Abrupt rocks and softly-inclined valleys alternate thus on the

shore; whilst, in the interior, the summits and the slopes of mountains, the cultivated fields below, the towns scattered on the heights, and the ever-changing flow of the rivers to the sea, introduce the most charming variety into the landscape.

Then comes the consideration, how did the arc of a circle become the unvarying form of the bay; and why does the land divide to left and right into innumerable lateral valleys? We may observe how, by a rapid rise of the waters of the sea to some hundreds of feet above their level, it would inundate the low grounds and streams far into the interior, quickly forming deep gulfs in the depressions of the continent, and changing the lateral gorges into bays. Then the work would begin in an inverse sense as soon as this change in the profile of the shore was accomplished; the rivers bringing the alluvium down, would gradually fill up the higher valleys, and by degrees narrow the conquests of the sea. On the other side, the ocean would do its work by drawing its coast-line, its reaches of sand or pebbles, and thus dividing from its surface all the new bays which the sudden swell of its waters had made. After the indeterminate lapse of ages, the shore would recover the softly undulated form of the present period.

There are still, however, many countries where this double work of inland waters and the ocean has but just begun. These shores preserving their early form, and cut into deep clefts, are in every case situated far from the equator, and within or near to the polar zones. In Europe, the western coasts of Scandinavia, from the promontory of Lindesnæs to that of the North Cape, are marked out by a series of *fjords*, or ramified gulfs; and not only is the shore of the continent, but also all the islands which form a sort of chain parallel to the Norwegian plateaux, fringed with peninsulas and carved into smaller fjords which may be likened to immense avenues. They double in length the coast-line, and give a border of endless points of land, more or

less in a straight line, some bearing a uniform aspect, and resembling deep ditches dug out of the thickness of the continent, others dividing into lateral fiords, which make the interior of the country a labyrinth, almost inextricable, of straits, canals, and bays. By these indentations, Norway has its coast so far increased as to be thirteen times the length that it would be if the line were straight; and were every one to be sailed round, the voyage would be the same as from here to Japan. The hills which surround these dark defiles are almost all very steep; there are some which rise like perpendicular walls; others overhang, serving as a pedestal to high mountains. Thorsnuten, situated to the south of Bergen, on the edge of the Hardanger Fiord, reaches an elevation of more than eighteen hundred yards within a few miles of the coast. In many a bay of Western Norway, the cascades leap from the cliffs in a single jet to the sea, so that boats can glide between the wall of rock and the roaring cataract. Beneath the water, the steep rocks are carried to a great depth, so that in some defiles, where the width is but two or three hundred yards, the sounding-line will descend to six hundred yards before it reaches the bottom. The Lyse Fiord may be mentioned as one of the most frightful among these dark clefts, where not a ray of the sun can fall, by reason of the high rocks which inclose it. With an almost perfect regularity, it penetrates some twenty or thirty miles into the interior of the continent, though in some places it does not exceed seven hundred yards in width, and its rocky walls rise to the height of twelve hundred yards.

The islands of Spitzbergen, Farøe, and Shetland present the spectacle of innumerable fiords similar to those of Scandinavia. The shores of Scotland also, on the western side only, are deeply cut out; where the islands produce in miniature the labyrinth of promontories and bays of the neighboring continent. That part of Ireland which lies towards the Atlantic develops itself into a series of rocky peninsulas, separated by narrow gulfs; whilst at the south and east, the coasts of Great Britain are much less marked in form, and, for the most part, display the regular curves before spoken of. In France there is scarcely a trace of these deep cuttings, excepting at the extremity of the coast of Brittany; on the other hand, Iceland, Labrador, and

Western Greenland, the islands of the Polar Archipelago, the American shore of the Pacific, from the long peninsula of Alaska to the labyrinth of Vancouver's Island, are not less rich in the form which we call fiords. They do not recommence until the long uniform coast of Chili has been passed, then come the island of Chiloe with its numerous bays, and the network of straits of Magellan and Tierra del Fuego. The southern hemisphere is the only region of the globe where may be seen the extraordinary phenomenon of winding and deep valleys filled with sea-water.

This examination of the shores of different countries leads us to a confirmation of the fact, that fiords are only met with in cold countries, and much more numerous on the side turned towards the west than the east. Why is this strange geographical contrast produced according to the position which they occupy? And why have the coasts enjoying a warm or temperate climate been molded into the gentle undulating form which we so commonly see? whilst the plateaux of Scandinavia and other lands have preserved their primitive form. One part of the solution of this question, operating in the same way at the extremities of the two continents in the icy regions of Magellanic islands and the north of Europe, may be found in the great geological change which has passed over the world during past ages of our planet. This is none other than the extreme cold which was formerly felt on the surface of the globe, and transformed the summits of the mountains into streams of ice. It thus becomes clear how the fiords, these ancient clefts in the shore, have been maintained in their primitive state by the prolonged continuance of the glaciers. The period of cold, unequivocal testimonies of which are still seen even in the tropics, under the equator, at the foot of the Andes, and in the valley of the Amazon, has naturally lasted much longer in the neighborhood of the poles than under the torrid or even the temperate regions. This glacial period, which probably terminated millions of ages ago on the burning shores of Brazil and Colombia, has ceased in France and England at a relatively recent time.

Let us glance at the effects of this in England, and realize some of the wonderful changes thus brought about. From the north of Scotland to the latitude of

London, our whole country is covered with the strata which has been brought by the glaciers, and which geologists term drift; the southern counties from Cornwall to Kent are the only ones unwrapped by this enveloping crust, all the materials of which are foreign to the soil where they rest. This phenomenon is much complicated, owing to the subsidence of the land, as geologists are of opinion that we then belonged to one great continent with France and Germany, and were only separated from Norway by a narrow channel. At this epoch, continental vegetation invaded for the first time the greater part of our islands. Forests like those of Germany covered our coasts. The lignite or forest-bed of Cromer, traceable along the whole coast of Norfolk, shows the remains of this primitive vegetation. At a low tide, and after violent storms, the trunks of trees may still be seen standing with their roots plunged into the ancient soil. Among these trees, some specimens of the pine are only indigenous to Scotland; another, the fir-tree, is a complete stranger to England. The remains of aquatic plants prove these forests to have been marshy; the white and yellow water-lilies have been abundant. The bones of animals resemble those of Switzerland at the same period; the mammoth, two kinds of elephants, a rhinoceros, a hippotamus, a large kind of stag, the common wolf, the wild boar, and the beaver.

Continuing the examination of the shore where these layers of lignite form the base, there have been collected the remains of large marine animals, such as the morse or sea-horse, the narwhal, the backbone of the larger kinds of whale, and the shells of molluscs, both marine and fresh water. Above these is a bank of clay, commonly called boulder clay, as it is full of sharp pebbles, often rubbed or striped, and accompanied by erratic blocks of syenite, granite, and porphyry, coming from the mountains of Norway, evidently the deposit of a glacier. These cliffs of Norfolk are full of valuable teaching; they show us that at a certain epoch the soil of England was raised at least two hundred yards, and made a part of the European continent. To this succeeded a period of subsidence; the portions of land which had emerged from the sea, sank slowly and insensibly, and at the end of ages which the imagination dare not compute, England,

Scotland, and Ireland again became islands. It was during this time that the boulder-clay strata spoken of above were formed; and from the position in the hills where sea-water shells are found, the subsidence must have been about five hundred yards. The mountains of Scotland, Wales, Cumberland, and Ireland were the only portions above water; and the British Isles were reduced to an archipelago composed of four large islands and a number of small ones. Legions of floating masses detached from the glaciers of Greenland and Norway floated on to our coasts, and brought the *débris* and blocks fallen from the northern mountains. The icy sea nourished the shells of those regions; the flora had completely disappeared, except those vegetables which could bear the cold, and with a few animals lived on the high ground still above water.

After this first epoch of cold, the land rose once more, the islands were reunited to each other, and vegetation was again active on the emerged portions. The researches near Blair-Drummond, by Mr. Jamieson, show a regular succession of strata, which it would not be interesting to the general reader to specify, but which clearly prove that the land was very much above its ordinary level, and was a second time united to the continent. The land being higher, it was consequently colder; the glaciers descended from the mountains, and filled the valleys that the sea had vacated: this was the second period of terrestrial glaciers, in opposition to that of the floating icebergs, which have been already described. Geologists have found traces in the valleys of Scotland of polished and striated rocks, and striped stones, the certain signs of ancient glaciers. Around Edinburgh, on the Pentland Hills and Arthur's Seat, are the traces of one which descended into the Firth of Forth. The moraines are few, and not very marked, but the erratic blocks have evidently come from great distances.

Another curious trace of the passage of these glaciers over our islands may be found, it having for a long period excited the imagination of the people, and the astonishment of the wise. In Western Scotland, not far from Ben Nevis, and near the Caledonian Canal, is Glenroy; through its whole length there are three terraces perfectly horizontal, and corresponding on each side of the valley. In the eyes of

the mountaineers, they were the roads traced by Fingal and his followers, the more easily to hunt the stag. The researches of geologists have established the fact, that they were the ancient shores of dried-up lakes; but they were at a loss how to explain the existence of these successive levels. The total absence of shells, the presence of small, well-defined deltas, excluded the idea of their having been the sea-shore, formed during the subsidence of Scotland, and afterwards emerged from the ocean. Buckland and Agassiz agreed that there was but one solution—that glaciers had successively closed one or the other end of the valley, and the streams flowing from them had formed the terrace. Agassiz recognized the marked stones and ancient moraines which he had studied so thoroughly in the Alps; and since then, Mr. Jamieson has completely confirmed his views. The formation of these parallel roads may be referred to the close of the second glacial period, and are due to the oscillation of glaciers descending from Ben Nevis and the surrounding mountains. The waters arrested in their passage formed lakes of different levels, each determined by the height of the hill which closed the extremity of the valley opposite to that barred by the glacier.

Returning now to a period nearer to historic times, we can trace in the fiords of Norway what has passed long ago in our own islands. There are still countries in the antarctic regions where the streams of ice descend into the sea and spread over the gulfs. The glacier of the Bay of Madeline projects far into the fiord, and the terminal cliff of ice, pushed forward by the weight of the higher snows, shows a curved line turning its convexity towards the open sea. On the colder shores of Greenland, the bays are even filled with ice, and form a regular profile along the coast; the waves beat against these crystal walls, but the icy deposits disguise the real form of the architecture of these continents; and when, in a future age of geology, the ice has disappeared, the deep cuttings will in their turn become fiords. At the time when the Norwegian bays were filled in this way with ice, large blocks of stone, and masses of pebbles and earth, carried away during the thaw from the sides of the mountains, formed moraines such as are now seen at the foot of every glacier. They floated to the open sea at

the mouth of the fiord, and settled down in the midst of the waves with detached masses of ice. The successive deposits by degrees raised them so that they are found in all Scandinavian fiords, rising like a rampart out of the deep water. The Norwegian sailors give the name of "sea-bridges" to these bars of nature, which show the limit of the ancient glaciers, and form a meeting-place for the fish of the neighboring seas to assemble in great numbers. On the western coast of Scotland, and in the smaller bays of Finisterre, chains of submarine banks and reefs may be found, which are probably the remains of old glacial moraines.

After the period of cold which existed in our globe, the Scandinavian glaciers drew back by degrees into the interior of the fiords, then ceased to touch the level of the sea, and rose higher and higher into the open valleys on the side of the mountains. The immense geological work of the filling up of the bays began for the torrents and the sea; the fresh-water streams brought their alluvium, and left it on the strand at the foot of the hills, whilst the sea spread the sand and mud thrown up by its waves. In many fiords, this transformation into land has made sensible progress; and if the rate of increase of the continent were known, it would be possible to calculate the epoch when the valleys would be freed from ice. On the eastern side, a similar work is going on; there the glaciers have been replaced by lakes, which are lessening as the streams and waterfalls pour their débris into them. The same process may be seen in the chain of the Swiss Alps; many deep depressions which were formerly the beds of large glaciers, have become a kind of continental fiord, such as the Lago Maggiore, Lugano, Como, and Garda. The lacustrine basins are closed towards the south by large moraines like the sea-bridges of Norway, and their waters will in time be filled up by the alluvium of Alpine streams.

The Scotch bays were no doubt freed from ice long before those to the north, owing to the warm stream which flows from the Antilles; still earlier have the shores of Ireland and Brittany ceased to serve as beds for solid snow. The eastern side of the English coast was first disembarrassed, owing to the fact, that the west and south winds blowing from the Atlantic were laden with the humidity necessary

for the formation of the glaciers. Thus, in South America, the rains being much more abundant on the western side of Patagonia, the glaciers have descended lower into the valleys, and the fiords maintained by the ice in their primitive state make a perfect labyrinth of the shore. It is by the atmosphere that the form of the continents has to be explained. After the glaciers have disappeared, the leveling of the coast goes on with more or less rapidity, according to the form of the continent, the depth of the fiords, and various geographical phenomena. In some countries where the rivers are of small importance, such as Denmark and Mecklenburg, the fiords be-

come long narrow lagoons, separated from the sea by sandy plains.

Whatever may be the diversity of means employed by nature to fill up former bays, it is certain that in the equatorial regions the curves of the shore have an ever-increasing regularity. Instead of the innumerable ports which offer a safe shelter in our latitudes, the sea-board of the south becomes more and more inhospitable for the want of indentations where a ship can take refuge, and there are hundreds of leagues in the torrid zone without such a shelter. South America, Africa, and Australia possess the greatest uniformity of coastline and the fewest bays.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

MOMENTOUS as the immediate effects of Prince Bismarck's policy—the union of Germany, the readjustment of external power, and the defeat of internal foes—indisputably are, there is an ulterior consequence of that régime the indications of whose approach are daily becoming more apparent. There can be little doubt that the German Empire is at present, on the whole, steering in the right course both for its own benefit and without prejudice to its neighbors. As yet, however, the world has received little surety that this course will be persevered in. The recent history of Prussia has brought painfully under our notice the fact that the boasted Constitution of that country is capable of being twisted and turned by a resolute Minister in any way that may suit his ends. And as long as this state of things continues, as long as Government remains to all intents and purposes absolute, the creation of a strong military power in the centre of Europe must remain a source of apprehension rather than of comfort. The Prussian Constitution has hardly been modified to such a degree since the period of the "conflict" as to destroy the possibility of a return of abuses; and the Prime Minister's declaration a few weeks ago, that, under circumstances, he would still "find it in him to rule against the will of a majority," is not calculated to allay apprehension.

It is plain that in a nation of as stable a character as the German, constitutional government is the surest safeguard of

peace to its neighbors, and also the best foundation of internal welfare. To obtain such constitutional government the German people has long made strenuous efforts, without, however, achieving much of its ambition except on paper. Since the recent victorious wars Prussian influence has become paramount in the Empire, and it is Prussia which has in constitutional respects been numbered hitherto among the most backward of German States. Leaving out of account the personal inclinations of its rulers and their Ministers, the country's traditions and its history are based entirely on military enterprise, and its natural wealth has been drawn mainly from agriculture, which is still for the most part in the hands of a class of proprietors whose interest and natural bent are opposed to constitutional progress. We may broadly divide the German people into two classes. On the one hand, there is the nobility, a large and powerful class, Conservative in its principles almost to a man, military in its leanings almost to the exclusion of any other calling, and cherishing traditions of past and visions of future martial glory. The influence of this class is the more patent since its special characteristics have hitherto been largely shared by the Crown. On the other hand, there are the Germans of whom we know many living all over the world, not exempt indeed from national failings, but eminently peaceful, honest, and possessing an unquestioned solidity of character. There are the men of letters and

of commerce, among whom the Liberal principle is strong. The two classes have until recently been socially and politically divided by a strong barrier, and it is mainly owing to the force of public sentiment evinced in the late wars, and partly to the course of Prince Bismarck adopted in the Chamber, that the barrier has been partially withdrawn, and shows signs of falling altogether.

Notwithstanding the numerous aspersions cast upon the Liberals by their foes, their aspirations and demands are in reality limited only to such constitutional principles as the staunchest Tory among us would not consent to renounce. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have until quite recently possessed no independent ground to stand upon, and have recognized no principle but absolute obedience to the Crown, which they regarded as the front of their privileges, and consequently entitled to their unshrinking support. The interests of these two dominant elements have been identical so long that separation would involve a social revolution. As long as Liberalism stood opposed to so overwhelming a force as the two combined, its chances were naturally poor. In what activity the old view of things is still preserved by Government, Prince Bismarck's recent speeches in the Upper House—the recognized heart and centre of Prussian Conservatism—and the comments passed upon the conduct of that assembly by the official press, plainly denote. Prince Bismarck had on a former occasion been at pains to impress upon the First Chamber that it is not a House of Lords in the English sense of the word, but merely a House of Royal nominees. In his latest speeches he again told the members in plain words that, as Government considered the obnoxious Schools Inspection Bill indispensable, their obvious duty was to pass it. The *Provinzial Correspondenz*, the most favored of official prints, in a long article of unquestionably official character, improves upon this text, using these words: "According to natural presumption, the *a priori* claim was justified that that portion of the Legislature which is preëminently called to support the power and prestige of Government should not join the opponents of a bill laid before the Diet at the express desire of the King and designated by Government as an indispensable weapon

of defence against dangerous schemes." But, however little we may side with the Prussian Upper House, its attempt to assert an independent opinion is by no means an unhopeful sign for Germany. Apart from the consideration that whatever weakens its alliance with Government must be of benefit to the Liberal principle, the emancipation of a party from servile subjection unquestionably marks an advance towards a state of balance between the rival parties, which is far preferable to the previous solidarity of one of them with the Crown, making a fair contest impossible, and securing to the Conservative party an unchallengable monopoly of government.

Though Prince Bismarck has undoubtedly raised the Liberal party into credit, it would be a mistake to consider him a convert to its principles except in a very limited sense. In taking up the formerly neglected side he has rather used it to push to further lengths his own personal authority under Liberal colors. His jealous interference in the framing of the Constitution, and his prompt and decided veto on points of the most vital significance though claimed by an overwhelming majority, prove that he is still loth to part with any more power than he can strictly help. The history of Prince Bismarck's connection with the Liberal party is interesting in many respects. It began in a pet with the Conservatives, the forerunner of the present wider rupture. Some of our readers may remember the surprise with which Germany greeted the announcement of the then unnatural alliance Bismarck-Lasker, the union of supposed irreconcilable foes. The bargain having been struck, it was hardly possible that the union should not become closer from day to day. Familiarity did not in this instance breed contempt, but served to convince the Conservative Minister of the justice of many claims advanced by his new friends, which under the sway of class and party prejudices he had failed to detect. The brilliant display of public feeling by the Liberal classes in the great wars could not but elevate this nascent approbation into a sort of admiration, the effect of which the Prince declared in his well-known exclamation—evidencing his own surprise at the fact—that "every war had made more of a Liberal of him." It is impossible that the union bearing such

fruit should not have involved some yielding of principle, but we are probably right in attributing its favor with the Prussian Premier mainly to the recognition of its practical merits. Having tried unpopular government for some years with very unsatisfactory results, the creation of a powerful majority at his back must have appeared a most appreciable advantage to the Minister. The terms of the contract have also hitherto proved easy. The alliance split the Liberals in two, leaving the former foe of Government, the Progressists, in a decided minority, and uniting the national Liberals and Liberal Conservatives in overwhelming numbers in what is really a personal party of the Premier, whose allegiance to their chief has been pretty absolute, though they have been required to forego several favorite objects of ambition. The creation, first of the North German Confederation, and later of the German Empire, must also be taken into account, as almost necessitating Prince Bismarck's propitiation of Liberal opinion, since only on that basis could the new institutions, by his own confession, hope to stand. The few important concessions made, such, for instance, as the privilege of free speech in Parliament—were created

- by that necessity, which was, however, turned to very little account by the Liberals. With this exception, constitutional progress has in substance been very small. Government was befriended in this respect by circumstances which removed for the time all constitutional questions into the background, by concentrating the efforts of the Empire on the creation of a strong central Government with the requisite administrative machinery, and on the suppression of Ultramontane opposition.

Though Prince Bismarck can not expect to be looked upon as a Liberal, even though he has placed himself at the head of the Liberal party, it must be admitted that he has paved the way for the succession of constitutional government. It is not only by breaking up the old connection between Government and the Conservatives, nor by raising the Liberals to temporary ascendancy, that he has achieved this object; it is chiefly and mainly by the very length to which he has

pushed his personal government. To a statesman enjoying the popularity of Prince Bismarck there is little that a grateful country would not yield, but by his successes he has made the personality of government attach more to himself than to the Crown. There is no second man in Germany who can claim the same consideration from his country or aspire to the same popularity; there is absolutely no man who remotely approaches the present Chancellor in personal prestige. It is consequently not imaginable that his successor should be listened to and obeyed with the same deference and submission. When such an event as the Chancellor's death or retirement comes to pass, the Chancellorship will be robbed of its vast power, but the strong party now at its back will have acquired an independent prestige which it is not unreasonable to expect will be turned to account for its own ends. Its office now is to obey, but when its present head is gone it will have to think for itself, and then it can hardly forbear reverting to its former programme, which has never been renounced, for constitutional government. We have had opportunities to note a growing feeling, tending towards this end, twice in the present session—first in the discussion of the bill providing for the abolishment of the grist tax, the partial abolishment of the slaughter tax, and the reform of the income tax; and next in the more recent debate on the Municipal Administration Bill. With both of these measures the Premier had nothing to do: the former the Government was compelled by the Liberal majority to withdraw; the latter it is wisely amending, in deference to Liberal opinion.

It is not only from interest in the Constitutional cause that we must rejoice at the change of which we notice the first symptoms; we are bound to accord it our sympathy because of our solicitude for peace. Constitutional government is unfavorable to indulgence in war; and if adopted in Germany at its fullest scope must serve to allay the apprehensions to which a constant accumulation of military power gives rise. It is also the friend of commerce; and on these accounts especially we record with satisfaction the earnest of its introduction in the new empire.

HAMILTON FISH.

HAMILTON FISH, of whom we give a fine portrait in our present number, is the son of Colonel Nicholas Fish, and was born in New-York City in 1809. He was educated at Columbia College, where he graduated creditably in 1827, and three years later was admitted to the bar and commenced a lucrative practice. In 1837 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was in Congress from 1843 to 1845. He was Lieutenant Governor of New-York from 1847 to 1849, Governor from 1849 to 1851, and United States Senator from 1851 to 1857; so it will be seen that he has filled nearly every office in the gift of the people. On the accession of General Grant to the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1869,

Mr. Fish was selected for the post of Secretary of State, and has conducted the affairs of that Department during one of the most difficult and critical periods in the history of our foreign relations in a manner which has reflected honor upon himself and upon the nation. At no time in the history of our country has the Department of State assumed such importance as during the past few years, and in his administration of it so far Mr. Fish has made a record of which any statesman might be proud.

Mr. Fish is a man of considerable attainments, has been president of the New-York Historical Society, and is specially well versed in foreign affairs and international law.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Three Centuries of English Literature. By Prof. CHARLES DUKE YONGE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

THIS book is in substance a series of lectures on English literature, delivered by Professor Yonge, before a class of students in Queen's College, Belfast, which seem to have been very little changed from their original form in being prepared for the press. It addresses itself more especially to that large class of "average readers," who, as the author says, "seek literature rather as a recreation than as a pursuit," and it scarcely appeals in any sense to the scholar or the critic, to whom indeed it will afford but little satisfaction. We ourselves have read the greater part of it with considerable interest, more from a desire to strengthen our memory of certain details than with the expectation, after the first few chapters, of finding any thing very original, or very valuable if it were. Professor Yonge seldom ventures upon independent criticism, and never attempts to add any thing to the subject under discussion; but he is thoroughly versed in what has already been written, and he is useful to this extent, that he is a perfectly safe reflex of the most generally accepted criticism upon the age, the literature, and the writers whose outline he endeavors to give.

Viewed then as a compilation, rather than an attempt to advance our knowledge of literature, the book is a really valuable one, and seems to us very likely to fulfill the objects which the author explains himself as having in view. Notwithstanding its defects, inherent in the very nature of an attempt to compress the three most important centuries of English literature within the limits of a single volume, it is lucid and accurate, and will, doubtless, be both instructive and entertaining to the mass of casual readers who would never undertake the more critical and ponderous manuals.

Professor Yonge's plan especially is excellent, and commends itself to critic and reader alike. "Writers," he says, "may be classed in two ways—according to their style and subject, or according to the periods in which they lived. In

other words, we may divide them into writers of prose, and writers of poetry; and again, we may subdivide the first into historians, orators, essayists, and novelists, and the second into epic poets, dramatists, lyric poets, didactic poets; or we may arrange them with reference to the eras in which they lived, as the authors of the reign of Elizabeth, or of Anne, or of George III. It is well to keep both classifications in mind, and to a certain extent to employ both. And, therefore, I propose to divide the authors, whose works we are about to examine, into seven classes: dramatists in verse and prose; poets, whom again I shall subdivide into two classes, so as to take lyric poetry separately from that of other kinds; historians, essayists, orators, both in the senate and in the pulpit; and novelists; while the writers in each class I shall take in chronological order." Such is the Professor's plan, and taking Shakespeare, with whom his "three centuries of English literature" commence, he gives a brief sketch of his life, so far as we have any authentic record of it, a general statement of the estimation in which he is held by the critics and readers of all nations, and a series of quotations from his plays designed to illustrate his various excellencies. All this is done in a judicious and spirited though very hasty manner; and with no great effort of attention or expenditure of time the reader will find himself possessed of a tolerably fair idea of the leading English writers, from Shakespeare and Bacon to Dickens and Thackeray.

At the close of the volume there is an appendix, which gives more appreciative sketches of Chaucer and Spencer than we had expected of Professor Yonge, after the rather ill-considered remarks in his introductory chapter.

To conclude, while commending this book to those who go to literature simply and entirely for recreation, we may add that it should only serve to whet the appetite of those whose knowledge of literature would be otherwise than of the most superficial character.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley. By REV. L. TYERMAN. New-York: *Harper & Bros.* Vols. I and II.

WITH two volumes before us of the three of which the present work is to consist, it is possible to form a pretty correct estimate of the whole, and to pronounce the opinion without hesitation that Mr. Tyerman has given us a biography of Wesley compared with which all previous biographies are hasty, imperfect, and inadequate sketches. He has had command of materials to which no previous biographer seems to have had access; a Wesleyan divine of the more enlightened sort, his work has evidently been a work of love, and he has had the patience to spend a longer time in the collection and preparation of his materials than most men are willing to devote to the most elaborate work. In addition to this, he seems to have a clear perception of the demands of his subject, and to be able to be guided by that perception, yet notwithstanding it all, some defter hand will have to shape his treasures before this biography can become a popular one. Though fortified at every point with facts, many of them new, and some of them very suggestive, though copious and methodical almost to a fault, and though dealing with one of the most inspiring themes that ever claimed the pen of the Christian annalist, the narrative is cold and lifeless to the point of dullness, and utterly destitute of literary charms. That it is so of set purpose would seem to be indicated by one or two passages in the Introduction and in other parts of the work, Mr. Tyerman being careful to reiterate that he declines to "philosophize" or point the moral of Wesley's life, but desires only to possess the reader with *facts*. One difficulty which is always inseparable from a plan like this is that facts are not less important in their relations than in themselves, and that it is as much the part of the true biographer to draw the lesson of his facts as it is to collate and narrate them. Independent of this, moreover, the most rigid annalist is not called upon to be dull, and the difficulty with these volumes is that the most patient reader will find it a task to get through them. This is the more unfortunate, because to most minds a true conception of the Great Reformer would be a genuine revelation, no prominent man of modern times having been more generally misunderstood and misrepresented.

Mr. Tyerman has written what will undoubtedly for years to come be the standard life of Wesley, and has made a great contribution to the literature of Methodism; but he has written for students rather than for readers, and for a popular life of Wesley—popular in the sense of being attractive—there is yet room in literature.

Each of the volumes issued contains a portrait of Wesley, and the second one closes with his sixty-fourth year.

Around the World. By E. D. G. PRIME, D.D. New-York: *Harper & Bros.* 1872.

ONE of the results of the great extension of railroads, and of steam communication generally during recent years, has been a large increase in the number of casual circumnavigators and a special tendency to "swing round the circle" on the part of that class of writers who see a possible article or book in every thing that is novel or off the ordinary. There has consequently been no lack of volumes describing trips around the

world, trips to the East, trips to Egypt, and the like; but our impression is that in the present volume Dr. Prime has given us the most attractive record of such a trip that we have yet read. Of course, a journey round the world made within the limits of a single year could hardly afford much valuable material, except in the way of sight-seeing, but Dr. Prime seems to have planned his tour with exceptional forethought and intelligence, he has proved himself unusually susceptible to impressions, and he uses the skill of a practiced writer in bringing these impressions vividly before the reader.

In commencing his journey, Dr. Prime followed the example of Columbus, and started westward in search of the East. He visited the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees, both of which he describes in a rather commonplace and mechanical manner, made the usual excursions through China and Japan, traveled quite extensively through India, and journeyed homeward through Egypt and Europe. From the time he touches Japan, the narrative becomes interesting, and the interest is well maintained throughout, but we found the chapters on India the most attractive portion of the book. Here, the travelers seem to have gotten rather off the beaten track, and the descriptions of the Taj, of Agra, the city of Delhi, and all the interior cities, are as spirited as any we have read, and rather more satisfactory, while a good deal of information is conveyed in an unaffected and acceptable manner.

Nothing is more pleasing about Dr. Prime's book than the straightforward ease of his narrative, and the absence of that affectation of briskness and of cyclopedic knowledge which are generally characteristic of this style of composition. His sketches are those of a cultured and appreciative traveler with trained powers of observation, and a mind not constantly bent on book-making. If there be one thing *outré* about the narrative, it is the tendency which it indicates on the part of the ladies in the Doctor's company to break forth into singing. The regularity with which "singing" was indulged in by them leads one to infer that the chief conviction on their part was that there is no scene in nature and no achievement in art whose impressiveness would not be heightened by singing a hymn.

The volume is copiously illustrated, contains a great many details useful to travelers, and we advise all who are contemplating a similar tour to put it in their carpet-sack within easy reach.

Within and Without. By GEORGE MACDONALD. New-York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.* 1872.

MOST American readers doubtless will make their first acquaintance with Mr. Macdonald as a poet through the medium of this little volume. Whether the poem which it contains is the best that could have been selected for the purpose of introduction will perhaps be questioned by his admirers, though all will concede that it is one of the finest of his productions, and, in an eminent degree, characteristic of the author.

"Within and Without" is dramatic in form, but that form seems to have been adopted rather from the mechanical assistance which it affords than from any special adaptation to the subject; for, like every thing, whether prose or verse, which Mr. Macdonald writes, the poem is a subtle psychological study into the more emotional and re-

flective aspects of the human mind. Its object seems to be to show that "things are not what they seem;" that the within is seldom in harmony with its outside aspects, while man is closed in with "this muddy vesture of decay." In working out this idea, the poet takes a man of high-wrought, imaginative, and devotional temperament, marries him to a woman whom he loves devotedly and who loves him, but under circumstances which almost inevitably generate alienation and distrust. The result is a long series of melancholy experiences and misunderstandings, culminating finally in a tragedy, which the author manages with exquisite pathos and effect. Unlike most tragedies, however, it carries us into the hereafter, and the last few scenes are conjointly upon earth and among the disembodied spirits, ending at last in Paradise.

There are passages of marvelously fine verse in the poem, and whole pages of sustained and lofty eloquence; but as two thirds of it is composed of soliloquies from the mouth of one person, the effect is, on the whole, monotonous. The author seems to have felt this, and toward the last interpolates the sweetest and most musical of lyrics at frequent intervals, but they are too foreign to the movement of the story to materially lighten the general effect, and the reader will hardly give them the attention which they deserve.

As a specimen of the poem at its best, and to whet our readers' appetite for more, we quote the following passage from pages 186-7:

SCENE XIX.—*A Country Church-yard. JULIAN seated on a tombstone.*

Julian. O soft place of the Earth! down-pillowed couch,

Made ready for the weary! Everywhere,
O earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children—
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,
Leave to return to thee, and in thy bosom
Lie in the luxury of primeval peace,
Fearless of any morn; as a new babe
Lies nestling in its mother's arms in bed:
That home of blessedness is all there is;
He never feels the silent rushing tide,
Strong setting for the sea, which bears him on,
Unconscious, helpless, to wide consciousness.
But thou, thank God, hast this warm bed at last
Ready for him when weary: well the green
Close-matted coverlid shuts out the dawn.
O Lilia, would it were our wedding-bed
To which I bore thee with a nobler joy!
Alas! there's no such rest: I only dream
Poor pagan dreams with a tired Christian brain.

How couldst thou leave me, my poor child? my heart
Was all so tender to thee! But I fear
My face was not. Alas! I was perplexed
With questions to be solved, before my face
Could turn to thee in peace: thy part in me
Fared ill in troubled workings of the brain.
Ah, now I know I did not well for thee
In making thee my wife. I should have gone
Alone into eternity. I was
Too rough for thee, for any tender woman—
Other I had not loved—so full of fancies!
Too given to meditation. A deed of love
Is stronger than a metaphysic truth;
Smiles better teachers than the mightiest words.

Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

This Memoir is not only one of the most entertaining volumes of literary reminiscences that the press has recently given forth, but it is valuable as a record that can be relied on of two of the most remarkable men that have ever connected their names with periodical literature. That this is not too much to claim for William and Robert Chambers will be generally conceded, we think,

when it is recollected that they are the founders of *Chambers's Journal* and the originators in fact of the kind of literature, which has attained such vast proportions in our day, of which that journal is the type. It is just forty years now since *Chambers's Journal* was started, and it is a grand tribute to the ability and sagacity of the two young men who linked their fortunes to it that it has filled its special field so entirely as to stand to-day absolutely without a competitor.

Robert Chambers, the younger of the brothers, died last year, and it was this event, together with "the numerous biographic sketches of him that appeared in Great Britain and the United States, all of them kind and complimentary, but in many cases imperfect or erroneous as regards certain leading details," which, as explained in the preface, called forth the present volume. It relates, in a modest, frank, and straightforward way the early struggles, the difficulties, and the final triumph and reward of both the brothers, dwelling more especially on the career of Robert; and though there is nothing striking or picturesque about the story, little even that is off the ordinary course of human life, there is a singular charm about the pages. It is the charm perhaps of being brought in close contact with two elevated and noble characters who "piously in their daily life" performed the duties which were set before them, and the narrative is one which it would be specially appropriate to place in the hands of the youth of the country.

The volume itself is from the famous Riverside press, and is a model of typographical neatness and elegance.

A Treatise on the Common and Civil Law, as Embraced in the Jurisprudence of the United States. By WM. ARCHER COCKE. New-York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.

THE author sends us this handsome volume, and though we are not sufficiently learned in the law to pronounce upon it critically, it discusses a most important subject and ought to be useful to the profession. Judge Cocke writes with great force and elegance, seems to be thoroughly conversant with whatever has been written on similar topics, and weighs his arguments with judicial calmness and precision. In these days when our traditional reverence for the law is fast dying out, it is pleasant to find an author who is so impressed with the dignity of his theme, and who writes with the enthusiasm and almost with the eloquence of a William Kent.

SCIENCE.

The Hassler Expedition.—Another Letter from Professor Agassiz.—(The following letter has been received by Professor Peirce of Harvard College from Professor Agassiz, giving interesting details respecting some of the results of the researches of the Hassler Expedition:)

RIO, ON BOARD THE HASSLER, Feb. 12, 1872.

MY DEAR PEIRCE: On January 18, Pourtalis dredged to a very late hour during the night, the weather being more favorable for this kind of work than it had been at any previous time since we left Boston. As I did not dare to remain exposed to the dew, I missed the most interesting part of the proceedings, about which Pourtalis will report himself. The next morning, however,

I had an opportunity of overhauling the specimens brought up by the dredge, and to my great delight I discovered among them another of those types of past ages, only found nowadays in deep water. The case is entirely new, as the specimen in question belongs to the Pectinidal, a family the relations of which to earlier geological formations have thus far presented nothing especially interesting or instructive, except perhaps the fact that the type of neither is exclusively cretaceous. I wish I had within my reach the means of making a full statement of the facts; but I have not the necessary books of reference, and must in this case trust entirely to my memory.

Among the most remarkable species of *Pecten*, there is a very small one, figured in Goldfuss under the name of *Pecten paradoxus*, if I remember rightly, and found in the Lias of Germany, which I have always been inclined to consider as the type of a distinct genus on account of its structural peculiarities. As yet nothing like it has been made known among the living shells. Now, among the few specimens dredged on this occasion in 500 fathoms depth, off the mouth of the Rio Doce, there was one living specimen of the same type as the *Pecten paradoxus*, showing particularly, and very distinctly, the prominent radiating ribs rising on the inner surface of the shallow valve to which the fossil is indebted for its specific name. Like the fossil, the living species is of small dimensions, measuring hardly two-thirds of an inch. I hope I may be able to dissect the animal, at some future time, and work out the anatomical character of this exceptional type. With it a few other shells, already known to us, from deep waters, were also found; among them, two beautiful species of *Pleurotoma*, identical with species found in Florida, off Barbadoes.

In my first letter to you concerning deep-sea dredgings, you may have noticed the paragraph concerning crustacea, in which it is stated that among these animals we may expect "genera reminding us of some Amphipods and Isopods aping still more closely the Trilobites than *Serolis*." A specimen answering fully to this statement has actually been dredged in 45 fathoms, about 40 miles east of Cape Frio. It is a most curious animal. At first sight it looks like an ordinary Isopod, with a broad, short, flat body. Tested by the character assigned to the leading groups of crustacea, whether we follow Milne Edwards or Dana's classification, it can, however, be referred to no one of their orders or families. As I have not the works of these authors before me, I shall have to verify more carefully these statements hereafter, but I believe I can trust my first inspection. The general appearance of my new crustacean is very like that of *Serolis*, with this marked difference, however, that the thoracic rings are much more numerous and the abdomen or pygidium is much smaller. It can not be referred to the Podophthalmarians of Milne Edwards, (which correspond to the Decapods of Dana,) because it has neither the structure of the mouth, nor the gills, nor the legs, nor the pedunculated eyes of this highest type of the crustacea; nor can it be referred to the Tetradeapods of Dana, (which embrace Milne Edwards's Amphipods and Isopods,) because it has more than seven pairs of thoracic limbs; it can not be referred to the Entomostraca, because the thoracic are all provided with locomotive appendages of the same kind. But it has a very striking resem-

blance to the Trilobites; it is in fact, like the latter, one of those types, combining the characteristic structural features of other independent groups which I have first distinguished under the name of synthetic types. Its resemblance to the Trilobites is unmistakable, and very striking. In the first place the head stands out distinct from the thoracic regions, as the buckler of Trilobites; and the large, kidney-shaped faceted eyes recall those of *Calymene*; moreover, there is a facial suture across the cheeks, as in Trilobites, so that, were it not for the presence of the antennæ which project from the lower side of the anterior margin of the buckler, in two unequal pairs, these resemblances would amount to an absolute identity of structure. As it is, the presence of an hypostome, in the same position as that piece of the mouth is found in Trilobites, renders the similarity of this extinct type of crustacea still more striking, while the antennæ exhibit an unmistakable resemblance to the Isopods.

In a view of the synthetic character of these structural features it should not be overlooked that the buckler of our new crustacean, for which I propose the name of *Tomocaris Peircei*, extends sideways into a tapering point, curved backward over the first thoracic ring, as is the case with a great many Trilobites. The thorax consists of nine rings, seven of which have prominent lateral points, curved backward, like the pleural of *Olenus*, *Lichas*, etc. The sixth ring is almost concealed between the fifth and seven, and is destitute of lateral projections, as is also the ninth. These rings are distinctly divided into three nearly equal lobes by a fold or bend on each side of the middle region, so that the thorax has the characteristic appearance of that of the Trilobites, to which the latter owes its name. The legs are very slender, and resemble more those of the Copepods and Ostracoids than those of any other crustacea. There are nine pairs of them, all alike in structure, six of which, however, the anterior ones, are larger than the three last which are also more approximated to each other. Besides the legs, there is a pair of maxillipeds attached to that part of the buckler which extends back of the facial suture. These maxillipeds resemble the claw of a Cyclops. All these appendages are inserted in that part of the rings corresponding to the bend of the thoracic lobes; so that, if there exists a real affinity between the Trilobites and our little crustacean, and their resemblance is not simply a case of analogy, we ought hereafter to look to a corresponding position for the insertion of the limbs of Trilobites. I do not remember with sufficient precision what Billings, Dana, and Verrill have lately published concerning the limbs of Trilobites to say now what bearing the facts described above may have upon the subject, as lately discussed in *The Journal of Science*. But of one thing I am satisfied, since I have examined the *Tomocaris Peircei*—that Trilobites are not any more closely related to the Phyllopoets than to any other Entomostracæ, or to the Isopods. In reality, the Trilobites are, like *Tomocaris*, a synthetic type, in which structural features of the Tetradeapods are combined with characters of Entomostracæ and other peculiarities essentially their own.

The pygidium or abdomen of *Tomocaris* is very like the abdomen of the ordinary Isopods with an articulated oar attached sideways and leaf-like respiratory organs upon the under side. The whole

pygidium is embraced between the last curved points of the side of the thorax. Owing to these various combinations, I would expect in Trilobites phyllopod-like respiratory appendages under the pygidium only, and slender, articulated legs, with lateral bristles under the thorax, so thin and articulated by so narrow a joint as easily to break off without leaving more than a puncture as an indication of their former presence. It is impossible to study carefully the synthetic types without casting a side glance at those natural groups, which, without being strictly synthetic themselves, have nevertheless characters capable of throwing light upon the whole subject. And in this connection I would say a few words of *Apus* and *Limulus*. If I remember rightly, Milne Edwards considers the shield of *Limulus* as a cephalo-thorax in which the function of chewing is devolved upon the legs, while he regards the middle region as an abdomen, and the sword-like tail as an appendage *sui generis*. In the light of what proceeds, I am rather inclined to consider the cephalic shield of *Limulus* as a buckler homologous to that of the Trilobites and the middle region as a thorax in which the rings show unquestionably signs of a division into lobes as in Trilobites. The tail would then answer to the pygidium. *Apus* should be compared with the other crustacea, upon the same assumptions as *Limulus*. Every truly your friend,

L. AGASSIZ.

Experiments with Alcohol.—A paper "On the Elimination of Alcohol," by Dr. Dupré, Lecturer on Chemistry at Westminster Hospital, has been read before the Royal Society. It is important, inasmuch as it sets aside a conclusion originated by French experimentalists, that alcohol when taken into the body, is not consumed or assimilated, but is passed off, scarcely altered in quality or diminished in quantity. Dr. Dupré's experiments show that the reverse is the fact, and that the quantity of alcohol actually eliminated by the breath and in other ways is but "a minute fraction only of the whole amount of alcohol which has been swallowed." Thus chemists and physiologists will have to revert to the view announced many years ago by Liebig—that alcohol when taken into the body is for the most part oxidized, in other words, that it is in some way converted into heat and force. But it does not follow from this fact that spirit-drinking is beneficial.

Dr. Dupré mentions a remarkable fact which he discovered in the course of his experiments: there is in the breath and other excretions of persons who drink no alcohol for weeks, and even of teetotallers, a substance so much like alcohol, that when treated chemically it gives the same reactions as alcohol itself. He thinks that there is an apparent connection between this substance and alcohol, and that a careful study thereof might throw some light on the physiological action of alcohol.

Geological History of the Gulf of Mexico.—Professor Hilgard is studying the geological history of the Gulf of Mexico, and his observations lead him to infer that before the period of the Drift, the gulf was, by some means, cut off from the Atlantic Ocean, or that, at least, the communication between the two was so imperfect that the gulf had more the character of a brackish or freshwater lake, than of a salt sea. This would account for the absence of marine deposits in the

strata which now form the shores of the gulf. There are many clever geologists in the United States who will most likely have something to say upon this question.

Disturbances in the Sun.—As our readers are aware, scientific men have of late bestowed great attention upon the sun. An observer in this country was looking through his telespectroscope at a large hydrogen cloud that hung quietly for a long time at about 15,000 miles above the sun's surface, when, after an interval of repose, the whole cloud was blown to shreds by some inconceivable uprush, and the air was filled with flying filaments, which continued an upward flight, perceptible to the eye, until the uppermost were 200,000 miles distant from the sun. The rate of ascent was 166 miles in a second, and after the films had reached their greatest height, they gradually faded away. While this was going on, a small dull-looking cloud, resting apparently on the edge of the sun, swelled wonderfully in size, and became a mass of rolling and changeful flame, forming at times huge heaps on the sun's surface, then shooting up somewhat in the shape of a pyramid to a height of 50,000 miles. Shortly afterward, its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads, which presently rolled curiously backward, and were turned down like the volutes of an Ionic capital. These strange appearances (and it must be understood that they are spoken of only as appearances) then faded away as the other above described. From all this we learn that very interesting phenomena take place in the sun's chromosphere, such as no one can read about without a lively desire for fuller knowledge. The present supposition is, that they are caused by explosions or eruptions; but how these originate is as yet a mystery. It has been suggested that there was some relation between these outbursts and the brilliant aurora which was seen in Massachusetts on the evening of the same day.

Volcanoes in the Hawaii.—By news from Hawaii we learn that the great volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, continue in activity, with at times fearful eruptions; and that the sinking of the shore which took place in 1868, still continues. The natives who used to live on the border of the sea have had to rebuild their houses from half a mile to two miles inland; and where they formerly grew vegetables and grazed their horses, they now catch fish. The Hawaiian group are likely to become of more importance now that a steam mail-service is established between San Francisco and Japan and Australia. A small group, known as Midway Islands, have been recently surveyed by United States vessels, with a view to use them as coaling stations.

True Civilization.—In the opinion of many persons, all our material and mechanical improvements are signs of civilization; but there is something to be said on the other side which is worth consideration, and as the Rev. Canon Kingsley spoke something to the purpose in an address to a Scientific Association in Devonshire, we quote a few words to indicate what the other side is. In the canon's view, morality and civilization must be coupled, because he attaches a different meaning to civilization from that which most people now attach to it. With some, he says, "railways and penny posts are now the great marks of civilization, just as billiard-rooms

and the ballet are with others. But these are at best only the tools of civilization, and may become hereafter the tools of barbarism. Do not be startled," adds Mr. Kingsley. "The civilization of a people is as independent of its steam-engines and its iron-work as it is of the cut of its clothes, or even of its wearing any clothes at all. Civilization is not of the outer, but of the inner, man. The old Hebrew Patriarchs were—according to the records—more civilized men than an average Parisian. Homer's heroes, a thousand years before the Christian era, were more civilized men than their so-called descendants of the Greek Empire, a thousand years after the Christian era. Civilization, I repeat, is within a man, and from within a man; and he might be just as civilized as at present if the two arts of steam and billiards had never been discovered." Here are suggestions also worth thinking about.

The Telegraph Conference.—The Triennial Telegraph Conference has been held in Rome, where many interesting questions were debated; the sending of "packed" messages—that is, messages in which one word stands for ten or twenty words; the sending of messages in cipher; the claims of rival companies; and, not least, a proposition was made that private (and of course innocent) messages should not be suppressed or hindered in time of war. This last exemplifies the growing conviction that peaceful folk ought not to be molested in time of war; and though the proposition was not agreed to at Rome, who knows whether it may not be received with acclamation if put forward at St. Petersburg when the Conference meets there in May, 1875? By that time, we may believe, there will be two or three round-the-world telegraphs; and some progress will have been made with the "new route of commerce," as it is called—namely a straight line from Liverpool to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from the farther side of which another straight line will present the shortest route to Australia.

ART.

About Violins.—In the year 1644, there was born at Cremona a son and heir to the ancient house of Stradivarius, who was christened Antoine. For more than one hundred years the Amatis had made violins, and at this time Nicholas, the most celebrated of the family, was turning out from his quaint old workshop those marvels of sweetness which have made his name famous the world over. While the boy Antoine was growing into a tall, thin young man, he used to linger, day after day, around Amati's doorway, never so happy as when handling and intently studying the master's handiwork. He set his heart on being a violin maker, and so persistently urged his father's consent that it was not only given, but Nicholas Amati was induced to receive him as his pupil. The master must have recognized something beyond the common in the boy, for he took him into his confidence, and taught him those secrets of shaping and coloring which have been lost so many years. With all our boasted tools and experience, no master-workman's violin of our day can compare with the handiwork of those simple men, whose religion found expression in the care and love with which they labored. Antoine continued to work in Amati's shop until

he was 26 years old, and it was not until the year 1690 that he ventured to change the model his old master taught him. Then he began to make his instruments larger, the form of arching somewhat flatter, the thickness greater toward the centre to support the more firmly the pressure of the bridge under the tension of the strings, and gradually thinner toward the sides to give all the necessary vibration. The Amati violins have a pure, sweet tone, but not much power; the first and second strings are brilliant and clear in tone; the third round and mellow with power, and the fourth dry and feeble, owing to the narrowness and shortness of the instruments in comparison with their thickness. Stradivarius gave his violins a rich and powerful tone, each string being of equal beauty, and carved the scroll more finely than his master. He chose figured maple for his wood, and varnished his instruments a warm reddish or yellowish color. After the year 1725, his violins are said to have fallen off in workmanship; the arching became a little more raised, the varnish of a browner hue, and the tone less brilliant. He had become an aged man, and doubtless left the work to his sons, only giving them directions. He died at Cremona in 1737, having attained the great age of 93. The ticket which accompanied his instruments commonly bore the inscription, "Antonius Stradivarius Cremona faciebat anno——." There is a vast difference between four louis d'or, the usual price of a violin then, and one thousand dollars, the sum the same instrument would bring now. And yet three times this amount has several times been paid for a genuine Stradivarius, while one thousand guineas, it is said, were once refused for one. The most wonderful price ever paid, taken at its present value, was given for a Steiner violin—1500 acres of land, on which a large part of the city of Pittsburgh now stands, were exchanged for one in the early part of this century. The Steiner violins are noted for their sparkling, flute-like quality of tone, especially on the first string. They are of German manufacture, and are made in Tyrol. Jacob Steiner in his old age retired to a Benedictine monastery, where, it is said, he lost his reason, from mortification at having sold his violins too cheap. However that may be, his most famous instruments were made during the latter part of his life; one of these, known as "Steiner's Elector," from his having made one for each of the twelve electors, brought (in the year 1771) no less than 3500 florins. The 17th century produced almost all the great violin makers, and next, perhaps, to Stradivarius, ranks his pupil, Guarnerius, sometimes called "del Jesu," on account of the "I. H. S." often marked on his tickets. He worked at Cremona in 1745, the year of his death. Unfortunately, in his latest days, he became careless and addicted to drink. For a long time he was imprisoned; but the jailor's daughter fell in love with him, and brought him materials to make his violins, selling them for him when finished. In his best days he was most fastidious in the choice of his wood and varnish, which was a brownish red. Paganini used to play on one of his violins; and Spohr said, of another, that it was the finest instrument in the world.—*The Aldine.*

Heliotype.—Heliotype, the new process for printing photographs in a permanent form, appears likely to become a permanent branch of trade as well as of art. In that interesting periodical, *Art*,

Pictorial and Industrial, may be seen admirable specimens of what can be accomplished by this new process, which is already one that has been largely improved by time and experience. Among its latest achievements is a reproduction of Terburg's celebrated picture, "The Congress of Münster," which can be bought for one shilling. Heliotype reproduces every line and touch of the originals, and thus is perhaps the best method that could be used for making true art popular.

At a recent sale in Paris some of the pictures sold for enormous prices. A work by Rosa Bonheur, "Landscape and Sheep," brought 34,800 francs; "War Scene," by Delacroix, 21,000 francs; "Interior," by the late Baron Leys, 27,000 francs; "Landscape," "Sheep and Goats," by Troyon, respectively, 20,100 and 8400 francs; "Market Scene," (size 10x14,) by Pettenkofen, 5700 francs; three water-color drawings by Decamp, respectively, 11,600, 5750 and 4000 francs; and "Cattle," by Brascassat, 10,100 francs. At the same sale an old clock sold for 3600 francs. A collection of old line engravings, sold by auction a short time since at Berlin, brought 17,000 Prussian thalers. Some prints sold for 120, 125 and 250 thalers, and upwards. A portrait by Rembrandt sold for 360 thalers, and a very bad copy of the 100-guilder Rembrandt brought the same amount.

A painting was recently discovered at Pompeii, from which it appears that even in those days men knew what good living was. Here is a neat substantial dinner of three courses, which the painting portrays. An immense dish containing four peacocks stands in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in his claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of grasshoppers. This tempting dish would probably answer to our "roast." At the bottom of the table are four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. Entrees, no doubt. The whole is encircled by a sort of German sausage, apparently; and then come a row of yolks of eggs, a row of peaches, melons, and cherries; and lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. Dessert.

In the competition recently concluded between architects for prizes for designs adapted to the reconstruction of the Temple-Neuf at Strasbourg, which was burnt by the besiegers of the city, the results, although French, German, and English architects appeared in the field, were entirely favorable to French design. Of five prizes, three fell to the pupils of M. Questel; the first prize was awarded to the work of MM. J. Bernard, H. Motte, and A. Tournade.

Mr. J. H. Parker, whose excavations in Rome have already led to valuable discoveries, is endeavoring to form a company, with £50,000 capital for purchasing land in Rome, exploring it thoroughly, and then re-selling it perhaps at a profit, for building purposes. He has no less than thirty explorations already in view, before the formation of the company. After the organization is effected, the field of labor will be almost unlimited.

The great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons, if any body wants to know. According to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. To show the mechanical value of modern improvements, Dr. Lardner affirms

that 480 tons of coal with an engine and hoisting-machine, would have raised every stone to its position.

It is reported that a picture by Titian, styled "La Vierge au Voile," has been discovered in an old house at Turin, where it is said to have been removed soon after the taking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, since which event it has been lost sight of.

VARIETIES.

Liebig's Extract of Beef.—The last example of the power of chemistry will be found in the immense prairies of La Plata and Australia. Here wander innumerable flocks of sheep and cattle; a vigorous vegetation, favored by a warm climate and the humid salt emanations from the sea, provides abundance of nourishment; animals prosper and multiply amazingly. The South American hunters are numerous also; and the number of cattle killed every month may be counted by hundreds of thousands, so that the wonder is that they do not wholly disappear. In former days, this rough sport was carried on for the sake of the hides and wool only; the flesh, bones, and sinews were too difficult to transport and preservation for this rudimentary trade, and lay abandoned on the spot. Some persons interested themselves to utilize more fully these waifs and strays of the chase. At first, it was proposed to export the bones to England and France. In civilized countries they have acquired a commercial value which covers the price of the freight; they are largely used by the cutlers; gelatine is extracted from them; by burning them, the substance is obtained which clarifies sugar; phosphorus is made from them, and lastly, they furnish the most valuable manure for the agriculturist.

As for the skins, the country not offering the necessary resources for the establishment of tanneries, they were exported in a fresh state. A new agent, phenic acid, preserved them from any alteration during the voyage. It is the best antiseptic known; there is no animal fermentation which can resist it, no putrefaction that it does not arrest. After this, there only remained the flesh to perish for want of suitable means of preservation. The employment of phenic acid could not be thought of; excellent as it is for the purification of stables, houses, and hospitals, it does not answer for articles of food. Though it has been purified so as to obtain colorless crystals, it always has an odor of the coal-tar from which it is extracted, which gives a flavor to the meat. In default of a modern antiseptic, another was tried, less efficacious, and as old as civilization—common salt; but no decisive result was obtained: it did not give complete security, and it did not yet appear possible economically to preserve the meat which was left to perish.

The well-known chemist, Dr. Liebig, directed his researches in another way; instead of exporting the flesh, he wished to concentrate on the spot, and in small compass, the principal nutritive elements; to obtain an extract of meat, which, when it reached England, might be weakened by thirty times its weight of water, and give a liquid having all the essential qualities of ordinary beef-tea. This new commercial production has been largely consumed in England and Germany; it is used in the navy, and in distant colonies where

food is difficult to obtain; but in France, where refinement of taste is greater, the success has not been so general. This is the manner in which it is prepared; the process is very simple, and suited to the primitive state of the country: After the animal is killed, the meat is cut very small, and steeped in an equal quantity of water; this is boiled for a quarter of an hour, when the whole is thrown into a linen cloth, and the liquid which passes through is the beef-tea in its normal state. There is, however, too large a proportion of water, and some fat, which would interfere with its keeping. The hydraulic-press is applied to the mass of meat which is left after straining; and thus pressed it forms a sort of cake, which is considered to be exhausted of all eatable particles; a residue which at some future time will probably be turned to a useful purpose. The liquid is again heated, and the fat being carefully skimmed off the top, it is boiled down to one sixth of its original volume, and brought to the consistency of extract, keeping it from all contact with the air in a vessel where a vacuum has been made by means of a pneumatic pump. Nothing more is wanting but to pour it into jars hermetically closed, and sealed with a leaden seal, to preserve them from adulteration.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose his cloudless white,
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,—
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
“Behold your prison-bars!”

“Earth’s gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that satisfies the whole,
That I alone can give.”

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid;
But still she held me and would still abide.
Youth’s bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

“Look thou beyond the evening sky,” she said,
“Beyond the changing splendors of the day.
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay!”

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden
strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God’s angels stood, at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain he sends more precious far,
More beautiful, than they.

—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The Prussian System in Germany.—The consequences of the extension of the Prussian military system over the whole of Germany are beginning to make themselves felt in the smaller States. Already taxation is growing at an alarmingly rapid

rate, and is beginning to give rise to a demand for greater centralization. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that the income tax is now greater by a third in the Grand Duchy of Coburg and Gotha than in Prussia, and as the only apparent means of keeping down the expenditure is to get rid of some of the multitude of officials rendered necessary by the minute subdivision of the territory between the petty principalities, a strong desire is growing up for a consolidation of jurisdictions. The left side of the town of Ruhla, for instance, with 5000 inhabitants, belongs to the duchy of Saxe-Gotha, whereas the right side belongs to the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar; and each half has its own independent officials—administrators of justice, clergymen, school-teachers, and so forth. It is expected that in compliance with the general desire negotiations will be set on foot to bring all Ruhla under a common government. Should this be effected, it will not only result in a considerable reduction of expense, but it will in many other ways be productive of benefit to the town. At present, if any one wishes to sue a resident of the left side of the street he must do so in Gotha; but if he has recourse to law against a resident on the right side, then he must take proceedings at Eisenach.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Origin of Public Gaming Tables in Paris.—In a book called “*La Police de Paris Devoilée*,” a curious sketch is given of the origin of public gaming tables in the capital and the corruption they encouraged. They were first started by M. de Sartines, Minister of Police under Louis XV., whose valet, the author takes occasion to inform us, had 40,000*fr.* a year. M. de Sartines established these seductive caverns, as they were called, on the specious pretext of assembling all the *chevaliers d’industrie*, so that they might be well known to his agents. A number of women of loose morality purchased the privilege of keeping these *tripots*; there was Latour, the daughter of the President d’Aligre’s lackey; Cardonne, a washerwoman from Versailles, who was a mother at thirteen years of age; Dufrène, a flower girl from Lyons, and other ladies of the kind, who used to share the spoil with the “executioners,” as the sharpers were then termed. There were fifteen of these caverns in various quarters of Paris; each table, “to give it an appearance of respectability,” paid 3000*fr.* per month to the poor, and the houses were under the control of a cashier-general called Gombeau. Before these *tripots* had been long at work ladies of every rank solicited the privilege of setting up an establishment, and the ambassador of Venice, taking advantage of his inviolability, kept a very productive *tripot* in his private hotel. The working-classes, adds the author, were received and played in a place appropriately called *l’enfer*. The houses authorized by M. de Sartines remained open till the Revolution, and they were re-established by Napoleon, for what purpose may be easily imagined. That they improved the general morality of the country in the days of Louis XV. is very doubtful, notwithstanding that the tables passed into the possession of ladies of rank who worked them by means of agents.

February—Pairing-day.—“I have searched the legend of St. Valentine,” says Brand, (“*Popular Antiquities*”) “but think there is no occurrence in his life that could have given rise to this cere-

mony," that, namely, of "drawing valentines;" and there is quite as little in the way of authority or tradition for assigning the 14th of February to "the foules" as a paring-day. It may be there is a sort of rough and ready attempt to date a proceeding which takes place, in the general, about or soon after mid-February, and that the 14th, being St. Valentine's Day, affords a handy peg to hang the tally to. Certainly there is no sort of literal foundation for assigning even the liberal date of "about the middle of February" for the alleged proceeding. Nay, there is very great difficulty about alleging that it takes place at any given time, if the allegation is to be made with a view of fixing a date as applicable to any single species of birds. Thus I have continually met with proofs that a few pairs of grouse have gone through the "proposing" and the "accepting" stages before the 10th of December; and again and again I have seen the contentions between the males, consequent on the paying of the previous attentions to the females, going on all over the moor for several days before that date. But all depends very much on the nature of the season. This year—there being as I write, on the 21st of November, several inches of snow on the moors, which has been there for a week, and looks like lying a good deal longer yet—I do not suppose it is the least likely there will be any pairing this side of Christmas. And it is the same with partridges. I have often seen them, in a few instances out of the general number, paired before the end of January; not often much before. But very often in sharp and lengthened winters I have seen them in their coveys still many days after the 14th of February. As to other birds, there is no doubt that pairing takes place in many instances, in the case of a few couples, days or weeks before the generality of the same species unite. Last year, for instance, as noticed in a previous page of this magazine, two pairs of blackbirds and two pairs of robins were noticed in my garden, day by day, all through the winter. Ringdoves, again, I have reason to think, occasionally pair very early; so also do hedge-sparrows. About the house or common sparrow it is difficult to come to a conclusion from their gregarious habits and greater numbers. The golden plover I have never known to form a very early evident union, nor the lapwing either; and yet, with respect to the latter, it may be quite possible that the courtship is over and the union arranged much sooner than there is any ocular evidence for; because, on arrival at their nesting quarters, the work of the breeding season seems to begin at once. With respect to the golden plover, I have often seen a solitary pair about while the bulk of the species are still in the unbroken flock. And yet, on one occasion, when I had killed five out of a large flock in March, by one discharge of my gun, I found in one of them an egg so far ready for extrusion that it was already vividly colored. The fact is, we want more facts touching the pairing of birds, and, besides, we want more observation. Depending, however upon the season, upon its being early, open, and mild, or upon the winter being long and protracted, the general pairing will be arranged a

week or two sooner or a week or two later; and, if we were to attempt to "name the day" for the generality of birds, our first proviso would be "tide and weather permitting," and then we would specify the latter end of February rather than the exact middle. Exceptional marriages, which have been most evidently "made in haste," will be noticed every year; but there is no such thing known among the bird community at large as "repenting at leisure" on that ground.—*People's Magazine*.

The Augsburg Gazette for February 1, 2, gives an interesting account of the *interieur* of the venerable Austrian poet Grillparzer, who died on the 20th of January, and was buried four days later with great solemnity and a funeral oration by Heinrich Laube. Grillparzer, we are told, was watched over through life and tended in death by three domestic Graces; their names are Netti, Kathi, and Peppi Fröhlich, and the story of their connection with the poet is simple and very innocent. They were children when Franz Grillparzer got his first government appointment and wrote his first verses; their father was kind to the youth, and he gradually became almost a member of the Fröhlich household; he was generally expected to marry the eldest daughter when she was old enough, but whether it was that he wished to marry all three; or, as some say, that he preferred the second and did not like to disappoint the others, or perhaps that he thought his little idyl would lose its bloom in vulgar matrimony, years went on, and he did not propose. The three Graces gave lessons in music and languages, and the poet was not well able to meet the expenses of a household; but when in course of time Counsellor Fröhlich and his wife died, it seemed to all parties right and natural that Grillparzer should take up his abode with the orphans as their "Zimmerherr." All ideas of marriage were given up, and the middle sister, Kathi, remained his *liebe Braut* to the end; for the last twenty-two years of his life he called her so from habit and without disguise, and she inherits all his literary and other property; but this is a mere formality, for the sisters scarcely have a separate existence.

ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900



Q. Now, you're going to tell me that the person who was
seen in the car was the person who was seen in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

Q.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

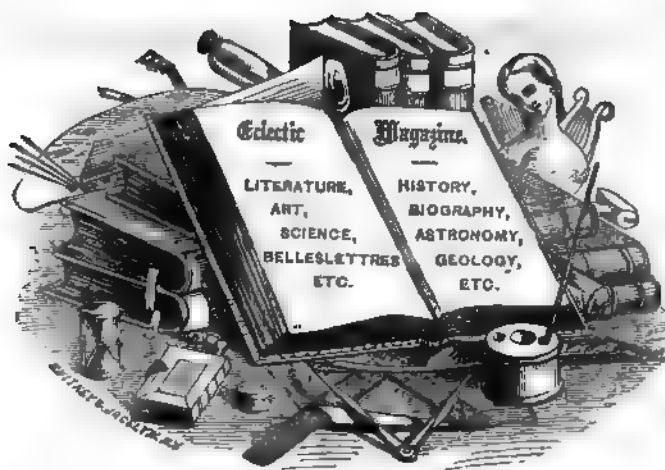
Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.

Q. And you saw the person in the car, and you saw the person in the car.

A. Yes, that's what I saw.





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British Quarterly Review.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

IN this busy world, made up for the most part of hopes disappointed and aims unattained, successes few in number, and, when achieved, marred in the enjoyment by a thousand accidents, it seems more like a fable than a simple fact that any man should have attained to more than a decade beyond the usual term of life, and should have it in his power, whilst closing a review of unintermitted enjoyment and success, to state that he had experienced throughout no other drawback than "a certain vague feeling of alarm in the contemplation of his own exemption from the commonly besetting ills of life."

Sir Henry Holland's autobiography was printed a few years ago for private distribution; a second edition, simply for the use of friends, followed shortly, and is at

length given to the public in an extended form. We are glad to introduce our readers to the record of a life exceptionally prosperous and happy, the course of which, though marked by no startling or uncommon events, affords a crowd of incidents of the most varied and interesting character.

We have before us the reminiscences of an individual who seems to have been born with two especial tastes, and these tastes have dominated his whole career. He has indulged them without intermission, simultaneously with the pursuit of the profession he had chosen, and he tells us that he "had found it possible so to combine the fullest gratification of his tastes with due regard to the objects and interests of his profession, that nothing had been forfeited by their conjunction."

The love of travel and of society are the tastes here referred to, and we are able to trace how in their pursuit they naturally aided one another. The former of these

* *Recollections of Past Life.* By Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., etc., etc., President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

was carried out to an extent which seems marvelous and almost excessive, the pleasure being intensified at the beginning by a certain mixture of adventure added to the incentive of curiosity for which there is no longer room under our present facilities of locomotion, and the multiplied descriptions of every corner of the world afforded by the innumerable publications of excursionists. The road to the gratification of the second taste was opened out by the materials collected in the pursuit of the first, and admission to all the most distinguished society of the day, both at home and abroad, was facilitated by the possession of remarkable conversational powers.

It is self-evident that the details of such a life as this, given by one who writes as pleasantly as he talks, could not fail to form a fascinating book, and it is a pleasant task to present our readers with a slight account of it.

Sir Henry Holland informs us that he was born in the year 1788 at Knutsford, in Cheshire; that he was connected with the Wedgwood family, and through them with the Darwins; and that his early teaching was received at a school at Knutsford, and afterwards under the Rev. W. Turner, at Newcastle.

The course of his education was continued for a year at Bristol, and he attended two sessions at Glasgow, though not as a matriculated student. His medical education was obtained at Edinburgh, he having, in the interval between his school time and his residence in Edinburgh, taken the first step in the business of life as an articulated clerk in a merchant's office in Liverpool. Referring to his time spent in Liverpool, he speaks of it as the only step in life which could in any sense be called a failure. It was abandoned on discovering that mercantile pursuits were not congenial, and he dismisses the remembrance of it by wishing that all mistakes in the great adventure of life could be as easily redeemed.

Even in the simple annals of his school experience we find passages which mark the future man, and incidents which tend to develop the bent of his future career; such as the eager desire to visit new districts, with evidence of intelligent observation of their peculiarities. Long walks in Northumberland and Durham afforded the first gratification of this propensity, and we may at the same time observe the first

keen delight in the enjoyment of society, and the tact with which he chose the acquaintance of all the most gifted characters who came within his reach, some of whom have since been known to fame. He indicates, too, the drawing of his interest in philosophical researches, as seen by his watching the variations of the tides in the Tyne, and referring these variations to the influence of astronomical causes. His delight in the Tyne was the first awakening of his love for rivers, which was afterwards so fully gratified by tracing the course of every stream of magnitude in Europe, and almost in the world. He closes a beautiful passage about his recollections of famous rivers by saying, that "in the poetry of every age the flow of rivers has been a favorite theme, one symbol of the lives and destinies of man."

"Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni."—Hor. Od. 2, iii. . . .

To this love of rivers we may also add his early interest in physical geography, especially his love for island scenery, which was afterwards no less gratified than the love of streams.

After having taken his medical degree at Edinburgh, Sir Henry Holland proceeded on a voyage to Iceland in 1810, and it is pleasant to read the joyous record of this first intense delight.

This being the occasion of his first acquaintance with the sea, we find an allusion to one of the most felicitous circumstances of his constitution—a peculiarly happy one, because it made his delight in the preponderating pleasure of his life to be wholly unalloyed. Hear it, all who, whether for duty or pleasure, have to venture on the sea, or even merely to cross "the little silver streak," that there is one man, the fortunate subject of this memoir, who was never sick at sea. It is tantalizing to ordinary sufferers to read our author's enumeration of his unfailing pleasure, the life of open space, the walking, reading, gazing on the sea and sky and sleeping, reveling in the sight of magnificent spectacles, or studying calmly in his cabin, whilst the wildest storms were raging furiously above.

It is a joyful description, closed with a graceful allusion to the unmeasured laughter of the waves, the happy metaphor used by Æschylus in his "Prometheus," and followed by a remark that it is surprising that so little about sea-sickness

should be found in the classic authors. We might suggest in relation to this that it is not probable that the Greeks and Romans ventured out on their short coasting voyages, except in quiet weather, though their familiarity with sea-sickness is evident from their word, nausea, derived from *navis*, "navis." That the allusion to it should be so brief in Horace's ninth epode may be accounted for by the fact that the battle of Actium took place on the 2d of September, a period of the year when the Mediterranean is proverbially calm.

After a rapturous passage about the joys of the sea, and our author's own immunity from the evils often suffered from it, it is a disappointment to find the subject dismissed with a disclaimer of any obligation either to investigate the causes of sea-sickness, or to account for his own exemption, and a regret that the subject has not been duly handled. We should have thought that Sir Henry Holland was exactly the man to have grappled with it successfully.

The causes of sea-sickness and their mode of action must be within the reach of scientific investigation, and it is not quite accurate to say that no attempt in this direction has been made. An ingenious and apparently hopeful theory has been propounded by no less a person than the late Dr. Wallaston, sometime President of the Royal Society; though unfortunately Dr. Wallaston's explanations were less sound and clear than the principles which he advanced. This is scarcely the place, nor have we room to criticise the point of failure in the explanation, or to show what in our opinion ought to be the true development of the argument. It is a topic on which much light may yet be hoped for, resulting in the practical benefit so especially needed at the present time.

But to return to our author. Having prepared for his profession, before he entered on its practice, it was a most judicious calculation, both as to pleasure and profit, which induced him to undertake a somewhat lengthened expedition to Iceland. There was sufficient obscurity in the character of the country not only to gratify the young spirit of adventure and curiosity, but to make the book, in which the voyage and exploration of the island are described, immensely popular with the general public. It did more, it commended itself by a felicitous style, and by evidence of much

general talent, to the judgment of the highest class of readers, and opened for the young aspirant of social distinction a road to the best society of the time. Into this society he was adopted as a keen observer, a charming writer, and an admirable talker; and after this his course was clear.

Although Sir Henry Holland purposely abstains from details of his professional life, as well as of his own family affairs, he informs us that in 1814 he passed a year on the Continent with the Princess of Wales, in the course of which he fell in with many celebrated personages, notices of whom, together with the incidents of his tour, are very interesting. Before dismissing his short reference to Queen Caroline's career, "that melancholy passage in the history of the time," Sir Henry Holland glances at the sequel and at the part he was compelled to take in the trial of 1821, at which he was called upon to give evidence. He alludes feelingly to a great change which was apparent in the queen's whole temperament and mind, which he dates from the repulse she had encountered at the doors of the Abbey and at Westminster Hall on the day of the king's coronation; and after affording some particulars about her last illness and death, he mentions as a strange coincidence, that "no long time after he left the Princess of Wales he was called to see Mrs. Fitzherbert, and continued to attend her for many successive years."

Not long after the attendance on the Princess of Wales our author was pressed to accompany Lord Amherst to China, as physician to the embassy. This he declined, and we can easily understand how the course would be preferred which opened out the promise of indulgence for every prevailing taste and ambition, viz., European travel, society, and a successful professional career. Before, however, settling finally into the possession of the latter, he took another look at Paris, which at that moment offered a strange and interesting spectacle, the description of which will be read with double significance at the present time. It was garrisoned by the English and Prussian armies, and he watched the consummation of a noble act of justice and moderation—one outcome of the great war struggle—which forms a striking contrast to the sequel of the late fierce contest. A line of Scots Fusiliers was stationed along the galleries of the Louvre,

calmy guarding the work of preparation for the removal and the relinquishment, to their proper owners, of those great works of art which had been at once the trophies and the reproach of French conquest.

After this, the retrospect of Sir Henry Holland's professional progress is very briefly afforded. He considers that he fairly entered on practice in 1815. He settled first in Mount street, but four years of success enabled him to improve his locality by moving into Brook street, where he has continued ever since, running, as he says, "deeply into a long lease by the length of his own life."

He mentions in a note that his dining-room possesses a certain history of its own, traditionally bequeathed to him. Mr. Burke frequently dined in it when coming up to town from his house at Beaconsfield, and we may add that there are many now living who can testify how well the present owner has carried forward the tradition of the place as a scene of frequent *réunions* of wit and brilliant society.

After this period of Sir Henry Holland's life, he began a series of annual rambles, visiting remote places and examining innumerable objects of interest, to an extent which, before his day, would have been considered wholly impossible within the limits as to time which he allowed himself. We may almost look upon Sir Henry Holland as the institutor of the annual tour now enjoyed by nearly every body in England. From the mere excursionist to Boulogne to the climbers of the Alps and the Caucasus, every one has reason to thank the man who first set the example of seizing this annual enjoyment.

While gleaning a few of the rich reminiscences of Sir Henry Holland's rambles, we see how he contrives to make the reigning love of travel subservient both to his love of pleasure and his ambition; at the commencement, however, sacrificing to the former rather than to the latter, and reigning in the appetite for wandering and observing.

His advancing practice, he says, was materially aided by visits for four successive years to Spa. On the subject of the Spa baths, he alludes, in a well-deserved strain of sarcasm, to the modern habit of rushing to fashionable "cures;" and whilst vindicating the reputation of the place where he had practiced the self-denial of

submitting to consecutive visits for four years, he says, that "fashion and fancy, quite as strong in regard to remedies as to other objects in life, now carry the periodical swarms of real or imaginary invalids to places less salubrious than the elder and nearer springs of Spa." He quotes the words of Pliny, "*Medici qui diverticulis aquarum fallunt ægrotos;*" and then ends, where we should have been glad to see a lengthened comment, on the "I'm ordered to go there," which is the ready excuse for many an indulgence of willful selfishness.

Our author, however, drops the subject, but not before we have been able to observe that a long list of royalties and notables fell within his reach at Spa; and what with princes, and gartered English noblemen, and Madlle. Mars at the little theatre, and the Duc de Richelieu, and Prince Talleyrand, it did not turn out that a very onerous course of self-denial had been imposed on him by submitting for a few years to so short a tether as that between England and Belgium.

Glancing back at the record of his professional life, we find some explanation of his not having gone through the valuable routine of hospital experience. Sir Henry Holland partly excuses the omission, on the ground of having felt that to undertake such duties would interfere with extensive foreign travel—to go abroad at that time having been a much more serious undertaking than it is to start for an autumn excursion in the present day; these modern flights being by no means incompatible with the duties of hospital practice. But there was another motive to decline the assumption of public work; the fact that, having already tasted of the exhilarating fountain of success—in common parlance, having got his foot upon the ladder—he felt there would be a worldly risk in changing his general plan of life. It was better to go on and reap the harvest, than to go back and sow the seed.

These records, all *couleur de rose*, go on to display the flow of success advancing calmly and abundantly throughout; they allude to the extent of his practice—which was limited only by consideration of voluntary prudence; to his appointment as one of Her Majesty's physicians, and to the bestowal of a baronetcy during the Administration of Lord Aberdeen, an hon-

or which had been declined under that of Lord Melbourne; and to complete this short summary of his professional career, the information is afforded that the relinquishment of practice was effected with as much satisfaction as had accompanied its acquisition. The retirement was gradual, and wholly within control, accompanied, he says, "with none of those abrupt changes and dissociations which often afflict the latter stage of a successful professional career, and make leisure, when attained, a burden rather than a relief."

Sir Henry Holland speaks of innumerable opportunities for making observations, not merely medical, which were afforded in the course of his professional life. As, for instance, he often gained insight into the causes which govern many political events, and was able to trace the origin of certain changes not obvious to the public eye. He offers the general remark, that "many anomalous incidents of history have their explanation laid bare by the intercourse of physician and patient, proving how largely bodily temperament has its share with mental in the government of the world."

As a proof of Sir Henry Holland's wide-spread opportunities for the pursuit of this curious inquiry, he relates that he had counted no less than six Prime Ministers of England as his patients, and besides these, and many other members of several administrations, he had innumerable patients both in diplomatic and in military life; he had intimate knowledge of most of the great leaders of the time, and beyond his *rôle* of medical adviser, he had occasionally been able to utilize for their service, upon many critical occasions, his own varied knowledge and keen observation.

He speaks of a sort of semi-diplomacy in which he had been sometimes concerned, reminding us in that particular of another member of the medical profession—Dr. Addington—whose son became in due time one of the six Prime Ministers just alluded to. The affair of the Oregon Treaty was one of these occasions, and there were others of later date, in which he was able, in a certain degree, to aid particular negotiations then in progress.

Our author seems to delight in recalling peculiar coincidences in his observations of public events. As, for example, he was visiting Sir Stratford Canning, at Constan-

tinople, when he witnessed the first aggression upon Turkey by Russia and Austria—in demanding the extradition of Kosuth and other Hungarian refugees. Again, in 1852, he was in St. Petersburg, seeing much of the ambassador, Sir H. Seymour, whilst the air was heavy with the impending cloud of the Crimean war.

He refers to his numerous opportunities of observing military details:

"Though I have never," he says, "fired a gun or pistol in my life, it is singular how often my travels have brought me upon scenes of modern as well as ancient warfare. My recollections of the latter embrace among the battle-fields of Greece Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, Plataea, Leuctra, Mantinea, Chæronea, Pharsalia, Pydna, and Actium; all of which I have visited, and some of them diligently explored. . . . But to come from these earlier ages to our own century of war and bloodshed; I have twice traversed parts of Spain and Portugal during the great Peninsular War; visited the military hospitals when crowded with wounded from the storming of Badajoz; heard the bombardment of Cadiz by Soult; witnessed the following year, between Alicante and Valencia, the flight of a Spanish division before the French under General Harispe and had here a somewhat narrow escape of being taken prisoner with them.

"I rode over the battle-fields of Vittoria, while many were still lying unburied, and witnessed the arrival in that city of wounded prisoners from the Pyrenees. . . . Afterwards, at Naples, I accompanied King Joachim, mounted on one of the royal horses, to a review of his army when about to depart on the ill-fated march against the Austrians. Twice I have been in Algeria during the French war of conquest there. . . . Traveling through Holstein in 1848, I saw something of the petty war of Germans and Danes; and at a later period in 1863, when seventy-five years of age, I was an active spectator, I will not say actor, in the midst of the great civil war then raging in America."

The only inconvenience from this frequent proximity to war appears to have been an occasional military arrest. One of these mishaps arose from the untimely use of a sketch-book, and it seems that the accident resulted in the final termination of our author's short flirtation with

the fine arts; a result which no one can deplore, considering how little time could be spared in such a life to prolong the intimacy into a more fruitful acquaintance.

The last, and to all appearance the most perilous, arrest occurred in 1846, when he inadvertently adopted a stranger as a fellow-traveler on a journey from Breslau to Cracow. We marvel that one so prudent and acute should have committed himself to share the fortunes of an unknown companion during troublous times. The mistake was, however, committed, and the result was that both were arrested and conveyed, under a strong guard, to the Hôtel de Ville at Cracow. We marvel, also, at another still more unguarded act. It appears that on approaching Cracow, the stranger-companion had been seized with a panic, and had been able to succeed in persuading our author to take possession of certain dangerous papers, who, however, instead of being compromised by the possession of them, merely walked away after making an explanation, carrying them in his pocket, whilst the poor owner was conducted manacled to prison. At the first opportunity the papers were torn and delivered to the winds. Though we wonder at the want of prudence, we must admire the generosity of the act, which, undoubtedly, saved the stranger's life.

It is pleasant to read of the innumerable opportunities afforded to Sir Henry Holland for cultivating his early taste for the study of physical geography. He took a never-ending delight in tracing the course of rivers; he also dwells on his peculiar interest in volcanic countries:

"I have been, and I am probably alone in this, on the several summits of Hecla, Etna, and Vesuvius, and have attempted, but failed by accident, to ascend the Peak of Teneriffe. I have visited the still active volcanic isles of the Lipari group and Santorin; and more frequently the extinct volcanic regions of Europe—those of Auvergne, the Vivarais, the Eysel, and Rhine, and of the Roman States. Madeira and Porto Santo, also, I may name among the more wonderful results I have seen of these volcanic actions now locally extinguished."

And although he laments never having witnessed any actual eruption beyond the chronic action of Stromboli, he rejoices in having enjoyed a personal experience of more than one earthquake. The first was

in Bœotia—the second in Africa, which occurred in the middle of the night, and did not better the digestion of a "filet de lion," on which, in company with two French officers, he had supped the evening before.

In a general review of the impressions made by travel, he endeavors to decide which of those scenes of beauty and wonder that have most forcibly fixed themselves on his imagination and memory deserved the preference.

After remarking on how much the casual incidents of the journey and the weather, as well as peculiar tastes and temperament, influence the impressions made by various scenes, he selected, as the most striking of his recollections, the view from the ruined theatre of Taormina, in Sicily, and that of the Peak of Teneriffe, in descending upon the valley of Orotava. Also the first sight of the city and plain of Damascus. He then adds, for the comfort and encouragement of the common crowd of excursionists, who, in comparison with this gigantic wanderer, may be called mere stay-at-home travelers—his recollection of the first sight of the Alps, from the crest of the Jura—so reducing his allusions to the level of the experience of perhaps ninety-nine of every hundred of our readers; though he again leaves them wofully behind, when he flies off to the summit of Pentelicus, and displays his endless resources of association and comparison, by glancing at the Dead Sea, and suddenly recurring to the great volcanic lake of Thingvellir, in Iceland. Again, as specimens of the most exquisitely picturesque localities, we have "the waterfalls, rapids, lakes, and forests in the Upper Ottawa, in Canada, and find the description of a twelve hours' voyage in a bark canoe, manned by Indians and Canadian voyageurs, varied by the shooting of rapids, and enlivened by the chorus of voices keeping time with the paddles of the canoe; the day's dinner dressed in the depths of the forest, with beavers working at their dams hard by; the day concluded by a six miles' drive through a forest of bare trunks of trees, blasted by recent fire." After adverting by a rapid transition to the scenery of the blue mountains of Jamaica, we perceive the leading passion for society dominating over our author's admiration of the glories of the earth's surface, and leading him back to

the great world of London, as he records his having joined the Prince of Wales at Niagara. We therefore naturally follow him into his reminiscences of social life, and his sketches of some of the distinguished personages with whom he came in contact. Of these his recollections of Holland House are amongst the most remarkable. He is of opinion that nothing in London life has yet replaced what was the habitual society to be found there :

“The master hand which guided it was in fact that of its mistress, Lady Holland, a remarkable woman in every way—well remembered by all who knew her—difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny, even over guests of the highest rank and condition—capricious it seems, but there was in reality intention in all she did, and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though no one knew better how to change her mood and to soothe, by kind and flattering words, the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. In this latter case, indeed, she was able, by a native generosity of mind, which never failed to show itself in kindness where kindness was wanted. In my long and intimate knowledge of Lady Holland, I never knew her to desert an old friend, whatever his condition might be. Many things, seeming willful and incongruous in her, might be explained through this happier quality of mind, blended with that love of power which, fostered by various circumstances, pervaded every part of her life. Her influence was doubtless aided by large general reading, of which she made sedulous and skillful use. Her management of conversation at the dinner-table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself. She was acute in distinguishing between real and false merit, and merciless in her treatment of the latter. She was not a woman of wit in words, but had what might well be called consummate practical wit in all her relations to society. Once only, and that very late in life, she spoke to me of the labor she underwent in maintaining the position thus acquired. The information was not necessary. My own observation had already made me well aware of it.

It may be useful to some of our fair readers who might by chance be seized with the ambition of assuming the part of a leader of a *salon*, to inquire how much of the success of the Holland House society was actually attributable to the peculiar talent of its head, and how much to special circumstances.

Holland House was an attractive locality, grand and luxurious with traditions of its own, and filled with works of art ; it was pleasantly retired from the focus of busy life. The invited guests were sure to meet the very pick of male society, and by the unfortunate circumstances of the family were protected from having the conversation diluted by what they might deem feminine insipidity, or at any rate from being disturbed by the flutter of feminine tastes and interests. All these were exceptional advantages, and rarely to be found elsewhere. Tact, of course, was requisite at first to choose the guests, and to bring them together ; after that, the habit of resorting to these meetings being once established, it was not likely to require especial gifts in either host or hostess to keep it up.

Of course the political complexion of Holland House was, as our author remarks, almost exclusively of the Whig party, though he amusingly adds, that it was always a matter of rejoicing to Lady Holland when she could catch a stray Tory to mingle with them. We have no doubt that Lady Holland would have caught as many Tories as she could, though at the same time she probably would have thought of every one of them as Courier did once of Lamennais, that if they had lived at the creation they would have cried out “*Mon Dieu, conservons le chaos.*”

Of Lord Holland himself we find but a short notice :

“He came to his own dinner-table each day wholly ignorant whom he was to find there, but greeting all alike with his genial smile, and animating all by the charm of his conversation, and by a flow and felicity of anecdote peculiar to himself. He sat always at a corner of his own dinner-table, to which I doubt whether he ever himself invited a guest.”

At the time of the Reform Bill, Sir Henry Holland tells us that the Holland House dinners were often a sort of miniature cabinet, in the persons assembled and

the matters discussed. He recollected one of them which ended to himself in a whimsical contrast :

"Called away hastily, by a message from town, I quitted the table at which were sitting several of the ministers—the Premier, Lord Grey, amongst them—in earnest conversation on the progress of the bill, then in one of its critical stages; a few minutes after I got into an ill-lighted Kensington omnibus, in which I found a dozen people loudly and passionately discussing the same subject; with those affirmations of "certain knowledge," and the "best authority," so common in disputes of this nature, especially when little is really known. Sitting silently in a dark corner of the omnibus, I derived much amusement from the sudden change of place and company; it pictured whimsically the diversities as well as resemblances common to all grades of social and political life."

Among the best sketches of the guests at Holland House is that of Talleyrand :

"His face and figure have been often described. If I were to speak of them as they were when I knew him I should say they were indescribable. His conversation was cast in a mold of its own. Short pithy sentences, poignant in their sarcasms upon men and events, witty without effort, or the assumption of being so. The *bon mots* of Talleyrand have been often recorded. Wholly absorbed in the pleasure of eating, he spoke little during dinner, and little in the early stages of digestion. This devotion to the single meal of the day he did not seek to disguise. Later in the evening his eloquence, if such it might be called, broke out; and more than once I have listened to him until midnight with unabated interest. His power of simple narrative was extraordinary; it was a succession of salient pictures, never tedious from being kept too long before the eye, and colored by an epigrammatic brevity and felicity of language peculiar to himself. Two instances occur to me at this moment: one a description, sarcastic chiefly, yet with some passing touches of pathos, of the death-bed of Louis XVIII., at which he was officially present; the other, a vivid sketch of the several marshals of the French army who gained fame and title in the wars of Napoleon."

Sir Henry Holland then glances from Talleyrand to Lord Sidmouth, as an in-

stance of strongly marked contrast, both in character, figure, and speech; and incidentally remarks that he visited him occasionally at Richmond Park, but more frequently met him at Lord Stowell's in Grafton street.

"Lord Stowell and Lord Sidmouth differed widely in character and talent, but were united by family ties, common politics, and a common love of port wine. Lord Sidmouth was the talker of the party, but the whimsical roll of Lord Stowell's massive shoulder, when uttering some phrase of dry humor, was worth more to the eye than any amount of speech to the ear. Lord Alvanley's description of him as a conceited Muscovy duck had an amusing personal reality about it."

Among many similar incisive touches, it is pleasant to meet with a record of a great, solid, moral excellence, such as does not often find place in dazzling sketches of the great world.

Speaking of Lord Lauderdale as one of the most assiduous frequenters of Holland House, there is this eulogium :

"If a family imbroglio occurs, whatever its nature, in a large circle in which Lord Lauderdale lived, he was sure to be found in the midst of it as adviser, mediator, and controller; I never knew him so alert and happy as when he had a matter of this kind in hand."

Less wholesome, unhappily, is the characteristic sketch which Sir Henry Holland has afforded of Rogers. "He could be, and was ever generous to poverty, and real distress;" but then follows the antithesis: "he was intolerant to all that presented itself as social rivalry to himself; there was foundation for the remark that a simple note from Rogers generally conveyed some indirect satire on the person to whom it was addressed." It is impossible to follow our author in his enumeration of the visitors at Holland House, or of those he met at other distinguished dinner-tables. It would include a list of every personage of great mark then alive, whether distinguished in politics, literature, or art.

Of his intercourse with, and his knowledge of, the great potentates of the period, we have some interesting intimations. Those regarding the Emperor Napoleon allude to many of the most critical points of the eventful career :

"I was summoned in the spring of 1831

hastily to a house in Holles street, and found there a young man suffering under gastric fever, and a lady hanging over his bed; this was Prince Napoleon and his mother, Queen Hortense, just arrived from Paris, and the illness of the prince seriously aggravated by the conditions of a secret and anxious journey. . . . On the return of the prince to London, I dined at his house in Carlton terrace, some ten days before the attempt on Boulogne. . . . My latest intercourse with him abroad was at Biarritz, in 1862, when in the plenitude of his power. . . . Forty years exactly from the time I first saw him in Holles street, I visited him at Chislehurst an exile again."

With the same disposition to seize on antithesis and coincidences, Sir Henry Holland passes into the region of science; showing that his recollections comprise the progress, and we may call it almost the epigrammatic completion of various researches which took place in his time. Astronomy, he tells us, is a topic in which he takes an especial interest, and it brought him into connection with many eminent and scientific men in different countries:

"Of my visits to observatories, both in Europe and America, that which most strongly clings to my memory is one evening I passed with Encke and Galle in the observatory at Berlin, some ten or twelve days after the discovery of the planet Neptune on this very spot, and when every night's observation of its motion had still an especial value in denoting the elements of its orbit. The night in question was one of floating clouds gradually growing into cumuli, and hour after hour passed away without sight of the planet which had just come to our knowledge by so wonderful a method of predicted search. Frustrated in this main point, it was some compensation to sit and converse with Encke in his own observatory. The stillness and darkness of the place, broken only by the solemn ticking of the astronomical clock, which, as the interpreter of the celestial times and motions, has a sort of living existence to the astronomer. Among other things discussed during this time was the name to be given to the new planet. Encke told me he had thought of Vulcan, but deemed it right to remit the choice to Leverrier, then supposed the sole discoverer of the planet and its place in the heavens,

adding that he expected Leverrier's answer by the first post. Not an hour had elapsed before a knock at the door of the observatory announced the letter expected. Encke read it aloud, and coming to the passage where Leverrier proposed the name of Neptune, exclaimed—

" 'So lass den Namen Neptun sein!'

It was a midnight scene not easily to be forgotten: a royal baptism, with its long array of titles, would ill compare with this simple naming of the remote and solitary planet thus wonderfully discovered. There is no place, indeed, where the grandeur and wild ambition of the world are so thoroughly rebuked and brought into littleness as in the astronomical observatory."

This little incident is very interesting, and we can almost rejoice that our author's enjoyment was not damped at the time by a knowledge of how little Encke had to do with the discovery, and, consequently, how little right he possessed to administer the royal baptism: the naming of the planet was a privilege belonging to Adams and Leverrier.

It is satisfactory to be told that afterwards in the *Quarterly Review*, Sir Henry Holland "sought to do justice to the claims of Adams"—that is, he invited the attention of the general public to a fact which the scientific world had by that time become quite aware of. Sir Henry Holland was also at Florence, and in the observatory of Donati, on the very day when the splendid comet of 1858, named after him, made its nearest approach to the earth.

"By another coincidence, I dined that evening with Mrs. Somerville, probably the only woman in Europe capable of calculating the orbit of a comet from the elements given by observation. While other ladies at Florence, as I had occasion to know, were purchasing tickets in the State lottery on some whimsical fancy of numbers connected with the aspects and periods of the comet, Mrs. Somerville was contemplating it with the eye and intellect of a philosopher."

We join our author gladly in awarding all honor to the translator of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of Laplace, but it is hard not to allow to other women, also our countrywomen, the eye and knowledge of a philosopher. It is but justice to remem-

ber that the comet which goes by Encke's name was first discovered by Miss C. Herschell in 1795. Encke only detected its periodic return and its elliptical movement.

At another time, in 1850, at Cambridge, in the United States, Sir Henry Holland had "a very favorable view of Saturn and his rings only a few days before the discovery of the third ring." All reference to these rings has become doubly interesting since they have been proved by the researches of Maxwell and others to consist of multitudes of discrete bodies, raising them into one of the greatest marvels of the universe.

As our traveler has ascended the hills of greatest height, so he has visited the mines of lowest depth. He says:

"Beginning in youth with the Northumberland collieries and Cheshire salt mines, I have frequently visited the copper and tin mines of Cornwall, the salt mines of Austria and Gallicia, the copper and silver mines of the Hartz Mountains, the copper and iron mines of Sweden, the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, the mineral pitch mines of Albania, and the lead mines in Murcia, in Spain.

"At Andresberg, in the Hartz Mountains, I descended to a considerable depth of the Sampson mine, the workings of which, at the extreme depth of 2450 feet, were then, and still are, the deepest on the surface of the globe, though not so near its centre as some of our English coal mines in Durham and Lancashire."

From mines it is an easy transition to caves; and we are told of the delight with which the most celebrated of these were explored, especially the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the remarkable caves at Gibraltar.

Every object of curiosity seems to have been visited, till the reader almost finds it a disappointment to miss the description of an aëronautic voyage, and is tempted to the inhumanity of wishing that our author had been shut up in Paris, and that we had been able to welcome him back by means of the "ballon monté."

As it is, the book is not wholly destitute of the record of an aërial adventure: we find one, though only in a mild form, in an ascent to the monastery of Dios Stephanos, "enclosed in a net, and swinging in open air for three minutes while reaching the perpendicular height of 180 feet, and

then finding, under a wooden shed, three or four decrepit monks working at a decayed windlass, to whom I had been indebted for the ascent, and by whom I was to be let down in like aërial way."

Sir Henry Holland seems to have adopted certain habits as favorable to the possibility of accomplishing so much in a restricted time, and to these he rigidly adhered. One of these rules was to abstain from the foible of collecting—the only approach to such a weakness being in the article of walking-sticks, which, he says, he never made use of in his life. Those who know him will understand that he had no temptation to improve his rapid and elastic movements.

He seems to have made another resolution, not to spend time and energy in the examination of every picture or other work of art which came within his reach. We can sympathize with any one who declines to traverse miles and miles of picture galleries to catch a hasty glimpse at their contents and we can enjoy a rebuke to the pretension and the ignorance with which many would-be *dilettanti* go fussily about; but we do not quite agree with Sir Henry Holland in his objection to the "trick of running in and out of two or three hundred churches."

No doubt the habit of visiting every church may be as much a mere affectation as that of seeing pictures; but every ancient church is in itself a monument of the history of the place, and Church architecture is one of the most practical as well as the most interesting of studies. We can hardly, therefore, conceive that the examination of many specimens can be otherwise than important and instructive.

A certain knowledge of the principles of architecture is of course indispensable to an intelligent examination, and in the case of Sir Henry Holland we can appreciate his reasons for not going deeply into the study. He perhaps wisely abstained from cultivating any particular bent of taste which must have concentrated his interests and made the wide grasp of his observation impossible.

Without any such restriction, it required almost superhuman energy to get through what he did—to see so much and to keep memory on the alert, so as to have power to compare every new sight and experience with those which had gone before—and, after all, to be free from all confusion in

the accumulated impressions. To accomplish this he did not avail himself of the usual tourist's diary. Until his return to England he kept in his mind a vivid and distinct remembrance of all that he had seen; and yet, whilst he was actually traveling, he was able to command sufficient power of mental abstraction to beguile certain solitary evenings in foreign hotels, by preparing scientific articles for the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review*.

In the short space that remains to us we may turn from reminiscences of travel and adventure, and sketches of the great world of English society, to a brief contemplation of the man himself. The book is even less remarkable as a record of almost inconceivably varied incident than as the picture of a life entirely successful, entirely pleasurable, and entirely happy. It is common to meet with men full of years looking toward the close with utterances of praise for the outcome of the checkered path which they have traversed; but never before did we meet with any human lot wholly without vicissitude or disappointment, or trials of temper, or anxieties as to fortune, or injustice from the world, or without any change, in short, except from one desired success or another; and all this in an individual who has very decided tastes and ambitious aims, and who began life with no force of native circumstances or position to push him forward on the course he had chosen.

It might be interesting to inquire what

were the endowments, intellectual and physical, which must have combined to make all this possible; and in doing so we might help some who desire to emulate the attractive career. We may, at least, in passing, hint at a few minor peculiarities which are discernible as having been conducive to this felicitous result.

Such, for example, as the adoption, at the beginning, of a definite plan of life, with the strong determination never to be diverted from the fixed aims in view; also the resolution never to miss an opportunity, great or small, which bore on those especial aims; this rule induced a power of turning even deficiencies into advantages, as exemplified in the instance that the want of college education was used as a stimulus to more energetic application to classic literature in after-life.

Again, we observe the cultivation of a temperament so calm and pliable, that no weak point was open where over-sensitive feelings could be exposed, and not one of the little rubs of active life could find power to ruffle the smooth surface of a mind wholly occupied with its appointed aim.

But it is scarcely permissible even for the purpose of assisting these supposed aspirants to analyze the character and endowments of a living autobiographer, or to treat that as a past life which is, we trust, to be extended; and we will close with a wish that the years which follow may be as full of happiness as those which have preceded them.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA.

THE knowledge which the ancients had of Southern Africa was soon lost to the world; and up to the time of the conquest of Northern Africa by the Saracens its Eastern shores had not been visited by Europeans beyond the Straits of Babel-mandeb, and on the west they had sent no ship further south than the limits of Mauritania. For six centuries after the occupation of North Africa by the Saracens naval enterprise was almost unknown to Europe: but during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Portuguese and the Spaniards made themselves famous by maritime adventures. It was Prince Henry of Portugal, a nephew of our own Henry IV., who stimulated and directed this

spirit of daring in his countrymen. At the beginning of the fifteenth century this prince, while engaged with his father in an expedition against the Moors of Barbary, obtained information which led him to think (1) that the boundaries of the Portuguese dominions might be greatly enlarged by the acquisition of territory in Western Africa, and (2) that a new way to India might be found by sailing round Africa, and so might be secured for Portugal the vast stores of wealth which had hitherto been at the exclusive command of Genoa and Venice. And, in 1415, he sent out an expedition consisting of two small ships to Western Africa, and thus inaugurated that wonderful series of geographical enterprises

which terminated in the exploration of the whole coast-line of Africa, and the discovery of the long-sought passage to India. The prince did not live to see these great deeds accomplished; he died in 1463, and it was not until 1498 that Vasco de Gama reached the coast of Malabar, and thus won a reputation amongst navigators only second to that of Columbus.

By the achievements of De Gama and his predecessors in this "great drama of discovery," and by the conquests of Albuquerque and others who succeeded him, the Portuguese obtained vast possessions both in Western and Eastern Africa. The southern portion of the continent they did not occupy, for then, as now, it was eminently an agricultural country, peopled by tribes of rude hardihood, and it offered, therefore, but few temptations to men who were urged by a desire to obtain power and to make wealth speedily; but in the east and the west they were supreme. Nor were their possessions confined to the coasts. By degrees they obtained much land and important positions in the interior, partly by pushing forward their military establishments as opportunities offered, but chiefly through the instrumentality of their missionary priests, whose patriotic ardor was not less than their religious enthusiasm, and who, while striving for the conversion of the natives, were equally zealous for the aggrandizement of the Portuguese throne and nation. And for a time it seemed as though Portugal would rise to the height of her grand opportunity, and build up in Eastern and Western Africa great colonial empires. But the present position of the Portuguese in Africa affords an illustration of the sad results of opportunities neglected and power abused, perhaps without a parallel in the world.

Of the Portuguese in Western Africa I have no personal knowledge; but from information which I have received from Dr. Livingstone and others who know them, I am very sure I do them no wrong by saying that, in no respect do they differ from their countrymen on the other side of the continent;—and their personal acquaintance I have been privileged to make.

In Eastern Africa the Portuguese profess to hold the whole coast from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado, and important establishments and towns which extend for hundreds of miles inland along the course of the River Zambezi. Theoretically their

form of government is excellent. There is a governor-general of Mozambique, having under him the governors of Quillimane and Inhambane, on the coast, and Sena, Tete, and Zumbo, on the Zambezi: and subordinate to them are lesser notabilities—Commandos they are called—who occupy positions as rulers of districts that have not yet been raised to the dignity of provinces. In alliance with these officials there are said to be judges and magistrates for the due administration of law, and a sufficient military force to protect the colonists from the incursions of the tribes of the interior. The instructions which the governors, major and minor, receive from Portugal express in high-flown language the most exalted sentiments. Never were the blessings of civilization and Christianity more eloquently set forth; never was the duty of extending such blessings to the barbarous heathens more urgently enforced. The laws are faultless:—true, they recognize the right of the Portuguese to enslave the Africans when moved thereto by the necessity of the colony, yet the provisions which regulate the conduct of the master towards the slave are so admirably framed with reference to the well-being of the slave, that by them the slaves are shown to be far better off in all things than their brethren who are not in bondage. Theoretically nothing can be better than the position, the policy, and character of the Portuguese in Africa. Take the account which they give of themselves and you could but say of them,—Here is a highly civilized and Christian people, the worthy possessors of a glorious heritage, potent for good, great in that spirit of enterprise which makes light of difficulty and overcomes danger, using their grand capacity to develop the resources of the land, and to raise in the scale of humanity the barbarous races that have been brought under their power or within the scope of their influence.

And now for my experience of them.

When Livingstone brought the river Zambezi and its suitability as a commercial highway to the interior before the world, the Portuguese promptly declared that they were its legitimate guardians, and that they had established at its mouth a military force, a custom-house and all other appliances of civilization, for the protection of their rights and the encouragement of commerce. When I entered the Zambezi

this is what I saw, a flag-staff from which flaunted the flag of Portugal, a rectangular house that would have been dignified by the mistaking it for an English cowshed, and a few huts such as the natives build. Of buildings domestic or governmental nothing more. The house was for the officer in command, the huts for the common soldiers, and such other people, male or female, as belonged to the settlement. The military consisted of Senhor A., the officer in question, a Portuguese sergeant, and six natives who were dressed in blue cotton uniforms, and armed with old muskets. I did not at first meet with Senhor A., but when I made his acquaintance he did honor to himself and his government by donning his uniform and parading his troops. The display was so amusingly absurd that I could scarcely refrain from laughter. The Senhor's perceptive faculties were large, he saw my difficulty, he divined its cause, and instead of resenting it, he sympathized, for, after he had dismissed his soldiers, he held out his hand, and said, "You are amused at what you see. Well you may be. If I were not what I am I should be amused too. The position is very absurd." Before I left the country, I saw much of this man. He was a gentleman by birth, and had been well educated. He knew something of Latin and Greek, spoke English, French, and Italian fluently, and was a fair mathematician. But he was a ruffian according to common report. In Portugal, by his reckless disregard of the conventionalities of life, I heard that he gained for himself an evil reputation, and to escape more unpleasant consequences had been obliged to migrate to Africa, where he was hated and shunned. I have, however, no reason to think that he was worse than many in Portugal, who with more discretion, managed to keep position, and in most things I found him infinitely the superior of the majority of his countrymen in Africa. His great offense with them was that he spoke of things as he knew them to be. He prided himself upon this, and on one occasion said to me, "I am a blackguard it is true; but in that I do not differ from my countrymen in this vile land; we are all blackguards together. But in one thing I do differ from them; they pretend to be better than they are; they are humbugs, hypocrites, all you like that is mean. I am not with them there. I hate humbug, and

it is natural that humbugs should hate me. I care not. I take their hate as a compliment to my greater integrity."

From this man I obtained much information upon the position which his countrymen now occupy in Africa. In reply to my inquiry as to what hold they had upon the land, he said, "Upon the land we have no hold. We have a few important positions on the coast, and a few unimportant places on the Zambezi; beyond that, nothing. Mozambique is our capital, in itself it is strong; for defense it is impregnable against all assaults from natives, and it might be as powerful for offense; but it is not. We are powerless beyond the precincts of the city. We can not venture inland twenty miles from Mozambique without the consent of the natives. They are once more the masters of the soil, and they shut us up at will in our stronghold. Quillimane is better placed, the tribes about are more docile, and we are more free to move at our pleasure from thence. Yet our power is but small, and were it not for the barrier which the Zambezi interposes, Quillimane would soon be destroyed by the Landeens (a branch of the Zulu Kaffir race) who keep all on this the south side of the river in a state of terror, and impose tribute upon us at will. Inhambane is always in peril from the natives; we can not keep a foot of ground beyond it. Sena is in ruins; Tete is powerless; and at Zumbo you will but find the site of what was in the days of our prosperity a considerable town."

I inquired of the position of the Commandos, who were said to govern the land in those parts that were not immediately under the cognizance of the more regularly constituted authorities, and his reply was, "Humbug again! There are certain men, it is true, who have made themselves powerful here and there, but with one exception they are in the position of rebels. There is Senhor V., for instance, who inherited from his father some money, and more than a thousand slaves. He is a man of enterprise, and, not being content with the ordinary life of Quillimane, he armed many of his trustworthy slaves and made an expedition towards the Angoxa. He had to do some fighting, and, being better armed than the natives, he did not fight in vain. He gained territory, built himself a stockade, and by force and by fraud has become a great

man. His will is law, and his followers obey him, and only him. But he has no wish to break with the government, and the government has no wish to break with him. He has free scope to do as he pleases, and the land he may gain is formally secured to him and to his successors for three lives, free from all taxation. This transaction is recorded in the archives of the government as another triumph of law and order—as another proof of the greatness of Portugal; whereas V. is irresponsible, he does as he will, and, if he were to die to-morrow, as his influence is purely personal, the old state of things would again prevail, our authority would not be recognized in any way. V. is not a rebel, but the others who are said to occupy his office are; and they are the centres of a state of things which realizes hell upon earth. There is Mariano and Belchioro. (It was Belchioro's marauders who murdered Captain Faulkner last year.) They are infamously notorious. They live amongst slaves and the natives whom they have subjected to their will, and who now pander to their desires. They outrage all law, human and divine, unchecked. They plunder the tribes, and they destroy where they are resisted. Their quest is ivory and slaves, by means of which they procure from their agents in Quillimane and Mozambique, who are generally government officers, wine and spirits, and such other things as their vices and wants make necessary. Sometimes they quarrel with one another, when they are near neighbors, or encroach upon each other's preserves, and then they urge on their fighting-men, as your countrymen, I am told, urge on bull-dogs, to tear and destroy one another; and the daily strife of these slave partisans keeps the whole country in turmoil, and ultimately depopulates it—for both parties plunder and make slaves of the natives. The fact is, these *Commandos* are the captains of slaving and robbing hordes. They do incalculable mischief, and they make havoc of the land. Through them good government is impossible, for they keep the country far and wide in a continual state of anarchy and bloodshed."

Of course, it is only in such a land as that, and where slavery had thoroughly demoralized the people, white and black, that such a state of things could exist. Inordinate self-will, and all the worst vices

which can infest humanity, almost invariably are manifested in men who dare to regard their fellow-men as property, in the same sense that we do a horse or a cow. I can quite imagine, however, that at no time was slavery in our own colonies, or in the Southern States of America, so utterly brutalizing in its effects as in the Portuguese African colonies; for of all the forms of slavery which have cursed mankind, that which is constituted by the Portuguese in Africa, their philanthropic declamations to the contrary, is the most brutal. And before I left Senhor A. I had a very fair illustration of the truth of this. One day I saw him superintending the punishment of a slave boy whom he kept to wait upon him, and who had been guilty of some act of disobedience. The punishment was severe; it was a whipping inflicted by a strong man—the Portuguese sergeant, in fact—with a three-thonged whip, each thong consisting of a plait of three strips of buck-hide. I remonstrated with the Senhor upon the brutality of this punishment. He took it in good part, but maintained, as a principle which can not be set aside, that, wherever slavery is, the discipline, even under the best of masters, must be more or less brutal, and the results demoralizing both to master and slave: especially in countries where the masters form, as with the Portuguese in Africa, a very small minority. "You can not," said he, "treat a slave in this land like a free man; do so, and he will rise against you or run away. You must keep them under by the whip, and any other means that suggest themselves, until they are reduced in mind and soul to the condition of dogs, and live only for you. You see that man?" pointing to one of his slaves, a stout-bodied, sturdy-looking fellow, who was at work near the house; "well, that fellow gave me a great deal of trouble when he first became my property. He was brought down here fresh from the hills. He is an Achowa, and, like all of his tribe, had some independence of character. The Achowas make good slaves when they are well broken in, but out of five you are fortunate if you get one molded to your will, for the process kills them—that is, they will die rather than submit to you as unreservedly as is needful. This fellow, at first, was sullen and disobedient—thought of his home on the hills, his wife and chil-

dren, may be. Well, that was nothing to me; he had become, through the operations of a perfectly legitimate traffic, my property; for though the law prohibits the exportation of slaves, it permits slavery, and, consequently, the buying and selling of slaves amongst ourselves. So when he was disobedient I whipped him; when he ran away, as he did more than once, I made every effort and spared no expense to recover him, as it will never do to let a slave escape—better kill him—the example of a successful runaway is so pernicious to the rest. At last he gave me so much trouble, and was the cause of so much excitement amongst my other slaves, that I ordered him to be beaten in a way that I hoped would kill him, and his punishment was severe enough to kill any but a *brutos-negros*. You shall see. Come here, you ——!” called out the Senhor to the man in question. The fellow came, and his master turned down his loin-cloth, which in shame he had carefully tied over large scars in his loins, and I saw from them how horribly he must have suffered. “Well, that man would not die,” continued the Senhor. “Life was strong in him, as it is, indeed, in all of the Africans. But the whip had at length cleaned the mucus from his brain. As he got well, he became cheerful, went to work without a murmur, and, having made up his mind to his position, determined to get to himself as much pleasure out of life as he could. So one day he came to me, and said, ‘Master, give me a wife; it is bad for a man to have no woman to light his fire, cook his food, and make him happy.’ I had no spare women at that moment, and this I told him.

“‘Will you give me a woman when you have one?’ asked he.

“‘Certainly; I shall be sending ivory to Quillimane in a few days, and I will have women brought in return,’ said I.

“‘That is good! I will at once build a house for her,’ was his joyful response.

“‘I received three women in exchange for my ivory; and as I was examining my purchase, the Achowa came up and looked at them. Presently he said, ‘Master, you promised me a wife; will you give me one of these women?’

“‘Certainly; take which you please.’

“‘May I have this one?’ taking hold of the hand of the youngest and best looking.

“I gave consent, and away he went with her, light of heart. Time passed; the wife became ill from maternal causes. She was not then able to cook the Achowa’s food, light his fire, and make him happy, and the man was evidently getting back into his old state of mind.

“‘What ails you?’ said I. ‘Do you want another whipping?’

“‘No, master, no; but the woman you gave me is ill; she can do nothing for me. I am worse off than if I had no wife,’ was his reply.

“‘Then why not take another wife?’

“‘May I?’ said he, with animation.

“‘Surely. There is So-and-So; take her.’

“And he took her. But she was not the last, for having on a journey he undertook for me picked up another girl, he with my permission took her to wife also. And but lately, with my consent, of course, he has taken to a fourth. I passed by his hut the other day. One woman was in the house nursing her baby, another was preparing the evening meal, another was threading beads and making a necklace for him, and he was sitting at the feet of the fourth, who was dressing his hair. He looked up at me as I passed, as much as to say, ‘It is all right, master. I am content. I shall not run away again.’ It was necessary to give this man the whip first, but now the women will keep him quiet. Should they not—well, he must have the whip again, for he is a valuable fellow, and I don’t mean to part with him easily. Of course it is better to have children and educate them to your use, but we can not always wait for that, and we can not always afford to buy those who have been trained; we must purchase the raw material and work it up ourselves, and the process truly is not elevating to master or slave. I am not naturally a cruel man. I do not use the whip unless it be necessary; but the misfortune is, it is necessary: always necessary. I do not disguise that fact; others do; but take my word for it, I am no worse than any other of the masters in this land.”

“But have the masters the power to punish their slaves as they think proper?” inquired I.

“By law, no; practically, yes: that is, in all the outlying settlements, for the law reaches not beyond the shadow of the governor’s house. If I lived at Quillimane,

or Mozambique, or at Tete, I should have to be discreet; for unless I was at friendship with the governor, he has the power to make me uncomfortable if I took the law into my own hands. But even there, unless you are at enmity with the authorities, you can get your slaves whipped according to your will, and without incurring the responsibility of your own deeds. The law says, the master who has cause to complain of his slave must bring him before the magistrate, and prove that he is guilty of offence, and then the magistrate shall award the punishment, which shall be administered by the proper officers; but that law was made at Lisbon; it lost its efficacy before it reached these parts. Ask the magistrate to dinner, tell him you want a slave whipped, 'Very good; I will send my men to you to-morrow; tell them what you wish done, and they will do it,' would be his reply. And if that be the state of things at the centre of authority, what will it be in localities far removed from it? just what you see here, or worse, as you will judge for yourself."

Upon one other point I interrogated my informant, and that was upon the efforts made to Christianize the natives. This at one period was a strong point with the Portuguese. In Prince Henry's time, and long after his death, their zeal for religion was not less than their enthusiasm for geographical enterprise. No expedition left Portugal without a consignment of missionary priests. And so successfully did these good fathers labor, that in Western Africa whole tribes became professed Christians; and in the East, though the results of their self-sacrificing labors were not so considerable as in the West, they made many converts; I myself have seen, nearly five hundred miles in the interior, the ruins of a large missionary establishment, which had once been the centre of a considerable Christian population.

"Efforts to Christianize!" said he, "none are made. We have a law which has much significance. It says: 'It is not lawful to make any Christian a slave.' And the result is there are no Christians amongst the natives. In the palmy days of the slave trade it would have been bad policy to have allowed the missionaries free scope; they would have baptized the people *en masse*, and cut off our supplies; and as we could not restrain them we got rid of them. There has been no missionary work out

here for more than two hundred years. The converts died out, having no one to look after them: or their Christianity was not recognized, and they were enslaved with the rest. It was not convenient, you will perceive, to have native Christians. Our priests now-a-days, as missionaries, would as soon think of baptizing a pig as a native. Now and then, however, there is a sort of baptism, and on a large scale." And here the Senhor chuckled at the recollection of what he was about to tell me. "Some time since a friend of mine wished to migrate to another part of this country, which could only be reached by sea. He had some slaves that he was desirous of taking with him. The exportation of slaves under any circumstance is illegal. All natives who leave any of our ports are required to produce a certificate of baptism, which of course is conclusive in favor of their being free men, seeing by law no Christian can be a slave. Manifestly this is a difficulty, but such difficulties in this country are easily surmounted. And this is the way in which my friend got over his difficulty. He was staying with me, and I invited the priest to meet him at dinner. We plied the father with brandy until he was nearly drunk, and then apprised him of the obstacle. 'Is that all!' said he, 'do not trouble, I will smooth the way for you.' And he smoothed it by going to the shed where the slaves were sleeping, throwing a lot of water over them indiscriminately, and then certifying that he had baptized them. Of course the slaves were none the wiser for what had been done, and the certificate when it had answered its purpose was destroyed. That," concluded the Senhor, "is the only mission work I ever knew performed by any of our priests, and I leave you to judge of its efficiency."

During a period of three years I had abundant opportunity of proving the veracity of the Senhor's statements, and where personal dislike had not led him astray, my experience showed them to be trustworthy. But he by no means exhausted the subject upon which I write. Of the operations of the slave trade as carried on by the Portuguese, Livingstone and others have written abundantly. Some, I know, have thought their accounts too highly colored; but it is not so. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery and suffering caused by this iniquitous traffic. Wherever it pen-

etrates, villages are burnt, men, women, and children are killed or enslaved. I am not a sanguinary man; I abhor bloodshed; I have signed petitions for the abolition of capital punishment; yet I would unhesitatingly sign the warrant that should doom to death by rifle or rope the men who, daring to call themselves Christians, pursue this abominable trade. This is not fustian, but the simple expression of a genuine indignation which I can not but feel after having witnessed the horrible results of the slave trade as carried on by the Portuguese.

But though the slave trade may have received a fitting exposition, the domestic life of the Portuguese in Africa has not, that I am aware of, been delineated: and I shall best describe one phase of it by a brief detail of my own experience in the house of a Senhor B——, with whom I was of necessity for a short time cast; for his mode of living was like unto that of most of his countrymen who had establishments either on the Delta or the banks of the Zambezi. Senhor B—— was about thirty-five years of age, but looked much older, for vicious indulgences had played havoc with his constitution and prematurely aged him. In this he did not differ from many more, for either from congenital disease, or from the effects of their own depravity, most of the Portuguese in Africa are miserably, hideously afflicted. The Senhor had a farm on the banks of the Zambezi, and occasionally made expeditions for ivory and slaves. He was also "a man under authority," being intrusted by the Government with magisterial powers. He was not of pure blood, but the darker tint in his veins was scarcely visible. His establishment consisted of two houses—one for himself and family, the other for himself and guests; two or three store-sheds, sheds for slaves, and the usual arrangements for goats and sheep. His family consisted of the Senhorina, for the time being, a native woman, the daughter of one of the head men amongst the Colona of the neighborhood, and several children, by various mothers, who called him father. (The Colona, be it said, are the descendants of the original owners of the soil. They are free men, but have submitted to the Portuguese. And for the privilege of occupying the ground on which they live they are so heavily taxed, and have to render so much personal service, and are in other ways so exposed to exaction and ill-usage, that their

condition is scarcely better than that of the slaves.) There were about two hundred slaves on the establishment, most of whom were women and children. Of the women, some were employed about the house, others in the field; of the men, but a few were field laborers, some were canoe-men, and others had special vocations—were skilled in the use of the gun, were not averse to fighting, and were the unhesitating instruments and trusted agents of the Senhor in all his adventures.

The Senhorina was but a girl in years, and of all the African women I have seen the most attractive in personal appearance. On my arrival she received me without embarrassment, and was evidently unconscious that I saw in her position any reason for constraint. Of the Senhor she seemed to be in great awe, and his manner toward her was hard and imperious; it contained no recognition of the woman, as such, but only of the inferior creature who existed by his will, and for his gratification. And this I found was the almost invariable treatment which the Senhorinas received from their lords and masters. In return she was not gentle with the slaves, and I noticed that with them the Senhor was scrupulously careful to uphold her authority.

The furniture of the establishment was scarce in quantity and rude in design; but there were indications of wealth in piles of ivory tusks; and a certain barbaric comfort was given to the place by a somewhat profuse display of leopard skins.

Our food consisted of fowls excellently dressed in various ways, goat, sheep, rice, and vegetables. Bad tea, worse coffee, but very good wine and spirits, of which the Senhor had a considerable store. The Senhorina did not feed with the Senhor, she took her meals in her own apartment. Towards the evening she would put on her best apparel; she dressed as native women dress, only in costlier material and with more elaboration, and sat with the Senhor and myself while we smoked in the summer-house. She was a heathen, and with no ideas beyond those of her own race; yet she was simple in nature and faithful in disposition; and if the Senhor did not tire of her, she would be content to abide with him. Should she be discarded, unless he made arrangements for her to go to some one of his friends, she would return to her own people, and become the wife of a man of her own tribe. Her children, if she had

any, would remain with the Senhor, and generally such children are well provided for by the father.

The moral tone of the whole establishment was as low as it could be. I was never in an atmosphere of greater depravity. From the Senhor to the youngest slave just emerging from babyhood you could distinguish nothing but foul minds, you heard scarcely any thing but foul words and saw little else but foul deeds. It seemed as though these people were encircled with evil of the worst conceivable form, until its essence had molded itself into their very natures, and they had become the embodiments of unmitigated uncontrolled wickedness.

But to every depth there is a deeper still, and of this I had an illustration before I left Senhor B. One morning a half-caste, evidently well-to-do in the world, brought a present of fruit and other things to the Senhor, by whom he was received in a manner that, had not the other been in some way in his power, must have given offence. When this man had gone, I said to the Senhor, "You did not treat your friend very civilly."

"Friend!" was his exclamation; "he is no friend of mine,—he is a murderer!"

I was eating one of this man's oranges, and upon hearing this dropped it as though it had been hot iron.

"And yet you received his present! why not arrest him?" said I.

"This man is not the chief offender; his brother actually committed the murder while this man did but consent to it, and looked on while it was done. The brother is in hiding, and these presents are made to cause me to shut my eyes to his whereabouts. But I bide my time."

"And pocketed the presents!" I might have answered to his reply, for while the Senhor was talking he turned over the oranges, and from the bottom of the basket brought out a small calico bag from whence came a metallic sound as he put it into his jacket pocket. As he was not willing to give me the details of this crime, I resolved to become acquainted with them through other channels; and it was not long before his major domo, a gossiping old African between whose brain and the tip of his tongue there seemed to be a perfect bond of sympathy, put me in possession of them. Said he,—“Listen, Senhor, and I will tell you all. The two

brothers lived together on a farm not far from here, just round the bend of the river. The elder, not the man that was here yesterday, took a Senhora from the Colona who live near to him. She was young and strong and well; but he is never well, always ill with a sickness that poisons his blood. The mother of the Senhora did not like him, she refused his presents for her daughter, and did not wish that she should go to him; but he took her; and then the mother in her anger cursed him with many bad words. Soon after the Senhora becomes ill, and she remains ill until her child is born. The child is like its father, full of sickness, and dies in a few days. The mother of the Senhora tells all people that the sickness of her daughter and the death of the child is the fault of the father; he swears that it is because of her curse; and vows that if the next child be the same as the firstborn, he will be revenged. Time passes, Senhor, another child is born, in a worse condition than the other, so bad that the father when he saw it, threw it into the river. The mother of the Senhora is still very angry, she makes use of many bad words against the Senhor; and he declares that she has bewitched him, and will kill her. He and his brother watch for her, they catch her, they tie her to a tree and beat her until she is nearly dead, then the Senhor, the brother of the man who came here, unties her, drags her to the river and throws her in. No more is seen of her, for the crocodiles are plentiful. All this is true, Senhor, very true."

"But how was this all discovered?"

"Some Colona heard the woman's screams, saw her beaten and then thrown into the water, Senhor."

If this were an exceptional case of crime, and if Senhor B——'s establishment were of an exceptionally bad character, I should not have brought them forward; but they fairly illustrate the condition of things as exhibited in the domestic life of most of the Portuguese who occupy isolated positions on the delta and the banks of the Zambezi.

I was personally much obliged for the hospitality of Senhor B——, yet I was thankful to leave him, for when I was again among the unsophisticated natives I felt I was within a purer moral atmosphere.

In the towns a somewhat better state of

things prevails. The proprieties of life are not shamelessly outraged, and outwardly law and order are maintained. Before I left Africa I had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with Tete, Quillimane, and Mozambique. I went to Tete with a friend who was striving as a geologist to enrich the realm of science. I was engaged in the interests of another kingdom. We had to walk nearly two hundred miles through a difficult country somewhat infested with wild beasts before we reached our destination. Tete is the head-quarters of the slave trade, and I took with me several men who had been rescued by myself and friends from the slave dealers as they were being taken to Tete; and never have I had a greater proof of confidence than that given by those men, who with full knowledge of the character of the men of Tete, volunteered to accompany me. When we came in sight of the town we halted to make ourselves presentable to the inhabitants of so important a place, and to my surprise and amusement my native allies arrayed themselves in calico trowsers which they had made on the road. Now I know there is no essential connection between Christianity and trowsers, and nobody but a fool would think there was, but in that part of the world there is between trowsers and freedom. No slave is permitted to wear trowsers by the Portuguese, and when my men entered Tete with us they proclaimed themselves free men by their nether garments. My friend had been to Tete before, and upon a trying emergency had received much kindness from a merchant there; for frequently you find in these Portuguese great generosity existing with an utter absence of principle; and to this man's house our steps were directed. We were made welcome, and not having room for us in his own home, he assigned to our use an empty house of which he was the owner.

Tete is situated on the south bank of the Zambezi, and is backed by Mount Carroera, a hill of sandstone, destitute of all vegetation, and about 3000 feet high. The houses are large, well built, and of stone. The fortifications are contemptible. The soil in the town and about the town is brown and barren of verdure; but cattle were feeding upon the stunted herbage by the river side. The Tete merchants gen-

erally come from Goa, or are the descendants of Goa men. As a rule they have but little capital, and they make desperate ventures to realize a fortune. Sometimes they succeed, more frequently they fail. One man was pointed out to me who had become an infidel because Providence had not favored his attempts to get rich. For a time all went well with him. Ivory was gained and found a profitable market, slaves were obtained for little and disposed of for much. Then he gathered his strength for a crowning effort, and visions of ease and plenty in Europe delighted him. He ventured all he had in the world, and more, for he borrowed money from his friends. He took with him an army of retainers, and plunged into the interior. For a time all went well with him, but success made him imprudent; he plundered where he might have bought, he seized with violence men, women, and children, where he might have had them in barter; and when he was returning laden with spoil, he found his way barred by the hostility of the natives he had made his enemies. In the conflicts which ensued he lost all his booty, his slaves and retainers were killed or dispersed, and he hardly escaped with his own life. He returned to Tete a ruined man, sick and wounded, and in disgust with Providence renounced Christianity, and with other fools said in his heart, "There is no God."

Tete is a garrison town, and the soldiers were of three classes—natives, Europeans who are convicts, and Europeans of good character. The officers were Europeans, and, for the most part, gentlemen.

There were but two or three European women at Tete—the wife of the governor, and the wives of one or two of the soldiers. The half-caste women were more numerous, and bore a bad reputation.

The governor of Tete was not popular; he was a reformer, and too much of a gentleman for the majority of the inhabitants. He enforced law, and made nefarious practices difficult, and he was hated accordingly. Hatred begets the desire for revenge, and in revenge for being compelled to act justly, one merchant swore he would seduce the governor's daughter, and nearly succeeded in doing so. Altogether, his position was a very unenviable one, for a more reprobate set of desperados

than the generality of the Tete people it would be difficult to find.

The last incident of my life at Tete it is difficult to forget. We were to commence the return journey on the morrow. I gave my men a goat in order that they might feast with the friends they had made. They feasted in the yard at the back of the house we occupied. I had dined with the governor that night, and on returning to our house found my men in a state of indignation. The cause was this: They had invited a boy who fetched them water to partake of their good cheer. He was the slave of a peddling huckster in the place, who, hearing of what his slave was doing, came to the house and caught him in the act of eating a piece of meat. He seized him by the throat, and nearly strangled him; he beat him about the head and face until he was not recognizable; he threw him down and jumped upon him; and wherefore? Because he had dared to eat animal food. Said he when he went away, after throwing the child apparently lifeless into a corner of the yard, "I told him not to eat meat. He shall not eat meat. Meat makes the creatures proud."

The child revived, and so far recovered during the night as to be able to be removed. And some of my men took him across the river, placed him in hiding, picked him up next day, and brought him on with us; but, being too injured to walk at once, they made a rough kind of palanquin, in which they helped him forward.

The time came for me to leave Africa, and I was again at the mouth of the Zambezi, where a ship was expected to take off any Englishmen who were ready for departure. For weeks I watched for this ship, less anxious for myself than for a friend with me, who was all but dead with fever. The ship came, and my friend's delight when from my shoulders he saw it approach was excessive; but, not seeing our signal, she sent in no boat, and then his heart was nearly broken as he beheld her sail away again. To give him a chance of life I resolved to take him up the Zambezi again as far as Mazaro, a distance of a hundred miles, and from thence, by way of the Naquaqu river, proceed to Quillimane, where I hoped to find some vessel which would convey us to some port more within hail of English ships than the Zambezi. We had been the guests of Senhor

A——. He helped us in every way he could, and, finding that I had no money, forced upon me 30% out of 50% of pay he had just received. I was able to return it before I left Quillimane, and with it letters of introduction to friends, in case he should ever try to leave his wretched life in Africa, and wanted the opportunity to make a fresh and a better start in England. Poor fellow! my hopes for him were not realized, for soon after I left he was removed to Mozambique, where he died.

The general appearance of Quillimane is far from displeasing. The houses are backed or surrounded by gardens, in which are orange and other trees; and groves of cocoa-nut palms judiciously planted give to the whole place that peculiar charm which that tree alone imparts. Yet upon all there seems the spirit of ruin and decay. Everywhere you see symptoms of that deterioration of character, that indifference to honest, manly pursuits, which is invariably associated with slavery. Of the past of this place, it were scarcely possible to speak; it has had terrible antecedents. Outwardly, however, the present life of Quillimane seems less obnoxious than I had been led to expect. There are several respectable families in the town, and they are sufficiently influential to give tone to the rest. I became acquainted with the priests; they were men of very inferior capacity, and from what I saw of them I had no difficulty in believing with Senhor A——, that virtuous precept from their mouths would be sheer mockery.

A small ship which traded between Quillimane and Mozambique was almost ready for sailing when we arrived. We took passages in her, as at Mozambique it was almost certain that we should soon fall in with one of the British cruisers. We slept on board the night before she sailed, and early in the morning four soldiers, accompanied by a civilian who used an umbrella to shield his person from the rays of the rising sun, brought down a slave to the whipping-post, which was not far from our moorings. After binding him to the post the soldiers, two on and two off, as they tired, beat him with rods made of hippopotamus hide, a single blow from which seems almost sufficient to ruin an ordinary muscle. I counted more than five hundred stripes, and then, "He is dead," was the careless comment of one of the passengers

standing beside me. He may have been, I do not know : I daresay he was, for this passenger was doubtless a good judge of such matters ; but I do know that as I looked on I thought,—what a good thing it would be to send the master (the man with the umbrella) as well as the slave to meet at one and the same moment the consequences of their acts in the regions of eternity. And I felt angry, God forgive me ! that I could not take this act of vengeance upon myself.

I came to Mozambique with every disposition to think favorably of it. For twenty days we had knocked about the Mozambique channel in a dirty little ship filled with dirty men, whose minds and habits were as foul as their persons. I had been compelled to endure bad food and worse accommodation ; for having to choose between a pestiferous berth below, in company with men who excited nausea to look at them, and a corner of the deck where I might sleep like a dog in a kennel, I chose the latter. I longed for land, and with it release from my vile imprisonment ; and when we sighted Mozambique I rejoiced greatly. Mozambique certainly is the most important monument of the bygone glory of the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, and as you approach it from the sea it still seems invested with an atmosphere of grandeur. But “ ’tis distance lends enchantment to the view,” for the Portuguese neglect drainage, and it is impossible to regard as beautiful any place or thing from whence proceed the most abominable odors. There is at Mozambique a semblance of power and an affectation of commercial energy. But considering the advantages of its position, the many years it has been in the possession of the Portuguese, and the monopoly of trade which they have jealously held, the result is most contemptible. The export of slaves being illegal, one source of profit is lost to the people of Mozambique, yet instead of exerting themselves to develop the revenues of the mainland, one of the richest and, might be, most productive districts of this part of Africa, and to the furtherance of a legitimate trade, they scheme to evade the law, to keep up an illicit commerce in human beings, and will risk life and fortune in this not frequently profitable traffic ; for it is rarely that a cargo of slaves from Portuguese territory escapes the vigilance of our cruisers. When I was at Mo-

zambique four large Spanish ships were off the coast, nominally for rice, in reality for slaves, which were ready for shipment at various stations ; but so closely were they watched by our ships that they not only failed to secure their cargoes, but two of them were seized on suspicion of being slavers, and were condemned as such. I do not venture to tax the Portuguese officials with connivance in these cases, yet I have heard it said repeatedly by men who were avowedly interested in such ventures, that without their connivance the trade would be absolutely impossible ; and without the bribes which they receive on such occasions it would be impossible for them to acquire the wealth with which they are frequently known to retire from office.

We had not been at Mozambique long before a man-of-war came into port, the captain of which received us on board ; and never felt I more proud of my nationality than when first I stood on the deck of that ship.

As Mozambique faded from my view I thought what a gain it would be to the cause of humanity if the Portuguese in Africa could be suddenly blotted from existence ; even though no other civilized power occupied their places for centuries to come. That they can for long maintain their present position seems very improbable. Since I was there they have lost much territory and prestige. Bonga, a native chief, and the son of a man who once sacked Tete but was himself afterwards defeated, has improved upon his father's proceedings, and has utterly destroyed Tete and all other Portuguese establishments thereabouts. In vain have troops in great numbers been sent from Europe to recover the position, all attempts to do so have failed, the Portuguese have been again and again ignominiously beaten. They now hold nothing but their places on the coast ; but from Quillimane they may be driven any day by the Landeens ; and so contemptible are their defences elsewhere that the crew of a single British man-of-war would be amply sufficient to dislodge them from every other position.

I saw in the papers lately an announcement that the Portuguese were making a road to the diamond diggings from Inhambane, in the hope of drawing trade to that place. The country about Inhambane has great capacity, cotton might be grown there to any extent, and many other things also that are in general demand and fetch high

prices; but I trust no Englishmen will be deluded by the above announcement to make trial of this Portuguese road, for if they do they will surely repent it. The Portuguese in Africa are not given to road making, or to any other occupation that

requires hard work, manly energy, and patient endurance. I have not misrepresented them: as I found them so I have described them; and my description will, I fear, hold good of them wherever in Africa they may be found.

Cornhill Magazine.

WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

II.

A LONG morning's work under a hot sun has made us more than ready for the luncheon which awaits us at the pretty little inn, nor is the prospect of an hour's rest unwelcome before proceeding on our journey. Had I had time, I would gladly have spent the night here, for assuredly the Island of Enoshima is one of the fairest spots I have seen, but I was forced to hurry on that I might sleep that night at Fujisawa, a straggling town on the great highway.

The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the *Suzukiya*, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostelry, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of a table and a very hard, straight-backed chair, such as our great grandmothers sat in and were contented, such as we more effeminate vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvelous effect; the *tokonoma*, the raised recess, which is the place of honor, was supported on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer cabinets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and wood-

work which are the pride of the Japanese householder were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus:

Useless even for drugs
How happy are the frogs!*

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle.

"Sir," said he pompously, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a curry as eaten at Hongkong, or with a white sauce as at Paris."

Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous. "Some insects feed upon smartweed.† However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have none of the cares which haunt greatness; therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot."

O fortunatos nimium! Has the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum been translated into Japanese? As for the frogs, I soon began to wish that some man would find a use for them, or that a new *Batrachomyo-*

* Kusuri ni mo naraneba,
Buji na kawadzu kana!

† A proverb equivalent to our "There is no accounting for tastes."

muchia might arise ending in the victory of the mice, and the utter extermination of the croakers; for hardly had I got to bed, hoping for a good night's rest, than there arose from the neighboring paddy-fields such a chorus of brekekekex koax koax, as has not been heard since the days of Aristophanes. The night long they sang their hideous song, banishing sleep: sometimes indeed there would come a sudden lull, bringing hope with it; but hardly had the heavy eyelids time to close before some deep-voiced, hoarse presentor would lead off again, the whole choir following one by one, until it seemed as if every frog that had ever been a tadpole had been summoned to take part in the concert. Until the first dawn of day they went on with what I remember to have seen in some old book is a serenade of love from the males to the females; with the dawn they rested, and so did I.

October 10.—Whilst my people* were packing up, paying the reckoning, and making ready for a start, I wandered into the yard of the handsome temple opposite the inn. On one of the stone lanterns were graven the two Chinese characters Shên Tien—God's Field. What an exact reproduction of our expression "God's Acre!" That the daily wants of mankind should have produced such tools as the saw, the plane, the chisel, the plumb-line, and a thousand others, all the world over, seems natural enough: but it is astounding to find how the minds of men have hit upon the same expressions of thought. Almost all the proverbs of China and Japan have their fellows in our European languages, while some are identically the same; such as "Walls have ears;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Talk of a man and you will cause his shadow to appear;" "Silence is better than speech;" besides many more. Here in this Ultima Thule is "God's Acre."

A nipping and an eager air blowing over the mountains in our faces reminds us how fast the year is waning, and it is so chilly that we are glad to dismount and walk, in order to keep ourselves warm. But the rays of a scorching sun soon disperse the delicious crispness of early morning, and drive us to take shelter under the fragrant shade of the grand old pines and furs which border this portion of the high-road.

Journeying on in a westerly direction,

we soon arrive at the little village of Nango, beyond which a sharp turn of the road brings us upon one of the views most esteemed by Japanese landscape-painters. The highway follows such a straight line that Mount Fuji appears almost always on the right hand of the westward-bound traveler. Here is one of the rare exceptions to the rule: the Peerless mountain rises on his left, its glorious cone towering above the rugged outline of the Hakoné range, and the wilds of Mount Oyama, dark, gloomy, and lowering, a sacred haunt long guarded jealously from the profanation of a foreigner's foot. Among yonder mysterious glens, crags, and gorges is the home of the Tengu or Dog of Heaven, a hideous elf, long-clawed, long-beaked, winged, loving solitude; terror of naughty children who refuse to go to sleep at the word of command, or are guilty of other infantine crimes: altogether an uncanny hobgoblin: and should you, losing your way among the hills, find its nest, which is built in the highest trees, go your way and disturb it not, lest some foul evil should overtake you. The enchanting scenes of this day's journey, which change and bring fresh charms before the eye at every turn in the road, would alone repay the pilgrim for the trouble of his expedition, and he will understand how superstition has peopled haunts more beautiful, more wild and more lonely than usual with a race of fairies and demons fairer or more terrible than the children of men.

A glance at the map of Japan will show that, the watershed being so close to the sea, it is impossible that there should be any rivers of importance; indeed, there are very few that are navigable even to junks and steam-launches, and most of those are guarded by dangerous and almost impassible bars.* Here the rivers are mere mountain torrents, rising rapidly and *wickedly*, to use a Scotch fisherman's expression, and in the absence of bridges, often putting a stop to all communication. The little river Sagami, which we presently have to cross, is in full spate; luckily, however, it is not yet so swollen as to stop our progress. At this point it is called Banin-

* The bars at the mouths of the rivers at Osaka and Niigata have been frequently fatal to the lives and merchandise of foreigners. It was in crossing the bar at Osaka that the American Admiral Bell was lost, with his flag-lieutenant and all his boat's crew, in the month of January, 1858.

gawa, or the Horse-Plunge River, from an adventure which happened to the Shogun Yoritomo.

Yoritomo, it will be remembered, had reached the supreme power by a bloody road. Among the chief of the persons who perished in the civil wars were the infant emperor Antoku, (whose grandmother, clasping him to her bosom, jumped into the sea in despair,) and Yoritomo's own brother Yoshituné. Now it happened in the twelfth month of the year 1198, that a certain noble, named Shigénari, who had married the sister of Yoritomo's wife and had become a widower, built a bridge over the river Sagami and held a great festival, according to the Buddhist ritual, in honor of his dead wife. Upon the day appointed for the ceremony, Yoritomo, on account of the relationship which existed between him and Shigénari, set out to do honor to the occasion by his presence. Having arrived at the place, the Shogun was received with due respect by his brother-in-law, who forthwith gave orders that the priests should begin their prayers and litanies. Then there arose a great storm of thunder and lightning, and in the midst of the storm there appeared a hideous ghost mocking and gibbering, and a black cloud was seen dancing down the river on the top of the water. Startled by the apparition, the Shogun's horse snorted and reared so that Yoritomo was thrown, and the horse, leaping over the parapet, jumped into the flood and was drowned—and this mishap gave the name to the river. But when the bystanders saw all these signs their hearts quailed, and they knew that some terrible calamity was about to happen. Nor was this the only portent which they were destined to behold, for when Yoritomo on his homeward journey reached the moor of Yatsumato, the ghosts of his brother, Yoshituné, and of another hero, called Vukiyyé, appeared to him in anger, and at Cape Inamura he was met by the ghost of the emperor Antoku, so that the Shogun, terror-stricken by the sight, fell fainting from his horse. His attendants caught him in their arms, and carried him back to Kamakura; but from that time forth he sickened, until on the thirteenth day of the first month of the following year he died, being fifty-three years of age, and having ruled as Shogun during eight years.

In justice to the character of the Japa-

nese historical books, I should add that the story of the miraculous apparitions which preceded the death of Yoritomo is based merely upon tradition; but it is treasured nevertheless in the memory of a marvel-loving people.

Twice during the day we halted; first at Hiratsuka for luncheon, and again in the afternoon at the village of Meida, for the intense heat of the afternoon sun made a rest and cup of tea very acceptable. At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads, half-naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowness of their class, meet one another, bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two western potentates:

"Welcome! welcome! Mr. Chokichi, this is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued—let me offer you a cup of tea." (All this, by the by, with the word "Imperial" thrown in most untranslatably at every step.)

"Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekkô! Kekkô!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?"

"From Odawara—it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before the imperial eyes."

And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy, nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given the signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance, whom he had parted with so affectionately with compliments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between fine ladies.

The left bank of a broad shallow river, upon which we presently come, is the limit within which, according to treaty, the foreigners resident at Yokohama are bound to confine themselves; and two white notice-boards, inscribed with that announcement in French and English stand by an office for the examination of passports, which are now readily granted to those desirous of extending their observations. A third notice is very significant of the danger which the traveler yet runs should

he fall in with a fanatic or ill-conditioned fellow: this proclamation is now stuck up at all the principal places throughout the Empire, in accordance with an agreement entered into by the Japanese Government with the foreign representatives after the attacks upon foreigners which took place in 1868. Translated, it runs as follows:

"Now that the Imperial Government has been newly established, in obedience to the principles of the Court, it has been commanded that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries, and that all matters should be treated directly by the Imperial Court.* The Treaties will be observed according to International Law, and the people of the whole country, receiving the expression of the Imperial will with gratitude, are hereby ordered to rest assured upon this point.

"Henceforth those persons who, by violently slaying foreigners, or otherwise insulting them, would rebel against the Imperial commands, and brew trouble in the country, and all other persons whatsoever, are hereby ordered to behave in a friendly manner. Those who do not uphold the Majesty and Good Faith of their country in the eyes of the world, being guilty of most audacious crime, in accordance with the heinousness of their offence, will, even should they belong to the Samurai class, be stripped of their rank, and will meet with a suitable punishment. Let all men receive the Imperial commands, by which riotous conduct, however slight, is strictly forbidden."

The virtue of the proclamation lies in the words, "even should they belong to the Samurai class." From the common people, who are mostly well disposed and friendly, the foreigner has nothing to fear, unless it be perhaps a volley of stones at the hands of a party of merry-makers in holiday time, and a few cuts of his horse-whip will amply avenge him; but that the privileged and armed Samurai should learn that in cutting down a barbarian he is not only not performing an act of devotion pleasing in the eyes of the gods, but is committing a crime which even deprives him of his dearly valued birthright of self-immolation by *hara-kiri*, and puts him under the sword of the common headsmen, is an immense point gained in our

relations with Japan. The Son of Heaven, the lineal descendant and successor of the gods, himself takes us under his protection, and commands "that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries."

I do not of course mean to say that this law will of itself be sufficient to protect foreigners from insult and outrage in a land which numbers so many fanatic daredevils, and where the *jô-i* or barbarian-expulsion party, who hold, with some truth on their side, that foreign intercourse has brought nothing but trouble upon the country, are yet very strong. But it is a step in the right direction, and now (1872) that railroads and telegraphs are an established fact in Japan, the advance in toleration will no longer be by steps, but by seven-league-booted strides.

We must now pass through the ordeal of inspection at the *bansho* or guard-house, a wooden shanty entirely open on the side facing the road, in which are squatting over their braziers four or five rather ragged petty *yankunins*, literally "office-men," smoking in grim and sulky silence. One of them seeing me beckons with his pipe, and, in the vile jargon of Yokohama, bids me come up and deliver my passport. Shiraki and the chief of my escort are horrified at this breach of good manners, and rush to the front vying with one another in loud denunciation of the *chikushô* ("beast") who dares to take such liberties.

"If it be possible," says the polite corporal, apologizing to me, "be pleased to exercise imperial patience. This guard is a beast that knows no manners. Verily I have lost face."

After some wrangling, and no little abuse of the unhappy guard, who now looked thoroughly crest-fallen and ashamed of himself, my passport was pronounced to be *en règle*, and I was allowed to make my arrangements for crossing the river, on the bank of which a whole company of coolies were disputing and fighting for the job of carrying me and my party over. Fording the river on horseback was quite out of the question; it was running like a mill-race, and both in breadth and depth far beyond its usual measure. So we were placed man by man, each with his saddle by him, on a square deal board, and hoisted on to the shoulders of four stout brown-limbed coolies, naked, save a loin-cloth, who bore us bravely across the muddy flood, although

* Instead of by the Tycoon, the head of the executive, as heretofore.

the stream threatened at every step to wash their legs from under them. The horses were left in charge of the grooms, who stripped, (a process which, sooth to say, did not involve taking off very much,) and plunging in with them, drove them, somewhat frightened, poor beasts, in safety to the other side. Twelve hours later neither man nor horse could have faced the torrent.

We have no great distance to go now, up a gentle picturesque ascent, to reach Odawara, this day's goal. A pitiful, mean little town it is, with dilapidated houses much needing repair, whether seen from the moralist's or the builder's point of view. Poor in appearance as it now is, however, it still boasts a handsome feudal castle, with tower-cornered walls and a moat, and an official quarter for the dwellings of my lord's chief retainers, and in its day it has played no mean part in the history of the country, of which for some generations it was the military capital.

Just now the main street is full of bustle; scores of wayfarers traveling eastward are pouring in, and although the place is full of houses of entertainment, (many of them, as I have hinted above, not over respectable,) it becomes no easy matter to find suitable accommodation. As for my horse, at one moment I feared that I should have to leave him roofless to brave the storm that was evidently brewing as best he might, for there was not a stable in the place big enough for him to walk into. At last, by causing a rotten beam to be cut away from under an archway, I contrived to get him housed. All along the road his size had called forth a great measure of wonder, for Europeans when traveling usually content themselves with Japanese ponies; but here, beyond the treaty limit, a horse over sixteen hands high created as much astonishment as a giraffe might in a Yorkshire village. By the same token in these out-of-the-way regions, Dog Lion was taken sometimes for a bear, but more often for a sheep, an animal known by fame, indeed, but never seen out of the neighborhood of foreign settlements.*

And now heavy black clouds were gathering overhead, and the storm began to

bluster and scold among the mountains, at the foot of which we lay snugly sheltered, having washed away our travel-weariness in a hot bath, the one genuine comfort which is never failing in a Japanese inn. (Be sure, however, that your servant sees that you have the first use of it, unless Japanese-like you do not mind bathing in the same water after, perhaps, half a score of other persons; not a pleasant idea, especially in a country where skin-diseases are so prevalent. In the morning you may always be certain of virgin water, for the natives do not bathe until after the day's work is over, and before the evening meal.)

October 11th.—Rain falling in sheets; the main street running like a mountain burn; a group of coolies dressed in mushroom hats, and rain-coats made of long grass, looking like animated haycocks that had suddenly taken to themselves legs, and rushed under the projecting eaves of the houses to save the crop; a petty personage, closely shut up in his litter, being borne along at extra speed by naked bearers, all glistening with wet, his two attendants vainly trying to wrap themselves in their waterproof coats made of oiled paper, out of which stuck their swords like the tails of wooden monkeys; water dripping, water pouring, water running, a general sloppiness, beggaring description: this was the scene upon which I looked out the following morning. It was hopeless to think of starting in such a down-pour; so having made as long a business as possible of shaving, dressing, and breaking my fast, in order to kill time, I sat down with Shiraki to learn what I could respecting the town of Odawara.

The arch-enemy of the Shogun Yoritomo was Taira no Kiyomori, the head of the house of Hei. So great was his hatred of Yoritomo, that he died saying, "After my death say no litanies for the good of my soul; all that I desire is that the head of Yoritomo may be laid upon my grave." This was his last will and testament. Now, when the house of Gen, with Yoritomo as its leader, rose to supreme power, it followed, as a matter of course, that the house of Hei became utterly ruined, its members being scattered here and there over the country, and forc-

might be made to breed and thrive there; as it is, we get our sheep over from Shanghai, and our mutton costs us half-a-dollar a pound.

* It is said that sheep will not live in Japan, the soil being so rich and moist that they die of foot-rot; but I take it, that if the experiment were tried in some of the inland moorlands, they

gain their livelihood as best they could. In the chronicles of the provinces of Izu and Sagami,* it is written that toward the end of the fifteenth century a descendant of Kiyomori called Hôjô Shingauji, had, by the lapse of time, been reduced to the condition of a peasant and was a wanderer upon the face of the earth. But notwithstanding his fallen condition, his valor and talents were worthy of the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and his spirit rebelled against the misfortune under which he was crushed. He went to the capital, Kiyôto, and, placing himself under the protection of one of the ministers of the then Ashikaga Yoshimasa, took up his abode at the fortress of Kôkokuji. Bent upon raising himself to eminence, he took advantage of a feud which existed between the Shogun at Kiyôto and his representatives at Kamakura, and distinguished himself in many conflicts in the province of Izu and Sagami, finally wresting the town and castle of Odawara from the Hôjô family, who belonged to the northern faction. He now made the castle of Odawara his head-quarters, and, so far pushed his way in the world, that he received the Buddhist priesthood under the name of Sôun; but though he donned the monk's scarf, he did not lay aside the sword, and his military power waxed more and more strong, until he became the recognized leader of the chivalry of the provinces. The task of completing the glory of the family was reserved for his grandson Ujiyasu, who, having put down with a strong hand the factions which divided the eight provinces of Kwantô, united them, and placed them under his rule. Odawara now took the place of Kamakura as military capital, and here the Hôjô family ruled for five generations in capacity, although not bearing the title of Shoguns, (which was still held by the Ashikaga family,) until the time of Ujimasa, who, having neglected his duty as to go to court at Kiyôto, was rebuked by the famous general Taiko who determined to punish his disobedience. Taiko Sama invaded the east-provinces with an overwhelming force, pitched his main camp on Mounts Ibi and Biyôbu, so distributing his forces as to overcast the town

of Odawara with a cloud of soldiers. Ujimasa prepared to make a stout defence, and called all the troops of Kwantô to his assistance; but they were no match for Taiko Sama, whose artillery played pitilessly upon them from the neighboring heights; and on the fifth day of the seventh month of the year 1590 Ujimasa surrendered at discretion, Taiko Sama refusing to hear his prayer for peace, and insisting that he must put himself to death. So Ujimasa disemboweled himself, and his head was sent to Kiyôto, to be exposed as the head of a traitor; his son Ujinao was banished to Mount Koya in Kishiu; and this was the end of the great Hôjô family, which had held the castle of Odawara for ninety-seven years.

One day during the siege, as Taiko Sama and his general Tokugawa Iyéyasu were standing on a watch-tower which they had built on the heights above Odawara, Taiko Sama said, "I see before me the eight provinces of Kwantô. Before many days are over I will take them and give them to thee."

Iyéyasu thanked him, saying, "That were indeed great luck."

"Wilt thou live here at Odawara," asked Taiko Sama, "as the men of Hôjô have done?"

"Ay, my lord," answered Iyéyasu, "that will I."

"That will not do," said Taiko Sama. "I see on the map that there is a place called Yedo some twenty *ri** eastward from here. It is a fine position, and that is the place where thou shouldst live."

"I shall with reverence obey your lordship's instructions," replied Iyéyasu.

Now, when the house of Hôjô had been annihilated, Taiko Sama fulfilled his promise, and made Iyéyasu lord of the provinces of Kwantô; and he became the founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, and made Yedo the military capital, according to his chief's advice. So Odawara lapsed into insignificance, it being a matter of wonder, indeed, that a place so utterly at the mercy of an attack from the mountains which overhang it should ever have been chosen as a military stronghold.

The vacillation showed by the lord of Odawara during the siege has passed into a proverb. He was forever saying, "To-

* Izu-Sô-Ki is the title of the book.

* One Ri=4320 yards.

morrow we will fight,"—"To-morrow we will make a sortie." But the carrying out of his good resolutions was always delayed, so that the expression, *Odawara hiyô-jô*, "deliberations of Odawara," (a sort of jingling play on the name Hôjô being also intended,) is now a synonym for fatal procrastination.

During the whole morning the pelting rain continued, but towards one o'clock the hills began to unveil themselves, and a glorious afternoon rewarded us for the gloom in which we had been confined. My original intention had been to go straight up the Hakoné Pass by the main road; but hearing that a great friend of mine, a native gentleman, one of the most distinguished members of the Government, was staying at Miyanoshita, a place among the mountains, famous for the beauty of its scenery and for certain natural hot-springs, I determined to change my route in order to go and pay him a visit. For a short distance we rode, but when we had to turn up to the right by a steep, difficult mountain-path, it became evident that Shank's mare was the best horse, so we sent our beasts back to Odawara to await our return, and proceeded on foot. We had some little difficulty in finding our way, as neither my escort nor Shiraki knew the road. As for the distance, like the Scotch "mile and a bittock," it seemed to be an unknown quantity; for the natives of whom we asked our way, eager to be hired as guides, always made Miyanoshita recede in proportion as we advanced, greatly to the indignation of the corporal of the escort, who at last lost all patience with one touting scoundrel, saying, "What do you take us for, you lubber? The next time a country bumpkin passes this way you may talk like that, but it's no use your trying it on with a Yedo child;" and I had to interfere to save the poor wretch from a liberal payment of stick bakhshish. It was stiffish walking up the slippery hill-paths, but what a beautiful scene! The variegated trees sparkling with prismatic colors; the mountain-torrents, swollen and foaming, dashing past lichen-covered rocks overhanging black pools, the home of many a tiny trout; such subtle effects of light and shade; such blue distances; the two famous twin mountains, Futago Yama, clothed in deep purple, ahead of us; a fresh keen air that was new life to men sodden with the hot damp of the plain;

even the stout and elderly Shiraki rose in spirits notwithstanding the efforts of the scramble, and declared, gasping for breath, that this was indeed enjoyment. I think we were none of us sorry when we came upon a certain spring called Himémidzu, the Princess-water, where an ancient dame served us with cups containing the most delicious crystal-clear draught, as cold as ice, which we sat down and drank as if it had been nectar. The spring takes its name from a story that one of the princesses of the noble house of Hôjô was wont to come hither from Odawara with her ladies, and make tea *al fresco*. Close to the well the old woman has a little cottage, and she earns a scanty living by serving tea of the Princess-water to weary footpads like ourselves. Having rested ourselves, we made her happy with a small silver coin, a largesse about ten times as bountiful as she had hoped for, and went on our way.

We must have gone some nine miles, as I should guess, since we left Odawara, when we reached the village of Miyano-shita, a most lovely spot lying lost among the hills. The little hamlet seems to be made up entirely of bathing-houses, which are also inns and shops for the sale of camphor-wood boxes, marqueterie and toys of different sorts, very pretty and tasteful, which the bathers take home as keepsakes to their families. It is a most fashionable watering-place, a sort of Japanese Tunbridge Wells. I never saw a place in such complete repose; when we came upon it not a soul was stirring, not a dog was barking; perhaps rest is part of the cure; at last I found a native who told me at which of the inns my friend was staying, and was lucky enough to be able to secure an apartment in the same house. It will easily be imagined that in such a place the inns are perfection in their way; the charm of that at which I put up quite passed my expectations. I was lodged in a beautiful clean set of rooms, with a balcony looking on to a lovely little garden full of dwarfed trees, rare shrubs and flowers, with quaint rockeries, and a pond full of gigantic gold-fish and carp, grown old, and fat, and lazy, under a long course of feeding at the hands of generations of bathers; behind the garden the mountain corpses made a natural background of forest scenery. As I lay looking out on this pretty view, after a bathe in the hot water

welling from the living rock, I was lulled almost to sleep by the plashing of a neighboring water-wheel. I was aroused from my dreamy state by the entrance of my friend Katô, who had just come in from a country walk. He had been surprised not a little to hear of my arrival, and when I told him that I had come purposely to see him, he was profuse in his expressions of thanks. Seeing that my baggage had not yet arrived, he pressed me warmly to go across to his rooms and dine with him, an invitation which I was glad enough to accept.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with Katô's wife, a bonny little lady, though eyes less familiar with the custom than mine would have objected to the disfigurement of shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She was very civil and pleasant, and had none of the shyness which I have usually met with in Japanese ladies; nor had she the servile manner, which is another defect bred by the seclusion and abased condition in which women are kept; on the contrary, she took part in the conversation brightly and well, and did the honors of her husband's apartment with ease and grace. She had with her, as companion and playmate, a charming little girl about eight or nine years old, whose special function appeared to consist in being petted and stuffed with sweetmeats. The story of my host's marriage was a romantic one. During the political storms which preceded the outbreak of the revolution, Katô had brought himself into notice as a very active and dangerous man; a price was set upon his head, and he had to fly for his life; this young lady sheltered him and screened him from his enemies, and he fell in love with and married her. A very happy couple they seemed to be.

Purposing to remain some weeks at Miyanoshita, Katô had surrounded himself with a number of comforts which gave his room quite a home-like air. Two or three smart rugs or small carpets, a luxury which has recently been borrowed from the west, gave a color and warmth to the cold whiteness of the mats and walls; writing materials, books, handsome lacquer-boxes, musical instruments, pipe-stands, and a sword-rack, were strewn about the floor, and in the recess a bronze jar contained one of those bouquets, the making up of which is a special and elaborate part

of a Japanese lady's education. Further, lest he should find his *villeggiatura* dull, he had gathered together a few friends, "companions of his solitude," to whom, as they came dropping in one by one, I was solemnly presented. First and foremost was the doctor, an intelligent young man of the Satsuma clan, who had studied medicine in the English school, presided over by Dr. Willis at Yedo, and had acquired some little reputation in his craft; he spoke with enthusiasm of his kind and excellent teacher. Then there were two or three private gentlemen, remarkably pleasant men, learned in the lore of their country, a professor of the game of checkers, as elaborate a study as chess or whist, and above all, a certain character who deserves a paragraph to himself.

This was an artist in lacquer, one of the drollest creatures I ever met, as grotesque as the devices upon his own boxes. He was a wit, a wag, a contortionist, cunning at legerdemain and all manner of tricks, which he was continually showing, and yet, somehow, he never was a buffoon. It was most excellent good fooling, and always in good taste. Although a rich man, and the especial pet of the great and powerful on account of his social talents, he affected to be especially careful not to imitate their dress, but to abide by the old fashions of the *Chônin* or wardsmen, even in the cut of his hair, which was closely shaven to the tops of the ears, and brought forward in the tiny little queue, which used to be a distinguishing mark of artisans. In his girdle, in the place of a dirk, he wore the wooden beater which his mother had used to pound rice, and which he had decorated with many a curious fancy in lacquer, and studded with gold coins. "What need had he to carry a blade?" he said. His playful sallies, the effect of which was heightened by a marvelously mobile face, kept us in laughter during the whole evening.

When we had finished dinner, our hostess produced her *samishen*, half guitar, half banjo, to the accompaniment of which she began singing, while the lacquer-man, not to be outdone in a matter of polite accomplishments, came in with a flute obligato. I can not say in conscience that the result was pleasing to an European ear, but, as is often the case elsewhere, the music was the signal for and assistance to conversation, and we, the audience, began

talking politics, leaving the performers to the enjoyment of their own sweet sounds. It was eleven o'clock when I wished my friends good-night, and I left Katô and the professor, heads on hands, as completely abstracted from earthly matters as Buddhists in a state of Nirvana, lost in the solution of some impossible problem in the mysterious game of checkers.

The following morning (October 12) dawned in rare splendor, and the opened slides let in a waft of fresh mountain air, as exhilarating as good news from home. The garden all ablaze with dew, its trimness in striking contrast to the wild nature beyond, was looking even more beautiful, if possible, than the evening before—a fitting spot in which to enjoy one of Heaven's own holidays. It is always a matter of regret to me that the beauties of Japanese scenery should have been done justice to by no gifted word-painter like John Ruskin. The shapes of the mountains, sometimes grand, sometimes fantastic; the marvelous gradations of the tree-colors from the exquisitely tender green of the feathering bamboo, slender and graceful, to the gloom of the sturdy pines and cryptomerias which spring from the more barren soil; the rocks streaked and patched with lichens and mosses, with many a rare fern and lycopod peeping out of chinks and crannies, are worthy studies for a great artist to paint with loving hand, and hardly will he succeed, limn he never so cunningly. To me the memory of these places is like that of a beautiful dream of fairyland, vivid and bright, but utterly beyond the pale of description.

At about nine o'clock I received a visit from Katô, who came to tell me that he was off to take his daily bath in the hot iron springs at Kiga, a lovely spot among the mountains, and proposed that I should accompany him that we might make a picnic luncheon together. At the time of his coming my room was full of sellers of camphor-wood boxes and toys, who had brought their wares for inspection; directly they saw Katô their prices went down fifty per cent; the rogues had been asking the foreigner something like three times the real value of their goods. I bought a few very pretty specimens of marqueterie, and a certain camphor-wood cabinet, (which now holds the flies and feathers of a distinguished salmon-fisher,) at a reasonable price, thanks to my friend, with whom I

presently started on our expedition, the whole party of the night before, with the exception of the lady, being of the company.

We had a very pleasant walk over the hills, Katô, on account of his delicate state of health, being carried in a litter, which, however, being open at the sides, did not prevent him from joining in the conversation and laughter with which we beguiled the way. Every now and then the doctor or one of the others would take me for a scramble to see some new point of view, some fresh beauty in the landscape, for these Japanese are passionate lovers of nature, so that after many stoppages, now to feast our eyes, now to rest Katô's coolies, it was noon by the time we reached Kiga.

Our picnic was a great success; the doctor and the lacquer-man were with one consent elected chief cooks, and distinguished themselves by producing, the one a fry of delicious burn-trout, the other a savory stew, in which the shortcomings of a rather lean old cock-pheasant were skillfully concealed. The *cordon bleu* of the establishment supplied the rest of the dishes, my contribution being sundry bottles of pale ale and porter, which were immensely popular, for the names of Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness are familiar now as household words to the Japanese. Through the heat of the afternoon we remained chatting over every conceivable matter, grave and gay, but chiefly discussing politics and the application of European principles of government to Japan. Of all subjects, this is the favorite among this improvement-seeking people. It is little wonder that, with their eagerness to learn and profit by the experience of other nations, they should have distanced their backward neighbors, the Chinese, in such matters as railways and telegraphs. In the cool of the evening we trudged home, and at a little distance from Miyanoshita we were met by Katô's wife with her little companion.

Towards eight o'clock we all met again in my rooms for dinner, Dog Lion, at the special request of the lady, being present, and exciting great admiration by his discreet and polite behavior. He divided the honors of the evening with the lacquer-man, who outdid himself in efforts to make my party go off well. Shiraki, as chief retainer, did the honors, affording

thereby an instance of Japanese manners and customs. No feature of Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant (provided, of course, that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine-cup to his man, as if he were an honored guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with the turns of a language most fertile in subtle distinctions to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet, the moment the feast is over, the man retires with the same profound obeisances and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity, which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and, although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain.

The following morning, (Oct. 13,) to my great regret, I was forced to leave Miyanoshita and my good friends, with whom I had passed such a pleasant time. We parted with many expressions of mutual good-will, promising to meet soon in Yedo. This morning's walk, as far as the sulphur-springs of Ashi-no-yu, was less interesting, for the mountain, bare of trees, is covered only with a rich growth of rank grass, mixed with wild flowers. There was no shade, and the heat of the sun was overpowering, so that we were right glad when, toward mid-day, we came down upon our halting-place.

The springs are certainly very remarkable; the whole neighborhood is full of volcanic signs, and in every direction the water wells out, charged with a rich sulphur ooze. Close by is a crater, not active, indeed, but looking, with its sides covered with brimstone and lava, as if it might break out at any time. The baths of Ashi-no-yu are in the village street, but covered over with wooden shanties, that people may bathe with decency. Just as I came in sight of the huts, a matron, carrying a child in her arms, both as naked as they were born, came out, and tripped,

picking her way with her bare feet, across the street into a tea-house, where she had left her clothes. This is the only instance which I ever came across of a woman appearing naked in the street, although most travelers' books abound in stories of women tubbing in public, and of other outrages upon decency. Be it remembered, however, this was in a most out-of-the-way place, and at a time of day when the good woman might reasonably expect that, the men being all away at their work, she would be as free from the profane gaze of mankind as Lady Godiva ought to have been and was not. Her shame when she saw me knew no bounds. The European doctors of Yokohama have not been slow to find out the excellent properties of these baths, and I found established there for the season an Italian gentleman and his wife—rather wild quarters for a daintily-nurtured lady to occupy, the only thing about the place which had any affinity with Europe being the smell, which might remind her of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Not far from Ashi-no-yu, on the road to Hakoné, half-hidden among the brushwood and long grass, are two remarkable monuments, shaped like the stone lanterns which the Japanese set up in their pleasure grounds and temple-yards. To the right of these, near at hand, is a third and lesser stone. It can hardly fail to set the traveler wondering when he comes upon such traces of man's work in the midst of a wilderness, and he will readily guess that they mark some famous or sacred spot. The two stones mark the graves of the brothers Soga, the heroes of one of the most celebrated stories of vendetta in Japanese history, and the third is in honor of the woman, Tora Gozen, the true love of one of them.

In the summer of the year 1193 the Shogun Yoritomo went out to hunt on the moors and waste lands about Mount Fuji, followed by the flower of the chivalry of the East, his train being swelled by a great company of camp-followers, mimes, jesters, musicians, and singing women. Among the nobles who went with him was one Kudô Sukétsuné. Now this Sukétsuné, many years before, having certain wrongs to avenge, had caused the murder of his cousin Sukéyasu, who died leaving a widow and two infant sons. Upon the death of her husband the widow wished to forsake

the world, shave her head,* and enter a nunnery, but her father-in-law prevented her, so she married a second time one Soga Tarô Sukénobu, who took her two sons to live with him, and adopted them as his own children, causing them at the same time to take his patronymic of Soga. Happy as they were in their new home, the two boys never forgot the death of their father, nor the debt of revenge which they owed to his murderer. When at play in their earliest childhood they would make figures to represent Sukétsuné that they might have the pleasure of torturing and destroying him in effigy, nor would they listen to the prayers and remonstrances of their mother, who in despair sent the younger brother, Soga Tokimuné, to the temple at Hakoné, that he might be brought up for the priesthood. But it was all of no avail, for the lad never for a moment relaxed his purpose, and at last, when he grew up and it became time for him to enter the priesthood, he fled secretly from the temple and took refuge with the Lord of Odawara, who, taking compassion upon his orphan state, gave him shelter, and allowed him free access to his stronghold.

The hunting expedition of the Shogun Yoritomo was the opportunity which the brothers chose for wreaking their vengeance on the murderer Sukétsuné.

On the 28th day of the fifth month there arose a great storm of wind and rain, and at night, there being neither moonlight nor starlight, the hunting camp was shrouded in thick darkness. In the dead of the night they sought the place where their enemy lay, but he had changed his abode, and their plan would have miscarried had they not received aid from a woman. This was a beautiful girl, called Tora Gozen, the inmate of a pleasure-house at Oiso, in the province of Sagami, and the sweetheart of the elder brother, Sukénari. When the two were in despair at not finding Sukétsuné, and were debating what they should do, she came forth and pointed out to them the place to which he had removed, and they, overjoyed, hurried to the spot where Sukétsuné lay fast asleep. Sukénari stood at his pillow, and Tokimuné, the younger

brother, took his place behind him. Then Sukénari kicked aside the pillow, and shouted with a loud voice, crying, "Here stand I, Soga Sukénari, the avenger of my murdered father!" Sukétsuné, aroused by the cry, jumped up and tried to defend himself with his dirk, which lay by his couch; but the two brothers fell upon him with their swords and slew him.

Having now satisfied their revenge they had no further wish left in the world, so they determined to risk their lives in an attempt to slay my lord the Shogun Yoritomo, between whom and their own grandfather there had been a deadly feud. Now was their best chance of success, so, brandishing their bloody swords, they rushed into his tent with a loud shout. The guards who watched over the Shogun did battle with them; but so desperately did they fight, that they cut down, as it is said, more than fifty men before Sukénari, being tired, was slain, and the younger brother, Tokimuné, was pinioned by a page, disguised as a woman, who sprang upon him from behind.

The following morning Tokimuné was brought before the Shogun, who examined him in person, saying, "Wherefore dost thou disturb my camp?"

"You were my grandfather's enemy," answered Tokimuné unabashed; "and Sukétsuné was my father's murderer, so I hated you because you loved him."

The Shogun was pleased with the youth's bold speech, and wished to spare his life, but Inubô Maru, the son of Sukétsuné, prayed that his father's murder might not be left unavenged; so Tokimuné was put to death, being at the time twenty years of age.

Now when Tora Gozen heard that Sukénari, the man whom she loved, was dead, she vowed a vow of chastity, and went to the temple of Hakoné, and became a nun at the age of nineteen. When she was quite an old woman of seventy-one summers, she started on a pilgrimage to a temple at Kumano, in Kishiu, but she died by the road, and it is said that the clothes she wore and the things she carried with her on the journey are still preserved as sacred relics at a temple called Jinguji.

The piety of the brothers Soga in avenging their murdered father earned for them a rich meed of praise from every true and loyal warrior; and even Yoritomo, who had so narrowly escaped from falling a vic-

* The nuns of Japan, like the Buddhist monks, shave the whole head; hence the proverbial expression, *Bikuni ni Kanzashi*, "To ask a nun for a hair-pin," equivalent to our "You can not draw blood from a stone."

their rage, approved what they had and caused their swords to be laid up in the temple at Gongen, at Hakoné, where they have been carefully preserved by generations after generation of priests. Their swords live in history, and are treasured in the heart of every Samurai.

Near the graves of the two brothers is a statue of the Buddhist god Jizô Sama, carved in the solid rock, as some say by the goddess herself; by others believed to have been miraculously wrought in a single day by Kôbôdaishi, a priest who lived in the ninth century, and who is famous as the inventor of the syllabary known as the Kana, in which he assimilated the letters of the Japanese language to the Bonji or Chinese characters used in the Buddhist classics. The image is rude enough, but it is very venerated by the simple mountain-

people. It was yet early in the afternoon when we came upon the blue waters of the Hakoné lake, lying like a sapphire mirror among the hills, unruffled by the gentlest breeze. It would be strange, indeed, if so romantic a locality were to lack the ornament of some old legend. There is a tale told of an enormous terrible dragon with nine heads, supposed to dwell in the lake, and trouble the people by raising great storms of wind and wave, in the midst of which he would appear, and carry off little children for his food. But at last, in the eighth century, a certain holy priest, named Mangan, who was renowned for his piety, exorcised the dragon, and by the aid of magicians tied him to a tree, which is still believed to be visible at the bottom of the lake, punishing the monster until it craved for its misdeeds. When the fame of this exploit reached the emperor's ears, he summoned the priest Mangan to Kiyôto, but the good man died by the way, and he found peace at a place called Yanagôri, in the province of Mikawa! so his pupils sought his remains, and buried them at the temple of Gongen, at Hakoné. Every year, during the night of the twelfth day of the sixth month, the eve of the great festival of the temple, the people still come to the lake, and make offerings of food to propitiate the dragon.

Of course we went and visited the Temple of Gongen, that ancient fane, the resting-place of many holy men during dark ages, including Kôbôdaishi, Ji-

kakudaishi, and others, and were shown the swords of the Soga brothers, and the dirk with which their enemy tried in vain to ward off their blows, with other curiosities. The position of the shrine, surrounded by lofty cryptomerias and looking down upon the lake, is most beautiful; but the buildings were greatly damaged in the war which ended in the ruin of the lords of Odawara, and have never been restored to their former splendor. At the foot of the temple we took boat, and so came to the little town of Hakoné.

Situated at the very top of a mountain-pass, some three thousand feet or more above the sea-level, Hakoné must—until the completion of the railroad which is to unite the two capitals, Yedo and Kiyôto—always be a resting-place of some little importance, and allow a number of inn-keepers to drive a thriving trade; but until the year of grace 1868 it had also a great political significance as the barrier of the Tycoon's territory, which no man could pass without a passport—death by crucifixion being the penalty of an attempt to escape by any mountain-path. At the entrance to the town was a guard-house, strongly manned, flanked by a formidable stand of arms, holding spears and hooks and the other paraphernalia of Japanese police, on passing which every person, save those of the very highest rank, were required to dismount and do obeisance to the representatives of Tyconal power. The guard-house is swept away now, together with the other incumbrances and annoyances of the obsolete Government, and men may come and go as they list. It is more convenient, to be sure; but there was a quaintness and picturesqueness about the old customs which the travelers who follow in our steps will miss. Now, even the old costume of the country is slowly but surely disappearing; and when the railroad shall be an accomplished fact, traveling in Japan will have lost its charm. Four years ago we were still in the middle-ages; we have leapt at a bound into the nineteenth century—out of poetry into plain, useful prose.

I had no time to stop at Hakoné, to my great regret; for I should not soon have grown weary of looking out upon the lake washing the grand dark hills above which Mount Fuji raised its brilliant cone of white snow, and there are many nooks and hidden places among the mountains cele-

brated in history, in poetry, and in fairy tales. Down the mountain-pass we sped, each step revealing some new beauty: now a natural rockery; now some old gnarled stem of cryptomeria or Scotch fir; now a thicket of flame-colored maples. It was getting late; and travelers, whether upward or downward-bound, were hurrying to reach their resting-place. Even the coolies, heavily-weighted beasts of burden, were putting on an extra spurt, the tension of the muscles in their marvelously-developed legs showing what hard work they were doing. The shadows had lengthened and lengthened until they had passed away altogether (for we were now on the eastern side of the range) by the time we reached Hata, our halfway-house, a village of hostelrys, at the doors of which attractive little damsels, attired in their smartest garb, were standing and keeping up a continual shout of *O hairi nasare! O tomari nasare!*—"Pray come in! pray rest here!" Resisting the invitation of who knows how many decoy-ducks, I entered the *Honjin*, or chief inn of the village, and found a charming apartment overlooking a garden, the fame of which is known throughout the length and breadth of Japan. This little garden, fashioned around a real waterfall, which was tumbling over the most picturesque rocks, is the very ideal and dream of Japanese horticulture, and would be a fitting model upon which some native Lord Bacon should write an essay. Nothing more trim and perfect than its dwarfed trees, nothing more rugged than its rock-work, nothing fatter and larger and brighter than its gold-fish. Above all, a natural waterfall, dear beyond measure to the Japanese landscape-gardener. The honors of the establishment were done by O Také San, "Miss Bamboo," a nymph who would have been a little gem of beauty had her face not been marred by a most undeniable squint. There was no compromising matters by calling it a cast in the eye. There it was—a squint, and nothing but a squint. Besides this defect, for which she was not accountable, there was another, which might have been avoided—she was eaten up with the itch.

This being, in some sense, the turning-point of our journey, I gave Shiraki and the escort a feast, which they had richly deserved, for every man of them in his own capacity had done his utmost to make the trip go off well. When the shutters

were closed, and the wine-cup going round, we were startled by a clatter of clogs in the garden. Shiraki and the escort jumped up and took their swords, and I made ready my revolver. Miss Bamboo and another girl putting the gold-fish to bed in a rock-covered hole, for fear of otters, turned out to be the innocent cause of our alarm. Laughing at our fears, we made merry until it was time to go to bed.

October 14th.—Mist and rain. A pretty ducking we got as we walked or rather slipped down to Yumoto, the place which, as I have said above, gives its name to all the hot springs of the Hakoné mountains. As at Miyanoshita, the chief trade here is in camphor-wood boxes and marqueterie, of which I bought some more specimens, and having found out the right price from my friends at the former place I was not robbed. Over against Yumoto are two noteworthy hills, Mounts Ishgaki and Ishibashi,* the former the site of Taiko Sama's head-quarters when he attacked Odawara, the latter the hiding-place of Yoritomo when he was flying from his enemies before he rose to power. Here is the story.

In the year 1180, on the 24th day of the eighth month, Yoritomo was encamped on Sugi-yama, "the Mountain of Cryptomerias," and one of the captains of the house of Hei, with three thousand and more warriors at his back, was in hot pursuit of him. Yoritomo, knowing that he was outnumbered, and that there was no hope for him but in flight, went and hid on a remote mountain peak, leaving two of his lieutenants to turn aside the attention of the enemy. When the immediate danger was past, Hojô Tokimasa, Yoritomo's father-in-law and most trusty friend, went and scoured the mountains far and wide, and at last found him hiding in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. When Yoritomo saw himself in the midst of his friends he was overjoyed, but Sanéhira, who had accompanied Tokimasa, said, "Truly it is much to be thankful for that we should all have reached these heights safe and without hurt. Yet if we remain here in so large a company, it will be a hard matter for us to escape detection. Let my lord Yoritomo remain here alone, and his servant Sanéhira will find means of hiding him."

* *Ishigaki* signifies stone-fence, and *Ishibashi* stone-bridge.

This counsel seemed good to them all, so they agreed to separate and went in different directions, Sanéhira alone remaining with his chief. In the meanwhile, the men of the house of Hei were hunting over hill and dale seeking Yoritomo; but one of their captains, who by some means had learnt Yoritomo's hiding-place, being a traitor to his own party, declared that he had searched Mount Ishibashi and found no trace of a human being, so the men of Hei spent their labor in searching the other hills.

One day, while Yoritomo was lying lost among the rocks of Mount Ishibashi, he took from his bosom a small figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, and stowed it away in a secret cave. When Sanéhira saw this, he wondered, and asked what was the reason of this strange act.

"I lay aside this sacred image," answered Yoritomo, "lest my head should fall into my enemies' hands and they should see the figure; for if they did, they would laugh at the chief of the house of Gen, saying that I am brave only because I trust in my patron saint. When I was a babe three years old, my foster-mother took me to the Temple of Kwannon, at Kiyomidzu,

near Kiyôto, and in the loving-kindness of her heart she prayed that I might prosper in the world. Fourteen days after this she saw a marvelous dream, and she gave me this little image of Kwannon two inches long in commemoration of it. This is why I have treasured it ever since."

Soon after this the others returned, bringing with them a horseload of provisions which they had received from the priest of Hakoné. Poor food it was—monk's fare—and they laughed as they set it before their lord; but the hungry man, be he lord or peasant, values any food above riches.

Those were the days of Yoritomo's deadly peril; how he escaped from the toils of his enemies and lived to be the ruler of the East, all these things are written in never-dying history.

From Yumoto to Odawara is but a short distance, and we reached our inn in time for the mid-day meal. The rivers were so swollen that they could no longer be passed, so we had to wait chafing for three days until the floods abated. Our route back to Yedo was along the great highway, past the places which I have already described: so of this expedition there is nothing left to say. A. B. MITFORD.

Temple Bar.

ABOUT CHARLES LAMB.

THE fragrance of the bean-flower is not for all nostrils, nor the humor of Charles Lamb, perhaps, for all readers. But for those who can taste it, it has an incomparable flavor. Other elements of the man's genius—his pathos, his quaint turns of phrase, his intense appreciation of the poetic in life and in books, his wit, and the trembling tenderness of his benevolence—have given to Charles Lamb a nook (he himself would have loved a nook better than a niche) among the choicest household spirits with whom English readers love to commune.

But his humor belongs to him as peculiarly as its scent to the bean-blossom, and comes upon the sense now in unexpected wafts of delicate aroma, now in a full gust of richness. His laughter is thoroughly hearty. It is as rollicking, as English, as Milton's "Laughter holding both his sides." Nor are finer traits wanting. Delicate irony, and sarcasm as brilliant and

as harmless as summer lightning, play throughout his written pages, and in the records of his spoken words.

And there is a deep well-spring of tears in the heart of him. Humor and pathos are brothers, and retain a strong family likeness amid their differences. Wit may be a very brilliant, intellectual, smiling, dry-eyed gentleman; but Humor can weep, and is tender-hearted.

The peculiar circumstances of Lamb's life doubtless caused him at times to have recourse to the exhilaration of wild mirth and absurdity, as well as to the more pernicious excitement of bodily stimulants. These circumstances—tragic in the highest degree—were for many years suppressed and hushed up among the knot of intimate friends who surrounded him. They have been narrated in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Charles Lamb," published in the year 1866, when there was no longer any living person to whom the

narration could give pain; and they may, for that reason, be briefly stated here.

Charles was the youngest of three children, two boys and a girl, who formed the family of John Lamb and Elizabeth his wife. The elder son, named John like his father, was twelve years, the sister Mary ten years, older than Charles. Between these two latter a tender affection subsisted. Mary bestowed almost maternal care upon the weakling brother so much her junior.

The father had been for many years clerk to Mr. Samuel Salt, barrister and bencher of the Inner Temple, from whom when he retired from his service (being then almost imbecile) he received a small pension. The elder brother, John, had a "comfortable" post in the South Sea House. Charles on leaving school obtained some trifling employment in the South Sea House also; but in the year 1792, when he was seventeen years old, he entered the service of the East India Company as clerk in the Accountant's Office. He lived at this time with his father, his invalid mother, his sister, and an old aunt, who possessed a trifling annuity which she clubbed into the common store.

Three years later a horror befell him and his, whose shadow darkened the remainder of his life. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family, and this baleful heritage suddenly burst forth in the gentle, unselfish, sensible, Mary Lamb; a woman of whom Hazlitt is reported to have said that she was the most rational and the wisest woman he had ever known.

One day in a fit of maniacal frenzy she stabbed her bed-ridden mother to the heart.

Let us try to conceive the condition of that household; the imbecile father—he too wounded in his daughter's blind fury—the unconscious maniac, the poor murdered corpse of the beloved mother lying almost unheeded, whilst the crushing weight of care and responsibility in this most appalling situation lay upon a sensitive, feeble youth of little more than twenty years old!

Feeble in body was Charles Lamb; but a more heroic heart than his never beat. He took up his burthen then and there, and he carried it to his grave. He carried it not repining, but lovingly, tenderly, as a mother supports her child in arms to which love alone lends strength.

From that black day to the end Mary Lamb owed every hour of peace or cheerfulness which fell to her lot to her brother Charles. He bestowed them upon her as literally as if the minutes had been minted coin dropped from his hand into hers.

At the inquest on Mrs. Lamb's body, a verdict of Mary's lunacy was returned. She was removed to an asylum, where in a short time she recovered her senses. Other members of the family—notably the elder brother John, who seems not to have contributed in any way to the support of his helpless father and sister—strenuously opposed her being at large again. She herself said at this time that she knew she must go to Bethlehem Hospital for life. One brother would have it so, and the other, although he did not wish it, would be forced to go with the stream.

But it proved not so. She had not reckoned on the sublime devotion of her brother Charles. How should she have done so? We have no right to count upon finding heroes, even among those we best love and honor. But this man, this poor, sickly, obscure, London clerk, was a hero than whom I think history has none nobler to show. He took Mary to his poor home, and until he died she lived with him, sharing the shelter of his roof and faring as he fared.

She was perpetually subject to recurrences of her dreadful malady. When the mad fit announced its approach by certain symptoms they had learned to know, the brother and sister would walk forth together, weeping together, shedding such tears as it wrings the heart to think of, to Hoxton Asylum, and there the afflicted woman would be left until the calm light of reason returned to her suffering brain. *This endured all the rest of Lamb's life.* There was no cure, no hope. This frightful apprehension sat with him at his board, and coiled beside him in his bed. And—he loved his sister dearly to the end.

He has no word but of fondness and gratitude for her. She is his best friend and sister. He dedicates his first published work to her. He writes of her to his closest friends in terms of mingled fraternal and filial affection. He disentangles the tragic deed to which her madness, not her will, consented, from the true, unselfish, gentle, loving heart of Mary, who when her reason was unclouded had ever been the best of daughters and of sisters.

And let it be remembered that Charles Lamb had fondly loved the mother whom that sister's hand unconsciously destroyed.

In a most touching passage of one of his letters to Coleridge he says, "O my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-haired maid, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her *schoolboy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come, there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours."

And never did one harsh or accusing word to Mary escape him. Let us think of it, brother and sister mortals! Is it too much to call this man's devotion sublime, and himself a hero?

It has been said that his private sorrows drove him at times into the extravagance of mirth. But by that it is not meant that his sorrows *created* his humor. There is a sort of persons who will talk as though poverty, misfortune—and perhaps a touch of vagabondism—could in a manner account for the brilliancy of a humorist; as though a man might *take to wit*, as he takes to drinking, and only some superior moral sense kept many of the afflicted from this resource. But do we not all know fifty dull dogs on whom Heaven might empty all the vials of its wrath without eliciting one spark of wit, one flash of fancy?

No, no, my friends and fellow-sufferers, the "uses of adversity" will not avail to make us witty. Charles Lamb was a humorist partly because, but also in spite, of his secret thorn in the flesh.

Lamb belonged to London, and loved it as entirely as did Dr. Johnson, who maintained that some scene of natural grandeur—if I mistake not, in the Hebrides; but the precise locality matters little—was not so fine a sight as Fleet Street.

Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple; went to school at Christ's Hospital at the age of seven, and was for thirty-three years of his life a clerk in the India House. Thus from earliest

childhood to past middle age, he lived in, and *on*, the very core of the great city. London became as much a part of his mind as did the Cumberland lakes and mountains of Wordsworth's. In a letter to a friend (Mr. Thomas Manning) he thus breaks forth into raptures about his London:

"O her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toyshops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastrycooks! St. Paul's church-yard, the Strand, Exeter Change! Charing Cross, with the man *upon* a black horse! These are thy gods, O London!"

On another occasion he professes that he is "not romance-bit about *Nature*," and proceeds: "The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass, (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase,) nor his five-shilling print over the mantel-piece of old Nabbs, the carrier, (which only betrays his false taste.) Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street, with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lit at night, pastrycook and silversmith shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief; Inns of Court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis' on every stall. These are thy pleasures, Oh London! with-the-many-sins, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!"

And yet when Lamb was brought face to face with Keswick's giant brood, he was not unreceptive of their influence. A line or two in one of his letters, descriptive of his first peep at them, have surely the vividness of poetic insight: "We entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all

dark with clouds upon their heads ; . . . great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, *all couchant and asleep.*"

The italics in the foregoing sentence are not Lamb's, but they are—Walter Savage Landor's. The present writer has in his possession a copy of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb," which was given to a member of his family by Landor, and which contains many pencil notes by the latter, some of them curiously characteristic. We shall have occasion to refer to these again.

Jean Paul Richter said, finely and profoundly, on the subject of describing natural scenery, that in order to conceive a landscape poetically, it would not do to begin with the landscape at first hand. You must contemplate it within the breast of a human being, as in a camera obscura ; and thus seen it will be real and living. Lamb's breast was truly a camera obscura for vast many-sided London ; or at least for many of its many sides. And therein not only sights but sounds lived and moved in ever-changing varieties of combination.

Perhaps in no case could the style be more accurately said to be the man than in Lamb's. And the delicious quaintness of his style is as delightfully to be tasted in his letters as in the well-known "Essays of Elia."

The latter are familiar to us as household words ; and their merits need not be insisted upon here. But I would have the reader believe that the letters will give him a yet closer acquaintance with the mind and character of Charles Lamb ; and it is an acquaintance worth cultivating. In these familiar epistles he utters the mood of the moment, he yields to every caprice of his genius, and, confident of sympathy, pours out the affections of his heart.

He *never* writes for effect, but there is a certain necessary reserve and decorum in consciously addressing the public, which a little disguises the childlike nature of the man. With his friends he is free from constraint, utterly untrammelled by affectation of any sort, and ready to utter the first thought which comes into his head, without any concern that it should be deemed either wise or witty. The result of his case is delightful. To read his letters is to love him.

Among Lamb's correspondents were some of the most distinguished writers of his day ; some whose reputation has al-

ready long passed away, and some whose fame will last as long as there shall be readers for English literature. Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Procter, Bernard Barton the Quaker poet, and many lesser lights, shine in the list. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were his intimate friends. According to the order of precedence, both as regards date and Lamb's affection, the last of these three names should come first. Coleridge was Lamb's school-fellow at Christ's Hospital ; and later, when Coleridge was a student at Cambridge, they used to meet during the vacation, at a little public-house near Smithfield, called the *Salutation and Cat*, and there have "glorious talks" in the smoky shabby parlor.

Lamb idolized Coleridge's genius, loved him and looked up to him to the last. In the dedication to Coleridge of his works, first published in a collected form in 1818, he writes : "Some of the Sonnets which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances which I should be sorry should be ever totally extinct—the memory

'of summer days and of delightful years'—

even so far back as to those old suppers at our old inn, when life was fresh and topics exhaustless, and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.

'What words have I heard
Spoke at the Mermaid !' "

Coleridge introduced Lamb to Southey as early as the year 1795. But no great intimacy appears to have immediately ensued between them. In 1798, however, when Coleridge went to Germany, Lamb and Southey entered into a correspondence. Many years later there did come a cloud across the serene sky of their friendship, but it passed and left the welkin clear.

The cause of quarrel between Lamb and Southey was an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. (By the way, what a Pandora's box of heart-burnings, friendship-breakings, resentments, and discontents, has that majestic periodical been in its day ! You had but to open it ever so little, and a swarm of unpleasant stinging things was sure to flutter out and *settle*.) In the article in question "Elia"

was indirectly accused of infidelity. But what hurt him most, as it would have hurt any generous mind, was some praise bestowed upon Elia at the expense of his friends, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

The result of Lamb's mingled feelings on the subject, was the publication in the *London Magazine* for October, 1823, of the famous "Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esq.," which was afterwards reprinted in Talfourd's collection of Charles Lamb's letters. This letter is on many accounts remarkable, and well worth perusal. The eloquent defence of his friends Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt is, as Mr. Barry Cornwall says, "more touching than any thing to be found in controversial literature." And there are passages of the letter which will present him to many readers in a new light. Some of them are full of serious wisdom, and studded with sayings precious as jewels. The spirit of large-hearted and rational charity in them might be profitable reading for most of us, although the occasion which called them forth has almost passed from the memories of men.

Take this: "I own I could never think so considerably of myself as to decline the society of an agreeable or worthy man upon difference of opinion only. The impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man. Some believe upon weak principles. Others can not feel the efficacy of the strongest."

And again: "There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith. Others who stoutly venture into the dark, (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith.) . . . Some whose hope totters upon crutches. Others who stalk into futurity upon stilts."

Or, once more: "The shapings of our Heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart, is born in every one of us."

This last passage has been marked (in the copy previously referred to) by Walter Savage Landor. "Elia" has not left much on record which affords an exposition of his theological opinions. He was an Unitarian in his youth, and in the "Letter to Robert Southey" he says, "I am a Dissenter. The last sect with which you can remember me to have made common profession were the Unitarians." But with

reference to this point—an interesting and important one in considering the character of such a man as Charles Lamb—there exists a marginal note in Landor's handwriting.

In the "Character of Lamb," which concludes the second volume of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb," occurs the following sentence: "Although he numbered among his associates free-thinkers and skeptics, he had a great dislike to any profane handling of sacred subjects, and always discouraged polemical discussion." The words "free-thinkers and skeptics" are strongly underscored, and Landor has written opposite to them, "He was known to be one, and Talfourd knew it." The testimony coming from such a source, is not conclusive, but it is certainly interesting.

On more than one occasion Landor takes exception to Sir Thomas Talfourd's English, and expresses his disapprobation with characteristic energy. And truly it is surprising to find the author of "Ion" writing such a phrase as the following: "Another circumstance akin to these, tended also to impart a tinge of *venerableness* to his early musings." In another place Talfourd says, "The spirit of *gentility* seems to breathe around all his persons." On which Landor writes, "*The deuce it does!*" And I think most persons who are familiar with the "Essays of Elia" will be likely so far to forget *their* "gentility" as to echo Landor's exclamation on this extraordinary eulogium.

With reference to the letter of Elia it is gratifying to know that the difference between Lamb and Southey ended in a way honorable to both. Southey, from the first, did not take the letter in an angry spirit. He said of it in writing to the publisher, "No resentful letter was ever written less offensively: his gentle nature may be seen in it throughout." In the following month (November, 1823,) Southey came to London, and wrote to Lamb, offering to call on him. The offer was a friendly and even generous one under the circumstances: for although Southey, in his character of critic, deserved much of Elia's publicly-administered reproof, yet the fact of being in the wrong seldom inclines a man to conciliation!

Lamb wrote a reply breathing the very spirit of candor and sensitive affection. In the reaction of his feelings after the

(with him) unwonted excitement of resentment, he was willing to blame himself, and humbly to ask pardon for having blamed his friend. But it must be noted as a trait without which Lamb's gentleness would rather incur contempt than command respect, that whilst willing to surrender his own grievance at a word, he never, then or thereafter, retracted one syllable of his staunch championship of his friends Hazlitt and Hunt. Southey called to see him. The mist was cleared away in a moment, and from that time forward no further misunderstanding arose to dim or distort the affectionate relations between them. Their case was an illustration of the old song—

“The falling out of faithful friends, renewal is of love.”

Amongst Lamb's published letters, perhaps those to Mr. Thomas Manning, whilom mathematical tutor at Cambridge, are the richest in humor—in downright fun. That often-quoted one, in which he dissuades his friend from a projected voyage to China and Tartary, is crammed full of comicality. He begs him entirely to put aside all thoughts of such a journey, in the following terms: “But perhaps the best thing you can do is, to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose, repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, ‘Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary,’ two or three times, and associate with them the *idea* of *oblivion*—’tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories.”

Again: “Some say they (the Tartars) are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar!”

In another letter to the same, wherein Lamb is vaunting the reformation of his habits—“Got incredibly sober and regular,” etc., etc.—he unexpectedly concludes thus: “Suddenly disposed to sleep, having taken a quart of peas with bacon and stout. *Will not refuse nature, who has done such things for me!*”

Is not this exquisite fooling?—if you have but a nose for the bean-flower!

Mr. Manning did carry out his project of visiting China, despite his friend's appalling picture of his being eaten, with the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar. And Lamb's pretended bewilderment about dates, in writing to the absent traveler, is deliciously quaint. He says, “The dis-

tance you are at cuts up tenses by the roots.” He begins one letter: “This is Christmas Day, 1815, with us; what it may be with you I don't know. The 12th of June next year, perhaps. And if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savory, grand Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment, from a thousand firesides. Then, what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity?”

In writing to Mr. Barron Field, who had a judicial appointment in New South Wales, he says: “I have positive hopes that I shall be able to conquer that inveterate habit of smoking, which you may remember I indulged in. I think of making a beginning this evening, viz., Sunday, 31st Aug., 1817, not Wednesday, the 2d of Feb., 1818, as it will be, perhaps, when you read this for the first time. There is the difficulty of writing from one end of the globe (hemispheres I call 'em) to another. Why, half the truths I have sent you in this letter will become lies before they reach you, and some of the lies (which I have mixed for variety's sake, and to exercise your judgment in the finding of them out) may be turned into sad realities before you shall be called upon to detect them. Such are the defects of going by different chronologies. Your now is not my now; and again, your then is not my then; but my now may be your then, and *vice versa*. Whose head is competent to these things? . . . I am not sure, sometimes, you are not in another planet; but then I don't like to ask Capt. Burney, or any of those that know any thing about it, for fear of exposing my ignorance.”

In another of the letters to Manning, he recounts how he has received a present of Cambridge brawn from Richard Hopkins, cook to Trinity Hall and Caius College. Lamb's expatiation on the merits of brawn is so characteristic of his manner, as to be worth quoting. “Richard

knew my blind side, when he pitched upon brawn. 'Tis of all my hobbies the supreme, in the eating way. . . . Brawn was a noble thought. It is not every common gullet-fancier that can properly esteem of it. It is like a picture of one of the old Italian masters. Its gusto is of that hidden sort. As Wordsworth sings of a modest poet—'You must love him 'ere to you he will seem worthy of your love,' so brawn, you must taste it 'ere to you it will seem to have any taste at all. But 'tis nuts to the adept; those that will send out their tongue and feelers to find it out. It will be wooed, and not unsought, be won. Now, ham-essence, lobsters, turtle, such popular minions, absolutely *court you*, lay themselves out to strike you at first smack, like one of David's pictures, (they call him *Darveed*,) compared with the plain russet-coated wealth of a Titian or a Corregio, as I illustrated above. Such are the obvious glaring heathen virtues of a corporation dinner, compared with the reserved collegiate worth of Brawn. . . . We have not many such men in any rank of life as Mr. R. Hopkins. Crisp, the barber of St. Mary's, was just such another. I wonder *he* never sent me any little token, some chestnuts, or a puff, or two pound of hair, just to remember him by."

There is a sort of companion-piece to this delicious letter in one to Coleridge, which contains, as Talfourd says, the germ of the well-known "Dissertation on Roast Pig," in the Essays of Elia. All the *pig part* of that popular essay is indeed incomparable. But, in the opinion of the present writer, the incidental story it contains of Lamb's giving away a cake in his childhood, is better, because more spontaneously, told in the familiar epistle, wherein the mention of the circumstances arises naturally from the context.

Coleridge had received a pig as a present, and erroneously attributed the gift to Charles Lamb, who writes to deny having sent it. As in the "Dissertation" he professes himself unable to send away a pig, and thus proceeds: "Nay, I should think it an affront, as undervaluing done to nature, who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs I ever felt of remorse was, when a child—my kind old aunt had strained her purse-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole

plum-cake upon me. In my way home, through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant—but thereabouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombry of taught charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little, in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden, my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take, in eating her cake; the cursed ingratitude by which, under the color of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to dunghill, with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

"But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavor to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

"Yours (short of pig) to command in every thing. C. L."

The peculiar and special qualities of Lamb's humor may be keenly felt, but are difficult to discriminate. If one must seek a parallel it may be said to resemble in some respects the humor of Touchstone; and perhaps the humor of Shakspeare's fools in general, in their finer and quainter utterances. There is in it a half-shrewd melancholy, a mixture of sportiveness and sad earnest, a keen smile of self-mockery which may at any moment tremble and change its curve at the corner of the mouth into an expression more apt to suggest tears; there is a sort of cunning-simple knowledge of men which is akin to a large and loving tolerance; and there is withal, as has been said, a spring of hearty rollicking laughter that bubbles up every now and then fresh and sparkling as the brook that "brawled along the wood" in Arden.

Lamb's constant and loving study of the old English writers—especially of the Elizabethan dramatists—has given a peculiar coloring to his style, and perhaps even to his thoughts. He may be said less to have imitated those old writers, than to have grown like them, as our features catch the expression of a face we love and live

with. His appreciation of the beauties of the rare old poets was perhaps unique in his century; or the very quaintnesses and quiddities, the obsolete forms, and strange conceits, which abound in them, had a positive charm for him. Not only does he sympathize with the glorious heart and soul of our great ones, and with the pulse of their warm, honest, English blood, but even the twirl of their mustaches, the stiff fashion of their beards, and their occasional condescension to the use of the affected jargon of their day, are dear to Charles Lamb.

One fancies that if he could have been transported some night from his bed in the Temple into the midst of another age, and another scene; to a board fringed with bright faces, with Ben Jonson's powerful rugged countenance at one end of it, and at the other the shining wonderful brow, lit by mild hazel eyes, of glorious Will Shakspeare—if such an enchantment could have befallen him, I say, one fancies that Lamb would have felt like a fairy changeling who has been exiled all its life among mortals, and is suddenly caught back into the midst of his brother sprites!

Some admiring awe there would have been, and a little dazzled blinking at first, but he would have known these wondrous wights for his kinsfolk. Their talk, their smiles, their jests, and their antique simplicities, would have been familiar and pleasant to the soul of this India House clerk, as the remembered voice of a schoolmate echoing out of the happy youthful years.

Lamb's relish of the humor of his favorites is keen, as might have been expected. But so also is his sense of their nobility, their wisdom, and their virile humanity. He identifies himself with them, he reaches their point of view, he sees with their eyes, judges with their intellect, feels with their sentiments, to a degree which I almost fancy is unparalleled between a reader and authors separated from him by such a wide tract of time.

In 1808 he published specimens of English dramatic poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare. Referring to this collection, in a paper called "Characters of Dramatic Writers contemporary with Shakspeare," and published in the first volume of Lamb's Prose Works, (Edward Moxon, 1838,) he says:

"My leading design was to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our an-

cestors. To show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying circumstances, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-sworn joys abated; how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men, his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind."

Certainly there was none more capable of fulfilling that design. In the remarks on Middleton and Rowley, speaking of the play called "A Fair Quarrel," he says:

"The insipid leveling morality to which the modern stage is tied down, would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of men, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the everlastingly inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us, all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene, be the occasion never so absurd, never fails of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful sympathy of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast."

Lamb fervently advocated the cultivation of the imagination. In his day books of "Instructive Entertainment," or "Entertaining Knowledge," were coming into vogue. He complains bitterly that "Goody Twoshoes is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned to reach them off an exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them."

There is extraneous interest given to these words by two facts: firstly, that they were addressed to Samuel Taylor Coleridge in a letter accompanying a gift of some story-books for his son, little Hart-

ndly, that Walter Savage Landor has written opposite to them with constitutional heartiness, "Admirable Re- which exclamation applies to the passage. It is too long for in this place, but we may say b winds up by apostrophizing Col- us, "Think of what you would now, if instead of being fed with old wives' fables in childhood, been crammed with geographical history!"

not been attempted here to give tive of Lamb's life, or any analysis of his writings, but merely to on such outer incidents of the one perforce have had a strong influence the other. Among these none—the unspeakable sorrow of his agic affliction; for that sorrow ardly, very mainly, and did not, much ooze away at the nib of the—was more powerful in shaping literary career than the quality of ate associates. It must be a special good fortune for him as so early acquainted with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others. life Lamb might have *chosen* his but in his obscure youth he ran lion chances of consorting with or men to these.

ly efforts were poetic. With difficulty here I differ from some noted authorities) I must own that I can very highly of Lamb's poetry. objection is never—or rarely—to r of it, but to the form.

has written many harmonious, exquisite, lines; but he had not se faculty of music, which will, I ariably be found in fine poets, it abundantly in the greatest. we listen to Chaucer's "wood- l," (to apply to him that which of a greater than he,) or to Milton's organ peals; to Shakspeare's is variety of melody, choral of the spheres, and the sylvan Amien's "Heigh ho! the green to the rich natural voice of Burns gay and pathetic songs, from its eart of hearts—to Pope's polish- re, gracefully dignified as a min- ozart, daintily tripping as a *gigal*, full of artful turns, and languid lls," or to the nightingale-ecstasy

of Keats and Shelley,—there is music, music, music, in them all. As well conceive a painter without color, as a poet without melody!

Now this great gift is not Charles Lamb's; or is his only in part. But in illustration and enforcement of what has been said, it may be remarked that even he *says his best things best*. That is to say, that when the thought and sentiment are purely poetic, the utterance is sweeter and more tuneful than elsewhere.

There are two poems,—one a sonnet entitled "Work," originally published in the *Examiner*, and included in the collection of Lamb's poetical works, and the other called "The Three Graves," written for the Jacobin journal the *Champion*—which Landor has singled out for eulogy. Of the sonnet called "Work," he writes, "This is more in the spirit of Shakspeare than any sonnet I ever saw." And opposite to the "Three Graves" he pencils on the margin, "This is the best piece of all Lamb's poetry."

The reader may perhaps remember these lines beginning:

"Close by the ever-burning brimstone beds,
Where Bedloe, Oates, and Judas hide their heads,
I saw great Satan, like a sexton stand,
With his intolerable spade in hand,
Digging three graves."

They are to be found in a foot-note to the second volume of Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb."

The rare quality of Lamb's humor has been chiefly insisted upon, but the words of serious wisdom scattered throughout his pages are equally precious. In a hundred little matters Lamb's belief—his wise, not foolish belief—in goodness, shines out as humbly cheerful as the light of a glow-worm. When he writes after a dinner attended by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Tom Moore, "It is a lie that poets are envious; I have known the best of them, and can speak to it that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as the best authors," we feel our hearts expanded, and we feel that in the main *it is true*.

When he says in a letter to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, who had sent him a volume of his own verses, "I do not like praise handed in by disparagement; as I objected to a side censure on Byron" (Lamb was no lover of Byron, but he was

a lover of truth and justice) "in the lines on Bloomfield." And again, "If a thing is good, why invidiously bring it into comparison with something better? There are too few heroic things in this world to admit of our marshaling them in anxious etiquettes of precedence;" are we not grateful to him for his just liberality?

Let us imitate his large-heartedness, nor seek to hand in *his* praise, by disparagement; but try thankfully to recognize the heroic in him and wheresoever we meet it. The epithet "heroic," applied to this Cockney India House clerk, may shock some meritorious persons as being hyperbolical. But it is the prerogative of poetry to see some things more truly than prose; as the utilitarian sheep grazing on a turfy mountain has a poorer, and *false*, idea of the mountain than the traveler who beholds its entire airy outline from afar. And Time will lend to the India House clerk—in so far as it preserves his memory at all—the aerial perspective necessary to appreciate his real proportions. To me there is something awful in the contemplation of his life-long struggle, of the silent sacrifice continually going up before God and his own soul. And, remember, *there was no audience!* or so small a one as to be little more than that limited family circle before whom your romantic novel-hero scarcely condescends to exhibit a taste of his quality.

The first "Essays of Elia" were published in 1823; the last—prophetically thus entitled "Last Essays of Elia"—in 1833. On the 27th of December, 1834, he died, calmly, painlessly, sinking gradually asleep. From the Essays much of his own un-

eventful history may be learned; as for example, his long service at the India House, his release from that service as a pensioner, and his subsequent "Retired Leisure."

It is impossible to close the slightest sketch of Lamb's literary genius without referring to the fine "Essay on the Tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage Representation." The part referring to the character of "Lear," is, perhaps, the most magnificent Shakspeare-criticism ever written; infused, as criticism so seldom is, or can be, with the fiery sublimity of the original itself.

The lines written in his own album are, to my thinking, among his very best, if they be not his best. Some of the stanzas are exquisitely pathetic.

"Fresh clad from heaven, in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an album bright.

"A spotless leaf; but thought and care,
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
Have 'written strange defeatures' there.

"And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamped sad dates—he can't recall.

"Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
Huge reams of folly; shreds of wit;
Compose the mingled mass of it.

"My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurred thing to look—
Go, shut the leaves and clasp the book."

But the books thou hast left to us, Charles Lamb, we will not "clasp." We but close them gently, keeping, haply, an indicative finger between the pages, to meditate on one of the kindest and daintiest spirits in our English Literature.

Temple Bar.

AFTER WINTER.

In the flush of the glad spring weather
I wandered one last time more,
As we often had wandered together,
Thro' the woods to the wild sea-shore.

I thought of the ended caresses,
Of the kisses forgotten, grown cold
On sweet curling lips, and on tresses
Of beautiful serpentine gold;—

Of the vows that were made to be broken
When you had grown weary of me,
And of each little word you had spoken
As we stood that last time by the sea.

A sudden swift gleam, as of lightning,
Quivered keen through the leaves where I stood;
'Twas the sun on your golden hair bright'ning
As you passed to the sea by the wood;

A sprig of white may in your bosom,
One tress of your hair blown astray;
Oh you were the sweetest spring blossom
That bloomed in the woodland that day!

Your feet they flew faster and fleeter,
Far away in the distance I heard,
And your song in the silence was sweeter
Than the sweet spring song of a bird.

And I listened and longed at your laughter
As it rang thro' the dewy and sweet
Green leaves as they parted, and after
I followed with feverish feet.

And the ways were all golden with gladness,
And the light of the sun from above,
And the summer birds' musical madness
Made the forest-leaves quiver with love.

Like a sunbeam you stole down the vistas,
From the merry leaves dashing the dew,
Till an ivy-arm, soft as a sister's,
Entangled your waist as you flew;

And, laughing, you plucked at and tore it,
Then, hearing my footstep, you turned,
And your face lost its laughter, and o'er it
The beautiful bright blushes burned.

It might be the ivy was stronger
That morn in the middle of May;
You tore at its tendrils no longer,
But waited for me in the way.

Above us the singing bird fluttered
The wood was filled full of his rhyme,
The forest leaves murmured and muttered
To the tune of a tale of old time.

Before us the joyous sea thundered
Hoarse welcome and loud to the sun,
As we, that the winter had sundered,
Again by the spring were made one.

Birds were not light-hearted as we were!
After winter days ended and o'er,
Made one as the sun and the sea were;
Made one to be twain nevermore!

Many springs since that day have past over,
Many winters and summers have fled;
Many storms parted lover from lover,
Many years left their snows on each head;

Thro' changes of seasons and weather,
 Thro' years that divide and that rend,
 We wander forever together
 With May in our hearts to the end.

S.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE AVENGER.

"Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
 To mix the sweets and minister the urn."

SURELY nine o'clock was early enough for breakfast at this remote little inn on the top of the hill; and indeed, when we parted the night before, after our moonlight improvisation of *Fra Diavolo*, that was the hour agreed upon. Nine o'clock! Going down at a quarter past eight, with some notion that the Lieutenant might have sat up half the night consuming his wrath in the smoking of many cigars, and might now be still in bed, I heard voices. Sometimes there was a laugh—and no one who had once heard Bell's musical laugh could ever mistake it. When I went into the parlor which had been the Lieutenant's bed-room, I found that all traces of his occupation were gone: a fire was burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast tray was laid, and Bell sat at the open window, talking to Von Rosen himself, who was standing out on the pavement in the full blaze of the morning sunshine that now filled the main thoroughfare of Bourton-on-the-Hill.

Bell looks round with a startled air.

"My dear," I say to her, "traveling is doing you a world of good. Early rising is an excellent thing for young people."

"I did not know when you might want to start," says Bell gently, and rather averting her eyes—for which there was no reason whatever.

At this moment Queen Titania came down, looking brisk and cheerful, as she always does in the morning. She glanced at the fire, at the clean table, at Bell sitting by the window, and at the blaze of sunlight on the wall on the other side of the street. Apparently, this pleasant picture put her into an excellent humor, and she said to the Lieutenant, with one of her brightest looks—

"Well, have you been making discoveries this morning? Have you made the acquaintance of many people? Has Burton-on-the-Hill any thing peculiar about it?"

"Oh yes, Madame," said the Lieutenant, seriously, "something very singular, which you will not like to hear. This is an English village, in the middle of the country, and yet they never have any milk here—never. They can not get any. The farmers prefer to make butter, and they will not sell milk on any inducement."

"Why," said Tita, "that is the reason of our having no milk with our tea last evening. But is there no one the landlady can beg a little milk from?"

The Lieutenant looked at Bell, and that young lady endeavored to conceal a smile. They had evidently been speculating on Tita's dismay before we came down.

"The great farmer in the neighborhood," continued the Lieutenant, gravely, "is a Mrs. Phillips. I think she owns all the cattle—all the milk. I did send to her a polite message an hour ago, to ask if she would present us with a little of it—but no; there is no answer. At the moment that Mademoiselle came down, I was going up to Mrs. Phillips's farm, to get the milk for you, but Mademoiselle was too proud for that, and would not allow me to go, and said she would not take it now, since the woman had refused it."

"And how did you propose to overcome Mrs. Phillips's obstinacy?" asked Tita, who seemed possessed by a fear that sooner or later the predatory instincts of this Uhlan would get us into trouble.

"Oh, I do not know, but I should have got it some way," said the Lieutenant; and with that he held out a small book he had in his hand. "See! I have made more discoveries this morning. Here is a note-book I have found, of a young lady

at school, who has been staying, perhaps, at this house; and it has given me much amusement—oh, very much amusement, and instruction also. It is just the same as if I had been in the school with her, and she has told me all about her teachers, and the other girls, and all that. Shall I read some to you?"

"Now is it fair," said Bell, "to peep into a young lady's secrets like that?"

"But I have done so already," replied Von Rosen, coolly. "I have read it all—and now I will tell you some of it. First, there are addresses of friends—that is nothing. Then there are stitches of knitting—that is nothing, only the young lady seems correct and methodist—no, methodical, I should say. Then there are notes of lectures, and very much good information in them, oh, very good indeed—I am not surprised your English young ladies know very much. Let me see: '*Epic poetry we like, because they treat of great men and great actions. "Paradise Lost" admired for its noble language. Milton a Puritan. England receives solidity of character from the Puritans. Dryden and Byron are not read, although very great. Byron hated his own race—is not a good poet to read.*' This is very good instruction; but she hastens now to put down something about two other girls, who were perhaps at the lecture. She says: '*Shocking, impertinent, ill-bred creatures; my spirit recoils from them.*' Then there is a question addressed to her neighbor: '*Do you see how Miss Williams has got her hair done?*'"

Here Queen Titania protested against these revelations, and would have held out her hand for the book; but the Lieutenant only stepped back a few inches from the window, and said, seriously—

"There is much better information to come. Here she puts down in order the phrases which one of the masters has used to her class—polite phrases, she says, to use to ladies. 1. *You degrade yourselves.* 2. *How much more kitchen-maidism?* 3. *Simply offensive.* 4. *It shows how you have been brought up.* 5. *I will put a stop to this impertinence.* 6. *Silence, ladies!* 7. *Pretty conduct!* I am afraid he has had an unruly class. Then the young lady has a little piece of composition which I think is the beginning of a novel. She says: '*The summit of Camberwell Grove, which forms part of the lordly elevation*

known as Denmark Hill, is one of the most charming and secluded retreats around the great metropolis. Here, in the spring-time, groves of lindens put forth their joyous leaves, and birds of various colors flit through the branches, singing hymns of praise. On the one side the dreary city dwells behind an enchanted veil of trees; on the other, you pass into emerald fields, which stretch onward to the Arabian magnificence of the Crystal Palace. In this lofty and picturesque spot, Lord Arthur Beauregard was accustomed to pace, musing on the mystery and gloom which had enveloped him since he left the cradle.' There is no more of this very good story, but on the next page there is a curious thing. There are three lines all surrounded by a scroll, and do you know what is written?—'*A woman can do ANY THING with a man, by not contradicting him;*' and underneath the scroll is written, '*Don't I wish this was true? Helen M——.*' None of the rest is written so clearly as this——"

"Count Von Rosen, I will not listen to any more!" cried Tita. "It is most unfair of you to have been reading this young lady's confessions——"

"I get them in a public inn: I have the right have I not?" remonstrated the Lieutenant. "It is not for pleasure—it is for my instruction that I read. Oh, there are very strange things in this book."

"Pray give it to me," said Bell, quite gently.

He had refused to surrender it to my Lady; but the moment that Bell asked for it, he came forward and handed it in through the window. Then he came in to breakfast.

Little time was spent at breakfast; the sun was shining too brightly outside. We called for our bill, which was brought in. It was entitled "Bill of Fare." Our dinner of the previous evening was called tea, and charged at the rate of one shilling a head. Our breakfasts were one shilling each. Our bed-rooms were one shilling each. Any traveler, therefore, who proposes to stay at Bourton-on-the-Hill, can not do better than put up at the inn of W. Seth Dyde, especially as there is no other; and I heartily wish that he may enjoy something of the pleasant companionship, the moonlight, and the morning freshness that graced our sojourn on the top of this Worcestershire hill.

Then into the phaeton again, and away

we go through the white sunlight and the light morning breeze that is blowing about these lofty woods! There is a resinous odor in the air, coming from the furze and the ferns. The road glares in the sunlight. Overhead the still blue is scarcely flecked by a cloud; but all the same there is a prevailing coolness that makes the driving through the morning air delicious. It is a lonely country—this stretch of forest and field on the high level between Bourton and Broadway. We pass Bourton Clump, and leave Bourton Wood on the right. We skirt Upton Wold, and get on by Furze Heath. Then, all at once, the land in front of us seems to drop down; we come in sight of an immense stretch of blue plain, from which the thin mists of the morning have not wholly risen. We are on the top of the famous Broadway Hill.

By the side of the road there is a strange, old-fashioned little building, which is apparently a wayside chapel. Count von Rosen jumps down to have a look at this odd relic of our former Catholicism, which has remained on the summit of this hill for several centuries. He can discover nothing but a sign which tells that this sacred edifice now contains wines, spirits, and beer; so he comes back, and goes up to the corner of a field opposite, where a middle-aged man, surrounded by some young folks, is making hay. In the utter stillness of the place, we can hear all the questions and answers. The small building is not so very old; it never was a church. The stones there mark the boundary between Gloucester and Worcester. The view from this place is considered unrivaled for extent; you can see the black Sandy Mountains on a very clear day.

"Indeed!" says the Count. "Where are they, the mountains you speak of?"

"I don't know, sir—I've heerd tell on 'em—I never wur theear."

Going down this steep hill Tita looks anxious. A bad stumble, and we should go rolling over the little wall into the ravine beneath. One has a far-off reminiscence of Switzerland in watching the horses hanging back from the pole in this fashion, while every bend of the road seems more precipitous than its predecessor. Then we get down to the plain, rattle through the level and straggling village of Broadway, and drive into the fields

again, where the sun is lying warmer than it was up over the top of the hill.

There is a small boy in a smock-frock sitting underneath the hedge, whittling a stick, while a shepherd's dog lies on the grass beside him.

"Evesham?" calls out the Count, as we pass, merely because there has been a little doubt about the road.

"Naw, zir," was the answer, uttered with a fine *sang-froid*.

Of course we pull up directly.

"Isn't this the way to Evesham?" I ask.

"Yaas, zir," says the boy, coolly looking up from his stick, but sitting still.

"This is the way to Evesham?"

"Yaas, zir."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Naw, zir."

"He is a very cautious boy," says the Lieutenant, as we drive on; "a very cautious boy indeed."

"If he had been asked properly at first, says Bell, with great gravity, "he would have given a proper answer. But when you say 'Evesham?' of course the boy tells you this is not Evesham."

Evesham, when we did get to it, was found to be a very bright, clean, and lively little town, with the river Avon, slowly gliding through flat meadows, forming a sort of loop around it. In the quaint streets a good amount of business seemed to be going on; and as we put up at the Crown, and went off for a brief ramble through the place, we found quite an air of fashion in the costume of the young ladies and the young gentlemen whom we met. But the latter, although they had copied very accurately the Prince of Wales's dress of the previous year, and had very stiff collars and prominent canes, had an odd look of robust health in their cheeks, which showed they were not familiar with Piccadilly and the Park; while the former, although they were very pretty and very neatly attired, ought not to have turned and pretended to look into the shop-windows in order to have a look at Bell's pretty gray dress and hat, and at Queen Titania's more severe, but no less graceful costume. But Evesham does not often entertain two angels unawares; and some little curiosity on the part of its inhabitants may be forgiven.

The people of Evesham are not much given to boating on the Avon; and so—

postponing our usual river excursion until we should reach the Severn—Bell besought us to go into a photographer's establishment, and make experiments with our appearance. The artist in question lived in a wooden house on wheels; and there were specimens of his handiwork nailed up outside. Our entrance apparently surprised the photographer, who seemed a little nervous, and perhaps was a trifle afraid that we should smile at his efforts in art. But surely nothing could be more kindly than Bell's suggestions to him and her conversation with him; for she, as a "professional" herself, conducted the negotiations and arranged the groups. The artist, charmed to see that she knew all about his occult processes, and that she was withal a very courteous and kindly visitor, became almost too confidential with her, and began to talk to her of us three as if we were but blocks of wood and of stone to be played with as these two *savants* chose. Of the result of the various combinations into which we were thus forced, little need be said. Queen Titania came out very well; her pale, dark, clear-cut face telling in every picture, and even making us forget the tawdry bit of brass and the purple velvet of the frame. As for the rest of us, a journey is not a good time to have one's portrait taken. The flush of healthy color produced by the wind, and by much burning of the sun, may look very well on the natural face, but is apt to produce a different effect on glass.

The Lieutenant, for example, roared with laughter when he saw himself transfigured into a ferocious bandit, with a great black beard, a dark face, and two white holes where his eyes should have been. But the moment he had laughed out, he caught sight of Bell's face. The young lady looked very much vexed, and her eyes were cast down. Instantly the young man said, loud enough for the photographer to hear—

"I do seem to myself very ridiculous in this English costume. When you are used to uniforms for a very long time, and all at once get into this common dress, you think yourself some other person, and you can not help laughing at the appearance yourself makes."

Bell's eyes said "Thank you" as plainly as eyes could speak; and then she paid a very grave and gentle compliment to the

artist, whom we left beaming over with pride and gratitude towards the young lady.

"To go flirting with a traveling photographer!" says Queen Tita, as we go in to luncheon; "for shame, Bell!"

"No, it was only Mademoiselle's good nature to the poor man," replies the Lieutenant, with an unnecessary tone of earnest protest. "I do think he is the very happiest person in Evesham to-day—that he has not been so happy for many a day."

"I think the portraits are very good," said Bell, bravely, "if you consider how he has to work."

"Now you know you can't excuse yourself, Bell," says my Lady. "You paid him compliments that would have turned any man's head; and as for the truth of them—or rather the unblushing perversion of truth in them——"

But at this moment Tita happened to be passing Bell's chair, and she put her hand very gently on the young lady's head, and patted her cheek—a little caressing action which said more than a thousand protestations of affection.

Our setting out for Worcester was rather a dismal business. Were we school-children who had been playing truant, that we should regard with apprehension a return to town? Or were Bell's vague fears contagious? In vain the Lieutenant sought to cheer her. She knew, and we all of us knew, that if Arthur Ashburton chose to come and ask to see her, nothing could be easier than for him to discover our whereabouts. He was aware of our route, and had been told the names of the principal towns at which we should stop. A party of four arriving from London in a phaeton is not a customary occurrence, and a brief inquiry at the chief hotels in any town would be likely to give him all the information he required.

Then, as we afterwards discovered, Bell had returned no answer to the letter he had sent to Oxford. She had been too much hurt, and had forborne to reply in kind. Who does not know the distracting doubts and fears that an unanswered letter—when one is at a certain age in life—may conjure up, and the terrible suspense that may prompt to the wildest action? We seemed to share in Bell's dismay. The Lieutenant, however, was light-hearted enough, and as he relinquished

his attempts to break the silence, he sent the horses on at a good pace, and hummed to himself broken snatches of a ballad, and talked caressingly to Castor and Pollux.

When we were a few miles from Evesham, without having seen anywhere a glimpse of the obelisk that stands on the famous Evesham plain, it occurred to us that we might as well ask if we were on the proper road. There seemed a curious quietness and picturesqueness about the wooded lanes through which we were driving in the calm of the twilight. At length we reached a turnpike at the corner of several unfrequented paths, and here an old lady was contentedly sewing, while her assistant, a pretty little girl of thirteen, collected the threepenny-pieces. Well, we had only come about five miles out of our route. Instead of going by Pershore, we had struck away northward, and were now in a labyrinth of country lanes, by any of which we might make our way along through the still landscape to Worcester. Indeed, we had no cause to regret this error. The out-of-the-way road that runs by Flyford Flavell and Broughton Hackett proved to be one of the pleasantest we had traversed. In the clear twilight we found ourselves driving through a silent and picturesque district, the only life visible in which was the abundant game. The partridges that were dusting themselves in the road before us did not get up and disappear with a strong, level, low flight toward some distant field, but walked sedately into the grass by the roadside, and then passed through the hedge. We saw several pheasants calmly standing at the outskirts of the woods. The plump little rabbits ran about like mice around the fences. The sound of the phaeton wheels was the only noise heard in this peaceful solitude; and as we drove on, the dusk grew apace, and the movements of bird and beast were no longer visible.

Then a new twilight arose—a faint, clear light shining up from below the horizon, and we knew that the moon would speedily be glimmering through the black branches of the woods. The hamlets we passed showed streaks of red within their windows. There were glow-worms in the road—points of blue fire in the vague darkness. Then we drove into the gloom of the avenues of Spetchley Park; and finally, with still another glare appearing in the sky—this time a ruddy hue like the

reflection of a great fire—we got nearer and nearer to the busy town, and at last heard the horses' feet clattering on a stone street.

The thoroughfares of Worcester were busy on this Saturday night; but at length we managed to make our way through the people and vehicles up to the Star Hotel. We drove into the spacious archway, and passed into the hall while the people were bringing in our luggage. The Lieutenant was, as usual, busy in giving orders about every thing, when the head waiter came up and begged to know my name. Then he presented a card.

"The gentleman is staying at the 'Crown.' Shall I send him a message, sir?"

"No," says Tita, interposing; "I will write a note, and ask him to come round to dinner—or supper, which ever it ought to be called."

"Oh, has Arthur come?" says Bell, quite calmly.

"So it appears, my dear," says Queen Titania; and as she utters the words, she finds that Van Rosen has come up and has heard.

"All right," he says cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure to have a visitor at dinner, Madame, will it not? It is a pity we can not take him any further with us when we start on Monday; but I suppose he has come on business to Worcester?"

The Lieutenant took the matter very coolly. He handed Bell and Tita upstairs to look after the disposal of their effects; and then came into the dining-room to see what arrangements had been made about dinner.

"If he behaves himself, that is very well and good. You must treat him civilly. But if not—if he is foolish and disagreeable, why——"

The Lieutenant did not say what would happen then. He bethought himself of the horses, and strode away down into the darkness of the yard humming lightly, "Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck, an meine grüne Seite!" He was evidently in no warlike mood.

CHAPTER XI.

APEMANTUS AT THE FEAST.

"Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe:

"And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye;
'Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carrye that ladye awaye!'"

"My dear," I say to Queen Titania, as she is fastening a rose in her hair before going down to dinner, "pray remember that Arthur Ashburton is 'also a vertebrate animal.' He has done nothing monstrous or inhuman in paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit?" says Tita, impatiently. "If he had come to see me, I should not care. But you know that he has come to pick a quarrel with Bell; and that she is likely to grant him every thing he asks; and, if she does not, there will be infinite trouble and vexation. I consider it most provoking—and most thoughtless and inconsiderate on his part—to thrust himself upon us in this way."

"And yet, after all," I say, as she fastens on a bracelet which was given her nearly twenty years ago now, "is there any thing more natural? A young man is in love with a young woman——"

"It is his own fault," she interposes.

"Perhaps. So much the worse. He ought all the more to have your compassion, instead of your indignant scorn. Well, she leaves his charming society to go off on a wild rampage through the country. A possible rival accompanies her. The young man is torn asunder with doubts and fears. He writes to her. She does not answer. His anxiety becomes a madness; and forthwith he sets off in pursuit of her. Is there any thing in all this to brand him as an outcast from humanity?"

"Why, look at the folly of it! If the girl had proper spirit, would it not drive her into refusing him altogether?"

"Foolish, my dear, yes! but not criminal. Now the whole of you seem to look on Arthur as a monster of wickedness, because he is anxious to marry the girl he is fond of."

My Lady alters the disposition of the thin tracery of silvery cord which runs through the dark masses of her hair, and as she thus manages to shelve the subject, she says—

"I suppose we shall have a pleasant time at dinner. Arthur will be fiercely amusing. Plenty of sarcasm going about. Deadly looks of hatred. Jokes as heavy as that one Bell talks of—that was carried

to the window by four men, and killed a policeman when it tumbled over."

My Lady is gently reminded that this story was told of a German before the date of Bell's conversion; whereupon she answers coolly—

"Oh, I do not suppose that Count Von Rosen is like all Germans. I think he is quite an exception—a very creditable exception. I know I have never met any one the least like him before."

"But heroes were not common in your county, were they?"

"They were in yours," says Tita, putting her arm within mine, and speaking with the most gracious sweetness; "and that was why they took no notice of you."

We go downstairs. At the head of the large dining-room, in front of the fireplace, a young man is standing. He has a timetable in his hand, which he is pretending to read, and his hat is on his head. He hastily removes that most important part of an Englishman's attire, when my Lady enters the room, and then he comes forward with a certain apprehension and embarrassed look on his face. If he had been growing nervous about his reception, there was nothing, at all events, to be feared from Queen Titania, who would have welcomed the * * * himself with an effusive courtesy, if only she had regarded it as her duty.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, her whole face lighting up with a gladness which amazed even me, who am accustomed to watch her ways, "I am really delighted to see you. How good of you to come and spend the evening with us on so short a notice. I hope we have not taken you away from any other engagement?"

"No," says the young man, apparently very much touched by this kindness, "and—and—it is I who ought to apologize for breaking in on you like this."

"Then you will spend to-morrow with us also?" says my Lady, quite pleasantly. Indeed, there is nothing like facing the inevitable with a good grace.

"Yes," says Arthur, rather humbly, "if you think I'm not intruding."

"Why, your coming will be quite a relief. I should never have forgiven you if you had been in our neighborhood without coming to see us."

You might think that this little speech was of the nature of a fib. But it was not, just at that moment. When people are

absent, Tita is about as cool, and accurate, and severe in her judgment of them as any woman can be; and she is not disinclined to state her opinion. But once they come near her—and especially if she has to play the part of hostess, and entertain them—the natural and exuberant kindness of the woman drives her into the most curious freaks of unconscious hypocrisy. Half an hour before she had been talking of Arthur in a way that would have considerably astonished that young man, if he had known; and had been looking forward with dismay and vexation to all the embarrassments of his visit. Now, however, that he was there

thrown on her mercy as it were—she showed him a quite inordinate kindness, and that in the most honest way in the world. A couple of minutes sufficed to convince Arthur that he had at least one firm friend in our household.

—He began to look anxiously toward the door. Presently, a voice that he knew pretty well was heard outside; and then—ominous conjunction!—the Lieutenant and Bell entered together. Von Rosen had held the door open for his companion, so that Bell advanced first toward our visitor. Her face was quite calm and a trifle reserved; and yet every one could see that as she shook hands with the young man, there was a timid, half-concealed look of pleasure and welcome in her eyes. He, on his part, was gloomily ceremonious. He scarcely took any notice of the greeting which the Lieutenant carelessly addressed to him. He accompanied us over to the table, and took a seat on the right hand of Tita, with a silence that portended evil. We were likely to have a pleasant evening.

Had he possessed a little more worldly prudence or *savoir faire*, he would now have made some light excuse for his being present. He ought, for form's sake, to have given us to understand that, as he was obliged to be in Oxford, he had come on by rail to pay us a visit. But as it was, no explanation was forthcoming. Our Ape-mantus had apparently dropped from the skies. He looked very uncomfortable, and replied in monosyllables to the various and continuous remarks that Tita addressed to him. He had never spoken to Bell, who sat next him, and who was herself silent. Indeed, the constraint and embarrassment from which she was suffering began to vex the Lieutenant, who strove in

vain to conquer it by every means in his power.

The barometer steadily fell. The atmosphere grew more and more gloomy, until a storm of some sort was inevitable. The anxious efforts of Queen Tita to introduce some cheerfulness were touching to see; and as for Bell, she joined in the talk about our journey, and what we had seen, in a series of disconnected observations that were uttered in a low and timid tone, as if she was afraid to draw down lightning from the thunder-clouds. Lieutenant von Rosen had at first addressed a word or two to our guest; but finding the labor not productive, he had dropped him entirely out of the conversation. Meanwhile Arthur had drunk a glass or two of sherry. He was evidently nettled at finding the Lieutenant almost monopolizing attention; for Tita herself had given up in despair, and was content to listen. Von Rosen was speaking as usual of the differences between English and German ways, and social aims, and what not, until at last he drifted into some mention of the Republican phenomenon that had recently been manifested in this country.

Now what conceivable connection is there between the irritation of an anxious lover and Republicanism? Master Arthur had never alarmed any of us by professing wild opinions on that subject or on any other. We never knew that the young man had any political views, beyond a sort of nebulous faith in the Crown and the Constitution. Consider, therefore, our amazement when, at this moment, he boldly and somewhat scornfully announced himself a Democrat, and informed us that the time was come for dismissing old superstitions and destroying the last monopolies of feudalism. There would be a heavy account to settle with the aristocracy that had for generations made laws to secure its own interests, and tied up the land of the country so that an idle population had to drift into the big towns and become paupers. All this was over. New times were at hand. England was ripe for a new revolution; and wo to them that tried to stem the tide!

The explanation of which outburst was merely this—that Arthur was so angry and impatient with the state of things immediately around him, that he was possessed with a wild desire to upset and destroy something. And there is nothing so easy

pset and destroy, in rhetoric, as the political basis of this country.

Bell, we looked at the lad. His face still aglow; and there was something triumphant as well as of fierceness in it. Hero of the old Silesian song, when sweetheart has forgotten the vows she made, and the ring she gave him is broken off, would like to rush away into battle, sleep by camp-fires, under the still moon. But nothing half so ordinary would suit our fire-eater, who, because he could very well kill a Prussian lieutenant, needs attack the British Crown. Was any one of us four inclined to resent a burst of sham heroics? Was there not something of the desperation of wretches that was far more entitled to awaken compassion? Had Arthur been less in the heat he would have been more prudent. He controlled his emotions in that admirable fashion with which most of our young gentlemen now-a-days seem to settle the business of choosing a wife, he did not have made himself absurd. He was something almost pitiable in his wild, incoherent, ridiculous effort of a young man to do or say something striking and picturesque before the eyes of a girl whose affections he feared were drifting from him.

The Lieutenant, to whom this outbreak was particularly addressed, took the affair very good-naturedly. He said, with a

—
Do you know who will be the most pointed, if you should have a Republic in England? Why, the Republicans are very anxious for it just now. Perhaps some of them are very respectable—yes, I believe that; but if I am not wrong, the men who make the great fuss about it in your nation are not like that. Actors—is not that what you call them?

If you have England a Republic, do you think the government of the country will be given to those noisy persons of the present? No—that is not possible, I think. When the Republic comes, if it does come—and I do not know how much force his demonstration—all your great men, your well-educated men, your men of good education and good breeding and good feeling will all come forward, as they do now, to show that the country is properly governed. What will become of the present Republicans, who are angry because they cannot get into Parliament, and who wish for

a change that they may become great persons? When you take away the Crown, they will not all be kings, I think. There is too much of good sense in this country, and of public spirit, that makes your best men give up their own comfort to look after the government—and so it will be then."

"I hope there will be no violent change in our time, at least," said Queen Tita.

"Madame is anxious about the Church, I know," remarked the Lieutenant, with great gravity; but he looked at Bell, and Bell could not altogether conceal a smile. Arthur, watching them both, noticed that little bit of private understanding; and the gloom on his face visibly deepened.

This must be said, however, that when an embarrassing evening is unavoidable, a dinner is the best method of tiding it over. The various small incidents of the feast supply any ominous gaps in the conversation; and there is, besides, a thawing influence in good meat and drink which the fiercest of tempers finds it hard to withstand. After the ebullition about Republicanism, Arthur had quieted somewhat. By the time we had got down to the sweets, and perhaps with the aid of a little champagne—the lad never drank much at any time, I ought to say—his anger had become modified into a morose and sentimental melancholy; and when he did manage to speak to Bell, he addressed her in a wistful and pathetic manner, as if she were some one on board a vessel and he saw her gradually going away from him, her friends, and her native land. One little revelation, nevertheless, comforted him greatly; and lovers apt to magnify their misfortunes will note that he might have enjoyed this solace long before if only he had exercised the most ordinary frankness.

"You got a letter I sent you to Oxford, I suppose?" he said, with a studied carelessness.

"Yes," said Bell, with a little conscious color in her face, as she bent down her eyes.

"I am glad I had the chance of seeing you to-night," he continued, with the same effort of self-possession, "because I—I fancied you might be unwell—or some accident had happened—since you did not send the telegram I begged of you."

Here an awful moment of silence intervened. Every body trembled for Bell's re-

ply, which might provoke the catastrophe we had been seeking to postpone.

"It was only yesterday forenoon I got your letter," Bell says, apparently feeling the silence uncomfortable; and—and I meant to have answered it to-night——"

"Oh, you were going to answer it?" he says, with his face suddenly getting bright.

"Yes," she says, looking up with some surprise. "You did not suppose I wouldn't answer it?"

In fact, that was just what he had supposed, considering that she had been grievously offended by the tone of his letter.

"I meant to have let you know how we all were, and how far we had got," says Bell, conveying an intimation that this sort of letter might be sent by any body to any body.

Nevertheless, Arthur greatly recovered himself after this assurance. She had not broken off with him, after all. He explained that the letter must have been delayed on the way, or she would have got it the day before. He drank another glass of champagne, and said, with a laugh, that he had meditated surprising us, but that the design had failed, for every one seemed to have expected him.

"I only came down this afternoon; and I suppose I must go back on Monday," he remarked, ruefully.

This looked so very like a request for an invitation that I was bound to offer him a seat in the phaeton, if he did not mind a little discomfort. You should have seen the look of amazement and indignation which my lady darted across the table at this moment. Fortunately, Arthur did not notice it. He said he was very much obliged—he feared he would have to return—if he went with us for a day or two, he would inconvenience us sadly—but he would consider it before Monday morning.

After dinner, Von Rosen got up and proposed that he and I should go down to the billiard-room—which is in the end of the building abutting on the stable-yard—and smoke a cigar. Surely, generosity could go no further. Arthur looked surprised, and wore quite a pleasant smile on his face when we rose and left.

But perhaps it was merely selfishness that caused our Uhlan to leave the field; for as we two went down the passage, and made our way up to the spacious room, he said—

"I am rather sorry for mademoiselle. She does not seem to be very glad to meet her old friend—perhaps because he is not in a good temper. That is why I did say we should go and play billiards—there will be a chance of explanation—and tomorrow he will be all right. It is foolish of him to be disagreeable. All this time of dinner, I was thinking to myself how well he might make himself agreeable if he only wished—with knowing all the polite phrases with ease, and being able to talk without thinking. For me, that is different, you know. I am bound in by stupid limits; and when I think to say something nice to any one—then I stop because I know nothing of the words—just like at a wall."

He sent the red ball up and down the table in rather a peevish manner; he felt that Arthur had an advantage perhaps.

"But you talk English remarkably well."

"But I have remarked that you English always say that to a foreigner, and will not tell him when he is wrong. I know I am often wrong—and always about your past tenses—your '*was loving*' and '*did love*,' and '*loved*,' and like that; and I believe I am very wrong with always saying '*do*' and '*did*,' for I studied to give myself free speaking English many years ago, and the book I studied with was '*Pepys' Diary*,' because it is all written in the first person, and by a man of good station. Now I find you do not say '*I did think*,' but '*I thought*,' only it is very hard to remember. And as for pronunciation, I know I am very wrong."

Well, he certainly had marked forms of pronunciation, which I have considered it unnecessary to reproduce in recording his talk. He said '*I hef*' for '*I have*,' and '*a goot shawl*' for '*a good shot*.' He also made occasional blunders in accent, through adopting the accent of the Latin word from which the English word is derived. But what were such trifles to the main fact that he could make himself understood?

"But this is very strange," he said; "how much more clearly Mademoiselle speaks than any English lady, or any English person I have known yet. It is very remarkable to me, how I have great difficulty to follow people who talk like as if they had several tongues rolling in their mouth—and others speak very fast—and others let the ends of the words slide away—but Miss Bell, she is always clear, distinct, and very plea-

sant to hear, and then she never speaks very loud as most of your people do to a foreigner."

"Perhaps," I say, "there is a reason for Bell's clearness of speech."

"Why?"

"Perhaps she takes pains to be very distinct in talking to you, while she manages not to show it. Perhaps other people can notice that she speaks with a little more deliberation to you than to any one else."

Von Rosen was obviously much struck.

"Is that possible?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder. "I have not noticed that she did talk slow to me."

"No—she conceals it admirably; but all the same such is the fact. It is not so much slowness as a sort of careful precision of pronunciation that she affects—and you ought to be very grateful for such consideration."

"Oh, I think it is very good of her—very good indeed—and I would thank her for it——"

"Don't do that, or you will have no more of it. And at present my Lady is catching up a trick of talking in the same way."

"It is very kind," said the Lieutenant, turning to the table with rather a thoughtful manner. "You would not have expected a young girl like that to be so reflective of other people."

Then he broke the balls; and by fair strength of arm screwed the white into the corner pocket. Nobody was more astonished than himself, except the marker. It was, indeed, the first losing hazard he had ever made; never having played before on a table with pockets. His next stroke was not so successful; and so he consoled himself with lighting a Partaga about eight inches in length.

"At all events," he continued, "your language has not the difference of '*Sie*' and '*du*,' which is a great advantage. Oh, it is a very perplexing thing sometimes. Suppose you do know a young lady very well, and you have agreed with her in private you shall always call each other '*du*,' and then before other people you call her '*Sie*'—it is very hard not to call her '*du*,' by mistake, and then every one jumps up, and stares at you, and all the secret is known. That is a very terrible thing."

"And please what is the interesting ceremony with which you drink *brüderschaft* with a young lady? The same as usual?

—a large jug of beer—your arms entwined——"

"No—no—no!" he cried. "It is all a mystery. You shall not know any thing of that. But it is very good—it is a pleasant thing—to have a *brüderschaft* with a young lady—although you drink no beer, and have no ceremonies about it."

"And what did Fräulien Fallersleben's mamma say when you called her daughter '*du*' by mistake?"

The large empty room resounded with the Lieutenant's laughter.

"That is a good guess—oh! a very good guess—but not just good enough. For it was she who did call me '*du*,' and all the people were surprised—and then some did laugh—but she herself—oh! she was very angry with herself, and with me too, and for some time she called me '*Sie*' even when we were together, until it was like to be a quarrel. But one more quarrel," added the Lieutenant, with indifference, "was not much matter. It was usually one every day—and then writing of sorrowful letters at the night—and next morning some reconciliation——*Sackerment!* what is the use of talking of all that nonsense!"

And then once more the ball flew about the table; finally lodging in a pocket, and scoring three for a miss. Indeed, our Uhlan was not at home with our big English tables, their small balls, pointed cues, and perpetual pockets. Even when he got a good chance of a cannon, the smallness of the balls caused him to fail entirely. But he had a very excellent cigar. It was something to be away from the embarrassment that had prevailed at dinner. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed a certain sense of austere self-satisfaction in having left to Arthur full possession of the field. On the whole he enjoyed himself very well; and then, our cigars being finished, we had a final look at the horses, and then returned to the coffee-room.

"I am afraid," said Von Rosen, with some alarm, "we have been negligent of our duties."

Master Arthur had left some half-hour before. The ladies had retired. Only one or two of the heaviest toppers were left in the bar-parlor; the waiters looked as if they considered their week's work fairly over.

"Tell me," said my Prussian friend, as he got his candle, "is that young gentleman coming round here to-morrow?"

"Probably he is."

"Do you not think, then, it would be good to hire a vehicle and go away somewhere for a drive all the day before he comes?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Do you fancy you would get either Bell or my Lady to go driving on Sunday? Don't you propose such a thing, if you are wise. There is a Cathedral in this town; and the best thing you can do is to study its history and associations early in the morning. You will have plenty of time to think over them to-morrow, inside the building itself."

"Oh, I do not object to that," he remarked, coolly, as he went upstairs, "and I do not care to have too much driving—it is only to prevent Mademoiselle being annoyed, as I think she was at dinner this evening—that is all. I suppose we may go for a walk to-morrow after the church-time? And he will come? Very well, he will not harm me, I am sure; but—but it is a pity—that is all."

And with this somewhat mysterious conclusion, the Lieutenant disappeared toward his own room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIVALS.

"When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

"If we could only get over this one day,"—that was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined; but he was coming round to go with us to the Cathedral. Thereafter, every thing to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her that this day was but as another day; and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my Lady, firmly, "you can not do any thing so imprudent as press him to accompany us further on our journey."

"Can not the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it can not, comfortably. But that is not the question. For my own

part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humor him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood; but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury—or Chester—or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong; and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The Lieutenant, as we hurriedly dispatched breakfast—for we were rather late—gave us his usual report.

"A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river; and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank, among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn, when you get further down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the Cathedral. This is a great day at the Cathedral, they say—a Chief Sheriff of the county, I think they call him, is living at this hotel, and he is going, and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke, two resplendent creatures, in gray and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in color and gilded, advanced to the archway of the hotel, with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the King approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door; the High Sheriff had gone to the Cathedral; while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sound-

ed every time he leaves the hotel?" said the Lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then, why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a High Sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment, Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner, than when we last saw him; the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my Lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur; but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the Cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the High Sheriff; and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the High Sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir, beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the distant and plaintive chanting of the boys—then the richer tones of the bass came in—and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano, that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distantly through the great building. I

knew what would occur then. Somehow Tita managed to slip away from us, and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down, and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother, to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she listens to a choir singing that she can not see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after, she has been haunted by the sound of that voice, as if it had brought her a message from the other world—as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the Cathedral when the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavored to keep herself out of sight; while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains of the old Cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighborhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building; while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh grass, and on the ivied walls about, lit up the flaky red surface of the

old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the Lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate: "On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happened on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks, and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place; but how could we help it? My Lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the Lieutenant, and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream; Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them, and honors us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my Lady says to him; but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have embraced Mormonism, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done any thing else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humors and perversities—her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds, and covered with thick growths of bushes. A gray shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream

and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp and black against the light green of the meadows behind; and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hill along the horizon. Then the various boats—a group of richly-colored cattle in the fields—a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the Lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replied Tita, "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do, we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my Lady, gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then, he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita, with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

Master Arthur went on to add—

"I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons; and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my Lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But

is point the Lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my Lady a question; and she also stopped and turned, Tita says to me, with an air of infinite amusement—“We have not quarreled yet, Count von Rosen?”

“I hope not, Madame,” says our Uhlan, respectfully.

“Because,” she continued, with a little smile, “Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being mixed up so much into each other’s company.”

“I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society,” says the Lieutenant.

“Of course I did not refer particularly to you,” said Arthur, coldly. “There are men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are surrounded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied.”

“And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied,” says the Lieutenant, cheerfully enough, “and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to yourself. I think, sir, when you are as old as I am and have been over the world as I have, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied.”

“I hope my experience of the world,” says Arthur, with a certain determination of tone, “will not be gained by receiving a bayonet to be sent to invade a foreign country—”

“Oh, Count von Rosen,” says Bell, to attract his attention.

“Mademoiselle!” he says, turning in towards her, although he had heard no word of Arthur’s speech.

“Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the bank of the water?”

And so they walked on once more; and went further away from the city—with the mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the greenness of the country, where the path by the riverside lay through deep woods.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech of his sweetheart, and he found her walking through the meadows with somebody else. No wonder a young fellow not confident of his own position, and unused to be rather nervous and anxious, should suffer this with equanimity; but it was a question how far it was his fault.

“Why don’t you go and talk to Bell?” says my Lady to him, in a low voice.

“Oh, I don’t care to thrust my society on any one,” he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. “There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance—I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning in every thing. What are those lines of Pope’s—

“‘O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord!’”

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title.”

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers; and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking we heard in front seemed to say that the “gentle belle” had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the Lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks, if they had but had eyes for any thing but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colors that lay around. The Lieutenant—imperturbable, easy in manner, and very attentive to her—was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that might by chance miss him and glance by towards her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk. Tita afterward declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern hills. Along the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were gray and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite; while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves—colored in deep chocolate-brown—down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And as we sat

there and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there glided into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gayly bedizened barge that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of color down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge stole away up and through that world of soft greenness that lay under the shadow of the opposite bank; and then the horse, and rope, and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw then no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention, and secured silence. When it was gone the Lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur, and said—

“Do you go back to London to-morrow?”

“I don’t know,” said the young man, gloomily.

“It is such a pity you can’t come with us, Arthur,” says Bell, very gently as if begging for a civil reply.

“I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well,” he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

“We have hitherto,” she says, looking down; “the weather has been so good—and—and the scenery was so pleasant—and—and——”

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little knowing that he was affording her such relief.

“I don’t think you have chosen the right road,” he remarked. “The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of any one going to Scotland this way.”

“Why,” says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, “that is the very reason we chose it.”

“I have been thinking for some time,” he says coldly, “of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland.”

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves, and said nothing; but Bell, having less skepticism about her, immediately cried out—

“Oh, Arthur, don’t do that, it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself.”

But the young man saw that his pro-

posal—I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very minute—had produced an effect; and treated it as a definite resolve.

“At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us further on, where the roads join,” says Bell.

“No, I am not so mad as to go your way,” he replied with an air of disdain. “I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about.”

“And pray,” I venture to ask him, “are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but by York and Berwick? Why, over the whole country there is a network of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh.”

“I am not so sure that I shall go alone,” he said, quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

“Do you know much of the management of horses?” says the Lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

“Arthur is in the volunteer artillery—the field artillery, do they call it?—and of course he has to manage horses,” explains my Lady.

“Oh, you are a volunteer?” said the Lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. “That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service.”

“But we don’t like compulsion here,” says Arthur, bluntly.

“That,” retorts the Lieutenant with a laugh, “is why you are at present a very ill-educated country.”

“At all events,” says Arthur, rather hotly, “we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way.”

“Oh, you do talk of Prussia,” said the

Count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well for all that: and if we have a despotic government, which I do not think, it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and, if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army, and get small pay, instead of going abroad like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur, proudly, "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."

"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years—and they go away into barrack life—and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic—which is the worst that can happen in a battle—and they will not skulk away, or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer—to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger, because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments with the same amount of instruction, I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances—and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night—and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commences. But your city volunteers—they have not yet got any thing like the

training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur, "that if there was to be an invasion of this country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be——"

"Ah, but that is a great mistake you make," says the Lieutenant, taking no notice of the challenge; "our soldiers are not of any single class—they are from all classes, from all towns, and villages, and cities alike—much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have some more drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense—but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?"

"No, we are not afraid of it——" says Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

"Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home."

"There would be amusement of another sort going," says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown—being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river—but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my Lady's bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment; and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester; her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The Lieutenant willfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of Volunteer service—and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us, in rather an embarrassed way. Bell's looks are cast down; Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most common-

place affairs. But at the first stile we go through, they manage to fall behind; and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the banks of the broad stream.

"Well, we have got so far over the day!" said my Lady, with a sigh. "But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us."

"Is it necessary, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him!"

"I am afraid he has been very rude to you," said Tita, with some show of compunction.

"To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever; but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to Mademoiselle and yourself by—by what shall I say?—not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?"

"I don't know," was the reply, uttered in rather a low voice. "But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now."

You see, that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth—as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur's point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country; finds himself "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him, and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, think of the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then as he walks home with her, he finds her, as we afterwards learn,

annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blunder to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who can not suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy, he endeavors to asperse the character of the Lieutenant—he is like other officers—every one knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are—what is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defense of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the Lieutenant's reputation—and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still, and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey——

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and suspicions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My Lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven; so that during the interval he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress; conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary traveling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes, Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned.

"Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face; the Lieutenant scowled; and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange! If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again—just by way of amusement before

lunch—you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was; and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal; and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning; but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation; but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing; but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfill his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night, something was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the most charming scenery. And when, that same night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man who, after seeing us drive away again into the country, and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[*Note.*—I find that the remarks which Queen Titania appended to the foregoing pages when they were written, have since been torn off; and

I can guess the reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called “the Dukeries.” It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate: “*Sir, I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way; but I am anxious to know whether you really do think living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for raillery and amusement. My object in writing to you is to say that, if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys’ ears, and talking of whipping, it would have been better not to have made your extraordinary complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages, and saying that that is how a reasonable husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ————*”

By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table; and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colors on the paper, took it up. With some dismay, I watched her read it. She laid it down—stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous—then she suddenly fled into the haven she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, “Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?” You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. “But we ought to have known,” she said. “Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys’ ears! Why, you know that even in the Magazine it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when every body was in good spirits about going away—and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother, and a bad wife, and I don’t know what! I—I—I will get Bell to draw a portrait of her, and put it in an exhibition—that would serve her right.” And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through that gabbling old lady in Notts; and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

(To be continued.)

St. Paul's.

OUR DINNERS.

PREPARING TO EAT.

THE English can not eat. They devour, they consume, they absorb; but the science of eating is beyond them—the manner mars the meal—the Beast is in too close proximity to the Beauty. The thought of a fair-faced ogress is always painful. There is something uncanny about beauty that is not, through and through, beautiful; a lovely woman who beats her children and servants, who indulges in oaths, or who devours unclean things, is an anomaly and a contradiction in terms. Only the beauty that springs from a gracious nature and gentle habits can ever really refine and beautify life. *A propos*, then, of our dinners, need I add that we must modify our vampire-like mode of eating?

We must eat, as we must dress, and there are a hundred ways of doing either. But, at any rate, what is done ought to be done well. For action good or bad has a definite influence upon character. And so dress will affect the mind, quite apart from the question whether it fits us, or becomes us, or keeps us warm, or otherwise fulfills the purpose for which it was put on. A sudden ribbon, a new style of arranging the hair, will sometimes change one's whole tone of thought and feeling, and even in some unintelligible way give a new zest to one's work. In like manner we all know how a dull appetite may be sharpened by the mode in which the food is dressed. A dish that looks pretty is more tempting than one more coarsely prepared, though the two may consist of the same materials. Moreover, the style of dressing one's body, or of feeding it, may lower or raise the tone of mind, and thus may be said to have a certain moral significance; but this is a possibility generally left entirely out of sight by the mass of English people, who dress and who dine—or rather *feed*—just as a positively animal ignorance prompts or permits them, and who, after the moment is past, never give a second thought to the more delicate influences of the meal or the mode.

To eat with real comfort, one's whole mind and body (especially the former)

must be brought into a proper state. At our social gatherings the half hour before the meal should be spent in that kind of preparation which makes the dinner a climax, not a sudden relief from the most boring silence or still more boring conversation, pervaded by a deadly anxiety for some one or some thing to turn up, which is the usual impression conveyed by the half hour before dinner. In the dining-saloon all the surroundings should be of an attractive, a joyous character, and yet not wanting in repose; and, as far as that is possible, (which is not far, alas! according to our modern customs,) every token that the preparation and the transport of the courses are a labor and sorrow, should be concealed.

It is a great mistake to have servants so much in the room during dinner; still more so to have each dish brought in separately. The table ought to descend and ascend through an aperture in the floor, and be never seen in *déshabille*. This method has actually been adopted, and should never have been abandoned; the saving to the servants and the additional comfort to the guests would be immense, and as in town houses the kitchen is usually underneath the dining-room, the whole thing might easily be arranged.

The walls of a dining-room should be carefully and tastefully decorated. The dining-room ought not to be too bare, else between the courses the mind is not diverted or elated, but depressed, and even conversation suffers. Not that the walls need to form part of the conversation, but because the decoration of them has a certain effect upon the mind. For this reason the ornamentation should not be unintelligent. It need not therefore be obtrusively sensational. Scenes of horror, or suffering, are inappropriate where all should be easy, *riante*, or at least restful. Small prints too far off to be distinguishable are very trying; every thing should be arranged with a studious care for the gratification of the mind through the eye. But more than this. *Most* important is the food: and here I come to the customs which (in England) I call vampire-like, and which stamp at once as unæsthetic those who follow them. The ancient Greeks, the

Brahmins, the Chinese, and many other, in some respects "benighted" races, would laugh at us, or weep for us. How ridiculously are we attired! How barbarously do we feed! What a ruffian must the cook be!

MEAT.

At table every hint that can remind the cheerful guest that he is eating creatures that have lived and enjoyed life, should be carefully removed. Only the weighty chains of habit, and the sacred customs handed down to us from our coarse and savage ancestors could blind our eyes to the exceeding ugly nature of our meals, or permit us to smile over and enjoy such delectable nastiness as, for instance, that time-honored custom of cooking the smaller beasts whole.

Of course an age that still permits a butcher's shop in Bond Street, and can tolerate bleeding and mutilated carcasses in the most fashionable thoroughfares, can hardly be expected to be æsthetic in what it eats.

Now let me suggest, without being called a visionary, that the shops above alluded to might be forbidden, or at all events suitably and tastefully disguised in our principal thoroughfares. But, indeed, such traffic ought to be confined to markets, of which there should be a sufficient number in the metropolis and in all towns. We should then be spared the large percentage gained by the retail purveyors of meat, and the poor would get their meat as they get their fish, *à prix fixe*. We could ourselves choose our meat and choose our man if we wished to do so: we should only have to go to the nearest market, or we could order what was necessary from the carrier in his cart, as we now do.

I have heard even civilized people object to this notion of concealing the butchery: "But how inconvenient for a cook who wanted an extra pound of meat in a hurry, to have to rush in a cab to the market two miles off, instead of slipping across the way, where she can choose her piece almost from the kitchen window!" Perhaps, my ingenious friend, our ancestors would once have thought it inconvenient to be obliged to go even so far for their joint, instead of having their own slaughter-house adjoining the hall. And yet there are now numerous sensible per-

sons, who in order to purchase their meat and other necessities, at less than fancy prices, always send to Smithfield for the one, and to the Civil Service Stores for the other. They consider what is wanted for the day or the week, and are never compelled to rush out for odd bits at odd hours—nor are they seen, as we have often seen people, hurrying along the pavement with a trembling piece of flesh in a dirty little bit of newspaper, dripping rosy traces of its past life among the delicate Spring dresses of the more elegant street passengers.

This aversion to disagreeable-looking food is a very natural feeling, only it gets crushed out by custom. Many children, and even grown-up persons have a deep-rooted horror of "under-done" meat. Sometimes they can not conquer the horror they have of putting into their mouth what certainly looks very much like blood. Suppose the child pauses in a fit of disgust and agony at having to eat the stuff, it is soon brought to its senses by the wise and indignant parent—"Blood, indeed! if ever you dare to say that word again at dinner time! It is no such thing. Blood is only in the veins of the animal, and all such things are removed by the butcher. *This is Gravy!*—Eat it up, every bit, or you shall have no pudding."

Now if we do not like to eat blood; and if it is forbidden even to speak of it; and if we weep over the poor shot horses that fill the plains of battle with carcasses that at least have their hides to cover them, why should our eyes be needlessly affronted by such a sight as that little heap of blood and sawdust which rises under the snout of every sheep hanging in a butcher's shop? Why should our olfactory organs be disturbed by such a smell as that which issues from a large butcher's shop on a warm summer's day? I am not saying that we must not eat meat. It is necessary, or at least wholesome. But let us eat it in a transformed and disguised condition; white or brown, decorated with almond spines or pretty tufts of parsley, surrounded by a flagrant sauce of flavored gravy. Let us eat it separated from the bones and ligaments, cut into star-shaped cutlets, packed into patties, or otherwise decently concealed. But the purveyor's shop, redolent of the most unbearable odors, full of reminders of the hunted, gasping beast, the cruel knife, and hideous

as a dissecting room, is a remnant of an age when bloodshed did not sicken, when street-fighting, bull-baiting, and the heartless horrors of the arena were "a right merrie conceit," and made fair ladies laugh, when throughout the fields of "merry" England hanging was so common that every other tree bore a decaying corpse or two, and nobler lives were taken with the hideous axe. We have only just perceived the propriety of conducting executions in private. Shall we soon carry our fastidious decency into the thoroughfares of London, and even into our own dining-rooms?

OLD STYLE.

The Romans in their most luxurious days ate with their fingers. This fact assures me that, although they certainly had large dishes placed upon their table, they must have managed to carve them in a more refined way than we do, otherwise they could not have eaten without greatly splashing and soiling their costly garments. The English, celebrated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for being the largest eaters in the world, used no knives or forks, and yet had joints, nay, even whole pigs and bullocks set before them. Did they soil their delicate furs, and long trains woven with seed pearls? Certainly they must have soiled them, and I do not doubt that not only were they a very dirty people, but they must have presented a revolting spectacle at dinner. Probably the bullock, or the eternal "swine" they seemed to live on, was seldom cooked through, and each guest flung himself upon his favorite food, tore it in his hands, and crammed it into his mouth, and what he could not swallow he would cast upon the table cloth, which, as no plates were used, must have been drenched with grease.

But the Greek and Roman diners were not like this. Their table was rich with art, their waiters were beauteous in form and attire, their *cæna* was accompanied by burning perfumes and soft music—their dishes were prepared with the most fastidious sense of propriety and attractiveness. What would they say if they could witness our shapeless hunks of victual, our inartistic table, the coarse and bad attendance, the clumsy dress and dull discomfort of the guests? But no, they would never reach our dining-rooms! They would never get further than the hall—so re-

dolent of roast mutton as many halls are when a dinner is about commencing, that our houses are hardly bearable, save by the assistance of a handkerchief and lavender-water.

Moreover, in some ways, we are even worse than our gorging, guzzling, gross-feeding forefathers. If they liked to cook their edible beasts whole (and almost all was fish that came to their net) they at least had enough fancy to make them picturesque. A peacock sent in with its skin on and its tail spread, if a barbarous object, was at any rate, till it was cut, a beautiful one. A pig covered with heraldic devices in gold foil and flowers must have presented a curious spectacle; and then the eye was allowed a rest at the termination of each course, of which there were three, as at the Roman dinner,—and a "subtlety"—a barley-sugar castle, ship, or something of that sort—came in, which gave rise to mirth and witty sayings, and whose paste and stucco descendants we may now admire in Michell's or Gunter's windows. They were also in the habit of coloring their smaller meats with saffron, sandalwood, or indigo, so that they were often disguised and not unpleasing to the eye.

We do little of this kind. If we are going to eat the limb of a beast, we do not attempt to disguise it. Sometimes we put a little paper trouser around a leg of mutton or ham as much as to say "Do not mistake it. Do not suppose it to be any other part. It is a leg." But we like our food "honest." We are honest Englishmen, and we are not ashamed of what we do. Sometimes, indeed, one sees a "subtlety"—a hedgehog decorated with almond spines—but the almond spines should be anywhere but on a hedgehog. There they only serve to remind us again and again that it is by death we live; sometimes a cake or a cream is tortured into some comical shape, but the designs are invariably coarse, feeble, and unmeaning. We have no real culinary art in us. Days that shone on noble architecture and imperishable castles, also saw something of their motive reflected upon smaller matters. We retain a great deal of the grossness and rudeness of our ancestors without their rough but earnest sentiment.

NEW STYLE.

And now what is the matter with our

dress at dinner-parties—and what can it signify how we sit or what we have on as long as we can reach our food? Let us enter any middle-class dining-room, where the dinner does not happen to be *à la Russe*. Look at the company at any ordinary dinner.

Look at the host first, whose whole attention ought to be centred on his guests, and on making the conversation brilliant and above all *general*. Poor fellow, he is working hard at the bottom of the table, through every course, for he has to carve. Of course he carves badly, having never studied that difficult art,—breaks a glass or two,—jokes in a crestfallen way over the accidents,—never hears when he is addressed, or answers vaguely, his entire mind being fixed on the gravy—splashes his cuffs—manual labor in a tight dress-coat covers his wrinkled brow with honest drops—the sharp corners of his shirt-collar fix themselves into his jaw and bring the tears into his eyes. He eats nothing himself—the reason is obvious, he has not a moment to spare—never was a man so pressed for time, so anxious, so nervous, so bewildered.

Observe the hostess behind a tall pair of fowls. She knows she can not move her arms freely, (what woman in a low-necked dress ever could?) her bracelets entangle themselves with the legs of the fowl and with each other, and clank like chains and gyves. She gladly accepts the offer of the nearest cavalier made with half a heart, but *noblesse oblige*—to “save her trouble.” Of course the gentleman carves worse than the host, because the dish is not in the right position for him—more crestfallen jokes—conversation flags—all watch him—he becomes more nervous and proceeds still more slowly—he explains that he is awkward—the guests wish he would not explain, as it delays him, and the remark is quite superfluous—his knife slipping sends a leg dancing across the table, where it settles in a nimbus of grease upon the hostess’s lap—she assures him with a glare that she “does not mind, on the contrary” . . . The silence is deadly. . . . At last all are served, one of them having got all the meat, another all the gravy, and none of them any stuffing; the carver then obtains a little flabby scrap for himself, perfectly cold, just as all the other plates are removed.

Now for the rest of the company. They get enough to eat, but seldom the right kind, and they have other sorrows. They are obliged to sit alternately, men and women. It is the merest and remotest chance that they are well matched. It generally occurs that the youngest woman in the room is sent down with one of the oldest men, who may be quite deaf. I have heard a young wife complain that for three years she has never been taken down to dinner by any one under seventy. This is a very common mistake on the part of the hostess, and one which of course dooms “crabbed age and youth” to “dullness all dinner-time.” The older and more honorable matrons are often no less unfortunate. A clever woman is seated beside a man who believes that stump-oratory is the sole aim of the “woman’s rights” movement, and that an educated wife can not take care of her husband’s house or bring up his children. A beautiful woman is portioned off with some ascetic ecclesiastic who supposes all beauty to be a snare of Satan. None of the ladies are comfortable. Their feet are cold, their heads are hot, their arms are so confined by their tight low dresses, that they can hardly cut their food, and, moreover, their skirts are being crushed by the crowding chairs on either side. In fact they are altogether got up as if for a dance, when to be sure exercise supplies some reason for scanty clothing.

The man nearest the host is in agony about his large and board-like shirt-front: what if that infatuated carver at the end of the table should splash him! He is afraid to look off the dish—he is fascinated by the play of the carving-knife, and if he does turn his head, his shirt-collar makes it an act of self-abnegation to address the lady on either hand. There is no possibility of changing the position. The chairs are packed so closely that each time the footman tries to reach any thing on the table, his shoulder-knots tear down a chignon. Sometimes sauce descends upon the naked shoulder. Again crestfallen jokes on the crowding, and the spoiling of a priceless pocket-handkerchief. *En fin*—the ladies begin to draw on their gloves as soon as dessert arrives—(what gloves are worn for at dinner I am at a loss to conceive.) The hostess, after “catching” her own “eye” several times, at last succeeds in catching some one

else's. The ladies rise in the midst of a sentence and stumble from the room treading on each other's skirts and dragging about chairs. As the door shuts, the gentlemen overhear the invariable remark on the stairs,—“Difference in the atmosphere outside!”

Arrived in the drawing-room, there commences a regular witches' sabbath. There are only three subjects mentioned when the ladies are alone and these are driven to death. In a “friendly” company, these are the three D's—Domestics—Diseases, and Dress. Why does not society advertise for a fourth D? In a more formal and solemn party, there is often only silence and deep meditation. Nobody knows any one, every woman hates the rest, they have nothing in common, and they stare at each other like strange cats.

The gentlemen are more at their ease. There is much more room now. They eat raisins, try the wines, and tell anecdotes of Dickens and the Duke of Wellington. On their arrival in the drawing-room, which is performed in a meek and shamefaced way one at a time and almost unnoticed, the ladies just wait for the stock remark, “Pleasant fire!” to rise and depart in peace.

THE GUESTS.

Of course there are some dinners better, as there are some worse than this. In the best houses the servants are trained to a very perfect kind of waiting, such as it is—swift, and above all silent—but this only means that they work harder. At a dinner *à la Russe* the dishes are carved by the attendants on the sideboard, the host not attempting what he knows he can not perform with grace and dignity. The table is covered from the first with the last and most ornamental course, dessert,—not works of art, statues or rich vases, but chiefly eatables, fruit and sweets; and what I have said of the middle-class dinner, holds good of the patrician meal to a great extent. There is a lamentable want of poetry, fancy, grace everywhere. The selfsame objections must be urged against the placing and comfort of the guests. In fact, the greater the dinner the more evident the Juggernaut character of it becomes: and as for *general* conversation, it is unknown.

There can be no doubt that our modern dinners, whatever be their aim, practically

fail in it. To the gourmand, who cares only for the dishes, they are a failure, for they are not sufficiently long for him, there is too little variety in the viands, a decided falling-off of late years in the wine-bibbing, and the courses are whisked away before he can quite assure himself of their flavor. To the girl who hopes to see, and be seen, they are a failure, for every one knows that the close and formal arrangement of heads at a dinner, together with the general glitter of the table, arranged with a view to dazzle, not to set off the diners, prevents the finest face from “telling.” Pictures packed close never tell as those do which are arranged some feet apart: a human face requires even more care, more space, more repose in its background, to set it off, and no pretty woman ever makes a due impression at a dinner-table. And the meal is equally a failure to the ordinary people, who look upon it as it should be looked upon—an opportunity for those who can seldom meet at any other time, to spend a few pleasant hours together. It is very proper that dinner should be the time fixed for these social gatherings. A company, like individuals, must meet on some common basis, on some equal footing. Every body can eat, therefore eating is a good common basis. But to make a number of people happy whose faculties do not begin and end upon that very moderate basis, there must be other bases supplied. Food is a good one to begin upon, but not to begin and end on.

The minds, opinions, tastes and ages of the guests ought to form the first consideration of the hostess; it is not the easiest thing to find a dozen people perfectly suited to each other, but for a dinner to be ever a really pleasant one, this must be the case to a great extent; it is the duty of the hostess never in inviting guests to mingle incongruous elements. She must herself set an example of ease and grace. During the dinner it is not her place to be watching the fish, and glancing anxiously about at the servants. It is her privilege to be the centre from which all the conversation, and tone of the conversation radiates. What she is, will influence the guests. It is her business to *know* that they will be sufficiently and properly served; to *see* that they are comfortably placed and arranged, and that all are on an equality.

But is this the general rule, even at the best dinners, in the best houses? Not at

all. Instead of every thing in the dinner being made subservient to the comfort of the guests, the guests are made the victims to the dinner. Some evil-disposed person takes it into his (or her) head to magnify himself by giving a dinner party, and instead of beginning the preparations by considering "Whose pleasure and comfort can I best promote by making them my guests?" the hostess says to herself, "Who shall I sacrifice to my plate and china?" Never dreaming that the guests should be first and the dinner second, she invariably makes the dinner the primary object of attention, and does not reflect that the chief difficulty, as well as *duty* of a hostess, lies in properly matching and consulting the tastes of such guests as may have already accepted her invitation.

CLASSICAL DINNERS.

How much better it would be if we would take a hint or two from those old Romans in their togas and their stolas! How different was their preparation for their *cæna*, the one great meal, the festive climax of the day! Did they prepare themselves for a close pack by tightening all their garments as we do, fastening straps to our dress trousers, pulling in our waistcoat at the waist, fixing a painfully sharp-edged collar and an irreproachable muslin tie; (very much like a piece of tape) upon a shirt-front as expansive and as stiff as a sheet of tin? Did their ladies throw aside the day's easy gown for a low-necked garment of bursting tightness, with no sleeves, no kerchief; and did they sit regardless of draughts for three hours—wearing bracelets of the most dangling and inconvenient form ever made for dinner time.

On the contrary: the Romans prepared for their meals by extra ease and comfort of attire. Their loose and sweeping garments of the day were exchanged for a dress still more convenient, the short and colored *synthesis*—they loosened their girdles, they adorned their heads with chaplets of roses or ivy—their very sandals were removed by an attendant, who offered them perfumed water as they took their places. Nine, the number of the Muses, was the utmost number of guests for one table, only three of whose sides were occupied by the luxurious couches, or *lecti*, covered with costly drapery, and inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, on which the men reclined during the repast; the fourth side

was left vacant for the servants to place the tall trays containing the different courses—each course being changed *at once*, and no single dishes being brought in one by one, after the modern ridiculous fashion.

Three men usually occupied one *lectus*, the seats being indicated by cushions, on which the diner leaned his left elbow, as he ate the clean delicious viands, without forks, without knives, (sometimes a kind of spoon was used,) and contemplated a table covered with works of art made of the rarest materials—all that the master possessed of richest or best was there displayed, while bright flowers or lighted perfumes, burning in vases of exquisite workmanship, prevented the flavor of one course from infecting the next; the women, who did not recline, but sat upon chairs, were sufficiently isolated to be set off to proper advantage; and the company listened to the very best music procurable at the time, or joined in a conversation which for two thousand years has been proverbial for its wit, grace, and brilliancy.

Between each course, or at least between what was called the *gustus* and the first course of the *cæna*, and again at its termination, fragrant waters were handed round, the attendants being boys or women chosen for the beauty of their appearance and manners, and robed almost as superbly as the guests. If the dinner lasted into the evening, for it was a long ceremony though its commencement was usually so early, the magnificent saloon was lit by a thousand lamps that glittered from amongst a wealth of blossoms, upon the golden statues and amber vessels, while the whole *coup d'œil* was united and combined as an artist would express it, by a canopy of purple or scarlet, that overhung the group. Sometimes a harp was carried round, and those of the guests who had a turn for music or poetry, played or recited songs to the rest. At other times they laughed at the feats of agile acrobats who danced on ropes almost over their very heads, or tossed up eggs, as in Alma Tadema's matchless picture of Pompeian life.

There does not appear to have been any formal arrangement in the seating of the guests as in our own day. Sometimes the host assigned the places, but generally the guests were left to choose their own. The "place of honor" was the first seat on the *medius lectus* (middle couch) where the

cushion was supported by a little railing. The host's usual seat was adjoining it, the first seat of the *Imus lectus*, the least honorable of the three benches. Plutarch, who discusses the matter in a special chapter (Sympos. i. 2,) decides that the choice of places should be left entirely to the will of intimate friends and young people, and only assigned in the case of strangers, or guests requiring peculiar distinction. How much more pleasant this, than the modern rule, which fixes each into a certain place, whether he likes it or no—perhaps next to the last person he would have chosen to sit by: a thing which the hostess, even if well-disposed and thoughtful, can not always foresee, or foreseeing prevent. But we can get hints, even from the Chinese, whose civilization we despise, and need not confine ourselves to classical times; we have much to learn from our contemporaries all over the world.

HINTS FROM CHINA.

The Chinese have many pretty and appropriate dinner forms. Captain Laplace, of the French navy, gives a sprightly account of a formal dinner which I can not do better than quote. The "Celestials" at least seem to have none of our massive joints or half-done steaks, but prefer their victuals minced and disguised—a far more civilized mode of eating, as it seems to me, than that adopted by the "Terrestrial" Empires of the world.

"The first course," writes Laplace, "was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in cold state, as salted earthworms prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I had swallowed them; salted or smoked fish or ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; besides which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been macerated in water for some time. All these *et ceteras*, including among the number a liquor which I recognized to be soy, made from a Japan bean and long since adopted by the wine-drinkers of Europe to revive their faded appetites or tastes, were used as seasoning to a great number of stews which were contained in bowls, and succeeded each other uninterruptedly. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup: on one

side figured pigeon's eggs cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls cut very small and immersed in a dark-colored sauce: on the other, little balls made of shark's fins, eggs prepared by heat, (of which both the smell and the taste seemed to us equally repulsive,) immense grubs, a peculiar kind of seafish, crabs and pounded shrimps."

The next page is devoted to complaints and jests upon the two little ivory chopsticks tipped with silver, which are of course very difficult for an European accustomed as he is to fork and knife, to use effectually. But the chopsticks appear to me a far more appropriate instrument in the hands of a lady than our dangerous weapons of feeding. The association of a gentle maiden with a fork, to say nothing of a knife, is to my mind an unnatural one. Knives and forks should be left to the brawny fists of the cook's assistants. In the refined dining-room some milder instruments, or none, should be employed.

"The wine," continues Laplace, "circulated freely, and the toasts followed each other in rapid succession. The liquor was taken hot. . . . We drank it in little gilt cups, having the shape of an antique vase, with two handles of exquisite workmanship, and kept constantly filled by attendants holding large silver vessels like coffee pots.

"After all these good things served one upon the other, of which it gave me pleasure to see the last, succeeded the second course which was preceded by a little ceremony, the object of which seemed to be a trial of the guests' appetites. Upon the edges of four bowls arranged in a square, three others were placed, filled with stews, and surmounted by an eighth, which thus formed the summit of a pyramid; and the custom is, to touch none of these, although invited by the host. On the refusal of the party, the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar, in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations that exhaled a most disagreeable odor.

"Up to this point the relishes of which I first spoke had been the sole accompaniment of all the successive ragouts. They still served to season the bowls of plain rice which the attendants now for the first time placed before each guest.

". . . The second course lasted a

much shorter time than the first: the attendants cleared away every thing. Presently the table was strewn with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy. Pretty baskets filled with the same were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins steeped in warm water, and flavored with otto of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance."

The Chinese, among their innumerable little dishes, utilize a great many creatures which we consider "unclean." The wealthier classes are greatly addicted to gastronomic enjoyment, and are quite as particular in their way as a Frenchman could be. The masses, owing to their poverty and the scarcity of pasturage, consume little meat, milk, or butter, and substitute for the latter the oil of the *Sesamum orientale*, and the castor-oil plant *Ricinus communis*, which in a cooked state appear to lose their detergent qualities. Of meat, the most universal is pork. Fish, ducks, and wild fowl are plentiful, and plentifully devoured. Dogs, cats, rats, and mice are largely eaten by the poorer classes. The larvæ of the sphinx moth, and a grub bred in the sugarcane, shark's fins, the Dytiscus or water-beetle, even silkworms fried, (after the cocoon is spun,) are among the stranger delicacies, and the rich indulge in the costly bird's-nest soup, sea-slugs, and paws of bears. The Tartars are addicted to a soup composed of mare's milk and blood, which seems odious enough to English tastes. But none of these things are, from an æsthetic point of view, as irretrievably bad as the great mass of flesh-meat, done or underdone, with its own bones and joints in it, which seems indispensable at the table of an English gentleman.

English people are often heard to complain of the want of variety in their food. The housewife often despairingly exclaims, "Would that some new animal could be invented!" It is true—beef, mutton, veal—veal, mutton, beef—turkey, fowl—fowl, turkey—are a little wearing. In spring-time, a safe wager might be laid at every dinner, that salmon and lamb will appear—there is seldom any thing else. At other times of the year, one can be almost as certain of what one will get. All dinners are exactly alike. If we except the houses of very aristocratic, very wealthy, or very

artistic people, the patterns on the plates are almost the same everywhere else—so are the d'oyleys—so are the wine-glasses—so are the silver epergnes; and why these things should be so is a mystery; but then the English are not an artistic people!

ODD FOOD.

Why should we so seldom take hints from the continental tables? Certainly we profess to have our model in the French cuisine, where the cooks are artists; but is this practically the case? Surely not. Our meals are in every respect absolutely different from theirs, and so is the arrangement of the courses, and the preparation of the dishes. Besides, they actually eat a great number of things that our insular prejudice forbids us to touch. We pay enormously for oysters, but we scorn the notion of eating frogs or snails. Our poor must have meat, whatever be the price, yet a starving man in England would reject horse. We delight in mushrooms, but nothing can induce us to touch any other kind of fungus, except the truffle, although there are many as good, and far more plentiful. Why should a nation that does not object to crabs and pigs, decline caterpillars, rats, mice, and other clean-feeding animals? Why should hares and rabbits be sought after, and myriads of cats simply wasted?

Many sea things are eaten by the Italians and Swiss which we are horrified at, such as limpets and gelatinous creatures. Snakes in many countries are known to be capital eating; and why should they be thought worse of than eels? Soyer, in his "History of Food," gives good reasons for eating a number of creatures forgotten or condemned by us. The Roman peasant considered a young fox, fattened on grapes and roasted on the spit, a morsel for a king in autumn time. We might do better with the foxes we hunt so laboriously, than give them to the hounds. The Greeks willingly ate the hedgehog in a *ragout*, and so did the English until lately, and most delicious it is said to be.

Among birds, many kinds eaten by our forefathers with *good*, have now come to be rejected by us, simply through their diminished numbers. Swans, peacocks, cranes, bitterns, herons, curlews, etc., are instances of this—we would not eat them now—yet only their increasing scarcity caused them to be discontinued. Rooks,

jackdaws, magpies, and in fact all the common native birds were prized in the fifteenth century, and now only a few of them are considered delicate enough for our refined and fastidious tables.

Indeed our fastidiousness is almost too great nowadays, only it seems to set the wrong way, and the poor are more particular than the rich. The welcome invention of Australian beef, mutton, tongues, etc., all of which are the very best of their kind, is only objected to because so much cheaper than our own; but these admirable preparations are beginning to make their appearance on all the best tables as occasional dishes, and by many thrifty middle-class families, they are largely consumed. But the poor, some of them people who hardly know what it is to touch meat, turn up their dainty noses at "Australian stuff." But perhaps even *they* will condescend to accept it in a few years' time.

CHEESE AND OLIVES.

The Italian cookery of the best kind is extremely good and very varied. Cheese, olives, beans, and many vegetables we ignore, enter largely into their catalogue of relishes and flavorings. What manifold delicacies we might prepare with cheese! Abroad it is eaten in powder with all kinds of soup, as flavoring to beef, vegetables, curry, etc. Soyer has a great deal to say about cheese. He begins, "A demigod, Aristeus, son of Apollo and king of Arcadia, invented cheese, and the whole of Greece welcomed with gratitude this royal and almost divine present." The Hebrews sometimes mention it in their sacred writings. Mare's milk, ass's milk, but above all camel's milk, make the most exquisite cheese. Mixed milks were used by the Phrygians, Scythians, and Greeks, the Sicilians also mixed the milk of goats and ewes. The pale goat's milk cheese so much used in Germany, the South of France, and Switzerland at the present day is very pleasant in taste, and not so provocative of thirst as Dutch cheeses and our own salt cheeses. It there frequently replaces butter.

As for the olive—oh! delicate fruit, fit for a queen's lips, with its soft grey-green skin, like the green in sunset skies,—alas! in England the olive is hardly seen at all upon the table, seldom used in cookery. Why this is so I can not understand. The love of olives is certainly an acquired taste,

one may eat them three or four times and hate them, and then one fine day try another and suddenly like them. There is a strange fragrance in the taste of them only detected after they are eaten, which is most subtle and delicious. It can only be compared to a whiff of the sea wafted across a hyacinth field in spring; and if any fortunate reader has ever stood on one of the hills near Lyme Regis in Devonshire, where the distance is blue with these fragrant flowers, and the green fields are covered with a kind of blue haze where they grow, and felt the sea breeze sweep along them—he may go home and eat olives and understand them.

ORNAMENT.

Why in the name of all that is artistic, should there be but one law to govern the arrangement of every dinner that is given, whatever be the tastes, requirements, education, or incomes of the givers? Why must the cloth be white, the napkins white, the glasses white, with a very tall dish or epergne in the centre of the board, two smaller ones, or candelabra, on each side—if the host has not these things he must hire them—an even number of flat dishes ranged at equal distances along the table in double row, two, or four, or six pots of flowers, placed quite formally, without the slightest deviation or change—there is the usual dinner table. Is it not this deep-rooted admiration for exactitude and formality, and mistrust of originality and the vagaries of genius, that have measured and smoothed and weighed all the picturesque beauty out of English fabrics and manufactures of every kind? Does not this account in great measure for the fact that every flower or fern leaf engraved on our glass ware, every representation of people and landscapes on our china, the paintings on our fans, the form of our houses, the shape of our furniture, the texture of our dresses, is so hopelessly inferior to those made four hundred years ago—to say nothing of two thousand—that we are always striving to get back again to the old forms, the old colors, the old wondrous handicraft. In ancient cloth and silk the unevenness of the threads, a flaw that would not be tolerated nowadays by the most careless overseer, is the actual cause of the extreme beauty of the fabrics, the imperfect colors form the inimitable tints that painters love, and that are never seen in

modern dyes. The old Venetian glass, now priceless and rare, will be found exceedingly irregular in color and form, often the bottles do not even stand straight, the ornaments in twisted glass laid on them are generally different on the two sides—the maker followed the whim of his genius as he worked, and never cut or measured his work to see that every spot or line corresponded with every other. These so-called flaws are of constant recurrence in all Oriental work. The enamel of flowers painted on their vases is thicker or darker in one place than another, we find a carpet where six spots are considered sufficient match to five—*et cetera, ad lib.* We are only just beginning to perceive that it is to this we owe half the picturesque element in these things—not that inaccuracy alone makes a thing beautiful, far from it—but that over-accuracy, over-care which slackens the freedom of the hand and dulls the instincts of the mind, is certain to beget that feebleness, tameness, and want of spirit and fire which is so noticeable in modern work whatever its kind or degree, and which is seldom found in the work of previous ages, however barbaric.

Let us, then, not be afraid to go an inch out of the beaten track. Let us not fear to place occasionally, when laying out our table, a dish a little awry, just to take off that sense of immaculateness, untouchableness, that the measured formality of a dinner-table always gives one. Let us even sometimes assert our independence by having an uneven number of dishes, or dishes of irregular height placed along the snow-white cloth. And why is the cloth to be always snow-white? Why should not a colored border, fringe, or stripe, be introduced to break the blank spotlessness of that inevitable cloth? Again: the extreme fineness of the table-cloth, is a point of pride with the modern housewife. Let the design be what it will, the cloth must be fine. Now, a very coarse cloth, provided the pattern upon it be handsome, has not a bad effect; on the contrary, it is far more pleasant to the eye than too fine a one. The napkins—which are theoretically supposed to be to wipe the fingers or lips upon, but which, through their weight and stiffness, never answer the purpose—ought to be fine: the table cloth should be rather the reverse. A handsome diaper is probably the most appropriate pattern for a damask cloth, and it is sure to tell if the

cloth is not too fine—borders or stripes of every variety might with advantage be introduced into them.

Let me also pray such hostesses as wish their table to be beautiful, to dispense with the modern white wine-glasses, which, however perfect of their kind, are quite uninteresting to an artistic eye. The antique Venetian glass, so exquisite in color, so delicate and picturesque in form, so light, yet hardly so fragile as the modern best glass, as the latter from its weight as opposed to its thinness, *must* smash if it falls, and the former may not—the antique Venetian can hardly be procured now in sufficient quantities to cover a table, or at least by ordinary purses. But the modern imitations of it, by Salviati, though usually not equal to the old, are quite near enough to be very beautiful on the table, and within the means of most dinner-giving people.

Again, why are the designs of modern dinner and dessert-services so bad? Why are the soup-tureens so bloated and gouty? Why are the paintings on the plates so tame and silly—the colors so staring, and yet not brilliant? Why are the handles of all covered dishes mere shapeless lumps, vulgarly streaked with useless and unmeaning dashes of gold? People do not seem to notice these things when they select their china or other things as they do when they select a picture.

I am speaking of ordinary tables. I am glad to recognize in much of Wedgwood's and Minton's china some of the most beautiful forms and combinations of color. But these are almost, without exception, copies or adaptations of antique wares, and in cost far beyond the purses of ordinary middle-class people, in whose houses these works of art are very seldom seen. I confess that some of the china ornamented with rough and spirited sketches—evidently by French artists—the enameled turquoise borders and little pre-Raphaelite heads of girls and children, are quite exquisite; but unhappily the men are rare who could furnish their tables with services even more costly than the old Worcester, Dresden, or Majolica.

Again, let us not pile our flower-baskets and fruit-trays a yard high, not even, O impatient housewife! the centre-piece. Let your guests be able to see each other across the hospitable board. Let the table be low, and covered sufficiently, but not

too much, with flat and pretty dishes, never over-full, never too formally arranged, and decked with fresh flowers or even autumn leaves. You can never have too many real flowers upon your table: they refresh the senses, and often modify the too overpowering odors of the dishes. Introduce without fear such tasteful articles as may brighten and adorn the table—rare china, statuettes, Indian jars, queer old ladles. These will satisfy the hunger of the mind, while your fine old fruity or dry wines and various courses are fortifying the body—it is so pleasant to have something interesting to look at, and it is so seldom there is any thing but the food. The decoration of the dining-room is frequently neglected. There are often no pictures on the walls, no flowers on the table, nothing to satisfy any other of our faculties except the gastronomic one; and if we chance to sit by a wearisome or unsympathetic companion, we feel the want all the more painfully. Perhaps some day we may hope to see arm-chairs and plenty of elbow-room substituted for the uncomfortable crowd of narrow seats; but this at present seems so far off that we had better say no more about it. At present we do not seem to

be alive to considerations of either comfort or beauty.

We are the slaves of “use and wont.” Habit blinds our eyes to the detestable nature of many of our customs—prejudice and cowardice prevent us from abolishing or modifying what is seen to be bad. An immense insular self-conceit often hinders us from adopting what is really superior in the customs of foreigners; a want of artistic feeling makes us helpless and awkward in what we do adopt, and a still greater want of imagination leads us to reject any hints that are from time to time thrown out for our improvement. The stupidity of our ladies is the despair of French dressmakers—the unconscious grossness of our tastes is a staple subject of ridicule all over the continent—our affected connoisseurs drive musicians and artists mad—our modern houses, including the chimney-pots, may occasionally be comfortable, but are, as a rule, devoid alike of intelligence and refinement: our social gatherings are often marred by the unnatural union of Quaker stiffness with vulgar and inexcusable license, and our public thoroughfares are a disgrace to the nineteenth century. MAY HAWKES.

St. Paul's.

THE ASRAI.

'Tis midnight, and the light upon my desk
Burns dim and blue, and flickers as I read
The gold-clasp'd tome, whose stained yellow leaves
Feel spongy to the touch yet rough with dust,
When Clari, from her chamber overhead,
Her bright hair flowing brighter from the brush,
Steals in, and peeps, and sits upon my knee,
And winds her gentle arms around my neck,
And sidelong peeping on the page antique
Rains her warm looks, and kisses as I read.

“Before man grew of the four elements
The Asrai grew of three—fire, water, air—
Not earth,—they were not earthly. That was ere
The opening of the golden eye of day:
The world was silvern,—moonlight mystical
Flooded her glimmering continents and seas,—
And in green places the pale Asrai walked
To deep and melancholy melody,
Musing, and cast no shades.

“These could not die

As men die: Death came later; pale yet fair,
Pensive yet happy, in the silvern light
The Asrai wander'd, choosing for their homes

All gentle places—valleys mossy deep,
 Star-haunted waters, yellow strips of sand
 Kissing the bright edge of the glittering sea,
 And glittering caverns in the gaunt hill-sides
 Frosted with gems and dripping diamond dew
 In mossy basins where the water black
 Bubbled with wondrous breath. The world was pale,
 And these were things of pallor; flowers and scents,
 All glittering things came later; later still
 Ambition, with thin hand upon his heart,
 Crept out of heaven and hung the heights of earth
 With lights miraculous; later still, man dug
 Out of the caves the thick and golden glue
 That knits together the stone ribs of earth.
 Nor flowers, nor scents, the pallid Asrai knew,
 Nor burning aspiration heavenward,
 Nor blind dejection downward under earth
 After the things that glitter. Their desires
 Shone stationary—gentle love they knew
 For one another—and in their pale world
 Silent they walked and mused, knowing no guile,
 With lives that flow'd within as quietly
 As rain drops dripping with bright measured beat
 From mossy cavern-eaves."

O Love! My love!

How thy heart beats! how the fond kisses rain!
 We can not love like those—ours is a pain,
 A tumult, a delirium, a dream.
 O little one of four sweet elements,
 Fire on thy face, and moisture in thine eyes,
 Thy white breast heaving with the rich rare air,
 And in thy heart and on thy kissing mouth
 The warmth, the joy, the impulse, and delight
 Of the enamor'd gentle-hearted earth
 Bright with the flowery fullness of the sun!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Popular Science Review.

ON THE TEMPERATURE AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DEEP SEA.

BY DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES OF LEEDS, BRADFORD,
 AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, IN FEBRUARY, 1872.

UNTIL a recent period, the bottom of the Deep Sea has been—if I may make use of an Irish "bull"—an unknown land to us; for the means of research into its condition were very unsatisfactory. For example, in the first place, with regard to temperature. If we let down a self-registering thermometer, which should give the lowest or the highest temperature which is there encountered, there is this source of error in the indications of the thermometer—that the enormous pressure of the water upon the glass bulb will very probably

so alter the shape of the bulb as to force up the mercury in the tube, so as to cause it to register a temperature several degrees higher than that which is actually encountered. Now it has only been recently—through the ingenious contrivance of my late excellent friend, Professor Miller, of King's College—that this difficulty has been overcome. We found, on putting thermometers of ordinary construction into the water-chamber of an instrument constructed on the principle of the Bramah press, with a powerful force pump that

should subject these thermometers to pressure of any amount up to three tons to the square inch, that the very best instruments that had been previously relied upon were raised from *eight* to *ten* degrees by the pressure of the water forced in; and we found that inferior thermometers, such as had been used in many deep-sea soundings on former occasions, were raised from *twenty* to *fifty* degrees. So that you see there is no reliance to be placed on any previous deep-sea soundings as to temperature, except in this, that we know that the error of their thermometers could not have been *less* than a certain amount. For instance, when Sir James Ross and his companions carried on their deep soundings in the Southern Seas, and found, as they very often did, at a depth of from 1500 to 2000 fathoms, that their thermometers indicated a temperature of 39 or 40 degrees, we now know that the smallest error of their thermometers being *seven* or *eight* degrees at those depths, the true temperature could not have been higher than about 32 degrees—that is, about the freezing point of fresh water. The means which Professor Miller suggested for overcoming this difficulty was extremely simple. It was merely to inclose the bulb of the thermometer in an outer bulb, sealed round the neck, a space being left between the two bulbs. Now that space was not left entirely empty; it was about three parts filled with fluid. You may ask, Why was the fluid introduced there? For this reason—if only air had been left in that space, the inner bulb would have been a very long time in taking the temperature of the water round the outer bulb; the air being a bad conductor, it would have been necessary to allow the thermometer to remain perhaps an hour before the mercury or spirit of the inner bulb would have taken the temperature of the water outside; but by introducing between the bulbs some spirit, that spirit conveyed the heat or the cold from the outer to the inner. Still the intervening space was not *filled* with the spirit, because if it had been, the pressure upon the outer bulb, and its consequent change of form, would have acted in the same manner upon the inner bulb; but by leaving void a part of that space, any reduction in the capacity of the outer bulb which pressure might produce merely diminished that void, and produced no alteration in the shape of the inner bulb. We

subjected thermometers, which were thus protected, to the pressure of three tons to the square inch, and found that they did not rise more than about one degree; and that small rise was really due, we have reason to believe, to an increase of heat in the liquid occasioned by the pressure to which it was subjected. That is the mode in which the thermometer has been adapted to the purpose of obtaining the real temperature of the deepest ocean waters; and I shall show you what very important information we have derived from its use.

The pressure which is caused by a column of water of course varies with the height of the column—that is to say, with the depth of the water; and in round numbers we may say that at 800 fathoms the pressure of a column of water is one ton upon every square inch; therefore, at 2400 fathoms, which was nearly the greatest depth to which our soundings extended, the pressure is three tons to the square inch; and that is just the pressure to which our thermometers had been tested. Therefore we know that we had within a degree (we always use two thermometers) the real temperature of the bottom of the ocean. Now I shall show you what very curious and important information we derived from ascertaining the temperature, not only of the bottom of the ocean at different depths, but also of different portions of the column of water in going down to the bottom. This we ascertained by letting down our thermometers to a certain depth, and then taking them up; then letting them down to a greater depth; and so on. In that manner we got what I term “serial soundings”—that is, a series of temperatures of different depths in the same spot; and those corresponded very closely indeed with the bottom temperatures that we got at like varying depths. As a rule, the lowest temperature was always the bottom temperature. I shall presently explain to you how this comes to pass.

Our first expedition was a very short one. We had very bad weather in a very stormy region, between the North of Scotland and the Faroe Islands, and we were not able to make many soundings or many dredgings; and yet, by a piece of extraordinary good fortune, the temperature of the soundings that we obtained were as curious as any we have obtained since; and they suggested to me a general doctrine in regard to Oceanic Circulation,

that all our subsequent researches have tended to confirm. The general facts of the case you will see by this map and the table by the side of it. Here is the north point of Scotland, the Orkney Islands, and Stornoway, the little port of the Hebrides from which we started. Here are the Faroe Islands. This dotted line is what is called the "hundred fathom line"—that is, the line which bounds that curious platform, so to speak, of which the British Islands constitute the highest part. So that dotted line around the Faroe Islands represents water which is under 100 fathoms. Now between this and the Shetland Islands is a deep channel reaching down to 600 fathoms, which is a depth nearly equal to the height of Snowdon. Our soundings in the first expedition were made along this line, where we found, in a part of the channel, very low temperatures, such as 33, 32.2, and 32 degrees. But at the like depth in another part of this channel, the soundings, as marked in the upper part of the table, show a temperature of 45 to 48 degrees. Here was a very marked and curious contrast; for within a short distance of each other, in one instance *only twenty miles apart*, we found two very different climates *at the same depth*.

Now the existence of these two very different climates showed itself, when we carefully worked it out afterwards, in two very distinct kinds of animal life, and in two very distinct kinds of deposit on the bottom of the ocean. I will first show how our next year's work in the same region filled up and completed this inquiry, and gave us some very curious points in addition. You may imagine with what interest we went over this ground again, provided with our superior thermometers; for the first year's work was done with the old thermometers; only the depths were not so great as seriously to interfere with their performance. And you will observe that whether those thermometers had been in error or not, (which we did not know till we tried,) the same effect would be produced in raising the mercury at 500 fathoms, whether it was in the warm or the cold area; so that the *difference* of the warm and the cold—between about 32 and 47 degrees—would be just the same. These thermometers having been a couple or three degrees too high—as they proved to be—we found that the temperature of the first year, which had been 32°, became 30°, and that

which had been 47° was really 45°. But the difference of 15 degrees was exactly the same; and the conclusions at which we had originally arrived in regard to it were verified in the very careful, numerous, and elaborate inquiries which we prosecuted over this area the next year. The most remarkable contrasts of *bottom* temperature were shown at different depths on the southern slope of the channel. Thus, at a depth of 190 fathoms the temperature was 48°.6; whilst *only eight miles* to the north, where the depth had increased to 445 fathoms, the thermometer sank to 30°.1; thus showing a difference of bottom-temperature to the amount of 18° within that short distance, with a difference of only 255 fathoms in depth.

Again, we took what I have called "serial soundings;" that is, we let down our thermometers at different depths, for instance at 50 fathoms, then at 100, then at 150, then 200, then 250, and so on every 50 fathoms.

In all this area, whether it was warm or cold at the *bottom*, we found nearly the same *surface*-temperature—a very curious fact. If we went north, it was a little less, and if south a little more; but about 52 degrees was the average. We found that in all parts of this area the descent through the lowering of the thermometer in the first 150 fathoms was the same; and in the warm area, when we get below 150 fathoms, there was very little more lowering of the temperature. You see that the line in the *warm area* continues nearly horizontal till we pass about 500 fathoms; but from 150 to about 500 fathoms there was very little lowering of the temperature, the reduction being from 52° at the surface to about 45° at 500 or 600 fathoms. But now see what takes place in the *cold area*. This upper line, which at 100 fathoms is but a little below the other, begins to drop rapidly, so that at 200 fathoms it is very decidedly below; and then it goes down still more rapidly, so that within 100 fathoms it dropped about 15 degrees; and all the water in that particular sounding below 300 fathoms was of a temperature below the freezing point of fresh water. The bottom was there struck at 384 fathoms; but in another part we got a much deeper sounding, down to 640 fathoms, which was taken at a point a good deal north: there the surface-temperature lowered to between 49 and 50 degrees; it went

down in much the same manner as in the other, until it got to 350 fathoms, which was below the freezing point of fresh water; and from that point to the bottom (640 fathoms) was a river, so to speak, of glacial water nearly 2000 feet deep—below the freezing point of fresh water. Now that was the very curious fact which our investigations of this channel between the Faroe Islands and Orkney and Shetland brought to our knowledge. That channel I have been accustomed to designate the “Lightning Channel,” “Lightning” being the name of the vessel assigned to us in our first expedition. This cold stream must have come straight into this channel from the Polar area; but over it there was another stream proceeding north-east, consisting of water warmer than the normal water of the latitude; for this last would have been about 40° , while the temperature of the surface was about 52° , and even at 500 fathoms it only sank to 45° .

Now, then, what is the meaning of this? When I speak of a “stream” and “flowing,” you must understand that there is nothing like a visible movement. I say that this cold stream must be flowing, because if it were not flowing it could not retain its temperature; it would soon give up its warmth to the water above. It is quite a physical necessity that it should be in movement; and of course if it is in motion, only by coming from the Polar area could it have brought this cold temperature with it, for at the bottom it was about $29\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. You are aware that 32° degrees is the freezing point of *fresh* water; but it is not the freezing point of *salt* water. Sea water freezes at about 27° ; if it is kept very still it will not freeze till 25° ; and there is a most important difference in the condition of sea water and fresh water as regards temperature below $39\cdot2$ degrees. You all know perfectly well that when a frost acts upon the surface of a lake, river, or pond, the water freezes on the surface; and if you put down a thermometer into the water below, you will find that its temperature is about 39 degrees. Now, why is this? You know that the ordinary rule of the contraction of water is that it shrinks, just like the mercury in a thermometer, with cold, and expands with heat. As it shrinks it becomes denser, and therefore heavier, bulk for bulk: consequently when a low atmospheric temperature is acting upon the surface of a

pond or lake, the water as it is cooled at the surface becomes heavier and goes down. So it keeps on going down, while the warmer water beneath, which is lighter, comes up to the surface, till the whole is cooled down to about $39\cdot2$ degrees; but then continued cold does not produce the same effect, for below $39\cdot2$ the water begins to expand again, the greater cold making it lighter instead of heavier; consequently the water which is cooled to below $39\cdot2$ degrees remains on the surface, and by continued exposure to the action of the cold atmosphere it freezes and forms a layer of ice. But that is not the case with salt water. Sea water continues to contract down to its freezing point; the more it is cooled the heavier it becomes, because its bulk diminishes; it therefore sinks in proportion to its degree of coldness; and in this manner it is that the coldest water nearly always comes to be at the bottom.

This has a most important relation to the doctrine of Sub-marine Climate. I have shown you here a sort of little compact pocket edition of a set of phenomena, which, as I am now going to explain, probably prevails over the whole of our great Oceans. In our soundings a few months ago on the coast of Spain and Portugal, we came upon this fact; the surface temperature was very high, about 65 degrees; in the first 100 fathoms we lost about 10 degrees of this, which we may call the *super-heating* of the surface, produced by the powerful rays of the midsummer sun. Then the temperature from a depth of 100 fathoms down to 800 lowered very slowly, just as it does in the “warm area;” so that at 800 fathoms it only got down to 49 degrees. But in the next 200 fathoms, between 800 and 1000, there was a loss of 9 degrees, the temperature falling to 40; in another 100 fathoms, it fell another degree; and over the deeper soundings which we took in the previous year, extending down to 2435 fathoms, or nearly three miles—a depth about equal to the height of Mont Blanc—we got a temperature as low as $36\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; and still lower temperatures have been obtained elsewhere, even near the Equator. The recent temperature-soundings made by Commander Chimmo with the “protected” thermometers, in Lat. 3° S. and Long. 95° E., have given $35\cdot2$ as the bottom-temperature at 1806

fathoms, and $33^{\circ}6$ at 2306 fathoms. Here, then, you see we have in our great Oceans a condition just comparable with that which we found in the Lightning Channel: first we have an upper stratum of warm water; then we have what I have designated a "stratum of intermixture;" but below 1000 fathoms, the water ranges from 39° nearly down to freezing point. Near the Pole it is quite down to freezing point; but when it is nearer the Equator, where it has had a long way to flow from the Pole, it will have acquired a certain slight degree of warmth; but still, you see, the finding a temperature of 33 or 35 degrees under the Equator, shows clearly that that water must have come from one or other of the Poles.

Let us now inquire what account can be given of this remarkable phenomenon. Here we have in the deep Oceanic basins this layer of water extending more than a mile deep—water which must have been derived from the Polar area. What account can we give of it? How does it come to be there? and how does it come to retain its low temperature? Now, I think it may be said with perfect certainty, that it could not long retain its low temperature unless it was continually supplied from the Polar area. I will show you how this supply takes place. Here, for instance, in this Lightning Channel, we found that we could distinctly trace it along near to the corner of the Faroe Banks; and though we had not the means (which I hope we may at some future time) of measuring its movement, yet by the nature of the bottom we felt pretty sure that it was a running stream; for the pebbles there instead of being angular were round—which, you know, is a distinct indication of a current. Well, then, we have every reason to believe that this stream ran on and discharged itself into the great Atlantic basin. For about 100 miles to the westward of this there is a deep slope, going down to 1500 or 2000 fathoms; and thus it would be one of the feeders, so to speak, of the great mass of Polar water in the Atlantic basin. Then between the Faroe Islands and Iceland there is a shallow bank; but between Iceland and Greenland, again, there is a wide and deep channel, through which a very large mass of Polar water can come down. And though no temperature-soundings have yet been made (so far as I am aware)

in this channel, yet the character of the bottom, as shown in the "Bull-dog" soundings, corresponded so closely with that of our own *cold* area, as to justify the belief that the deep water is glacial. Now water can not be always flowing out of the Polar basin, without water from some other source flowing into it; so that if there is such an *outflow* at its bottom, the circulation must be completed by a constant *inflow* of *surface*-water. While, then, the *deeper* water is coming *from* the Pole, there must be *surface*-water going *towards* the Pole.

You have all heard of the Gulf Stream. It is a great mass of water issuing from the Gulf of Mexico through the channel between the peninsula of Florida and the Bahama Islands, and flowing in a northeasterly direction. The very powerful current that passes through that narrow channel, flows at first at the rate of three or four miles an hour in a direction which carries it towards the Banks of Newfoundland and the Azores; and it is popularly believed to flow on towards the northern coast of the British Isles, and thence to Spitzbergen, Iceland, and even Nova Zembla. Now, I have every reason to believe, from careful inquiries lately made, that this Gulf Stream really has not much to do with the phenomena of which I have been telling you, and that its influence pretty much ceases not far to the eastward of the banks of Newfoundland. The Gulf Stream is part of the *horizontal* circulation in the North Atlantic. I think you will easily understand the difference between a horizontal circulation and a vertical circulation. Look at the wind ruffling the surface of a pond. It blows the water in a particular direction, and produces little ripples. If it drives away the water, of course water must come in to fill up its place from some other part of the pond. That is a horizontal circulation; and the horizontal circulation in the Atlantic is produced in this way. The Trade Winds are always blowing between the tropics from east to west; they move along an enormous mass of water, excessively heated by the action of the sun, constituting the Equatorial Current, and drive it into the Gulf of Mexico; it circulates there, and comes out from the Florida channel as a rapid current. But that rapid current, there is strong reason to believe, is not as deep as is commonly

supposed; and the amount of the heat it carries has been very much over-estimated. As it passes along the coast of the United States, (separated from it by a current of cold water that comes down from the north,) it spreads itself out, becoming proportionally thinner, and at the same time slackening in its rate of movement. Its temperature progressively falls, especially in winter; and when the stream is reduced to a mere surface-film, it can not retain a temperature much above that of the atmosphere. About half of it, when it comes to the Azores or Western Islands, turns round again, goes near the African coast, and returns into the Equatorial current: completing therefore one portion of the circulation I have spoken of. The other half goes on past the Banks of Newfoundland; there it meets the surface of the Arctic stream, which breaks it up or "inter-digitates" with it—this word expressing an action like that of passing one set of fingers through another. I admit that a portion of the Gulf Stream goes north, but the greater part of it is stopped and cooled by this Polar current coming down; and it is the southward continuation of this cold *surface*-current from the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, which gives the low winter temperature to the seaboard of the United States, and which forms the complement of the northern half of the Gulf Stream. It is known that Polar water also underlies the Gulf Stream; for, if you send the thermometer sufficiently deep, you find a very low temperature beneath this extraordinary surface-current, even in the Florida Channel.

I have adverted to the Gulf Stream, because I want to show the important influence of the upper movement of warm water of which I previously spoke, which is quite independent of the Gulf Stream. Suppose that the narrow peninsula of Mexico, or the narrowest part of it, the Isthmus of Panama, which connects North and South America, were broken through—as it will be in course of ages by the action of the sea—so that a free course should be given to the Equatorial current, it would then go right through into the Pacific Ocean, and we should have no Gulf Stream at all. But even in that case, I think our climate would not suffer so much as most persons believe; because, though we should lose some por-

tion of our warm south-westerly winds, this constant flow of warm water which is taking place in the whole mass of the North-Atlantic—from the southerly area directly towards the north and north-east, so as to enter the Polar area—will still continue, carrying with it a temperature which, taken altogether, is very much greater than that of the Gulf Stream. For the last we know definitely of the Gulf Stream shows that it is thinned off to a layer of certainly not more than 50 fathoms, and perhaps less, and reduced to a temperature of about 65 degrees; whereas, this great slowly-moving mass of water carries a temperature higher than the temperature of the latitude down to 500 or 600 fathoms' depth; and as the surface is cooled, warm water from below will come up to take its place, and in this manner will carry into the Polar area a great body of heat derived from the general surface of the Temperate and Tropical oceans. And this, I believe, has taken place in all Geological periods, quite irrespective of any such local accidents as those which produce the Gulf Stream. There must have been in all Geological periods a movement of this warmer water from the Equatorial towards the Polar area, and conversely (and this is most important geologically) a movement of cold water in the depths of the oceanic basins, from the Polar towards the Equatorial area, bringing with it the characteristic animals of the Polar climate.

But you will ask, and very properly, "What evidence have you of this movement?" and "What produces this movement?" Now, the evidence of such a movement lies in the fact that cold water could not remain cold water at the bottom of these Oceanic basins, if the supply were not kept up from the cold basins at the Poles. I will give you an illustration. We were at work this last summer in the Mediterranean, and we found its condition most curiously different in regard to temperature from the condition of the Atlantic. The Mediterranean is a basin which, to use a Scotch word, is "self-contained;" it is shut in almost entirely, the Strait of Gibraltar being its only communication with the outside; and that Strait is so shallow at its outlet, that no communication between the deep water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic can possibly take place. The Mediterranean

goes down in some parts to a depth of 2000 fathoms; we ourselves sounded to above 1700, that is from about 11,000 to 12,000 feet. We found the surface very hot, being there in August and September; the temperature of the surface of the sea rose to 78 degrees in some instances. But we found that hot temperature limited to a very shallow layer indeed; we lost 10 or 15 degrees of that heat in 30 fathoms; at a depth of 30 fathoms we found the temperature perhaps 63, or sometimes as low as 60 degrees. Then a further loss of temperature would be experienced in going down to 100 fathoms. At that depth we came almost invariably to 54 or 55 degrees; and whatever was the temperature at 100 fathoms, that it was down to the very bottom; depth there made no difference at all; if it was 55 degrees at 100 fathoms, it would be 55 at 1700 fathoms; and if it was 56 degrees at 100 fathoms, it would be the same at the greatest depth. There was a little difference in different parts of the area, which can be explained by local causes; but, as a rule, whatever the temperature was at 100 fathoms, that it was at the bottom.

Now what is the cause of this difference between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic? In a basin of very great depth, like the Mediterranean, why should the temperature be thus curiously uniform? Simply because it is entirely cut off from this General Oceanic Circulation, so that the water takes the temperature of the crust of the earth at that particular part. I will give you some curious evidence that such is the case. Thermometers buried deep in the soil in Central Europe are found to vary very little indeed during the different seasons. At about 20 or 30 feet from the surface they are not deep enough to be influenced by what is called the "internal heat of the earth," which you experience when you go down into a deep coal-pit, for instance, or which shows itself in the hot water from very deep springs; and at that depth they are covered with a layer of earth which is a sufficiently bad conductor to prevent their being much influenced by season changes; they therefore take the *permanent temperature* of the crust of the earth, and that permanent temperature in Central Europe is found to be about 51, 52, or 53 degrees. Now I found that there was a cave in a little island which we visited between Si-

cily and the coast of Africa, which has the reputation of being "icy cold." I was very anxious to visit it, but circumstances did not allow of our doing so; however, I had afterwards the opportunity of learning that the temperature of this cave is 54° through the whole year. Then a Maltese gentleman, the collector of customs at Valetta, a very intelligent and well-informed man, told me that it is the practice among the natives to let down their wine to cool it in the deep tanks which they have excavated in the rock. I asked him if he happened to know the temperature in these deep tanks, and he said, "Yes, it is 54 degrees." So you see we have several pieces of confirmatory evidence, showing us that the bottom-water of the Mediterranean takes exactly the temperature of the crust of the earth on which it rests.

If, then, it were not for the *vertical circulation* of the water in our great Oceanic basins, the temperature of the bottom of the Atlantic would be 55°, like that of the Mediterranean within the Strait of Gibraltar. But see what we get a little outside that basin. Near the coast of Spain, only 100 or 200 miles from Gibraltar, we found the temperature 49° at 800 fathoms, and we got down to 39° at 1100 fathoms. Now this shows perfectly clearly that such a low temperature could only be sustained by a constant flow of water from the Polar basin towards this southern region. Then, as I have shown you, that outflow could not continue without an inflow into the Polar basin. And that brings me to show you what is the force that maintains this circulation. It is produced by the continual cooling of the water which flows into the Polar area; for it becomes heavier and falls to the bottom, displacing the water previously there, pushing it away as it were. Thus, there is a constant sinking of water in the Polar area exposed to a much colder atmosphere; for every fresh layer of water that comes in from the warmer sea around is cooled in its turn; it then sinks and goes down, down, down; and this colder and denser water creeps gradually along the deepest parts of the great Atlantic basin, and now and then, by some peculiar conformation of the bottom, it will come nearer to the surface, as it does in this Lightning Channel. If we are ever able to trace the Lightning Channel further north, it will be a most interest-

ing point to determine what it is that sends up the cold water so much nearer the surface there than it has been found anywhere else in the same latitude. But we have a parallel fact in the case of Gibraltar, where I have lately been able to prove very distinctly that the water from the deeper portion of the Mediterranean basin is passing as an under-current outwards through the shallowest part of the Strait, beneath the surface-current that is continually flowing inwards from the Atlantic. Thus, then, you see what is the moving force. It is this constant reduction of temperature, which increases the density of the water and disturbs the equilibrium too. Suppose we had a Polar column of water of a certain height at this end of the room, and an Equatorial column at the other end. As this Polar column is cooled down, it contracts and becomes denser; thus its level is lowered, and the water will flow towards its surface to bring up that level. When this column of dense Polar water has on the top of it the additional water which has flowed in to maintain the level of that column, it becomes considerably heavier than the corresponding Equatorial column at the other end. What is the consequence? Why, that a portion of the lower part of it must flow away. Thus there will be a tendency to a renewed lowering of the level, which must draw in water from the Equatorial region; and there will always be, as that water flows in and is cooled down, a tendency to the maintenance of a greater weight or downward pressure of water in the Polar area; so by these two influences—the lowering of the level, and the increase of the density of the column—we have this constant disturbance of level and disturbance of equilibrium, producing an inflow from the Equatorial towards the Polar regions on the surface, and an outflow from the Polar towards the Equatorial area at the bottom.

. This is the doctrine of the General Oceanic Circulation to which I have been led. I say “I,” because it has happened that I have been the member of the Expedition to whose share this part of the inquiry fell, and I have applied myself to all the points bearing upon it. I have taken the opinion of some of the most eminent Mathematicians and Physicists of this country, with regard to the validity of the principles I have advanced; and I am glad to

say that I do not bring them forward merely on my own authority, but am assured that this doctrine will stand the test of very rigid inquiry. A short time before the death of Sir John Herschel, I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from him, fully accepting the doctrine I have propounded; and his acceptance is the more significant, since he had previously repudiated the doctrine of Captain Maury, that an Oceanic Circulation (of which he regarded the Gulf Stream as a part) is maintained by the expansion produced by Equatorial heat.

“Assuredly,” wrote Sir John Herschel, “after well considering all you say, as well as the common sense of the matter, and the experience of our hot water circulation-pipes in our greenhouses, etc., there is no refusing to admit that an Oceanic Circulation of some sort must arise from mere Heat, Cold, and Evaporation, as *vera cause*; and you have brought forward with singular emphasis the more powerful action of the Polar Cold, or rather the more *intense* action, as its maximum effect is limited to a much smaller area than that of the maximum of Equatorial Heat. The action of the Trade and Counter-trade Winds in like manner can not be ignored; and henceforward the question of Ocean-currents will have to be considered under a twofold point of view”—namely, as he goes on to explain, the *horizontal* circulation produced by the action of Wind on the surface, and the *vertical* circulation dependent on opposition of Temperature.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society I was enabled, by the kindness of Dr. Odling, to exhibit an illustrative experiment, which was considered extremely satisfactory; and I think I can explain it to you in such a manner that you will easily understand its value. We had a trough, with plate-glass sides, about six feet long and a foot deep, and the sides not more than one inch from each other. At one end of this trough a piece of ice was wedged in between the two sides; that represented the Polar area. At the other end we applied heat at the bottom—to imitate the exact conditions of the case—the heat being applied by a bar of metal which was laid on the surface of the water, and then carried over the end of the trough and heated by a spirit lamp; that represented the Equatorial area. Then we put in some coloring matter, red at the warm end, and

blue at the cold end. What happened? The water tinged with blue put in at the surface of the Polar area, being chilled by contact with the ice, immediately fell down to the bottom; it then crept slowly along the bottom of the trough, and at the Equatorial end it gradually rose towards the surface; and, having done so, it gradually returned along the surface to the point from which it started. The red followed the same course as the blue, but started from a different point. It crept along the surface from the Equatorial to the Polar end, and there fell to the bottom, just as the blue had done, and formed another stratum, creeping along the bottom and coming again to the surface. Each color made a distinct circulation during the half hour in which the audience had this experiment in view. Now that was a very beautiful experiment; and I can myself see no flaw in the application of the argument, that what is true on a small scale in this trough is true of a mass of water extending from the Equatorial to the Polar area.

Lastly, let us return for a moment to the subject of Deep-sea Climates. You see that this *vertical* circulation is a great Cosmical matter—not a mere local phenomenon, and not confined to the present time as the Gulf Stream is. It is a phenomenon which must have had its place in all Geological history. The Gulf Stream, and the superficial Arctic current which brings its water back again, constitute a *horizontal* circulation, the continuance of which

depends on the interruption of the Equatorial Current by the coast-line of Central America. But wherever there were deep seas, and the Polar water and Equatorial areas were in communication, there must have always been this *vertical* circulation.

One very curious consequence of this vertical circulation, which I believe to be very important in relation to the Life of the ocean, is this—that by its means, if this doctrine be true, every drop of water in the ocean will, in its turn, be brought from the bottom and exposed to the surface. Now, in the Mediterranean there is no such circulation; and we found in the great depths of the Mediterranean an extraordinary paucity of animal life, instead of finding the abundance which we encountered in the great depths of the Atlantic. I will not say that this is the sole cause of the difference, but it has a good deal to do with it. These depths are stagnant; there is nothing to change them; for they are completely cut off from the depths of the Atlantic; and the only vertical circulation to which they are subject consists in the descent of water which has been concentrated by evaporation on the surface, and which, becoming heavier by concentration, will go down, but will soon diffuse its excess of salt, so as not to reach any great depth. Thus it is obvious that the condition of any “self-contained” basin, like the Mediterranean, must be extremely different Biologically, and therefore Geologically, from that of an Oceanic basin forming part of the great Water-system of the globe.

Temple Bar.

SUPER-HUMAN DWELLING-PLACES.

THE problem of the future state has been the despair of humanity in all ages. The lean-visaged philosopher, the sybaritic voluptuary, the reckless gambler, the high-born noble, and the shivering outcast, have alike felt the pressure of a mystery which none of them could remove.

Faith, with its superhuman vision, has failed to penetrate the dim obscurity; speculation, with its illusive dreams, has propounded strange theories to little purpose; science, with her vivid insight, has advanced her specious interpretations; but the problem yet remains unsolved.

All nations and peoples have had their

conceptions of the future state: the Pagan his dreams of walking in Elysian fields; the Indian, his anticipation of happy hunting-fields; the Negro, his visions of a cooler paradise; the Laplander, his hope of a more genial world; the Christian, his dream of perpetually “quivering to the young-eyed cherubims;” the martyr of all religions, his prospect of the discovery of a peace which could nowhere be found upon earth.

To lift the curtain which veils the condition of mankind after death can scarcely be said to come within the province either of science or of art. There are some spec-

ulations, however, we will admit, which, whether from their curious nature, or from the serious authority with which they are advanced, demand a certain amount of attention at our hands.

In a recent work by a French author, "The Day after Death," by M. Louis Figuier, an attempt has been made at "a new philosophy of the universe," which not only professes to reveal to us our future condition and abode, but advances a theory of our origin which possesses some of the merits of originality. It does not fall within the compass of our intention to criticise this new system, and this we wish distinctly to be understood, and we shall not indorse M. Figuier's theories, but we shall endeavor to lay before our readers its main features, which possess a considerable amount of interest.

The author embarks upon the wide area of his speculations with the doctrine that man is composed of three elements—Body, Life, Soul. This doctrine, we are informed, emanated from Barthez, Lordat, and the medical school of Montpellier. He comes to the same conclusion which the celebrated pagan philosopher did four centuries before the Christian era—that "death is the separation of the soul from the body." This effect is accomplished at the period when the life, which may be regarded as a link uniting the two, ceases to animate the body. But what after death? Shall we attempt to fathom the fathomless? Shall we raise the sight-obscuring veil? Shall we unravel the skein which has perplexed men in all ages? Shall we unridle the Egyptian Sphinx, and laugh at the curious blindness of bygone generations?

It was a curious theory of the Socratic school which assigned to the emancipated soul which had not become sufficiently ennobled and pure to dwell with the gods the body of a lower animal, and even insect, as its tenement; but it is a stranger theory of M. Louis Figuier, which condemns such a soul to endure another terrestrial existence in a similar temple to that which it has just quitted. Such a soul enters the body of a newly-born infant to commence anew the trial of existence, and to undergo a training which may or may not render it adapted to a state of existence superior to the present. Failing to become more ennobled and purified after this second incarnation, it has to undergo yet another, and—who

knows?—another still, until a certain degree of perfection is attained.

Let us turn for a moment to the "Phædo" of Plato, and see how far the theory of the author accords with the views of the ancient Grecian philosopher.

Socrates speaks :

"And these are not the souls of good men, but of bad, who are thus obliged to wander about, suffering punishment for their former manner of life which was evil. And thus they wander, until by the longing which clings to them for earthly things, they are again inclosed in a body—chained to one, most probably, with habits resembling those which they had acquired during their former lives.

"Those who had indulged in gluttony or contemptuous pride, who had been brutalized by drunkenness, devoid of any feeling of shame or self-restraint, would naturally pass into such bodies as asses and other beasts; while those who have had a propensity to injustice, to tyrannize over others and rob them, pass into the bodies of such animals as wolves, hawks, and vultures. For where else could such go?

"And therefore it is probable also of the rest, that each will go into the state which most resembles the condition he had striven to attain, either by indulging in bad propensities, or by omitting to cultivate the better instincts of his nature.

"And most assuredly those are the most blessed, and go into the happiest places, who have striven to practice those social and public virtues which are called temperance and justice, and have practiced them by use and habit, without philosophy and reflection.

"It is probable that these resume their life among such social and political creatures as bees, ants, etc., and *then return from these into human bodies and become good men.*

"But to the god-like condition of souls none can attain except those who by the pursuit of true philosophy have succeeded in quitting their bodies in a purified condition—in fact, none but the real lover of knowledge and goodness; and on this account, O loved Simonias and Cebes, true philosophers abstain from the indulgence of all immoderate desires of the body, and patiently bear all trials and resist all temptations."

It will be seen that M. Figuier's theory,

in this feature of his system, does not differ widely from the doctrines of the ancient Grecian philosopher. He somewhat varies the doctrine by adding, that all children, who "shuffle off their mortal coil" before the age of twelve months re-enter the body of a newly-born child, in order that they may complete their training for a higher existence.

The condemnation of man, for the commission of certain errors for which he has a special adaptation, to the agony of never-ending torment, has been held by many cultivated intellects to be unjust and improbable. By this new theory M. Figuiet annihilates hell, and takes up his position within the circle of the comfortable glimmer of Mr. Voysey's creed. "The justice and goodness of God," he says, "are manifest in this paternal arrangement, much more than in the severe jurisdiction which would irretrievably condemn a soul after one single trial which had resulted unfavorably."

By this theory, again, the author is enabled to cast a new light upon the science of phrenology. The soul thus entering the newly-born child is possessed of certain acquirements and abilities developed in its former existence. These qualifications, by developing certain parts of the brain, and the absence of certain qualities depressing other parts, cause the irregularity in the formation of the skull which gives rise to the science of phrenology. That which has hitherto been regarded therefore as the cause, is by this theory translated into the effect.

We have now to consider those souls which, during their terrestrial sojourn, by the exercise of their god-like functions and the suppression of their lower instincts, are deemed worthy of removal to a purer sphere of existence. These souls, after the passage through the silent valley, become invested with a body suited to their new abode, infinitely purer and infinitely spiritual. This union forms a being to whom M. Figuiet applies the appellation *super-human*.

According to the doctrine of a German naturalist, matter and spirit exist in man in almost equal proportions: "*i.e.*, the proportion of spirit is 50 in 100." Admitting this theory, M. Figuiet writes, "we would say that the proportion" of spirit "in a super-human being is undoubtedly from 80 to 85 in 100."

The super-human being is provided with new and unknown faculties and senses, besides possessing the familiar ones in a singularly increased and more exquisite form. But he has not yet attained the full meridian of glory: he has but reached the first stage of his purification and adaptation to his final abode. He has not even conquered death. He still has to answer the summons of this unwelcome visitor; let us hope he receives it with a better grace and less tremor than before. How many times the super-human being passes under the influence of death and becomes re-incarnated in a still more spiritualized body M. Figuiet is not bold enough to assert.

One proof which the author adduces of the existence of death in the super-human dwelling-places we will give in his own words: "Persons who receive communications from the dead have remarked that these communications sometimes cease quite suddenly. A celebrated actress, now retired from the stage, had manifest communications with a person whom she had lost by a tragical death. These communications abruptly ceased.* The soul of the dead friend whom she mourned warned her that their intercourse was about to cease. The assigned reason serves to explain why such relation can not be continuously maintained. The super-human being who was in relations with the terrestrial person had already risen in rank in the celestial hierarchy; he had accomplished a new metamorphosis, and he could no longer correspond with the earth."

M. Figuiet lays down an ingenious rule for those who desire thus to communicate with friends who have "gone before." "In order to receive these communications," he says, "a man must possess a pure and noble mind, and he must have preserved the cultus of those whom he has lost." We thus are provided with a ready answer for those who are unable to receive "communications."

Let no one fondly imagine that in his next existence, although it be the heavenly one, he has taken a long farewell of sorrow or bitterness; for we read, "Absolute happiness exists nowhere in the world, and Destiny has the power to let fall one drop

* We never heard of any one of these spiritual communications which was worth receiving. If they emanate from spirits, it would be a proof of a mental degeneration.—ED.

of gall into the cup of happiness quaffed by the dwellers in ether in their celestial abode."

We have now placed before our readers the form which, according to M. Figuiet's theory, we shall take when we have drawn our last breath on earth; we will now consider the abode which good and pure souls are destined to occupy on their journey to their final resting-place.

We are all aware that after we have exceeded the limits of our own atmosphere we arrive at an inconceivably rarefied fluid, which has been called "planetary ether." A sufficient proof of the existence of this fluid may be given in the fact that astronomers, in their calculations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, call into consideration the amount of resistance afforded by this attenuated medium.

It is in this ether that the author places his super-human being.

This fluid was known to the ancients, which we shall see if we turn again to the 'Phædo:—

"But the earth itself lies free from vapor in the pure heavens, where are also the stars, surrounded by what we call ether, which is above that air in which we live. The air which surrounds us is a mere sediment of the universe, and its inhabitants a variety of beings, some of whom live in the centre and some on the shore of those seas of air, and some in islands surrounded by air. In a word, our air is as their water, and their ether as our air."

We shall also see that the author's theory, at least this section of it, is equally ancient:

"As soon as the souls are taken by the angel to the place where judgment is passed, those who have lived holy and good lives in this world are first separated from those who have not. . . . These are released as from a prison, and taken up to that pure region above the earth to have their home there. Amongst these, the souls who have been only purified by the pursuit of wisdom and goodness live ever afterwards without bodies, and arrive at still more beautiful abodes which would not be easy to describe. . . . This, or something very like this, is the condition of our souls and their dwelling-places, as the soul is evidently immortal."

In this fluid, therefore, the super-human being, endowed with a body which is described as "a slight material tissue, anima-

ted by life, a vaporous, diaphanous drape-ry of living matter," lives and moves until the time comes to quit that body and receive one which is still more "diaphanous." He then becomes an "arch-human" being. He continues to receive, at each metamorphosis, a body less and less material, until at the last he becomes pure spirit, and is fitted to dwell in his final resting-place.

The super-human being is endowed with new and marvelous faculties, and his old functions are increased to an inconceivable extent. His sight becomes as far-seeing as the telescope and as penetrating as the microscope. His other senses are equally developed. He traverses through the realms of space with the rapidity of light or electricity. He visits the various members of the solar system, and is, as we have before stated, enabled to communicate, by some unexplained telegraphy, with those he loves upon earth. May we express a hope that, having something material about him, he slackens his speed on approaching our atmosphere, or he might find the resistance of that medium develop an uncomfortable heat?

These beings, then—whose nourishment is the fluid in which they dwell; whose sexless forms move through space with the swiftness of thought; whose sleepless existence is rendered absolutely happy by the presence of a love, the pureness and intensity of which is never approximated upon earth—people the eternal space like motes in a sunbeam.

We have already stated that the super-human being passes through a series of transformations which render him, at the last, adapted to his final abode. This final abode we have not yet named. Shall we be placing too great a strain upon the readers' imagination if we assure them that this dwelling-place is the sun? Not only is this the belief of M. Figuiet, but he tasks our credulity still further by asking us to believe that the sun itself is entirely composed of these perfected souls:

"When he attains the sun, the super-human being is free from all material substance, from all carnal alloy. He is a flame, a breath; all is intelligence, sentiment, thought in him; nothing impure is mingled with his perfect essence. He is an absolute soul, a soul without a body. The gaseous and burning mass of which the sun is composed is therefore appropri-

to receive these quintessential beings. One of fire is a fitting throne for souls. We might even go further, and maintain that not only is the sun the asylum and receptacle of souls which have finished their course of their peregrinations in this world, but that it is nothing else than a column of those souls which have come to visit other planets after having passed through the intermediate states which we have described. The sun may be only an aggregation of souls."

We should be glad to ask the author, if he were permitted the opportunity, how he can reconcile this wild hypothesis with the theory of gravitation. The centre of gravity in the solar system has always been supposed to be the sun. Now, if the sun is a mere aggregation of souls, how can it possess the force necessary to assert its dominion as the centre of gravity? The author adduces, as a proof that there is no solid or resisting medium in the sun, that certain comets have passed so close to the sun that, "did a resisting medium," which we presume he means a mass of matter, "exist, their movements must have been greatly disturbed." How can he explain the enormously accelerated velocity of a comet at its perihelion, except by the existence of a medium which by implication he denies? Guillemin, in his able work, "The Universe," says, "Observation proves, year to year, that the number of comets is really considerable. Leaving appearances out of the question, new comets are constantly found to arrive from all depths of space; describing round the sun orbits which testify to the *attractive force* of that radiant body." The italics are his own. Again, it is scarcely probable that a comet would be disturbed by its proximity to the centre of gravity; if disturbance came, it would arise from some member of the planetary group. Nor can we imagine that had M. Figuiet borne in mind the recent discoveries in solar physics by means of the spectrum-analysis, he would have hazarded so reckless a theory.

We now come to the most singular section of M. Figuiet's new system. He contends, that the rays of the sun are nothing but emanations from these perfected spirits; the constant supply of radiation and heat, which has always puzzled physicists, is explained by the perpetual influx of spiritualized beings from all the planets; these beings, consequently, are the

origin and source of the life of all created things:

"The *spiritual beings* gathered together in the sun send down upon the earth and upon the planets emanations from their essence—that is to say *animated germs*. These *animated germs* are carried by the sunbeams, which distribute organization, feeling, and life, over all the planets."

These germs are souls in embryo, and commence their long sojourn upon the earth in the form of a plant. In this stage they are simply the germs of a soul. The germ then enters a zoophyte. From the zoophyte and mollusk it passes to an articulated animal; from that into a fish or reptile. The germ now becomes, from gradual development, or the unification of one or more germs, a rudimentary soul. It passes next into a bird, from that into a mammifer, from that into the body of a man. M. Figuiet maintains that in each of its incarnations the soul becomes oblivious of its past existence, and it is only when it has attained perfectibility that it is permitted to recall and survey its long and elaborate series of transformations.

"Thus does the great chain of nature close and complete itself!" exclaims the author: "that uninterrupted chain of vital activity, which has neither beginning nor end, and which links all created beings into one family—the universal family of the worlds."

He maintains that men, in some measure, retain the proclivities of the animal from which their soul is derived. On the same principle, we can imagine how admirably an errand-boy would result from a retriever; how irresistible a detective from a bloodhound; how valorous a soldier from a bulldog! That we are sometimes deeply moved at the sight of some flower or particular landscape may be the unconscious (so to speak) memory of the form or place in which our previous existence had been passed.

There is another theory of M. Figuiet's which is so interesting that we may be pardoned if, after, as it would seem, having come to the close of our digest, we lay it before our readers. He attributes the faculty of sensibility to plants, by the doing of which he admits he transgresses the classic laws of natural history.

It is foreign to our purpose, nor would the exigencies of space permit us, to enter into all the arguments which he adduces

in favor of this hypothesis. But we can not refrain from giving one, which seems the most conclusive as well as the most singular of all. It bears upon the modes of reproduction, which, in many plants, bears an exact resemblance to the modes in vogue amongst animals. And not only do some of the plants dispense with adventitious aid, but are endowed with voluntary movements of their own.

We all know how necessary it is for bees to transmit the pollen from the male to the female flower in order that a good crop of fruit may result; or, failing this, the wind will sometimes perform the necessary office: but we can not say that we labored under the apprehension that the bee or the wind was conducing greatly to the pleasure of the plant—the sensuous pleasure, if we may so speak:

“Particular vitality, a turgid state of the tissues, accompanied by elevation of local temperature, occur in the case of certain plants at the moment of impregnation, especially in the species of the family of Aroïdes. On placing a thermometer at that time in the great floral covering of the Arums, an excess of from 1° to 2° in the temperature of the surrounding air will be denoted—an extraordinary fact in vegetable life, for vegetables are always colder than the external air. How can we believe that the plant in which this excite-

ment takes place has no feeling of its own condition?”

Upon this subject, M. Figuier produces an array of most curious and interesting facts.

It was Wordsworth who wrote:

“Through primrose tufts in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.”

But Wordsworth could scarcely have imagined that the conception of his poetic fancy would ever be embodied in a scientific treatise.

We ought, in conclusion, to say that M. Figuier does not ignore the presence of a presiding Deity; and that he assigns, as the dwelling-place of the Supreme Being, that centre of attraction around which the entire series of heavenly bodies revolve.

For all these conjectures of science, we still cling to our primitive faith, which, trusting to the ordinations of a Divine Being who is Love itself, fears neither death nor the unknown; nor, could the assumptions of science be proved beyond doubt, would it enhance our serenity at the prospect of dissolution; and we should still desire to yield to the Universal Liberator with the words of the Divine Teacher upon our lips: “Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

J. M.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A MEMOIR OF MAZZINI.

BY DAVID MASSON.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I first saw Mazzini. It was in a room in the north part of London, where he had politely called, in acknowledgment of a slight claim I had on his acquaintance through my friendship in another city with a fellow-countryman of his who was very dear to him. I remember well the first sight of him, as he entered, sat down, and immediately began to talk. He was then thirty-eight years of age, retaining much of that grace and beauty for which he had been famous when he first fascinated his Genoese college-companions, drew them into sympathy with his dreams, and imagined the association afterwards known as Young Italy. One knew at once that slight figure, in a dark and closely-fitting

dress, with the marvelous face of pale olive, in shape a long oval, the features fine and bold rather than massive, the forehead full and high under thin dark hair, the whole expression impassioned and sad, and the eyes large, black, and preternaturally burning. His talk was rapid and abundant, in an excellent English that never failed, though it was dashed with piquant foreign idioms, and pronounced with a decidedly foreign accent. The matter on that occasion was discursive, and the manner somewhat *distract*, as if he were on a visit of courtesy which he wanted to get through, and which need happily involve no farther trouble to his recluse habits and the pursuit of his many affairs. He was then living in an obscure off-street

from the City Road, somewhere beyond the New River, in the house, I believe, of an Italian tradesman, who was one of his devoted followers; but one had been forewarned that he did not expect chance visitors there, and that indeed such visitors would not be likely to find him. As it happened, however, this my first sight of Mazzini was by no means the last. By a concurrence of circumstances, I met him again and again in the house of one or another of the very few English families that enjoyed his intimacy, till at length I came to know him well, and what hardly promised to be an acquaintanceship became for me one of the friendships of my life, for which I thank Fate and which I shall ponder till I die. Through many years, as he flashed from England to the Continent, and from the Continent back to England, I watched him, with some general knowledge of his designs,—at one important crisis, indeed, with thorough admiration, and such hopes for his success as could not but be yielded by any who understood the grand essentials of his drift, and the state of the poor Italy he longed to renovate; afterwards with undiminished affection, but perhaps more of doubt and dissent, as he pushed on, past great achieved success, to those extreme specialities of his programme about which one was more indifferent or less informed. Vaguest of all is my cognizance of his doings during the last seven or eight years. No longer in London, save at intervals, I had lost the customary opportunities of seeing him, and a newspaper rumor now and then, or a more private message sometimes as to his whereabouts and the state of his health, was all I had to trust to. The last time I saw him was, I think, about two years ago. He was then in a lodging at Brompton, and I found him painfully emaciated and weak from long illness, but full of kindly interest in persons and things, his spirit unabated, and the black eyes beaming with their old lustre. And now he is dead at Pisa, at the age of sixty-three; and, while the world at large is agreeing that all in all he was one of the most memorable men of his time in Europe, but there are the strangest variations in the particular estimate, here am I recalling my own experience of him, the memory of bygone evenings in his society, the sound of his

voice amid other voices, and the touch of his hand at parting.

“ Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.”

Above all, it is as the Italian Patriot that the world thinks of Mazzini. The summary of his aims in that character had been sent forth by himself, systematically and once for all, as early as 1831, when he was first a refugee in France, flung out from his native land in the ardor of his pure youth, and with no other means of acting upon that land than conspiracy and propagandism.

Italy must be a Republic, one, free, and independent! This was the programme of the Young Italy Association, inscribed in all its manifestoes, and repeated and expounded everlastingly. Grasp the phrase in its full meaning, and in all the items of its meaning, and you have that political creed from which Mazzini, as an Italian politician, never swerved, and never, save perhaps at one or two moments of practical exigency, could be made even to seem to swerve. But, though the phrase was from first to last a glowing whole in his mind, and the very accusation against him was and is that he would not break it into its items, the fact that it does consist of items which may be taken separately ought to be distinctly apprehended in any retrospect of his life. The items are three, and they ought to be taken in the reverse order—the Independence and Freedom of Italy first, the Unity of Italy next, and the Republicanism of Italy last. First, next, and last, I repeat, were the very words which Mazzini abhorred in the whole matter. The first could not be except by and with the next, nor that except through the last; if the new Italian Patriotism was to be worth any thing, if it was not to be mere Macchiavellism or mere Carbonarism revived, and to die out in pedantry and cowardly drivel as these vaunted originals had done, its very characteristic must be that the three things should be kept together in thought, and that in action every stroke should be for all at once, or for one as implying all! Nevertheless, if only to demonstrate this necessary identity of the three ideas, they might be held up separately in exposition.

The Independence and Freedom of Italy! This meant the hurling out of the Austrian, whose hoof had been so long

the degradation of her fairest provinces, and the rectification at the same time of the petty domestic tyrannies which the Austrian upheld. Well, where was the Italian that could say nay to that, and where over the wide world were men—themselves living and breathing as men, and not lashed and tortured like beasts—that could refuse this deliverance to the Italians whenever the time should come? About this part of the programme there could be no controversy.

Ay, but the Unity of Italy! What necessity for that; what chance of it? Did not many of the wisest Italians themselves look forward merely to an Italy of various governments, each tolerably free within itself, and all perhaps connected by some kind of Federation; was not that also the notion of the most liberal French politicians, and of the few Englishmen that troubled themselves with any thought about Italy at all? Universally, would not the speculation of a United Italy be scouted as a mad Utopia? Let them rave, replied Mazzini. The idea of a single Italian nation, one and united, had been, he maintained, an invariable form of thinking in the minds of all the greatest Italians in succession, from Dante to the Corsican who had Europeanized himself as Bonaparte; and an examination of the practical conditions of the problem of Independence and Freedom would also, he maintained, show that problem to be insoluble except in the terms of Unity.

Well, but why a Republic? If some existing Italian potentate, with due ambition in his heart and something of better fibre to aid, (Charles Albert of Piedmont, for example, once a Carbonaro, and with some shame of his recreancy said to be gnawing at his conscience and stirring to thoughts of atonement,) if such a potentate, already in command of an armed force, were to head a war of Independence, drive out the Austrian, and cashier the rabble of tyrannical princes, would there not then be a United and Free Italy, and might not the crown be his? Or if, in the course of a popular revolution, some great soldier were to emerge, crashing the opposition, like another Napoleon, by his military genius, would it not be in accordance with analogy, and for the security of the work done, to raise him to the sovereignty? Young Mazzini had ruminated these questions, and one can see signs of a fal-

tering within himself before he answered them. Republican as he was, Republican as he meant to be, there was plausibility in the forecasts hazarded. Facts might take that course; it was the way of facts to take any course; precedents were perhaps in favor of the agency of kings and great soldiers in wars of national liberation; it would not do for a young theorist, who would welcome his motherland liberated anyhow, to stand too stiffly on the banks of his own ideal channel towards that end, only to see it empty after all, and events flowing in another! Hence a certain published Appeal to Charles Albert, much talked of at the time. The Appeal was read by that monarch; and he threw it into his waste-paper basket, with orders that, if ever the writer showed his face again in Italy, he should be laid fast in the nearest prison. No need then, Mazzini concluded, for any farther hesitation. The Republicanism so dear to himself in theory was put into the programme of the Young Italy Association, as equally indispensable with the oath for Independence and Liberation and the vow of ultimate Unity. The reasons were duly given. The advent of a Patriot-King, or of a conquering soldier who would win the freedom of his country by winning a crown for himself, was declared to be an impossible phenomenon. The time for such things was past. There were epochs and eras in human affairs, and when an old era came to a close the methods of that era ceased to be the methods of Providence. Mazzini always had this large semi-mystical way of reasoning about eras and epochs, of listening to the vast march through the vacancies of Time, and being sure of its divisions and halts. Especially he announced that the world had passed through the stage of Individualism, Macchiavellism, the accomplishment of God's purposes for humanity by the mere deeds and scheming of particular persons, and that the era of Association, collective effort, action by the will and heart of every people for itself, and of all peoples united, had at least begun. The very struggle for Liberty which had been going on, with ever-increasing results, through all previous ages of the world, had consequently now changed its form and the state of its parties. Essentially the struggle had always been one between Privilege and the People; but the battle in all its previous forms of antagonism had

rather been for the People than by the People. Such forms of the eternal contest had been that for Personal Liberty against Slave-owning, the Plebeians against the Patricians, Catholicism against Feudalism, the Reformation against Catholicism, Constitutional Government against Arbitrary Power. Now, however, that Privilege had been brought to its last agonies by such a succession of contests, the essential nature of the struggle which had been involved in them all was more nakedly disclosed. What had always been a struggle between Privilege and the People might now proclaim itself in all the simple generality of that name; and the People themselves, in the final strife against the last shreds and fastnesses of Privilege, might be their own proctors and advocates, and might dispense with champions and intermediaries. Yes! all the complexities of the social tackling, all the scaffoldings of the supposed pyramid, had now been struck away, and the People, assembled multitudinously as on one level plain, might look up direct to Heaven, with nothing to distract the view. *Dio e Popolo*—God and the People—such, for all peoples, was to be the true formula of the future. Translated into ordinary political language, this, for most peoples, could mean only Pure Republicanism. In Great Britain alone would Mazzini recognize an exception. For certain positive and practical reasons, connected with her special insular history, he thought Constitutional Government suitable for her, and likely to be suitable for a long time to come. But of all nations Italy was the one specially fitted for Republicanism. Her greatest traditions, her peculiar glories, were Republican. Whatever associations of coarseness, cruelty, or meanness other nations might have with the word Republicanism in recollection severally of their past histories, the word had come down in the Italian mind entwined with memories of heroism, high-mindedness, Poetry and Art at their noblest, all that was exquisite and even fastidious in scholarship and culture, the fullest richness of social life, the truest enterprise in commerce, the utmost originality of individual genius. Let Young Italy represent the real soul of the nation! Paying no heed to the remonstrances or the jeers of the so-called Practical Statesmen, the Pedants and Diplomats, the Individualists and Macchiavellians, let

them blazon on their banner the symbol of an Italian Republic as the only possible form of a future Italy that should also be independent, free, and one!

For forty years Mazzini fought for the programme of his youth. He lived to see part of it accomplished, and he has died laboring for the rest.

For seventeen of these forty years, (1831—1848,) he was known only as the Italian agitator and conspirator, driven from France into Switzerland, and thence into England, corresponding incessantly by unknown means with his adherents in various parts of Italy, diffusing his ideas more especially among the youth of Italy by contraband writings and a machinery of secret societies, and promoting every possible attempt at an insurrection anywhere in the Peninsula. He was near the end of this stage of his career when I first saw him. Respectable England had grown alarmed, some two or three years before, at the existence of such a man within her bounds, and had begun to question whether he ought to be allowed a continued refuge in London. Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, had opened his letters in the post-office; there were the wildest stories not only of his promoting insurrections, but even of his encouraging assassination. But the storm had passed, and had been followed by a reaction. Sir James Graham had been obliged publicly to retract the most odious of his charges; English indignation had been roused at the discovery of a spy-system in a Government office; Mr. Carlyle had published his letter, avowing his personal intimacy with Mazzini, and testifying that, whatever he might think of Mazzini's "practical insight and skill in worldly affairs," he knew him to be, if ever he had seen such, "a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." By that time also, other persons of distinction in the metropolis, knowing Mazzini by his more purely literary contributions to English periodicals, had contracted the same high regard for him, and there were particular English families whose proved affection for him drew him at length gently and irresistibly out of his exclusive daily companionship with the Italian refugees that formed his working staff, and made him and these associates of his happier, not only by their sympathies with the Italian cause generally, but also by their aid in schemes

of relief for the poor Italians in London, and of schooling for their children. And so Mazzini lived on in London, with his eyes always on Italy.

How strange to remember now the accession of Pius IX. to the Papedom in 1846, and the subsequent news, in 1847 and 1848, that he was proving himself, by act after act, a rarity among Popes, bent on reforming his states, and governing constitutionally! What hopes, what speculations, over the new Pontificate! Pshaw! ere men had learnt the new Pope's name, down went he, and all the hopes clustered round him, in a universal vortex. "Abdication of Louis-Philippe" flamed the newspaper placards all along Fleet Street one day early in 1848; and through that year and the next what a crush of commotions and surprises, revolutions and counter-revolutions, all through Europe! Restlessness seemed normal, and Astonishment had her fill. On the signal from France, the peoples were up everywhere; oppressed nationalities and states, with long accounts to settle, were facing their tyrants at their palace-doors; and the tyrants, bowing penitently from the doorsteps, were swearing to new constitutions as fast as they were presented, any number of perjuries deep. Italy, more peculiarly, was a sight for Mephistopheles in this respect. How Ferdinand II. of Naples, and the minor princelings through the length of the Peninsula, were trembling and swearing in their several states, if perchance they might keep their thrones, while old Radetzky and his Austrians, unable to stand against the popular uprisings of the Lombards and the Venetians, were relaxing their hold of the north! One Italian sovereign, indeed, stepped forward in another spirit. This was Charles Albert of Piedmont, the old Carbonaro. *He* undertook now that nobler part he had grimly declined some seventeen years before, when the young Mazzini had tried to thrust it upon him. He would show now that only prudence and common sense had then kept him back, and that, the conditions being ripe, Italy *might* have in him such an actual patriot-king as the too rapid Republican enthusiast had declared to be an impossibility. As King of Sardinia, Charles Albert took Lombardy under his protection, proclaimed himself the champion of all Italy against the Austrian, and called upon the other Italian princes to send their

contingents to the aid of his Piedmontese army. They all did so, with more or less of heart; Ferdinand of Naples with the least of all, but compelled by his people. For everywhere the populations hailed Charles Albert, the Mazzinians or Republicans no less than the Moderates; nay, Mazzini himself in the midst of his Mazzinians, again willing for the moment, as it seemed, that the Republican theory should go into abeyance in the presence of immediate and paramount duty. He had hurried from England, through France, into Lombardy, on the first news of that insurrection of the Lombard cities and Venice against their Austrian masters, (March, 1848,) which had given Charles Albert also his opportunity. Was the conspirator Mazzini to be seen as a volunteer, then, in the army of Charles Albert? He ought to have been, peoples afterwards said; it was the accusation afterwards both against him and the Venetian Manin that they impeded Charles Albert, fomented Republican distrust in him, and kept fresh forces from joining his standard. On the other side, the blame was thrown on the king; he wanted, it was said, to fight mainly with regular troops, and looked coldly on volunteers, especially of the Mazzinian sort. Certain it is that there was jealousy or mismanagement somewhere, and that it turned to the advantage of the Austrians. In July, 1848, the strategy of Radetzky beat Charles Albert utterly, recovered Lombardy, and dispersed the general Italian cause into fragments. It was among these fragments, however, that Mazzini found occasion for a feat, perhaps the most heroic and characteristic of his own entire life, and certainly the most momentous in that war of Italian Independence. The Pope, probably adverse to the war from the first, had become decidedly pro-Austrian after Charles Albert's defeat, and had consequently lost his popularity with his Roman subjects. In November, accordingly, he thought it safest to flee from Rome in disguise, and take refuge at Gaeta in the Neapolitan territories. The Romans, left to themselves, and unable to persuade him to return, at length called a Constituent Assembly of 150 delegates elected by universal suffrage, and by the all but unanimous vote of this Assembly (the dissentients *eleven* at most) the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was abolished, and the Roman States were converted into a Republic, (Feb. 1849.) These

steps had just been taken when Mazzini, who had meanwhile been wandering about in Lombardy as a volunteer with Garibaldi's irregulars, and had since gone into Tuscany, arrived in the Eternal City. He had never seen it before; he was a Genoese by birth; but what of that? He was received by the Romans with acclamations, elected at once to the Assembly, and then appointed the chief of the Triumvirs to whom the executive of the new Republic was intrusted. The use of such a man in such a post soon appeared. Ferdinand of Naples, rampantly pro-Austrian ever since Charles Albert's defeat, had been taking leisurely revenge on his poor Neapolitan subjects for their patriotic misdemeanor; and in March, 1849, he had the farther pleasure of cannonading the still insurgent Sicilians into renewed subjection. In the same month, the unfortunate Charles Albert, who had again taken the field against the Austrians, was again shattered by Radetzky at Novara, and had nothing left but to abdicate the Sardinian crown in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and go into exile to die. Only two relics of the once hopeful Italian Revolution then remained in the entire peninsula—the Roman Republic, governed by Mazzini; and the city of Venice, also a self-declared Republic, besieged by the Austrians, and resolutely defended by Manin. Were these two relics also to be overwhelmed? Was there no hope? Would no foreign power, for example, interfere? The mass of the Italians, in their ignorance, thought even of Great Britain. Mazzini knew better; he knew that interference in Italian affairs was not in Great Britain's way, and that least of all was she likely to stir herself very heartily for things calling themselves Republics. But from France, anti-Austrian France, herself a Republic, and the beginner of the whole European Revolution which Austria was now undoing? Well, the French Republic did interfere, but it was after the oddest fashion. She left Venice to the mercy of the Austrians, and she sent an army of 30,000 soldiers, under General Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia, with orders to march upon Rome, put down the mushroom Roman Republic, and restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Louis Napoleon was then in the fourth month of his Presidency of the French Republic; but the expedition had been planned by the Republican Cavaignac, and

had the concurrence of M. Thiers, M. de Tocqueville, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and all the leading French politicians. Great Britain also had intimated her assent, on the principle that the restoration of the Pope to his dominions "under an improved form of government" would be particularly agreeable to every candid Protestant mind. And so General Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome, expecting that the Assembly and the Triumvirs would behave sensibly, recognize the will of France, and offer no opposition. Then was the hour of Mazzini. He knew that Rome must fall, but he had made up his mind that in her fall there should be buried the seeds of her renovation, and a bond for all Italy which the world would one day honor. For two months the Romans, with 14,000 armed men among them—Mazzini in the centre, and the larger-framed Garibaldi in his red shirt heading the suburban sallies and showing what street-fighting might be—maintained the defence of the city against the besieging French army; and when, on the 3d of July, 1849, the French did enter Rome, it was over corpses and ruins. Seven weeks afterwards Venice surrendered to the Austrians after a bombardment; and in April, 1850, the Pope came back from Gaeta to Rome, to resume his temporal sovereignty under the protection of French bayonets.

The last two and twenty years of Mazzini's life (1850–1872) make a story very straggling in itself, inasmuch as he is not seen as the direct agent in the wonderful transformation of Italy then actually accomplished, but mainly as the incessant idealist of the transformation, foiled in his attempts to get the practical management of it into his own hands, or even to regulate it in his own way, and obliged to be only the inspirer of others and their critic when they did not satisfy him. Having returned to England, and resumed in London his character of refugee, conspirator, and propagandist, he occupied himself for some years in denouncing more especially the French occupation of Rome, and the conduct of the French generally in the affairs of Italy, including in his rebukes not only Louis Napoleon, first as president and then emperor, but also the other responsible politicians, many of them anti-Napoleonists. This was the time also, I think, of the first general awakening of people in England and Scotland, by Mazzini's

influence, to some knowledge of Italian affairs, and some interest in them. Now, too, there was his temporary alliance with Kossuth, the arrival of whom in England, and the extraordinary eloquence and subtlety of his speeches in English, were a public topic for many months. From the attempt so made to link Italy and Hungary in an anti-Austrian league nothing very practical followed; but it led to picturesque groupings in the more private circles of London refugeedom and cosmopolitanism. Kossuth and Mazzini might now be seen side by side, with other Hungarians and Italians round them, and a due sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Russians; and on rare occasions, when Garibaldi's ship chanced to come into the London Docks, one had a glimpse of that hero, with his noble figure, and his fair, calm, trustworthy face. Plottings, I dare say, there were; and ever and anon there was a flutter through France and Italy about some intended Mazzinian movement, or some supposed vision of Mazzini himself near the Italian frontier. He was the stormy petrel of European politics, the newspapers continually said. So in a sense he was; but not unfrequently, when he was reported to be abroad, and the French and Austrian police were watching for him, he was quietly smoking a cigar or listening to Tamberlik in a London room. Tamberlik! What an evening was that when this great singer sang *Italia! O Italia!* in a room filled with refugees and their friends, and the air around you was a-shiver with the intensity of feeling that trembled through the voice, and at the close the applause was like a yell of fury, and strong young men flung themselves upon his neck with sobbings and embracings! *Italia! O Italia!* The work of 1848-9 had not been quite in vain for her. She was somewhat freer than she had been; the system of tyranny that racked her had been shaken and loosened. Above all, there was one solid block of her population enjoying constitutional freedom and good administration in tolerable degree, and yielding example, hope, and encouragement to the rest. Bluff King Victor Emmanuel of the Sardinian States had remained steady to the later policy of his father, and he had the matchless Cavour for his minister. It was on this quiet, deep, sagacious, humorous man,

covering the farthest aims and the most determined zeal for them under the richest fertility in shifts and compromises—this statesman of the Individualist or Macchiavellian type, as Mazzini would have called him—that there devolved after all the successful scheming for Italy's liberation. He and Napoleon III. put their heads together; and there was the alliance of the French and the Sardinians in a new war against Austria, ending in some gain for the French Emperor, but also in the formation of a Northern Italian Confederation or kingdom of North Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head, (July, 1859.) Not a Mazzinian Republic, then, but a constitutional kingdom, was to be the form of a substantially liberated Italy. Nay, even, as it proved, of an Italy whole and united! For now the Republican Garibaldi, accepting the Kingdom of North Italy as an accomplished fact, volunteered daringly to give it the necessary extension. An insurrection, devised on the part of him and Mazzini, had broken out in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II.; and, plunging into the midst of this, with the battle-cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi was able, in the course of a few months, to win Sicily and Naples too, and hand them over to his royal master, saluting him "King of Italy," and receiving the reply, "I thank you," (October, 1860.) In February, 1861, the first united Italian Parliament met at Turin, and in March the Kingdom of Italy was formally recognized by Great Britain. There was yet much to do, however, to accomplish the complete unification: especially there was the Papal sovereignty in the Roman States, with the French force guarding it, lying like an extraneous lump in the middle of the Peninsula. The steps of the farther progress by which the unification has been made perfect—the removal of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, the plottings and negotiations for the possession of Rome, the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in the pressure of the great struggle between France and Germany, the consequent incorporation of Rome also with the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and the transference of the capital at last to the ever-glorious city—are all matters of recent recollection. Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi, I believe, was unfelt through all this later process. The signaling to Rome, the constant stir-

of the national passion for Rome as consummation, was their share of the . Not that they were contented. Garibaldi, we know, had his tem-; and, though they would fain have lioned him, and hung golden collars' d his neck, and cushioned him softly re rest of his life, they had to take no- of his outbreaks, actually shoot at him, cage him up like a lame old lion. Mazzini it was worse. Transformed would have been glad to welcome permanently back too, and to assauge declining years with luxury, rewards, honor. He did visit this transformed and receive homage in some of her ; but she was not transformed, alas ! pletely to his mind. His dream of a iblican Italy had remained unfulfilled ; even in the system of a Royalist and stitutional Italy, as he conceived that rfect system might be made to work, und much to blame, and many short- ings of what was attainable. And so ied in Pisa, plotting no one knows ; and, though the assembled Italian ament in Rome have properly signi- their remembrance of all that Italy to him, they may have felt his death practical relief. When a prophet dies ie *Excelsior ! Excelsior !* has never ed for forty years, there may be hope est and routine.

f Mazzini's share in that great trans- ation of modern Italy, which is one e most remarkable, and surely one of nost beneficial, facts in the recent his- of Europe, it would be difficult to an estimate. Charles Albert, Victor anuel, Cavour, Napoleon III., Gari- i, and others and still others unnamed , have all coöperated in their various ; and with various motives ; larger es of the total substance of the work, e eye follows it in the palpable form oving armies and falling thrones, have e assigned to some of these than to zini ; and Mazzini's lifelong pursuit of nterprise, but for their coöperation, it have been, in large measure, futile fruitless. Yet, with all allowance, much of the result is due to Mazzini. defence of Rome against the French, as a single action, was a deed after own heart, and of vast consequence. ne it has always seemed precisely the of deed which he was fitted to do, which, but for the inspiration of his

peculiar character, would not have been done at all, or not nearly so well. To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled government, or even in a government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have ; practical coöperation with him long in actual business by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini ; he was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the same torch, for forty years ; and, but for the Republican color in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The Unity of Italy ! who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera ? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be nought, and that he kept it alive through good report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always in the end flow in the channel of the deepest speculative perception. So far as most people will now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died.

Mazzini, it may be necessary to say, was more than the Italian Patriot, though he was that pre-eminently. His patriotism was the main outcome of a very powerful, original, and various mind. He was a Theosophist, a Philosopher, a Moralist, a Reasoner about every thing from a definite system of first principles, a Thinker on all subjects, a Universal Critic of Art and Literature. His general writings, partly collected and republished in conjunction with those appertaining to Italy and his

own political life, illustrate sufficiently both the systematizing habit of his mind and the wide range of his reading and culture. He knew some thing about every thing. He had a consecutive scheme of the History of the World in his head; he had an acquaintance with the chief Greek and Latin poets, and the characteristics at least of the chief English, Spanish, German, and even Slavonian, authors; in Italian Literature, and in contemporary French Literature, his knowledge was extensive and minute; he had at least looked into Kant and Hegel, and caught the essence of some of their abstractions; he was intelligent on subjects of Art, and especially of Music; and he had no objection to the last novelty in physical science. With all this universality of range, and abundance of casual allusion, his writings are somewhat disappointing to those who desire instruction rather than stimulation. The stimulation is in great over-proportion to the nutriment, and on this very account fails, after a while, even as stimulation. Vagueness; rapidity; the recurrence continually of one or other of a certain limited number of fixed ideas, couched in impressive but nebulous phrases, such as "God and Humanity," "Progress," "the Unity which is the Soul of the Universe," "the infallibility involved in the idea of progression and of collective mankind," faith in the tradition of your epoch and your nation," "the necessity in this age of a return from Dissolving Analysis to Creative Synthesis;" real eloquence, and sometimes startling dithyrambic power, in the presentation of these ideas, but the presentation of them always as axioms which there were a baseness in not accepting, while you admit their truth only so far, and would occasionally like a little explanation and proof; a certain literary thinness in the interspaces, and a rarity of those deep incisions of the pure intellect, those nuggets of facts and anecdote, those barbs of wit and fancy, that one expects in celebrated books: such are perhaps the remarks that a severe critic, accepting on hearsay Mazzini's title to be regarded as an extraordinary man, and examining his writings from consequent curiosity, would make about most of them. Similar remarks, however, would have to be made upon the writings of many men of that order of spiritual and political propagandists to which Mazzini belonged; and, indeed, compared with most such,

Mazzini, as a writer, is brilliance itself. But, indeed, Mazzini's purpose in being a writer at all, even when his themes were philosophical or literary, was not so much abstract investigation, or new and interesting literary production in competition with contemporary writers, as precisely the inculcation of those few fixed principles of his of which we have been speaking. He believed them to be applicable to Literature no less than to other things, and he wanted to work them into the literary, no less than into the political, conscience of his time. It may be well, then, to give a handful of these Mazzinianisms, the working tenets of Mazzini's own life, which he desired to diffuse among his contemporaries and to leave behind him for others.

Mazzini was an ardent Theist. Without Religion, without faith in God and the habit of regarding all Nature and the whole course of Humanity as a manifestation of God, the world, he believed, was rotten, and life a ghastly farce. His favorite word for the opposite way of thinking, and for all mere acquiescence in customary Religion without real belief, was Materialism. This word, which he pronounced in a cutting Italian way, (*Matèrialism*,) was his constant name of reprobation for a great many men whose mental power he acknowledged. It was the counterpart, spiritually and intellectually, of Individualism and Macchiavellism in practice; and the world was full of Materialists, Individualists, Macchiavellists. The restoration of a real faith in God, and his manifestation through Humanity, was the great reform necessary in every nation. All else would follow. For the manifestation of God through Humanity takes the form of Progress, which is the Evolution of the Thought of God; and Duty for all men, and every man, consists in aiding Progress, or coöperating with the Thought of God in its successive stages,—which can not be if God is denied, the connection of the ages with each other forgotten, or the clue not found. But the clue may be found. What the great collective heart of Humanity has always thought and desired, what every nation or people is aspiring after or struggling for, with that ought the individual to sympathize, in that he will find such approach to Absolute Truth as is possible, by that ought he to rule his conscience. The isolation of the individual is absurd; it is immoral to suppose that the

individual can serve God by leading a true life within himself. Men speak of the domestic and family obligations and affections; but these are only the consolations of life, vouchsafed in the performance of duties. The duties are forgetfulness of self, assent to the flow of the collective association with one's fellows, struggle always in the forward direction, strenuous participation in what is going on. Action, rather than contemplation, is man's business.

Art and Literature themselves have been vitiated by the individualistic error, dissociation of them from the common interests, the pursuit of them "for their own sakes," as if they *could* have "sakes" of their own. "What is Poetry? The consciousness of a past world and of a world to come!" Tried by this test, how few poets had fulfilled their divine mission? Dante almost alone; with Shakespeare, and still more with Goethe, grave poems must be found; Byron and Victor Hugo of late had been really powerful and on the right track, but had fallen far short. Poets and all other artists henceforth must go into the thick of things for their themes of inspiration, and let them launch their words and symbols, burning messengers of God's intentions, back into the thick of life. "The truly European writer must be a philosopher holding in his hand the lyre." And for men of action, ordinary so-called, statesmen and politicians, was there the doubt? To perceive the needs of the world, and to help it on practically by their devices and combinations, was the work for *them*. Could the drift be mistaken? Was it not the conclusion of the battle between Privilege and Equality, every form of that battle, so as by the liberation of peoples from thralldom, freedom within themselves, and their association with each other, to bring about a time when the motto "God and Humanity" would stand out in its full meaning? Must this battle be fought by the old machinery of the Doctrine of Rights. That was a wretched doctrine, and must be superseded by the Doctrine of Duties. The duty to perform duty is man's sole right. Every nation would have for a while its special politics, depending on the particular questions agitated in it, and which it was called on to solve. Of all nations the Italian was best fitted to take the initiative in Europe. The Italian mind alone had all possessed the necessary characteristics

of constant synthesis of thought and action, and twice already had Italy, giving the word from Rome, led the world. The notion of a French initiative in Europe was a disastrous fallacy of the time, which it had been Italy's curse ever to have believed in, and which the New Italy must dash to pieces.

In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humor, and could tell a story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political coequality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily seen, even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies, who knew him thoroughly and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else more apart and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that as it happened, and often with whim and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's, or it might be any thing else of seemingly smaller moment; whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock-earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper, and then it was not mock-earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their shortcomings, if he did not begin with them; and these shortcomings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a

case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might unawares assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; there was a touch of *Matérrialism* in you, though you did not know it; you were, at all events, an Individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a Classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time! You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the validity of the Progress notion. "If the notion of Progress be an axiom, Mr. Mazzini, must it not be an axiom only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose Progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called Humanity? What is Humanity but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves; and may not this leaf be blackening and dying while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of Humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is Progress in Humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?" You do not mean to say all this; but you came to be

glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigor of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind, so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and refreshed by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow, and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always, or often so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or a third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were gone, you might have his company for some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual, he going his way, and you yours. And now he sleeps for ever in Pisa, by the Leaning Tower, unless they remove his ashes to his native Genoa, or to the great Rome which he defended once, and which was the city of his heart of hearts. Farewell, Mazzini!

London Society.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

NO. III.—HONORE DE BALZAC.

BALZAC is the king of French romancists, and will reign supreme in spite of Hugo, who has thrown the force of his life into poetry and politics. Balzac did no such foolishness: poetry was impossible to him, and politics mere trifles belonging to the events of the day. His dreams alone were real, and out of the teeming populace of phantoms which tenanted them he created the "Comédie Humaine," with its seven or eight departments, its five-and-forty volumes, or something over a hundred separate stories.

Balzac was incomprehensible as a child,

and as a man he is the strangest union of splendid sanity and mad magic that Paris, great city of *bisarreries*, can offer us. The comedy of his life might fill several volumes, and its mysteriousness would afford food for bewildered speculation that might extend to several more. If Balzac is too big to include in a single article, we must try and show a gleam of his wonderful eyes, or a picture of him at work in his study, a garret full of unmolested spiders.

Imaginative writers may be divided into two classes, those who compose under the influence of natural stimulants, and

those who write under the influence of artificial stimulants. As there is a natural paradise which is the happiness of health, and an artificial paradise which is opium, so there are natural and artificial energies, owing to natural and artificial stimulants. He who makes a poem because he is in good health, or because he has been enjoying fresh air and sunlight, or because he has seen something suggestive which acts upon him as an intellectual spur, is evolving natural energies under natural stimulant. He who whips a laggard brain into excited action by means of haschisch or absinthe, gin or champagne, green tea or black coffee, is evolving artificial energies under artificial stimulus. The question as to the relative qualities of work produced under natural impulse and artificial pressure appears to be not quite decided.

A work composed by an author of an exuberant vitality will possess a healthful glow that can not fail to impress itself upon the reader and to give pleasure. On the other hand, a work produced under conditions of artificial excitement will manifest traces of such to the reader: it may produce in him an intensity of emotion which the work of a heartier and more comfortable writer might not be able to effect; but with all the pleasure that it gives there will probably be frequently co-existent a sense of strain, owing to the circumstances under which it is composed. The artificial interest may be more absorbing for the time: the natural will be more charming and more abiding.

Balzac worked under the influence of three stimulants; a genuine intellectual impulse being the first and natural one, while the artificial stimulants were an unendurable load of debt, which he bore the greater part of his life, for the one, and draughts of immensely strong *café noir* for the other.

His was by no means a laggard brain, but he loved to whip it into abnormal energy. He is like the engineer of a Mississippi steamboat, which flies through the water at a marvelous rate under the pressure of an immensely powerful screw. Balzac is such an engineer, not content with the ordinary speed of his vessel, but cramming the furnace with pine and rosin, and plugging the safety-valve until the pressure of steam becomes dangerous. And the steamboat is the mechanical part

of Balzac's brain, his extraordinary power of will serving for furnace and engines.

Balzac was born at Tours in 1799. His father, a somewhat cold-blooded follower of Rabelais, looked upon him as he lay in the cradle, and said, "It is not possible for me to be the father of a fool."

The boy soon manifested mysterious traits of character, and in some things a wonderful precocity. He was unappreciated at school, and while there was rendered almost imbecile by reason of a shock inflicted upon his over-sensitive nerves. A metaphysical essay which he had composed on the power of the will, and had hidden in his box, was discovered and dragged to the light by a jeering schoolmaster, who was incapable of comprehending it, but quite capable of maddening such a boy with stinging ridicule.

He was a very singular boy, and imagined himself possessed by a familiar spirit. St. Theresa and Madame Guyon were a continuation of the Bible to him. His mother possessed all the works of Swedenborg, and the boy's delight was to take one of these volumes and escape into the solitude of the woods, where he would pore over it for a whole day, supported only by a crust of bread. Madame de Staël once found him thus, a little ragged boy with gleaming eyes and pale face, immersed in the contemplation of "Heaven and Hell."

Later in life he still retained his mysterious sentiment. At each difficulty overcome he kissed the soft hand of an imaginary being who had beautiful eyes, who was elegant and rich, and who was some day to stroke his head and say, tenderly, "Thou hast suffered much, my poor angel." And this man had the neck of a bull or an athlete, strong, masculine lips, and a mighty nose. "Take care of my nose," he said to a sculptor, to whom he was sitting for his bust; "my nose is a world."

M. Théophile Gautier presents us with a most interesting sketch of Balzac's manner of work, from which we translate some passages. The great novelist's debts were a torture to him; but when, seated before his table, in his monk's frock, in the midst of the silence of night, he found himself in the presence of the white sheets of paper, lit by the flame of his seven-candled lamp, concentrated by a green shade, in taking the pen he forgot every thing; and then

began a strife most terrible. In these fearful battles of the night, from which in the morning he came forth broken, but conqueror, when the extinguished ashes of the fire made chill the atmosphere of his chamber, his head smoked, and from his body exhaled a steam as from the bodies of horses in winter time. Often a single phrase occupied him a whole vigil; it was taken, retaken, twisted, kneaded, hammered, drawn out, shortened, written in a hundred different manners; whilst, strangely enough, the necessary and absolute form only presented itself after the exhaustion of the approximate forms; without doubt there were occasions when the molten metal of his thought flowed with a jet that was fuller and less turgid, but there are very few pages of Balzac which have remained identical with the first rough draft. His manner of proceeding was this; when he had for a long time carried in his mind and *lived* a subject, with a rapid, rough, blotted, almost hieroglyphic caligraphy, he traced a kind of sketch in a few pages, which he sent to the printing-house, whence it returned in the form of placards—that is, of columns of letter-press printed in the middle of large leaves of paper. Balzac read carefully these placards, which gave already to his embryo work the impersonal character which is not possessed by manuscript, and then applied to this rough draught the high critical faculty which he possessed, as if the question had been of the work of some one else. He operated on something; with approval, or disapproval, he retained or corrected, but above all, he made additions. Lines starting from the beginning, the middle, or the end of phrase, led towards the margins, on the right, the left, above, below, conducting to developments, intercalations, epithets, adverbs. At the end of some hours of work, one would have called it a spray of fireworks, as drawn by a child. From the primitive text started rockets of style, which burst forth on all sides. Then there were crosses simple; crosses re-crossed, like those in heraldry; stars; suns; Arabian or Roman figures; Greek or French characters; all imaginable signs of reference came into one grand entanglement. Slips of paper, fastened with wafers, attached by pins, were added to the insufficient margins; stripes of lines in fine characters to help to the place, and full themselves of

erasures, for a correction scarcely made was already itself corrected. The printed sheet almost disappeared in the midst of this scrawl of cabalistic appearance, which the compositors passed from hand to hand, stipulating that they were not to do more than an hour each of Balzac.

The following day they would bring him back the sheets with the corrections made, that already increased them by one half. Balzac set to work again, amplifying always, adding a trait, a detail, a painting, an observation of manners, a characteristic word, an effective phrase, making the idea grasped more closely by the form, bringing himself always nearer to his interior impression, choosing, like a painter among several contours, the definitive line. Often, after having completed the terrible toil with that intensity of application of which he alone was capable, he perceived that the thought had become warped in the execution, that an episode predominated, that a figure which he had wished to be secondary for general effect projected beyond his plans; and with a stroke of the pen he erased courageously the result of four or five nights of labor. He was heroic in these casualties. Six, seven, and often ten, proofs went back to the printer erased, done over again, without satisfying the desire of the author for perfection. The great novelist kept changing his colors just like a painter does when he can not get the effect he wishes. His powerful will seems to have acted in the place of patience.

Balzac endeavored to instill the principles of his *régime* of life into his *confrères*, Gautier and others, who wrought with a diametrically opposite creed. They were to immure themselves for two or three years, said Balzac; to drink only water; to eat soaked beans, like Protogenes; to go to bed at sunset and rise at midnight; to work until morn, and then employ the day in revising, expanding, amending, perfecting, and polishing the nocturnal work, in correcting proofs, taking notes, making the necessary studies, and living altogether in the most absolute chastity. He impressed these notions upon his friends with such earnestness that, after listening often, they at length made the experiment of arriving at genius this way. They rose several times at midnight, and after taking the inspiring coffee, made according to prescription, sat down before a table to

work after the manner of Balzac. But, alas! sleep came upon them, and their heads and the table were soon glued together. Use had become second nature to Balzac. For a long, long time his daily food was three sous' worth of bread, two of milk, and three of sausage-meat. His lodging, a wretched garret, cost him also three sous, and the same amount was required for the midnight oil. Balzac's sole stimulant was coffee: tobacco, under every form, he anathematized, and dubbed those imbeciles who indulged in it. He gives vent to some of his spleen about it in his "Théorie des Excitants;" and, in revenge, his biographer brings together a number of names to show that neither are smokers of necessity imbeciles to begin with; nor do they become imbeciles on account of their indulgence. Goethe and Henri Heine, we are told, did not smoke—and they were Germans, too: Byron smoked; Victor Hugo does not; nor did the late Alexandre Dumas; but, on the other hand, a long list can be pointed to, containing Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue, Madame Dudevant, (Georges Sand,) Merimée, Paul de Saint Victor, Emile Augier, Ponsard, who are or were smokers; to whom we may add the compiler himself, M. Théophile Gautier, who is not only fond of the weed, but has been a member of the celebrated club which had sittings for the quiet enjoyment of dawamesk, that elegant preparation of haschisch.

Balzac's life, which was one continued struggle against debt and his nature, both conspired to make gold the important element of the world, as seen by him. Novelists before his time had endowed their heroes with a mystical lamp of Aladdin, which rendered all sordid cares unnecessary. Balzac, on the other hand, in the "Peau de Chagrin," makes a lover disturbed not only to know if he has moved the heart of the beloved one, but whether he has *money enough to pay for their cab-hire home*. Among his other wonderful acquirements, Balzac had a great capacity for calculation, and for comprehending large operations of finance. These he introduced abundantly into his novels, where, in a time when finance did not occupy so conspicuous a position in the world at large as it does to-day, they gave rise to numerous discussions and calculations amongst grave commercial readers. He could make the plainest things interesting

by elaboration and graphic depiction of detail. He would bestow as much pains upon the most minute circumstances of the most sordid life as upon the delineation of the character of his most elevated heroine. Nothing was too great or too small for his pen. Balzac's novel "Le Peau de Chagrin" brought him in some money, and he immediately turned his little rooms into boudoirs hung with silk and lace. At this time he carried the wonderful walking-stick which has so often been heard of. "Was it really a walking-stick?" asks Madame de Girardin. "What an enormous walking-stick! To what giant does such a big walking-stick belong? A sort of club formed of turquoises, gold, and marvelous chiselings; and behind all that two large black eyes, (the owner's) more brilliant than precious stones." This walking-stick Balzac was wont to take with him to the opera, and exhibit it conspicuously in front of his box.

At this proud period of his life he met with Georges Sand, who was his junior in literature. She brings out, with a marvelous vividness, the salient points in a most incomprehensible character. This is her description of him: "Puerile and powerful, always envious of a *bibclot*, and never jealous of a glory; sincere to modesty, boasting to lies, confident in himself and in others, very expansive, very good, and very foolish, with an inward sanctuary of reason into which he retired that he might reign supreme in his work; cynical in chastity, drunk in drinking water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other passions, positive and romantic to equal excess, credulous and skeptical, full of contrasts and of mysteries, such was Balzac." An anecdote which Madame Sand relates of him is also very characteristic of his capricious carelessness, and dreaminess: "One evening when, in a strange manner, we had dined with Balzac, (I think that the dinner was composed of boiled beef, a melon, and champagne,) he went to put on a fine new dressing-gown, on purpose to show it to us, with all the pride of a young girl; and thus arrayed, and with a candlestick in his hand, he insisted on accompanying us as far as the railing of the Luxembourg. It was late, the place was deserted, and I observed to him that he might be assassinated on his way home. 'Not at all,' said he, 'if I meet thieves,

they will take me for a madman, and they will be afraid of me; or for a prince, and they will respect me.' It was a fine calm night. He accompanied us thus, carrying his wax candle alight in a pretty silver-gilt, chiseled candlestick, and talking of four Arab horses, which he had not then, which he would have soon, which he never has had, and which, for some time, he firmly believed he had. He would have reconducted us to the other end of Paris, had we allowed him to do so."

At this time he was famous enough to be able to make money, although he had not enough to pay off his enormous load of debt. At the time of his extreme poverty, when volume after volume was published only to fall flat before an unappreciative public, and his garret was very bare of furniture, this faculty which he possessed, of making real and vivid the dreams of his imagination, proved of great service to him. When he looked round his sordid little room, no broken-down furniture or cobwebbed walls met his eyes, but he saw the room as it was in his visions, full of costly ornament, hangings of silk, pillars of marble, and fittings of scented woods and of gold. A marvelous faculty, a useful one, could we but gain possession of it.

There was a peculiarity about Balzac's dreams; they were so absolutely real to him that they impressed others with a feeling of reality, and, indeed, there was the evidence of so keen an instinct accompanying them, that it was impossible to say that they might not be real. At one time he wrote a story—the history of a noble Venetian, who, having been made prisoner in the well of the ducal palace, had fallen, while making a subterranean passage in order to effect his escape, upon the secret treasure of the republic, of which he had brought a large portion away with him with the aid of a gaoler whom he had won over. As the story ran, its hero, Facino Cane, having become blind, had still kept the gift of second sight, and he offered to the author to guide him towards that immense hoard of wealth, if he would but pay his expenses for the journey. Balzac seemed to identify himself with Facino Cane, and worked out a plan with such fineness of detail and apparent truthfulness—believing in it in his way, himself, we must remember—that he shortly made others share his convic-

tion. They were to share the profits, and picks and proper tools for disinterring the treasure were to be procured, with which they were to start according to his directions. Unfortunately, money failed these possessors of enthusiastic brains—the money wherewith they were to have paid their passage; and, in time, the excitement wore off. Another reality of Balzac's imagination possessed a sounder foundation in fact. His dream was of some silver mines in Sardinia which had been abandoned by the Romans, and he thought that after being treated by the imperfect processes of olden times, the refuse would still contain a sufficient quantity of metal to make its working remunerative. The idea proved a just one, but it was rashly told, and made the fortune of some one who was not Balzac. In his enthusiasm he had borrowed money, and started at once for Sardinia. While on board the vessel which was taking him thither, he imparted to the captain his idea. He procured samples from the mines, and returned to Paris to have them tested. They were found to contain silver, and Balzac then applied to the Sardinian government for authority to make excavations. Alas for genius! business had outwitted it, and the concession had been already made to the treacherous captain.

At Balzac's house, we learn from M. Gautier, upon the shelves of a book-case, composed of his own works alone, was to be seen each different proof of the same work bound in a separate volume, from the first sketch to the completed book. Near these volumes was a volume of sinister physiognomy, bound in black morocco, without clasps or gilding. By its side was a copy of the well-known "Contes Drôlatiques," but the title of the mysterious black volume itself is unknown to fame. It was lettered "Comptes Melancoliques," and contained the list of Balzac's ancient debts, expired bills, memoranda, and all the *débris* of a series of complicated accounts. This was just Balzac's humor. The "Comptes Melancoliques" had absorbed as definite a share of his life as the "Contes Drôlatiques;" why then should they not be treated as handsomely? If we want to produce a complete picture of our life, by all means let us have our tradesmen's bills bound in morocco by the side of the works of our

imagination. Why not put the real and the ideal side by side? Balzac did so, but the real appears to have been ideal to him, and the ideal real.

When Balzac had gained some income from his works he bought a little estate called *Les Jardies*, on the road from Sèvres to Ville d'Avray. Of course he immediately began a new series of his usual castles-in-the-air with regard to this property. He was going to plant vines of a peculiarly fine quality; he would grow pine-apples in enormous profusion, which he would sell in Paris at five francs each instead of the ordinary price of a louis. He calculated on a gain of five hundred thousand francs from this project. A shop was to have been rented in Paris for the exclusive sale of this remarkably-grown fruit. The sign-board was to contain nothing but these words: "Pine-apples from the Jardies." Alas! Balzac's nostril had opened wide to an imaginary breath of tropical air which was to be the food of his pine-apples; and one day the snow fell silently on the beds where they were to have grown, taking away the dream of southern climes and of profit from the pine-apples at a blow.

On this piece of land he had a house built after his own designs. Its architecture, therefore, partook more of the nature of that practiced in dreamland than of the sober characteristics of earthly builders. When the house, consisting of large airy rooms, commanding a view of the surrounding country, was finished, one of the masons chanced to suggest to Balzac the question as to where the staircase was to be placed. Alas! a staircase had not entered into Balzac's dreams, and, consequently, there had been no part of the building prepared for its reception. But Balzac's mind rose to the emergency. "Since the staircase is inclined to master me in my own house," said he, "I will turn it out of doors." This he did, and it is, doubtless, to this house, that Gautier makes allusion when he says that it offered an architectural disposition of an extremely singular kind, for one had to enter it a little after the fashion that wine enters bottles. The entrance door was at the top of the house, and it was necessary to descend three stages to arrive at the first floor. The furniture of the house, too, was as singular as its architecture. It was magnificent, in a way. In one place were

wainscotings of violet ebony, in another tapestries from the Gobelins, in another Venetian glass; here were adornments of Parian marble, there was a pedestal of cedar, above, a ceiling painted by Delacroix, below, a carpet, of Aubusson; to one room doors like those of Trianon, to another a mosaic floor, inlaid with all the rarest woods of the isles. But alas! all this was but ideal, and the places of these splendid articles of furniture were but indicated by their names being inscribed in charcoal upon the walls which were bare or covered with grey paper. M. Léon Gozian, an intimate friend of Balzac's, being his guest one day, took charcoal himself, and wrote upon the stucco in larger characters than marked the places of the other ornaments: "Here is a picture by Raphael, *beyond all price, and such as the world has never yet seen.*" Balzac, in his garret years before, had been able so completely to invest even its scanty squalid furniture with an ideal aspect proceeding from his own dreamland, that his chimeras were now too deeply rooted for his friend's pleasantry to excite in him any thing else but laughter. Is then the world of imagination just as real as the world of fact? To natures so constituted as to be able to accept it as such, certainly it is; but here we are verging on Berkeleyism and must stop before we become too metaphysical.

Balzac's furniture was magnificent, though imaginary. The tea which he offered to his friends at his social board was equally *recherché*, and possessed, in addition, some foundation in fact. His tea and his coffee—not to name the *onion purée*, made after his receipt, and possessing virtues both hygienic and symbolic—were exquisitely fine, and the admiration of his friends. This tea, we learn, fine as Latakiah snuff, yellow as Venetian gold, was never given to the profane. It was necessary to submit to a species of initiation before enjoying the right to taste it. It was kept in a precious box, like a relic, and enveloped in silken paper covered with hieroglyphics. Whilst unfolding the paper which contained it, Balzac would always begin to tell its history. The sun did not ripen it, except for the Emperor of China. First-class mandarins were appointed, by a privilege of birth, to water it and to nurture it when growing. Young girls, virgins, gathered it before sunrise,

and singing carried it to the feet of the Emperor of China. This enchanted tea was only produced in one sacred province in China, and this sacred province only supplied a few pounds of it for the use of his imperial Majesty and the eldest sons of his august house. By special grace, the Emperor of China, on his gift-days, sent some rare handfuls of it to the Emperor of Russia. From his minister had Balzac obtained his precious store, and the last quantity Von Humboldt had supplied him with. Balzac's wines, too, had wonderful histories attached to them, each bottle possessing its own. This Bordeaux had been three times round the world; this run came from a cask that had been tossed more than a century by the sea, and which had had to be cut open with an axe, the madrepores and seaweeds had grown so thick about it. To sit at Balzac's table and listen to these stories, told with serious air and every appearance of reality, must have been a sore trial of the risible faculties. He believed in the personages who peopled his romances in just as absolute a manner. A friend of his addressed him one day on the subject of some individual then living. "Let us talk of realities, rather," said Balzac; "what do you think of Eugénie Grandet?" Eugénie Grandet was the heroine of one of his novels. This was by no means affectation on Balzac's part: the world he had peopled with his array of moving characters was the essentially real world to him. A person once imagined by him became no longer the creation of his own brain, but a living reality that he might speak well or ill of, just as freely as of any persons who might be seen around him.

And the man of these mysterious eccentricities, these even childish crotchets and exaggerations, is the greatest novelist of France—is the author of the grand plan of the "Comédie Humaine," containing so many living creatures, that he is styled by one of his biographers—as Alexandre Dumas, with his fondness for a sensational *mot*, styled Shakspeare—"The man who has created most after God."

Balzac became known and looked up to with a certain comic awe by the populace of Paris as a great original. When he had wandered, as his manner was, through woods and fields and roads for the whole of the night, and had stepped into a public conveyance to return, he would find him-

self, as a matter of ordinary occurrence, wholly destitute of coin. The driver, knowing the strange figure with disordered dress and, possibly, only in slippers, to be Balzac, was proud to convey him without receiving a sou. When he traveled abroad—as he often did to verify the most trifling particular which he might be introducing into one of his romances—some money, of course, was necessary. His mode of paying the postilions in a country where he knew neither the language nor the tariffs, is thoroughly characteristic of him. "I did not know a word of the language of the country," says he, "nor did I know the value of its current coin, but I do know the human heart, which is the same in all countries, and I understand physiognomy; so this is what I did: I had a bag which I filled with small silver money, and each time that the horses were to be changed, I took this bag in my hand; the postilion then came to the door of the carriage; I looked searchingly into his eyes while I dropped into his hand one coin—two coins—then three—four, or ever so many, until at last I saw him smile. Now as soon as I saw him smile, I understood that I had given him a coin too many. Quickly I withdrew that coin, and my man was paid." This anecdote shows us Balzac as he was—possessing the simplicity of a child united with the profoundest insight and the deepest philosophy. But in small things wisdom is apt to overreach itself; and we fear that if he had tried a second time this original mode of settling the score, our worthy postilion—supposing him to be equal in wit to the ordinary run of his class—would have refrained from smiling for an unconscionable time.

Balzac is styled, and very justly, the Realist of Romance; he might with equal justice be called the Spiritualist of Romance. Those who would learn with what cruel candor he can expose the depravity of the human heart should read his description of the two daughters in "Daddy Goriot." These are much more basely ungrateful than the daughters of King Lear; and, as some one has remarked, there is no Cordelia in Balzac's story to relieve the darkness of the picture. But he does not care to do away with the sombre expressions of life: they constitute for him literary food just as satisfactory as the bright pictures. He has been described as a man standing before a beautiful

mirror by which he could see a spot upon his face, and who would be content to admire the beauty of the mirror without removing the spot it had shown him. It was so with his regard of life. He accepted life as it was, and described it as he found it. He was an artist and not a moralist. Those who would seek that element in his works which is in the greatest degree opposed to his hard and sometimes tedious realism, should read the mystical story called "Séraphita," where we seem to breathe a strange atmosphere as from another world. In "Louis Lambert" may be found many details of his early life, and in "Facino Cane," of his later experiences. A work that attracted much attention, especially from the sex to which it refers, is his "Woman of Thirty." Balzac showed that a woman at that age need not consider herself upon the shelf, but might be just as attractive as her younger and, consequently, envied sisters. Naturally, the women of thirty flocked to discover Balzac's receipt.

Any one who has a few *years* to spare would find plenty of employment in a life of Balzac. There are abundant materials for such a work; and we should thence learn what a strange mortal the man was. He lived for very many years the life of a her-

mit, undergoing such privations and disappointments as would have broken the back of most men. He lived quite a life of his own, making, in fact, a world of his own imaginations to live in. And his imaginations were so vividly real. He copied no one for the characters of his novels; but when he saw any one that he desired to embody in a volume, he seemed to live the life of his hero and to enter into all the plans of life of such a character, whether workman or prince, just as if they were his own. His humor was often childish and yet always irresistible; and his eloquence had a marvelously seductive effect upon the minds of his hearers. Balzac was a magician, and even the strongest brains were subject to his fascination.

The being who was to say to him, "Thou hast suffered much, my good angel," came at last. She was a Russian lady, and was passionately adored by Balzac, who, before he married, had attained fame and power. He lived to enjoy the result of those long hard years of night-long toil and rigid economy, but for a short time only. He died in 1850; and the news of his death fell like a blow upon all Paris. He lies in Père la Chaise; and the one word, "Balzac," is inscribed upon his tomb.

Fraser's Magazine.

MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.A.

IN the heart of the desolate Campine stands one of the more modern houses founded by that most remarkable of Christian monastic Orders—the Order of La Trappe. Situated midway between Antwerp and Turnhout, it is named the monastery of La Trappe, Westmael; to distinguish it, first, from the Norman foundation; and, secondly, from all the other silent sister-communities that have been planted, within the last two hundred years, far and wide over the world—in American backwoods, as recently in Algeria, under the auspices of the ex-Emperor, and in the Roman Campagna, after special invitation by the Pope—and each of which bears a special, as well as the general, name.

I propose giving some description of the life led by these Westmael (and there-

fore by all Trappist) monks; and of the locality in which, as if in "a sheltered nook in the stormy hill-side of the world," they chant their hymns, and till their fields, in culpably contemptuous indifference to the De Becker politics, and still graver concerns, of their Belgian fellow-mortals. Even the slightest correct sketch of this cloistral life would have its interest. For, if monasticism be what its emotional advocate calls it, "the definite form of Christian life," the Trappists are living the most definite form of all. They show us monasticism at its best.

But, for a fair understanding of our contemporary ascetics, it will be advisable to give at least an outline of the story of the founder himself, the renowned Abbot Rancé, who, again, was one in a series of reformers. A few brief sentences must

suffice for the period before Rancé's time.

By anachronism, St. Benedict may be styled the first Trappist. Westmael, Chimey, Fourges, are but latest editions of the monastery which he founded, at Monte Cassino, more than twelve hundred years ago. Undoubtedly, his time favored those feelings and notions which have sometimes impelled even the noblest minds to flee to the cloister from the evil in the world, rather than manfully battle with it, side by side with men their brothers. The spectacle of moral dissolution—in the State, of selfish luxury and evil passions which left the Empire a prey of a worthier race, the "barbarous Teuton;" and in the Church, of universal, bitter strife over futile dogma—convinced the fugitives of Monte Cassino that this world is but "a vain show," that evil is triumphant, and that the sole purpose of a Christian man's life ought to be the rescue of his own particular soul from the general muddle. And, indeed, it was enough to make the devils laugh, that Gothic kingdoms, and fighting hordes of illiterate Vandals, should be classed according to their views on the Arian heresy. St. Benedict "protested;" though not after the Oriental manner—"cross-legged, and staring foolishly atop of his pillar." Meditation and prayer were, of course, the main business of a Benedictine monk: "Is it not," said the founder, "for the amendment of our sins that the days of our life are prolonged like a dream?" "But," said he also, "laziness is the enemy of the soul;" and he set apart for manual labor, in field or workshop, the seven hours which remained after seven had been apportioned to religious service, four to study and contemplation, and six to meals and sleep. The slender wants of the community being first satisfied, the surplus produce was to be sold under current prices, or given to the poor, *gratis*. No monk was to "possess" any thing, however much his labors might have increased the wealth of the monastery to which he had for evermore surrendered his individuality. His food was a bare sufficiency of bread, milk, vegetables, and water. He was specially enjoined to practice the virtue of hospitality: "Is it not Christ who shall one day say to us, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in?'" This is why our friend, the Westmael janitor, falls on his knees before

the visitor who seeks his hospitality—he recognizes in him the person of Christ. After four centuries the Order had grown very rich. But a pauper community, rolling in wealth, was too much even for cloistral human nature. So the monks gave way; and hardly in any Benedictine monastery in Europe remained there a trace of the old religious life.

At last came Robert of Molesme. He began his work of reform in the middle of the eleventh century. But his monks feared neither God nor man. Sick of him and his remonstrances, they ended by driving him away. But twenty-one of them followed him to his retreat, near Citeaux, where were only swamps, woods, bears, and wolves. There they founded the first monastery of the Cistercian Order, whose "rule," framed by St. Stephen, second abbot, was almost wholly a restoration of the primitive rule of St. Benedict. The Cistercians spread rapidly, and in less than a century nearly twelve hundred of their establishments were scattered over France, Germany, England, Ireland, Denmark, and Scandinavia. Among these was the Norman house of La Trappe, founded in the middle of the twelfth century, under the auspices of the greatest of the Order and most notable man of his time, Bernard of Clairvaux, who was then preaching Europe into its second crusade. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*. The monks again grew wealthy, then lazy and fat, and in every way vicious; so that, long before the seventeenth century, there was not a spark of moral or religious life left in them.

In the race to perdition, the Monks of La Trappe had well outstripped their brothers of the cloister—which is saying a great deal. Robert of Molesme, could he have returned to earth, would have opened his eyes in amazement at any Trappist calling himself a monk. For, in the olden time, the Cistercian had gone about in black scapulary, white gown with rope girdle, and shoes of roughly whittled wood; and he looked like his low diet. But that stout, horrid, muddle-eyed fellow there, with hunting coat for gown, and jack-boots for sandals, and shot-bag where his beads ought to be—who could take *him* for a Cistercian, and call him *mon père*? Particularly if the holy "father" should cock his pistol and say, "Thy money or thy life." The Trappist monks were noted for their

exploits in this way, and it was by reason of their Dick Turpin weakness that the Norman peasantry always spoke of them as the "banditti of La Trappe." Nor few, is it said, were the murders committed by these reverend prowlers in the quiet of their woods, and when they ought to have been assisting each other at mass. But the poor men were sheep without a shepherd. Their lord the abbot they had never seen. *His* business was to pocket his emoluments; to intrust *Dominus Prior* with the misconduct of affairs; and to amuse himself, also after a wild fashion, in the gay city of Paris, with his fiddles, and his women, and his wine.

This "commendatory," though not commendable, abbot was Jean Armand de Bouthillier de Rancé, born in 1625; one of the wealthiest, handsomest, cleverest, most learned, luxurious, and rising young men in Paris and France. His preferences had commenced early. At the mature age of ten he was made a canon of the cathedral of Notre Dame; after which, benefices, many and fat, continued to be heaped upon him—for he had many friends at court, among them his own godfather, Richelieu, and Mary of Medicis. Evidently, this brilliant courtier was about the last man whom "society" would expect to hide his head despairingly in a cowl at the early age of thirty-six, and so absurdly long before age had incapacitated him for further dissipation. The *motifs véritables* of his conversion were curiously discussed at the time, and variously ascribed to disappointed ambition, love, and a narrow escape from death. But the main cause lay in those natural gifts which have universally been attributed to him—"vigorous intellect, delicacy of taste, acute sensibility, and noble and generous passion"—qualities not needful for a mere man about town, but likely to find vent in some downright, earnest, even if mistaken, purpose; so that Rancé, if he become a monk at all, will, to a certainty, revel in the luxury of hardship and self-denial, as already in the luxury of self-indulgence. Austerity will become the poetry and passion of his life.

The immediate cause of Rancé's retirement from court was a quarrel between him and Mazarin. He betook himself to his rich and lovely estate of Veret, in Touraine, where he pleasantly read books, shot game, flirted, and talked atheism. It

is told of him how, one day, when on a hunting trip with a friend, he horrified the latter by laughing at the belief in a Providence; and how, as if meaning "What!" Rancé's gun "coughed," and discharged its leaden bullets, not into its owner's vitals, but, "providentially," against his steel powder-flask. "He was very silent and thoughtful all the rest of the way," adds a biographer. Then follows a story which has, however, in some of its details, been contradicted more or less. Towards evening he arrived at the residence of a lady whom he uncanonically loved, and with whom, surely, he might laugh over that gun-barrel episode. But the house was strangely silent, and on entering her apartment he saw Madame la Duchesse dead and confined, not beautiful in death. Remorse and despair made Rancé their sport. Often, it is said, he wandered alone in the woods, calling aloud on the name of the lost one. Then came fits of gloom, and study of occult books, whereby he hoped to recall her spirit. And lastly, study of his Bible—a book which, to Rancé as to many another reverend dignitary, was as occult as Zadkiel is to you—with calmer retrospect of his life, and acquiescence in his fate, and farewell to the world's vain show, and ceaseless penitence as his chief duty. So he sold his possessions, resigned his benefices, went away to his lonely monastery of La Trappe, and took it and its morals in hand.

Their lord the abbot was unquestionably the most unwelcome visitor with whom the good fathers ever had dealt, fairly or foully. How first they laughed, then stamped and swore, at the new regulations! What! no more haunch of venison, not even plain beef and mutton, no flesh meat of any sort, and no more ——. *Sacré nom de* ——, no liquor but water, nor any victuals but dry bread, cabbage, and carrots! And no monk shall henceforth gallop across country, or handle a gun! Rather than submit, these worthy Cistercians would dismiss their Abbot to purgatory. Only, how to do it in a safe way? for their superior was a man of European fame. So, many plots were contrived to poison, to waylay, and assassinate him. One night he was fired at, without result, by somebody in the dark. But Rancé was at once cautious and fearless. He was armed, too, with gentle forbearance, resolute will, and force of example.

Two years passed away, and those ruffians were tamed. The father who missed his shot became learned and pious, and superior of the monastery. This, however, was but a solitary instance of the changes wrought there by the magic influence of the Abbot. The histories of the lives of some of these Trappists read like strange romances. But the most strange was of the once gay, pleasure-loving, much-courted scholar and Parisian man of fashion, who, in his prime, became the successor of St. Benedict and Robert of Molesme, and for thirty-three long years lived as if by sheer fervor of austerity, until his hour had come, when his monks—once “banditti of La Trappe”—like shrouded messengers of death, gathering around him, as he lay on the floor on a few handfuls of ashes, briefly muttering a last blessing—silently stood there with no *visible* sign of grief, witnessing, in that death-scene, their beloved Abbot's greatest triumph over the world and the flesh; and the shadow of what would come for each and all.

And now for our Belgian monastery. First, of its whereabouts. The Campine, in which it stands, is the barrenest and dreariest part of all Belgium. Hence its sole industry of broom making, for which there are abundant materials. The Government is only too glad to part with the soil not merely at any price, but at no price at all—on this condition, however, that the portions allotted be cultivated. A very few years ago, as much as 300,000 acres of it were to be had for the asking. But still the number of occupiers is very small; and even these have enough to do to scrape a bare subsistence from the sandy soil. Place and people are, of course, much behind the age; that primitive contrivance, the diligence, doing for them the work of railways and telegraphs. The vehicle that went rumbling with us, on a fine morning of last autumn, over the Borgerhout Steenweg, Antwerp, was a remarkable specimen of antiquity: a capacious structure, shaped like a furniture van, or a mourning coach with the feathers off; divided into separate compartments for inside passengers; with low bulwarks atop for the safety of the cargo, or of any traveler venturesome enough to climb thither; with a seat in front on which three others might find room beside a driver who was laconic and melancholy, as if the daily journey across the desert had

told on his spirits and constitution: and the whole concern dragged along by a pair of horses harnessed with ropes—for, as the man sagely observed, when a rope snaps, you can easily knot it, but you can't do that with leather. But how the rottenest of leather traces *could* break under strain of the sleepy trot of such cattle, was not easy to understand. Perhaps the precaution was necessitated by the villainous paving of the roadway. For the Steenweg is not a mere street of Antwerp, ending with the imposing fortifications of that city, but a stoneway extending for miles beyond,—or, rather, it ramifies, under sundry *aliases*, over the whole Belgian kingdom. The occasional plungings and lurchings of this traveling van, over the ruts and small boulders of the Steenweg, are apt to remind one of a roughish journey by sea, and to set one a-guessing the reason why French-speaking people talk of a man on a land trip as being *en voyage*. The three hours' journey is, however, far from unpleasant; if you go in the summer time, when even the Campine smiles and seems glad at heart; and if you sit on the roof. Here there is no seat, but always a heterogeneous assemblage of baskets, boxes, and hampers, so that any man with a grain of invention need not be at a loss how to improvise an arm-chair. Of course there are certain precautions to be taken, for otherwise your experiment might end in a squash of butter-pats and egg shells, and even in the death of innocent poultry. Cosily seated as described, and in luxuriously lazy mood, we find the hours pass away like a pleasant dream: of green Antwerp ramparts—conspicuously a-top of them a small parti-colored, wasp-waisted warrior with hips a yard wide, proudly stalking among his cannons, and bearing aslant on his shoulder his glittering “butchering tool;” and at bottom of them the still water of the moat, over the edge of which dangle the legs of another warrior off duty, and amusing himself with a fishing rod: of that long and straight canal line, over a wooden bridge of which the diligence passes so leisurely that we get a full view of the splendid water-way that is still as the cloudless blue above, and ever recedes with its double fringes of trees and shadow trees until they and it vanish in the sunlight: of scattered homesteads, with brown-skinned peasants at work: of some

red-cheeked Flemish urchin, seated in his doorway, and, like a rising Teufelsdröckh, contemplating our vehicle, which, like "a two-horsed monstrous shuttle," passes and repasses him regularly every day: of the Campine itself, growing ever drearier, with its trees which get fewer and more dwarfed the farther we proceed, and with its miles of sand spotted over with patches of dry spiky grass, and dark copses of under-wood: and lastly, of two or three wind-mills that stand high up on the horizon, motionless, looking like giant sentries with arms outstretched in a drowsy yawn.

Almost reluctantly we descend from our lofty perch, and turn off into the long grassy pathway leading to the monastery. In three minutes I find myself in the Middle Ages. A few yards on the other side of the hedge two monks are carting hay, the one tossing it aloft with his pitchfork, the other pressing it down as it falls about his feet. A queer pair of laborers they look, with their shaven crowns and dark frocks with triangular hoods to them; especially the one on the hay-load, with his gown tucked up, and who wonderfully resembles a Scotchwoman stamping blankets in her washing tub. Farther on, a white-robed "father," his hands clasped behind his back, walks about among the beeches and firs of a little wood, into which you may enter with a step from the pathway. A dreamy little spot it is, this refuge of silence and shadows, and grateful to a jaded Londoner as to any mooning modern man of the twelfth century.

At the right-hand side of the gateway hangs a rusty chain ending in a rusty stirrup-shaped appendage. Reasoning inductively, you give it a tug, and bell-notes that seem to have a cloistral ring in them both prove your sagacity and make you feel as if you had done something out of the way. The sharp clink of sabots announces the approach of the janitor, an old man, if we may judge from his short, shuffling step; then you hear him manoeuvre with his apparatus of bolts and bars, and presently a dumpy old man with fat smiling face and long hooked nose, and bald crown and bushy beard and tucked-up frock, and bunch of variously-shaped and sized keys that jingle at his waist and seem to bend him double with their weight, confronts you, and waits to know the purport of your visit. Hospitality from the Trappist Monks, of course. Whereupon

you are kindly invited to enter, and when the big door has closed behind you, the aged *frère* kneels before you on the rough stones of the archway; for you are sacred in his eyes, for the sake of Him who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." For simplicity and graceful fitness of expression, and touching mark of affectionate remembrance, there is no such symbolic rite of the Christian Church. After some interchange of small talk—the janitor is one of the few monks who, in virtue of their special office, may use ordinary speech—we enter the hall of the monastery and are consigned to the care of the *père hôtelier*. We should perhaps here observe that the *frère* is one who, though he has renounced the world and conforms to monastic discipline, is not a priest; he is, in a word, a lay monk: whilst the *père* is both priest and monk, and wears the white robe and dark scapulary, whereas the other wears a dark robe only.

The *hôte* is one of the pleasantest men in Europe, and seems to thrive amazingly on "the astonishing austerities of La Trappe." A not very monastic-looking young man he is—about thirty years old, with large bright eyes, full and ruddy face, capital teeth, a mouth ready with a smile and a joke, broad shoulders, and erect, tallish figure. Of the personal history of this good *hôte* I only know one or two not very exciting facts—that he is the son of a miller; that one evening ten years ago he and his elder brother, while at work in the fields, and speculating as usual on life and the world, resolved to become Trappist monks; that they started off before sunrise next morning for Westmael, where the younger studied, and eight years afterwards became a priest, and the elder, being too old to study, still remains a simple *frère*. During these ten years the brothers have not perhaps interchanged ten words. The *hôte* of course must speak to visitors, and in the way of business; but the first Christmas after next his three years' service will have expired, and our friend *Père* Victor will become silent like the others.

In the neat little sitting-room on the right-hand side of the hall are three seminary students and a comfortable-looking old priest. In spite of their black gowns and blue collars, they are as jolly over their ale

as if they were a company of English farmers in a country inn. A profane stranger must also assist; and I can affirm that the brew of which the hospitable father is so lavish, and perhaps proud, is inferior to none other in King Leopold's dominions. It is their own brew too, and therefore one considerably shows one's appreciation of its good qualities by grave laudatory remarks and repeated raids among the bottles, of which there stand a whole regiment in loose order on the table. These busy recluses also make wine of a most delicious kind, something like best Sauterne. On looking out through the window of the sitting-room, one sees a green expanse of vine leaves between one and the long neatly-built brick wall, also home-made, which forms the southern limit of the premises. The Trappists, in fact, furnish the wine supply of almost every church in the province of Antwerp; quantities are also taken by regular dealers, and the poor have their share—as they have of all other products of the monastery—*gratis*. Indeed, a not inconsiderable portion of the 370 hectares which the monks, after seventy or eighty years' patient coaxing, have won from the sand of the Campine, is devoted to the culture of the vine. It is pleasant, in one's rambles over the house, to see the great clusters growing close to the window panes; and tempting also, when the pale gray-green fruit looks plump and soft, and "done to a turn" by the sun heat and the sun light.

In the sitting-room the only notable object is an elaborately worked memorial: "A leur fondateur, Charles Jean Michel de Wolf, décédé à Anvers, le 2 mars, 1806. Les Religieux de la Trappe de Westmael reconnoissants. *R.I.P.*" On it are rhymed, in quaint, pathetic French, and in letters of gold and many-colored silks, that benefactor's many and rare qualities of head and heart:

"O trop heureux commerce! O trop heureux échanges!

Dieu s'est donné à lui—il règne avec les anges," etc.

Leaving their reverences to discuss their ale and their news, let us begin our exploration. It is now but eleven A.M., and in twice round the clock one ought to acquire a fair idea of the place and its inmates.

There, right in front, and almost facing the hall door, is something worth seeing.

Talking about clocks, you must travel far and wide before you come face to face with a clock like that. You might not be superstitious, and yet your blood might creep, were you to see it with the moonlight on its snake-rimmed disk; on its single scythe-hand; and on its guardian skeleton of pale stone, with finger pointing hourwards, and sardonic, triumphant grin. A most significant curiosity to begin with on one's rounds! Its whole workmanship is most artistically true. It is beautifully symbolic also. There is no motion of the scythe grasped in the fingers of the tall skeleton that so leans forward and looks at you that you can not escape him. The *disk* only moves, *soundlessly*; it is the endless stream of eternity, bringing the hours in its progress.

To the right, and then to the left, is the refectory; a lengthy oblong room, with two parallel tables from end to end, and a cross one at the top, at which the fathers and brothers are just dining. At the cross-table one monk only sits. Another, as he takes his seat, bows, in the politest manner, to his neighbors on either side of him, but there must be no other sign of recognition; and the only sound heard is that of him who reads while the others are eating, or of the tread of the two others who wait at table. Next to the door, and at the corner of one of the long tables, sits a very young man, who looks just as if he had come direct from the Strand. His smart walking-coat, striped trousers, and neat tie, look oddly out of place side by side with the "sad-colored" frocks and cowls of his neighbors. He is a native of Antwerp; he, too, has tired of the world; has already passed through six weeks of his novitiate, and in another forty-six, if his body and spirit have proved equal to the trial, will be admitted as a member of the fraternity, when his very name will be changed, and his friends hear of him no more. Humanity at its meals is not a particularly edifying spectacle, *i.e.*, on those memorial occasions when crowds of on-lookers—ladies for the greater part—assemble in galleries to gaze on the lords of creation, who sit below, with bibs over their waistcoats, and faces flushed with the exertion of consuming their victuals. But a Trappist dinner, though not much worth eating, is worth seeing. There is "an idea" in it. Every spoonful, as it disappears through the opening of some cowl

—for one can scarcely see the face of the eater—is a sort of protest against carnal desires and every edible luxury of life. It is, in a word, a kind of daily crucifixion of the flesh. The good things of the establishment are at *your* disposal, but our monk is satisfied with —: let us walk in and see; for the room is now empty, and there are two dinners still untouched on the cross-table at the farther end. Here the superiors sit—Reverendus Dominus Abbas, Dominus Prior, and D. Medicus; for these names are cut each on an oblong slip of wood which lies beside each mess. Dominus Prior has eaten his dinner, but the Abbot, poor old man, is unwell, and the doctor attending him. Two small flat-bottomed basins, of coarsest, brownest earthenware, such as you may buy any day in the New Cut for twopence; in one of them, plain milk; and in the second, which rests atop of the first, about a pint measure of a mixture of potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and beans, boiled in water; and, lastly, a slice of plain bread laid beside each wooden label. Such are the dinner and dinner service of our Reverend Lord the Abbot, as of every *pater* and *frater* in the monastery.

The library is a well-arranged room, with plenty of subdued light in it. Most of the books that crowd its four walls from top to bottom have the neat modern look about them; but there is a goodly array of others—great, ponderous, stout-backed fellows, evidently priding themselves on their descent from antique times. Splendid specimens some of these are of the art of the Middle Ages: letter-press, pen-written with the precision of machinery, and ornamental initials, and designs whose perfect drawing and keen, delicate sense of color enable one in some degree to understand what the monks have done for modern art. One more look before I go. Those rows of shelves, one above the other, and all of them guarded by a door of wire-work, are the literary Inferno to which all books of the “modern spirit” will inevitably be condemned, should they ever penetrate to Westmael. Among the lost, I caught a glimpse of a Frenchman named Voltaire, and of a skeptical Scot once known as David Hume.

Up a flight or two of stairs, then through winding passages, and we enter the dormitory—a long, low-roofed room, with a double row of beds, each bed so cut off

from the others as to form a kind of cell. Straw mattress, straw pillow, and single covering of thick coarse stuff—that is the kind of bed a Trappist sleeps on, summer and winter. There is no fire-place; but if a father or brother wish to warm himself, there is the instrument for self-inflicted penance, a whip of knotted cords, ready to hand at his bedhead. How would you like to stand there in the dark, and listen to the performance of some invisible penitent, “coming down” with hissing whipcord on his bare flesh?

Downstairs again, along another labyrinth of passages, and into the open air. Here, in a quiet, retired corner, is the monks’ last resting-place. There are a few slightly raised mounds, which seem as if the mould over them were being continually kept fresh. A new grave is in preparation. It is only a few inches deep; but it will gradually deepen, according as some monk or other, by way of meditation or death, may retire into this secluded spot, and spend a half-hour in digging out a few more spadefuls. For all the digger knows, he himself may be the man around whom his brethren will next assemble to witness a death-scene: or it may be his own born brother, who lives with him there, and to whom he has not spoken for many a year. And the curious thing is, that he may have to pray for the soul of his brother, and assist at his burial, and yet not know until long afterwards—if at all—who the dead monk was. An incident of the sort happened here not very long ago. If the Trappists are so self-isolated at home, they are, *à fortiori*, the same with respect to the world in general. Just beyond the horizon of their barren Campine swarms the busiest and densest population in Europe; but of it, and its politics, and every day life, they know no more than they would if they lived in Toorkistan. Perhaps not six of the whole community know under what king they live; though there are, by the way, more of us who could well dispense with information of that sort. Père Victor even told us that as few of them knew any thing at all of the war that has just ended. A few hours’ journey from their gates, half a million of men were up with guns in their hands, busily “blowing each other into invisibility,” and a new empire has arisen over the ruins of another; but all the Trappists will ever know of it is,

that one night *Dominus Abbas* briefly informed them two nations were at war, and that he requested their prayers for the souls of the slain. There are at Westmael a few to whom the world's history has had its *finis* written to it for half a century; and who would be as much at a loss in our modern world as if they were stray outcasts from some other planet. How dreadful, and utterly selfish, you say, this indifference to the world, and even to the life or death of nearest friends! Yes, *but from the Trappist view-point* most beautiful, and utterly unselfish, and magnificently logical. Grant them their premises, and these men are unanswerable. So, then, here is the faithful *reductio ad absurdum* of any philosophy of life, according to which a man regards his own soul as being, even for him, the chief centre of interest in the universe.

After the foregoing unpleasant glimpses of the Trappist life, it was delightfully surprising—all the more so because the treat was quite unexpected—to find oneself in a schoolroom. Here, I thought, must be another *reductio ad absurdum*. About twenty-five urchins, of whom the eldest is a patriarch of ten, are here undergoing "primary education." They are the children of destitute people in the vicinity, and, therefore, have been taken in hand by the monks, who, as already stated, consider themselves specially bound to care for the poor. The dominie happens to be out; but that does not much matter, for the small students have been taught to obey *l'zw*. So the work goes on capitally, to accompaniment of the music of the busy hum of childish voices. Close to the door there are five little fellows marshaled in front of a big A B C card, and presided over by a learned manikin grasping a small pointer in both his fists, and exhibiting his skill as an instructor of youth by sudden dodgings from A to Z, and so on, whereby to test the attention and quickness of his pupils. Farther off stands another small professor, book in hand, who assists each boy of his class, in turn, in his efforts to spell his way through certain formidable words of three letters. There are others who have advanced farther than that in their way to the temple of learning; they read tolerably fluently, can write, and even cypher, and are the great guns of the institution. At a long desk a number are busy over their copy-

books. Two of the small scribes seem to be writing with a queer kind of sympathetic ink, for they accompany each execution of "stroke," or pothook, with a corresponding movement of the facial muscles. The most intelligent-looking infant among the lot stands on a form near the window. A flood of sunshine lights up his yellow-white hair, and round rosy cheeks, while he is in grim earnest drawing figures on a black-board, and turns round, now and then, to listen to the searching criticism of his fellow-students. I must not forget to mention that all these pupils have their dinner, as well as schooling, *gratis*. The monks have also "adopted" six orphan boys, to whom they impart "technical education," as well as instruction in "the usual branches." While I am on the subject of education, I may mention that there are—for monastic purposes only—three monk professors; one of Moral Theology, the second of Dogmatic Theology, and the Third of Holy Scripture. One of them, I forget which, was pointed out to me—a man with finely-developed head, and keen sensitive face, as of one of those recluses of the "Ages of faith" who now and then issued from the cloister to stir, by word and deed, the heart of Christendom. And science, as well as literature, finds a home in Westmael. On our way back to Antwerp we fell in with a man who traveled for a firm dealing in artificial manure. Having heard of the farming energies of the Trappists, he paid them a visit, and was introduced, for consultation, to an old monk, who turned out to be an expert analytical chemist, and discussed the merits of the manufactured stuff most thoroughly. Our traveler, it appears, got a small "order," with promise of a bigger one next season, should the thing turn out well. "Any thing," said the chemist, "to get something out of our sandfields?"

Strolling along the gravel walks and lanes of climbing vines, we come to the south-east corner of the walls. Here is the brewery. We now understand the *ratio entis* of the long narrow piece of water we saw lying parallel to the outside of the wall, and which we likened to a defensive moat; for monasteries, as you know, have been called "Christ's fortresses," and their inmates *milites Christi*. There is no brewing going on, but every thing—vat, pipes, tubes, coppers, and all—is so brightly clean, and in such admirable order, that the *frère*

brewer can, if he like, begin and continue his operations at any moment, even in pitch dark. This man we meet afterwards; there is little of the brewery look about him.

Below ground to the wine-vaults. Very extensive they are, with their walls of bottles, and rows upon rows of casklets and casks, and big burly plethoric tuns that lie on their sides as if deliciously tipsy. At its far end is a snug little room, about as big as a good-sized cupboard, and furnished with books, table, and arm-chair. Only think what bliss it would be to take refuge from the fierce sun-blaze on the upper earth, in that cool twilight-like little nook, and sit there in your shirt sleeves, with your chair balanced on its hind-legs and its back to the wall; with the ethereally sweet aroma creeping around you from the vaults, with your pipe alight, and at your elbow the sparkling liquid and prime bird's-eye! What wonderful fellows these Trappists are to resist it all!

Emerging once more into the sunlight, you walk, suppose, towards the workshops. These form a continuous line of low buildings on the western side of the inclosure. First of all is the printing-house. Two or three brothers, a father, and one or two boys, neither so grimy nor so fussy as our friend the Cockney "devil," are composing and "pulling." The printing is most beautifully executed, and with a minimum of machinery. Coal fires, and sooty stokers, and boilers, and the iron clank of the regular article, would be oddly out of place here. As it is, the sight of a compositor, with Cistercian tonsure, and tucked-up frock, and rope belt for apron, has, at first sight, an air of drollery about it. There is no word spoken except on business, and even then in briefest whisper; nor will a monk take the slightest notice of you, except by returning your bow in his invariably easy and dignified-reverent manner. There are two things that the Trappist impress one at once with—their perfect politeness and perfect discipline; as to the second, every thing is done with the punctuality of clock-work, and without enforcement of rule or syllable of command. And this because their obedience is perfect; being obedience not to personal authority, but, as in the case of our small pupils, to law, with respect to which abbot and brother are on the same level. Père Victor was not altogether wrong when he declar-

ed, in his quiet way, how and where he had found "liberty and equality."

Merely glancing into the smithy and taking off our hat to the genius thereof, we pass on and enter the shoemaker's shop, or if the British cobbler prefer the title, "Boot mart." The shoemaker looked up with a kindly smile, like a gentleman as he is; then became absorbed in his work. There were shoes enough there to last the garrison during a life-long siege by all the powers of evil; no fancy-work about *them*, no "flexura" artifice, or high, rickety heels, or impossible insteps, but they were of strongest cowhide and honestly watertight. Besides shoes of leather there were also rows and heaps of sabots, heavy and thick, and whittled to a point at the toe. His work does the old man credit, and long may it be before he sees the last of it.

I did not see the tailors' establishment, and therefore can not describe it to you. Nor "our snuff factory," as the *hôte* calls it, its door being locked, and nobody inside; but the good father drew forth his snuff-box, helped himself liberally, and then offered a pinch in honor of the institution. Nor did I visit the laundry, where an industrious brother does the washing and ironing, and a capital laundress he is, if I may judge from the sheets, pillows, etc., of the cosy bed where I slept in the monastery. You see the community is self-supporting in all respects; it has even its barber, whose business, now that I think of it, I ought, in deference to London nomenclature, to have included in the list of professorships.

We pass by an open window through which there comes a scent that, like the scent of tar, is, to me at least, one of the most grateful in the universe, and worth more than all the expensive smells bottled and corked by Rimmel—the scent of a carpenter's shop, as of tree-life escaping in fragrance. There are planks on the floor, planks resting on the walls, lathes, axes, and so forth; and a monk up to his ankles in shavings, and swishing away most bravely with a plane.

In another little shed, the glazier is at work. As I enter he is drawing his diamond-armed cutter across a pane of glass; he then whispers to a small boy—one of the orphans, and a rising Van der Putty—who proceeds, with a lump of the required substance, to fix the glass in its place. Further on is the sanctum of the cunningest

artificer of all. He is alone among his fancy work, which includes reading desks, frames, church upholstery, and a curiously and beautifully-executed wooden clock.

Evidently, the life led by these monks, however narrow and selfish, and in the worst sense immoral it may be, is by no means a lazy one. The dairyman, for example, who has just passed me, with a pail in each hand, has enough to do, with his well-stocked byre, and oceans of milk of which he tastes but little, and magnificent butter which he never tastes at all. To these ascetics recreation means change of duty. They divide their day somewhat as follows: From two till half-past three in the morning they celebrate the offices of matins and laudes, which, again, are followed by private devotion and meditation. Prime begins about five o'clock, and manual labor at seven, which lasts for nearly two hours; after which come the offices of tierce, texte, and nones; then dinner, labor, study, till vespers at four o'clock. Lastly, a little repose, office of compline, and some more meditation and study, till eight o'clock, when the monastery goes to bed, and sleeps—intensely, no doubt—till the hour of midnight, when the bell tolls, and each monk, rising from his straw pallet, prostrates himself on the cold floor, in the dark, to inaugurate the new day with an hour of mute worship.

Before vespers and in my round-about walks, I found myself outside the walls, and re-entered by the gate, which the *père hôtelier* opened quietly from the outside. In the shady archway we passed between two rows of monks who stood motionless as statues, with their hands on their breasts, and with upturned faces and closed eyes. They seemed utterly unconscious of our presence. They had just suspended work, to engage for a few brief moments in silent devotion. Among them I recognized the janitor, the carpenter, and the blacksmith. Zurbaran's picture is an awful one; but not so awful as was the living picture of this tall, gaunt, and grizzily-bearded "Praying Monk"—prayer written on his grimy-pale and patient face partly hidden in its peaked hood, and expressed in the close clasp of his strong hands.

In the gloaming all the community assemble for *capitulum*. The room is a long, low-roofed one, like the refectory and dor-

mitory, and has two rows of seats, one close to each opposite wall. The fathers are, as before, at the upper end, the brothers at the lower. Here, on a cross-seat, I find room among the half-dozen orphan boys whom the monks have "adopted." This time there is no tucking-up of gowns. Each one enters with his robe down to his feet and cowl over his head. All you can see of the face is the beard sticking out, where there is one, for the fathers, of course, shave the face as well as the skull. One monk comes in with swift strides, walks straight to his place, bows reverently to his right and left neighbors, then subsides into his seat, his head bent, and chin resting on his breast. Another, an old, old man, goes with weak, shuffling step, and as he passes I can see, from the motion beneath his gown, that his hands are tremulously counting his beads. As he sits, his neighbors rise slowly as before, and return his salute silently, and in the profoundest, politest manner. At last they are all assembled. How weird they look, these two long lines of seated shapes, each sombre or pale-colored unit undefined in the dimness of twilight, but seem muffled up from head to foot, and ending atop in a queer-shaped peak, and still as of stone, and silent as the grave! At last a voice breaks out. It comes from a father seated at one of the windows, and holding his book high up so as to catch the waning light. He reads for about twenty minutes, in a strong monotone, some encouraging passage from the life of a dead "soldier of Christ." Then another lapse into silence; a few moments of meditation and prayer without words; and the seventy-five shapes rise, and one by one sweep past and disappear. Were it not for the sound of their feet, you would imagine the retreating figures were the ghosts of the dead monks, vanishing graveward, in defiance of the practice of ordinary ghosts, at nightfall instead of daybreak.

Nearly two hours after midnight I am awakened by a slow tap at the door. This was by request, and I hear the solitary step of the obliging father as it gets fainter and fainter in the direction of the chapel. So I start up and dress by moonlight, which seemed, somehow, the most appropriate sort of light for the occasion. The bell is ringing for matins, in short, plaintive, minor tones, such as I fancy I have never heard before—or once only, on a

night five years ago, as they fitfully came from what must have been a sheepfold on a lonely hill-side. These sad, persistent notes; the distant footsteps that echo sharply, and then die away; the pale, white-robed monk, holding a lighted lamp and disappearing round a corner of the narrow, winding passage where I am, and that seems almost endless, and is murky as Orcus—they are as if Death had paid a sudden midnight visit. Nearing the chapel, I hear the worshipers. A faint, but distinct voice prays, *Deus in meum adjutorium intende*, and from many throats there comes, in sonorous Latin, the response, *Deus ad adjuvandum me festina*. Thereafter, the sublime and stern Hebrew song of exultation in the God whose is the strength of the hills, who formed the dry land and the sea, the sheep of whose pasture we are, who is long-suffering, and who, beforetime, has said in his wrath, Thou shalt not enter into my rest. What a weird, unearthly spectacle it seems from this little gallery where I stand! A pit of blackness, with a dim light hung midway in it and surrounded by a kind of mist; filled with the strong deep wail of the united voices of those undefined human shapes, as of souls disburdening themselves of some up-pent feeling that seems

neither joy nor sorrow. A tall figure with cross, and hands folded on his breast, walks feebly up the nave of the chapel, sits down for a little and then retires. It is the old abbot, going back to his sick bed. After a time some one reads a passage in reference to the patron saint of the day, St. Nicolas de Tolentino. He reads of his childhood's austerities, how he continued them all his lifetime, how he predicted the day of his death, how, every evening for six weeks, he heard choirs of angels singing, how God took him unto his rest, and how, in after days, miracles were performed by virtue of his saintly relics. And then follows the moral for reader and listeners: such was the man who despised the life of the world, and attained unto the kingdom of God.

For relief from the saddening spell of this cold, selfish life-in-death, I throw my window up, and look out into the night. And there, too, is sadness: in the far-off, solemn sky of deepest blue—high up in it the mild moon—beautiful, passionless, austere queen of the night, gazing down on this "Christ's fortress" (!) where dwells no passion nor any human sympathy, and bathing in the ghostly light those trees that are dark-robed, and sad, and brooding, like hooded friars.

Chambers's Journal.

CHEMISTRY IN THE KITCHEN.

OF all the services which industrial chemistry is likely to give us, those which concern the alimentation of the people are perhaps the most valuable, and are accepted as such by the mass. Chemists have perfectly understood this, and have proved it, by the numerous attempts they have made to furnish us with fresh articles of food, or, above all, to enable us to draw the best particles from those we already possess. Of a humble and unattractive appearance, these preparations do not draw the eye of the crowd, and pass unnoticed by many; there is nothing in their exterior quality, color, or form, to excite curiosity. Their merit rests entirely in the principles which have directed their fabrication, and in the applications that may be made of them; they permit us to point out theory growing into practice, and how purely speculative knowledge may assist various trades.

Ever since the war in the Crimea, efforts have been made for the preservation of milk; the want of it during that time of trial was seriously felt, and the problem to be resolved was, how to produce, in the smallest possible size, a nourishing beverage, which might be weakened with water when the time arrived to make use of it. If this were discovered, the sale would be large for ships on long voyages where it was not convenient to take a cow; in fortresses, or for armies in the field. Even in households, there might be times when such a preparation would be advantageous, but it concerns them less directly. The first object the managers had in view was, to procure the best kind of milk, drawn from healthy cows, and fed on fertile pastures in the open air—not, in fact, stall-fed. This is heated in large flat-bottomed vessels, to which is added white sugar in a fixed proportion; whilst it is heating, con-

tinual stirring is necessary, to favor evaporation. When the quantity is reduced to one-fifth, this concentrated liquid is poured into cylindrical boxes, which are immediately closed by tin solder, to be wholly impervious to the air. The boxes thus filled are arranged in a steam-boiler heated to about a hundred and four degrees. When this process is finished, the preserved milk is ready: if, after a time, the box is opened, it will be found filled with a thick substance of a yellow white color, and semi-transparent. Mixed with five times its weight of water, a liquid is produced presenting the appearance and offering all the character of ordinary milk. It may cause some surprise to the person mixing it to see that what is translucid as long as it is a paste, becomes opaque when placed in water. This is simply due to a phenomenon in the refraction of light. The globules being endowed with a different angle of refraction from the water, the rays of light which regularly traverse either the globules alone or the pure water, take a very irregular and broken line in the mixture of the two. It is found that this milk after being opened will keep for ten days or more, especially if care is taken always to skim a layer off the top, thus removing the surface in contact with the atmospheric air and those fermented particles which may have formed upon it.

It is not difficult to explain why the process just described should be attended with a successful result. When liquid matter is heated so as to reduce it to a fifth of its primitive volume, it is nothing less than taking away the greater part of the watery particles it contains. Milk contains about thirteen parts in a hundred of sugary, fat, cheesy, and saline substances; the remaining eighty-seven parts are water: after the concentration, the proportion of water is reduced to thirty-five parts. It is well known that the presence of water has a predominating influence on the development of many kinds of fermentation; the less water, the more the chances of preservation are increased. The sugar which is first added to the milk in a considerable quantity is also an antiseptic; it is upon this quality that the confectioner's art and all the domestic preparation of preserved fruits are based. To give an idea of the efficacy with which sugar overcomes fermentation and consequent decay, it has sometimes been observed that in barrels of

molasses, which have come from the colonies, the bodies of small insects have been perfectly preserved. The last process is not the least important—that which keeps the milk for some time at a high temperature, to destroy the vitality of the fermenting particles it contains. The atmosphere that we breathe is loaded with these, which fall upon all bodies exposed to the air, and develop themselves by decomposing when favorable conditions are to be found. These particles become completely inactive, are killed, in fact, by heat of about a hundred degrees. As care has been taken hermetically to close the boxes against the air, no fresh elements can enter to replace those that have been destroyed. There is still one improvement to be desired, the preserved milk retains the flavor of boiled milk; but probably this defect will be removed in time by improved processes.

Domestic economy, it may be said, has little to do with what has just been described; but there is another process with which chemists have been occupied relating more particularly to it—this is to improve the old way of preserving hams by salting and smoking. Without changing that system, which in its way is excellent, the application of it may be made more regular and complete; and it is found that the results present a real superiority over the former plan. Nothing is more simple than the theory of salting meat. Kitchen salt has a great affinity for water; it draws towards it that which is contained in the muscular fibres of meat when it comes in contact with it. It is by the absorption of water, as well as by the antiseptic qualities which it possesses, that it prevents fermentation. But this absorption in ordinary salting is very irregular; while the outer parts of a piece of meat are saturated with salt, contracting and hardening it to the serious disadvantage of the eaters, the centre is almost withdrawn from the antiseptic action of the salt. Much of this may be diminished by adding a proportion of sugar, which makes the surface desiccation less powerful; but it is only a palliative, not reaching the original evil. After this irregular salting, the meat is submitted to the action of smoke; the tar proceeding from the combustion of wood, especially the creosote, penetrates into the pores and between the fibres, paralyzing or destroying the germs of cryptogamic vegetation and fermentation. The more the action of the smoke

is prolonged, penetrating deeply and in an efficacious manner, the more the flavor of the meat is likely to be spoiled by the predominant flavor which these pyrogenous matters have when condensed.

The improvement sought for is produced by giving precision to the quantities and regularity of action over the whole mass submitted to salting and smoking. This is the course of operation. As soon as the pieces of pork come to the kitchen, the weight of each is written down in chalk on a blackboard. The salt is employed in a liquid state, the dissolution being proportioned in the same quantities for all meat; so that, by a calculation made beforehand, it is known how much saline mixture must be given to the weight of each piece. The reservoir containing this is placed on a higher stage, and communicates with the operator by a flexible india-rubber pipe, terminating in a slender metallic tube with a tap. Each ham is laid on the scale; whilst in the other is the weight, not only of the ham, but of the salt which must be added to it. The workman introduces the tube into the ham at the thin end, and then turns the tap; the saline liquid forced into the cellular tissues by the pressure from the reservoir, equal to a column of water about sixteen feet high, insinuates itself between the muscles, and swells the mass in a very apparent manner, at the same time the weight increases. At the precise moment when the ham has received the proper amount of salt, the weight in the other scale falls, and the workman closes the tap. Thus the salting has penetrated to the interior; and to insure the preparation of all the exterior, the hams are steeped for a few days in a tub filled with the same liquid. From this they are carried to the smoking-chamber, a large room, into which open two chimneys communicating with fires in a lower story. The smoke arising from the combustion of wood spreads through the space at the same time as it warms the air; thus the hams are partially dried as well as smoked. Thermometers are hung in different places, and are visible from the outside, so that the temperature is carefully regulated. The only wood used is very dry oak; thus the pyroligneous properties are always identical. The weight of wood to be burned has been made with equal precision, according to the amount of smoke it gives out; for the quantity of air introduced into the stoves is always pro-

portioned to the weight of the wood, and consequently the combustion goes on invariably under the same conditions.

Thus constant results are obtained, and nothing is left to chance: the success has justified the hopes of the inventor, M. Martin de Lignac. The meat prepared in his manufactory has been highly appreciated by consumers. Many agriculturists, who formerly used a more or less imperfect mode of salting their pigs, have adopted his method. If there is additional expense, they are sure, on the other hand, of having hams which never fail to be well preserved, and about which they feel no anxiety; and in addition to these proofs of popular favor, the gold medal of the last International Exhibition in Paris was awarded to him.

Let us turn to another very important trade which has arisen within the last few years—that of German yeast. Taking up the idea that chemists had formed, that yeast was a vegetation which grew in the vats of breweries, some persons in Austria and Moravia began to cultivate this particular kind of leaven, which should be free from the strong odor and bitterness of malt. In this way they have succeeded in developing the qualities, and producing a fermenting substance endowed with remarkable power, which, in a very small compass, gives better results than any other kind that housekeepers have adopted. It is a gray, firm paste, crumbling at the touch, and exhaling a slightly sour odor. As heat changes it quickly, it could not have been available in other countries before the establishment of railways; it spoils much in the same way as animal matters in a state of putrefaction. This is how it is manufactured; and besides the yeast, some accessory productions are obtained as alcohol, and a residuum of a kind of malt which is used for the fattening of cows and sheep.

Three kinds of grain, maize, rye, and malted barley, after having been reduced to powder and mixed together, are macerated in water at a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees. Under these conditions, the active principle previously developed in the barley reacts on the starch, and transforms it into two other products immediately soluble, called dextrine and glucose which are analogous to grape-sugar. At the end of a few hours, this sacchariferous process is complete; the liquid is racked off and refined, whilst al-

coholic fermentation is produced by introducing a small quantity of leaven, reserved from a previous operation. Under the action of the leaven, the glucose is divided into carbonic acid, alcohol, and other accessories. At the same time the dextrine, in which the sugary process is no longer retarded by an excess of glucose, gradually transforms itself into glucose; under this new form, it submits to the mysterious action of the leaven, and contributes towards enriching the liquor with an additional quantity of alcohol; whilst the carbonic acid, rendered free, disengages itself in the form of gas. A question naturally presents itself to the mind: How does the leaven act? and why does it decompose the glucose? Unfortunately, among the many different replies which have been made to this question, there is none which is completely satisfactory. The only certain thing is, that the globules of leaven are reproduced by a sort of budding process, giving birth at first to the most minute particles, which grow rapidly, reaching the largest dimensions that these corpuscles ever present; that is to say, about the three thousandth part of a foot. In this mode of manufacturing yeast, care is taken to furnish these vegetables, by the composition of the malt in which they are developed, with a much richer nourishment than the malt of ordinary breweries. This is the essential principle of this new preparation. On this account, the vital activity of the fermentation is much greater. The carbonic acid disengages itself in such abundance, that the leaven drawn up with it floats on the liquid, forming a thick foam. It is clear that these are the most powerful globules which are thus raised and sustained on the surface by the bubbles of gas. They are skimmed off as they appear, leaving the less active leaven at

the bottom of the vat. Before dispatching it to every country, there is nothing to be done but to drain it, wash it slightly on a sheet, and, in order to render it less impervious to the action of the air and heat, to submit it to the hydraulic press, which eliminates the greater part of the liquid. In this state it may be preserved for eight or fifteen days, according to the season.

When examined by the help of a microscope, this leaven is composed of ovate granules, transparent, and of regular size; the greater part are of the size mentioned above; while a few, which may be called the young ones, do not reach a quarter of that diameter. It is evidently owing to the abundance of nutritive principles which are furnished at the moment when it is formed, and to other favorable arrangements, that the German yeast owes the very rich composition and vigorous vitality with which it is endowed. For example, maize-flour possesses three times as much of fatty substances as barley or wheat-flour; and this is one of the causes of the large proportion which is found in the pressed yeast as it is sometimes called, the glucose also assisting in this respect. It is the same with the azoting or mineral compositions, which make the German yeast so much more valuable than the brewer's yeast; endowed as it is with greater energy half the quantity produces a more regular and active fermentation. Every house-keeper will allow that bread made with it is lighter than the other; this is owing to the disengagement of the gas being more uniform, the dough is more homogeneous, and, consequently, better raised. Owing to the mode of preparation, it contains neither the bitter flavor nor the strongly scented essential oil of the hop.

SENATOR SCHURZ.

CARL SCHURZ, the senior Senator from Missouri, and the most prominent representative of the German people of the United States, was born at Liblar, near Cologne, Germany, on the 2d of March, 1829, and is consequently but forty-three years of age at the present time. He was educated at the collegiate institution at Cologne, and afterward at the University of Bonn. He was editor of a paper iden-

tified with the unsuccessful revolution of 1848, and took part in the defense of Rastadt, after which he fled from Germany and took refuge in Switzerland. Subsequently he resided in Paris and London, where he was a teacher and newspaper correspondent for three years, emigrating to this country in 1852. Here his commanding abilities soon gained him attention, and he was a delegate to the Chicago

Convention of 1860, taking a leading part in its proceedings, and also in the following political campaign. On the accession of President Lincoln in 1861 Mr. Schurz was appointed Minister to Spain, which position he soon resigned, was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and was present at the second battle of Bull Run, and at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga. After the war he was appointed a Commissioner to visit the Southern States and report upon the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau. In 1865 and 1866 he was a Washington correspondent of the New-York *Tribune*, was

subsequently connected with the press of Detroit and St. Louis; was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1868 which nominated General Grant, and was elected to the United States Senate, as successor to John B. Henderson, and took his seat March 4, 1869. Here he became at once one of the leading members of the Senate, the public has learned to respect his views on all the great questions of the day, and there is no public man who at the present time gives promise of exercising a more important influence on the political future of the nation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Ancient America. By J. D. BALDWIN. New-York: *Harper & Bros.* 1872.

MR. BALDWIN has already won some reputation as an antiquarian by a previous work entitled "Prehistoric Nations," in which he dealt with a class of subjects similar in character to that of the present volume. In that first work, he entered somewhat liberally into the field of historic speculation, but in this one he has confined himself to giving a very brief summary of what is known of American Antiquities, together with some thoughts and suggestions relative to their significance. No similar work, as he claims, has been published in the English language, and to the vast majority of readers, it will open up a portion of ancient history, of which they have not heard at all, or of which they have heard only by casual paragraphs in other chronicles.

In *Ancient America*, the reader will find the immense mass of material collected by English, French, Spanish, and German archæologists sifted of its accessories, and their facts brought together into something like consistent historical shape. The work is by no means elaborate though covering such extensive and difficult ground, for Mr. Baldwin's plan is to state the facts in the briefest and tersest possible form, sometimes condensing whole volumes of investigation and conjecture into the compass of a few pages. Indeed, this condensation is so excessive as to leave the reader only partly satisfied with any department of the subject, though the statement is always admirably clear as far as it goes, and though Mr. Baldwin's own comments are always suggestive, and such as the careful reader's judgment must approve. Numerous illustrations also, taken from the most authentic sources, embellish nearly every page, and materially assist the narrative.

The book is an extremely suggestive and fascinating one, and is in such form that it ought to be all but universally read. It can not but give us a larger conception of man and his history to find that over a large part of this continent, where we have been accustomed to think that, with the exception of a few savages, the great drama of human life began only three or four centuries ago, are scattered ruins which dispute antiquity with the most ancient monuments of the "ancient

East," and relics of a people, who thousands of years ago must have attained a civilization and a skill in the arts far higher than would have permitted the erection of cast-iron fronts to the largest buildings in their most important cities. It must furnish food too for much serious reflection to find that a people so highly civilized, so numerous, and with so vast an empire, should have vanished utterly from off the face of the earth. Is the New Zealander on London Bridge a prophecy? and will some Antarctic race at some future time be groping amid our tunnels, and mines, and ruined cities, lost in wonder as to what manner of people could have flourished on this continent in the nineteenth century?

The Masque of the Gods. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston. *James R. Osgood & Co.*

THIS is a very remarkable poem, and is of a character which one acquainted with his previous works would hardly have expected from Mr. Bayard Taylor. It deals with the great subject of the Deity's relations to man, and deals with it in a way which is eminently suggestive and which affords one of the rare illustrations of the possibility of treating a theme which is usually confined to the barren field of dialectics in such a way as to imbue it with poetry of a very high order. A more forbidding and difficult subject for poetry, than the various theological conceptions which man has worked out for himself in the various stages of his history could hardly be found; yet it is just this that Mr. Taylor has chosen, and he has produced a poem which is admirable throughout, and which to our mind should rank decidedly above any thing he has previously written. As a work of art it is well nigh perfect, it is unexceptional in tone and temper, its logic is such as to commend it to believer and unbeliever alike, and it furnishes almost as striking an example of various and skillful verse as the same author's translation of *Faust*. Mr. Lowell's "Cathedral" is the only recent poem which can well be compared to it; and it can hardly be denied that Mr. Taylor has been far more successful in bringing out the poetic and subordinating the controversial aspects of his subject.

Man's beliefs, his conceptions of God and futurity, have been fruitful of so much strife and heart-

burnings, so many struggles and troubles, that Mr. Taylor has done a good work in drawing forth its latent poetry. This much he has done, and he has done it too while giving in easily-recognized masque an epitome of the religious development of the race.

Saunterings. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THE delicate and subtle humor which Mr. Warner has displayed in his other writings is not absent from *Saunterings*, though it is not so conspicuous, nor perhaps of so high an order. A description of travel over the beaten European tracks is, no doubt, a trying test for an author to subject his powers to, and though Mr. Warner stands it very well, his book is composed of papers which were written apparently before he had achieved his present reputation, and which are rather carelessly done. Nevertheless, it would be somewhat difficult to find a pleasanter companion for an imaginary tour through Europe than the "Saunterer," especially if entertainment of a refined sort rather than instruction is our object. Mr. Warner intimates in his preface that it would be pleasanter to invite the public to go nowhere than somewhere, because every one has been somewhere and has written about it, and he suggests as a compromise, that we go somewhere and not learn any thing about it. In this humorous mood, but with eyes that are very observant nevertheless, he saunters from London to Paris, through Southern Germany and Switzerland, and lingers for a long time and lovingly in Italy.

Saunterings is not exactly the kind of book which his best admirers will look for from the author of "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-Log Studies," but it is pleasant reading, and is exactly the volume to take away with one to relieve the tedium of a summer sojourn in the country.

Science Primers. Edited by Professors HUXLEY, ROSCOE, and BALFOUR STEWART. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN order to facilitate the introduction of the study of science into elementary schools, a series of "Science Primers," prepared by eminent specialists, is being issued under the joint editorship and supervision of Professor Huxley, Professor Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart. They are designed for "youngest scholars," and are confined to the plainest possible statement of the most elementary and simple facts in the various sciences of which they treat.

Chemistry, by Professor Roscoe, and *Physics*, by Professor Stewart, have already appeared, and they certainly carry nothing of the "wrinkled front" which science is popularly supposed to present to students. There is nothing in either of these little manuals which could not easily be taught to any child of average intelligence; and there is little doubt that the great majority of children would feel far more interested in the subjects they present than in the ordinary lessons they have to learn. We should be sorry to see the curriculum of children's studies in any way enlarged, but it would be a good thing for education if these *Primers* could be substituted for some of the mechanism of the schools as now existing.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. (New-York) have just issued the first volume of a new edition of Sir

Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, being the "eleventh and entirely revised edition," recently published in London. The volume is a large one, handsomely printed, and contains all the charts and illustrations. It is much the choicest edition of this great work yet published in America, and the remaining volume will be ready before the end of the year.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. Renan's "*L'Antichrist*," the fourth part of his "*Origines du Christianisme*," is to appear very shortly.

Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London, have in preparation a second series of the Aldine Edition of the British Poets, containing authors not included in the present series.

A collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters of Lord Byron," edited with a preface by Mr. Henry Schultes-Young, of Oxford University, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Bentley & Son.

The French Government has ordered the reprinting of Vols. VI. and VII. of "*Les Lettres, Mémoires, et Instructions de Colbert*," which were burnt at the Ministère des Finances during the last days of the Commune.

Professor Bernard ten Brink is to contribute an essay "On the Types of the MSS. of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales" to the next number of the Chaucer Society's "Essays on Chaucer," which will probably appear in April.

A new edition of the Doré Bible is announced for issue by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, in nine-penny monthly parts. The cost for the drawing and engraving alone of M. Doré's illustrations amounted to more than £15,000.

The publication of the "*Archives Diplomatiques*," which had been suspended during the war in France, is now being continued. The first number of the new series contains the diplomatic documents referring to the war, carefully and skillfully classified.

A new edition of the famous "*Chanson de Roland*" has just been published at Tours, by M. Léon Gautier, in three quarto parts, the last of which contains a second and re-revised text of the poem. A translation into modern French is given in the first part.

To the Early English Text Society's edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," A.D. 1549, Mr. J. A. H. Murray will add reprints of three unique contemporary tracts in the Grenville Library, relating to the Protector Somerset's expedition, and England's claim to Scotland.

Some valuable data for the history of printing, and short studies on other subjects, are being issued at Cambridge, by the learned Librarian of the University, Mr. Henry Bradshaw, under the modest title of "Memoranda." No. 4 contains a statement of the results of Mr. Bradshaw's investigations of the structure of the Canterbury Tales, made before the Chaucer Society started.

English Arthurian students may be glad to know that they can get a copy of Wolfram von Eschenbach's "*Parzival*" and "*Titirel*," edited by Karl Bartsch, in three handy little volumes of

the "Deutsche Clasiker des Mittelalters," for nine shillings. All the difficult words are explained at the foot of the page, and there is a full index of them at the end.

Two Scotch scholars are now editing the manuscript of "A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain, including the works of Foreigners written in or translated into the English Language," by the late Samuel Halkett, Keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The work will contain about 20,000 entries, and will be printed in two quarto volumes.

The Lydgate and Occleve Society (London) is to start, if a hundred and fifty members at a guinea a year can be got for it. The first work of Lydgate's proposed is that from "the finest MS. of our language written in Henry the Sixth's reign," Harleian 2278, the Lives of St. Edmund and St. Fremund. The first work of Occleve's is to be one hitherto unnoticed by historians of English poetry, a seemingly autograph volume in Bishop Cosin's library at Durham, dedicated to one of John of Gaunt's daughters, and containing Occleve's "Complaint," etc. Subscriber's names are to be sent to Mr. Furnivall.

Elisée Reclus, the geographer, in accordance with the petition of several eminent Americans, has been relieved from a confinement of eight months at Brest as a Communist. In a letter dated at Munich, he says: "Now that I am free, I can hardly realize the thought of having been kept so long useless to society, and far from my wife and children. But the happier I feel to have met them again, the more I am thankful to those who have released me out of that abyss of misery. You are among the friends who rendered me that great service. I thank you from the depth of my heart, and beg you to be my interpreter near the literary and scientific American gentlemen who came forward to claim one of their fellow-workers."

The Camden Society have authorized Mr. Gardiner to form a collection of documents illustrating the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham in 1626. The partisan statements of the attack and the defense were, of course, widely promulgated at the time; but as the trial of the case was interrupted by the dissolution of Parliament, the evidence on which each side relied was not produced. Of this evidence, however, some fragments have been since published. But there is so much that has never been touched, that a complete documentary history of the Duke's proceedings in the affairs which brought upon him the accusation of the Commons, promises to be a valuable contribution to the knowledge of an important period of our history.

Lord Brougham concludes his interesting *Autobiography* with the following rather sad paragraph: "If I have imperfectly performed my work; if I have appeared to dwell too profusely on some subjects, while others of equal importance have been passed over; if many statements have been feebly and some inaccurately rendered, let it be remembered that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me to assist it. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine. All were dead. I alone survived of those who

had acted in the scenes I have here faintly endeavored to retrace."

The *New French Antiquarian* quarterly, the *Romania*, starts with an interesting and well-varied set of articles. Among them is an amusing French *fabliau*, written in England about the middle of the thirteenth century, from a MS. in the Corpus Library at Cambridge. This is edited by M. Paul Meyer; and among his proofs that the French was written in England, is one that bears strongly on the great final *e* question in Chaucer's text, namely, that the Anglo-French writer often did not sound the final *e*, though he wrote a hundred years before Chaucer was born. M. Meyer says it can not be doubted that the final *e* became mute in English-French long before it did in France. This being unquestionable, why is Chaucer to be supposed, in 1370-1400, to have sounded all his final *es* in the most weakening and offensive place, the end of the line?

The Camden Society (London) have added to their list of proposed publications a series of letters addressed to Sir Joseph Williamson during his absence from England by his correspondents in London. They will be edited by Mr. Christie, who, as will be remembered, called attention to their value as throwing considerable light upon the state of affairs at the time of the Cabal Ministry. Another publication which has been also adopted by the Society, is a journal of the proceedings of the first Parliament of Charles the First, to be edited by Mr. Gardiner from a MS. in the Library of Sir Rainald Knightley. In his "Life of Sir John Eliot," Mr. Forster refers to the want of knowledge of this most important Parliament, the printed Journals being very defective. Although his own publication of large extracts from Eliot's "Negotium Posterorum" has thrown a flood of light upon the subject, an independent account, treating as it does of much which Eliot passed over, will still be of no inconsiderable value.

SCIENCE.

The Velocity of Thought.—"As quick as thought" is a common proverb, and probably not a few persons feel inclined to regard the speed of mental operations as beyond our powers of measurement. Apart, however, from those minds which take their owners so long in making up because they are so great, rough experience clearly shows that ordinary thinking does take time; and as soon as mental processes were brought to work in connection with delicate instruments and exact calculations, it became obvious that the time they consumed was a matter for serious consideration. A well-known instance of this is the "personal equation" of the astronomers. When a person watching the movements of a star makes a signal the instance he sees it, or the instance it seems to him to cross a certain line, it is found that a definite fraction of a second always elapses between the actual falling of the image of the star on the observer's eye, and the making of the signal—a fraction moreover, varying somewhat with different observers, and with the same observer under differing mental conditions. Of late years considerable progress has been made towards an accurate knowledge of this mental time. A typical bodily action, involving mental effort, may be regarded as made up of three terms: of sensations

traveling toward the brain, of processes thereby set up within the brain, and of resultant motor impulses traveling from the brain toward the muscles which are about to be used. Our first task is to ascertain how much time is consumed in each of these terms; we may afterwards try to measure the velocity of the various stages and parts into which each term may be further subdivided. The velocity of motor impulses is by far the simplest case of the three, and has already been made out pretty satisfactorily. We can assert, for instance, that in frogs a motor impulse, the message of the will to the muscle, travels at about the rate of 28 metres a second, while in man it moves at about 33 metres. The method by which this result is obtained may be described in its simplest form somewhat as follows: The muscle which in the frog corresponds to the calf of the leg, may be prepared with about two inches of its proper nerve still attached to it. If a galvanic current be brought to bear on the nerve close to the muscle, a motor impulse is set up in the nerve, and a contraction of the muscle follows. Between the exact moment when the current breaks into the nerve, and the exact moment when the muscle begins to contract, a certain time elapses. This time is measured in this way: A blackened glass cylinder, made to revolve very rapidly, is fitted with two delicate levers, the points of which just touch the blackened surface at some little distance apart from each other. So long as the levers remain perfectly motionless, they trace on the revolving cylinder two parallel, horizontal, unbroken lines; and any movement of either is indicated at once by an upward (or downward) deviation from the horizontal line. These levers further are so arranged (as may readily be done) that the one lever is moved by the entrance of the very galvanic current which gives rise to the motor impulse in the nerve, and thus marks the beginning of that motor impulse; while the other is moved by the muscle directly this begins to contract, and thus marks the beginning of the muscular contraction. Taking note of the direction in which the cylinder is revolving, it is found that the mark of the setting-up of the motor impulse is always some little distance ahead of the mark of the muscular contraction; it only remains to be ascertained to what interval of time that distance of space on the cylinder corresponds. Did we know the actual rate at which the cylinder revolves this might be calculated, but an easier method is to bring a vibrating tuning-fork, of known pitch, to bear very lightly sideways on the cylinder, above or between the two levers. As the cylinder revolves, and the tuning-fork vibrates, the latter will mark on the former a horizontal line, made up of minute, uniform waves corresponding to the vibrations. In any given distance, as for instance in the distance between the two marks made by the levers, we may count the number of waves. These will give us the number of vibrations made by the tuning-fork in the interval; and knowing how many vibrations the tuning-fork makes in a second, we can easily tell to what fraction of a second the number of vibrations counted corresponds. Thus, if the tuning-fork vibrates 100 times a second, and in the interval between the marks of the two levers we count ten waves, we can tell that the time between the two marks, *i.e.*, the time between the setting-up of the motor impulse and the beginning of the muscular contraction, was 1-10 of a second. Hav-

ing ascertained this, the next step is to repeat the experiment exactly in the same way, except that the galvanic current is brought to bear upon the nerve, not close to the muscle, but as far off as possible at the furthest point of the two inches of nerve. The motor impulse has then to travel along the two inches of nerve before it reaches the point at which, in the former experiment, it was first set up. On examination, it is found that the interval of time elapsing between the setting up of the motor impulse and the commencement of the muscular contraction is greater in this case than in the preceding. Suppose it is 2-10ths of a second—we infer from this that it took the motor impulse 1-10th of a second to travel along the two inches of nerve: that is to say, the rate at which it traveled was one inch in 1-20th of a second. . . . By a similar method of observation certain other conclusions have been arrived at, though the analysis of the particulars is not yet within our reach. Thus nearly all observers are agreed about the comparative amount of physiological time required for the sensations of sight, hearing, and touch. If, for instance, the impression to be signaled be an object seen, a sound heard, or a galvanic shock felt on the brow, while the same signal is made in all three cases, it is found that the physiological time is longest in the case of sight, shorter in the case of hearing, shortest of all in the case of touch. Between the appearance of the object seen (for instance, an electric spark) and the making of the signal, about 1-6th; between the sound and the signal, 1-5th; between the touch and signal, 1-7th of a second, is found to intervene.—*Nature*.

A New Form of Commutator.—The Paris correspondent of *Engineering* gives a description of a commutator recently invented by M. Lequesne.

When with the same battery successively different effects are produced, or when the action lasts long enough to show a sensible decrease of energy, the groupings of the elements can be changed according to the variations of power or of resistance. The change involves a marked loss of time when it is necessary to produce it by maneuvering the wires of the electrodes. But one can obtain the commutations for obtaining various groupings by this simple movement of a handle. M. Lequesne is the inventor of a commutator of this kind, and M. le Comte du Moncel states, in his report to the *Société d'encouragement*, that it is more complete and more efficient than the similar apparatus already in use. M. Lequesne gives to his special commutator the name of Voltamériste. It is composed essentially of a cylinder, to the surface of which is applied a series of metallic plates, divided up in a particular manner with regard to the various systems of groupings of the battery, and of two systems of rubbing plates bearing on the cylinder, and in contact with the divided plates, and two different generators.

The one of this series is directly in connection by wires with the positive poles of the different elements of the battery, the other with the negative poles, and it is only necessary to turn the cylinder in such a manner to place under the rubbing plates such combinations of the divided plates to obtain immediately the desired grouping of the battery.

To obtain the element of quantity in the battery it will be sufficient to bring under the two se-

ries of rubbing plates two continuous metallic plates of a length equal to that of the two series of rubbers. The battery will then work as if it were composed of a single element, with a surface equal to that of the whole of the elements.

To add all the elements in tension, it is necessary to have a number of metallic plates equal to half the number of the elements of the battery, all ranged on the same generator of the cylinder, and of a width sufficient for the plates of the two series to be applied simultaneously two by two.

Lastly, to obtain a series, that is to say, to obtain from a battery of 24 elements the current which should give, for example, a battery of 8 elements of threefold the surface, it is necessary that the divided plates alternate from the one to the other series of rubbers as many times as there are series of elements; for instance, eight times in the example given above.

M. Lequesne constructs the apparatus for 24 elements, and combines them together when he operates with batteries of a greater number of elements. He places in his cylinder eight series of plates, permitting eight groupings by series, that form a battery of 24 couples.

Xylol, the new Remedy for Small-pox.—The *Chemical News* for February 16 contains an interesting note on this subject. It seems that the Berlin *Klinische Wochenschrift* states that Dr. Zuelzer, Senior Physician at the Charité Hospital, had there administered xylol in cases of small-pox, with the most complete success. It is given in doses of from 3 to 5 drops for children, 10 to 15 drops for adults, every hour to every three hours. It is harmless, because as much as a teaspoonful at a time has been taken. The most convenient form of taking it is in capsules, as already supplied by a Berlin firm, and containing 3, 5, 8, and 12 drops each. The specific action is not yet clearly defined, but early information on this point is promised. The theory at present is that xylol is taken up by the blood, and acts as a disinfectant. The absolute purity of the xylol is important, as toluol and other analogous compounds do not possess this peculiar action, and it seems there are some practical difficulties in obtaining xylol absolutely pure.

Spectrum of the Aurora.—Although the aurora is not, strictly speaking, an astronomical phenomenon, yet it is so intimately associated with several important solar phenomena, that we may be permitted to notice the results obtained during the remarkable auroral display of February 4. The well-known green line (wave-length 558) was as usual the most conspicuous feature of the spectrum, except that, where the red streamers were exceptionally brilliant, the ordinarily faint red band (wave-length 650) became the brightest. Very faint greenish and bluish bands appeared, having wave-lengths 530, 510, and 490 approximately. Father Perry, who observed the aurora at Stonyhurst, remarks that the green line could always be detected even where the unassisted eye failed to notice any trace of auroral light, and he suggests the "advisability of a daily observation with a small hand spectroscope for those who are desirous of forming a complete list of auroral phenomena. Magnetic disturbances are a sure guide in the case of grand manifestations of aurora; but might not a very slight aurora be observable without the magnets being sensibly affected?"

Tests for Detecting Strychnia.—Dr. Filhol has a paper on this highly interesting subject in the *Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie* for January, 1872. After having reviewed the various tests described in works of chemistry, the author concludes that as regards the sure detection of this alkaloid in cases of poisoning it should be obtained in a solid state; the alkalinity of its solution should be ascertained as well as its intensely bitter taste; its behavior with chlorine, and its blue coloration under the influence of sulphuric acid and oxidizing substances, should also be seen; while, lastly, as a very delicate reaction, the author quotes that, with chloride of gold, strychnia (in solution) yields immediately a crystalline precipitate, which, although slowly, is yet formed in solutions containing 1-10 of a milligram of the alkaloid. This precipitate, and that formed by chlorine, are at once dissolved by concentrated sulphuric acid, and chromic acid being added, the well-known blue coloration that strychnia yields with this last reagent is produced. The presence of alcohol in liquids to be tested for strychnia should be avoided.

Temperature of the Solar Photosphere.—Father Secchi has endeavored to maintain his startling theory, that the solar photosphere has a temperature of 10,000,000° C., against very strong opposition in the Paris Academy of Sciences. MM. Faye, St.-Claire Deville, E. Becquerel, Fizeau, Vualle, and Vicaire, agree in adopting 10,000° C. as the probable superior limit of the solar temperature—an estimate falling far short of the value 27,000° C. adopted by Spörer, in advance of which again, at a long interval, lies Zollner's estimate of 400,000° C. But Secchi and Ericsson had been contending over their rival estimates of ten-million and four-million degrees centigrade; and it is somewhat amusing to find the Paris Academy, invited by Secchi to express an opinion, adopting a value beyond comparison less than the least of the rival estimates. The result is not greatly to be wondered at, however, for Ericsson's value had been obtained by an erroneous system of observation, and Secchi's by an erroneous method of interpreting observations which were in themselves sufficiently trustworthy. The views of the Academicians, being based on a variety of independent considerations, acquire thereby additional weight. Faye bases his opinion on the researches of Professor Thomson; Fizeau adduces the experimental researches undertaken by himself and M. Foucault into the relative intensity of sunlight, and the light of the electric spark under various conditions; Vicaire deduces his estimates from Secchi's observations; and St.-Claire Deville quotes his own experiments on the heat of the oxyhydrogen flame.

Jupiter's Moons.—The English Astronomer-royal has addressed the Astronomical Society on a question of much importance in the present advanced state of astronomical science, namely, that an observatory should be set apart for the exclusive observation of the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. In setting forth his reasons, he says it is well known to the students of *gravitational astronomy* that the theory of the movements of Jupiter's satellites is a very singular one, perhaps the most interesting among the planetary applications of the theory of gravitation. The results are striking; but it is especially the fourth satellite which has claims to attention, for it is by ob-

servation of that one of his moons that the mass of Jupiter himself is to be measured. Ordinary readers must take this for granted; but it is well known to astronomers that in our solar system the mass of Jupiter is next in importance to that of the sun. The work would not be dry or dull, for, as Mr. Airy ventures to believe, the mere observations in their beauty, and the incessant variation of their character, would be found very interesting. Is there no well-skilled amateur who will devote himself to this task for the advantage of science? As an additional inducement we mention, that the belts of Jupiter have, within the past few weeks, exhibited magnificent effects of color.

Navigable Balloon.—The trials of M. Dupuy de Lôme's balloon at Paris have been of great interest, and appear to have been attended with an amount of success which is encouraging. The balloon is of an elongated form, so that it has a horizontal axis of least resistance, which is maintained parallel to the propelling force. The car has a huge rudder, consisting of a triangular sail of an area of 161 sq. feet. In order that this rudder may act, it is essential that the balloon should not drift with the wind, but should be propelled at a sensible velocity relatively to it. To effect this, a large screw propeller of two blades is employed, 30 feet diameter, and 26 feet pitch. This screw is rotated by four or eight men. According to M. Dupuy de Lôme's calculations, the resistance of the balloon at five miles an hour is 24 lbs., and at that speed the propeller should revolve twenty-one times per minute, four men having power sufficient to work the screw at that speed. The balloon, inflated with hydrogen, has a gross ascensional force of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ tons. The total weight of the balloon and apparatus is $1\frac{3}{4}$ tons, and of the crew, stores, etc., $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons. In the experimental trial it was found that, with the screw working, the balloon did obey the rudder. It was found possible to direct the balloon at an angle of 12° with the wind's direction.

The Plants of Oregon.—We learn from Silliman's *American Journal* that Mr. Elihu Hall, well known as an excellent and enterprising collector, during the past season made an extensive collection of dried plants in Oregon, which are to be distributed in sets as soon as the materials can be put in order. The full sets will contain five or six hundred species, and Mr. Hall offers them to subscribers at eight dollars per hundred specimens. So far as the examination has gone, a good number of rare and interesting, and some wholly new species, are brought to light. Plants of this region being far from common in herbaria generally it is thought that these sets will at once be taken, up.

Velocity of Vision.—Professor Ogden Rood has made experiments to ascertain the amount of time necessary for vision, and finds that an object can be distinctly seen in so small a space of time as forty billionths of a second. He saw clearly, for example, the letters on a printed page, and the radiating structure of the crystalline lens of the eye; and by using a polariscope, he could see the cross and rings round the axes of crystals. It seems wonderful that the retina should be able to retain and combine a series of impressions in forty billionths of a second; but Professor Rood remarks that it is not so wonderful after all, if we

accept the Undulatory Theory; for, according to that theory, in four billionths of a second, nearly two millions and a half of the mean undulations of light reach and act on the eye.

"Mineral Cotton."—An ingenious inventor in Philadelphia has devised a way of blowing a jet of steam through a current of liquid slag; and thereby he produces fine threads of slag from two to three feet in length, and more or less elastic. To this material he gives the name "mineral cotton;" and as it is found to be an admirable non-conductor for heat, it is to be manufactured in quantities, and tried as padding for pipes and steam-boilers, and in places where escape of heat is to be prevented. Although, as described, produced from slag, it has a lustrous white fibre, singularly like cotton-wool from the pod. We are informed that its cost is trifling, and that it can be used as a coating for refrigerators as well as for steam-boilers. Small quantities of similar wool, it is said, are sometimes produced while the blast is on, in the Bessemer steel-converters.

Cast-Iron Boilers.—A cast-iron boiler, invented in the United States, has been brought into use in this country, and with results which show that it has great advantages over the ordinary wrought-iron boiler. It occupies much less space, requires less fuel, and is not so liable to become foul or to explode. These are advantages worth consideration in a time when steam-engines are expected to work more and more under increased pressure. The cast-iron boiler is constructed in tubular sections, which are arched over the fireplace, and vertical elsewhere, and are connected in a way to allow of free circulation of water, and of blowing off and refilling at pleasure. If any portion should become defective, it can be taken out and replaced by a new one without disturbing the whole boiler; and in like manner, the size of the boiler can be increased by adding more sections. At a foundry in Newport, (Wales,) the machinery was formerly driven by a Lancashire boiler of which the fire-grate area was twenty-seven square feet. The cast-iron boiler used in its place has nearly the same heating surface as the other, (the difference being twelve feet only,) but its fire-grate area is not more than seventeen square feet. The Lancashire boiler consumed twenty-seven hundred weight of coal in a day, the cast-iron boiler consumed sixteen hundred weight only, yet did quite as much work as the other. This boiler was invented by J. A. Miller, of Boston, U. S., and a full description of it is published in the *Proceedings* of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Birmingham.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Transplanting Teeth.—We mentioned some months ago that a member of the English Odontological Society had succeeded in replanting teeth which had been extracted in consequence of disease. To the process by which this was accomplished he gave the name *Reimplantation*. Another member of the same Society has now had the operation tried on himself, and with success. The tooth, which had been for some time painfully affected by changes of temperature, was carefully pulled out, to prevent straining or tearing of the gum; the dental canal was cleansed, the decayed part was scraped from the crown, and stopping applied in the usual way, and then the tooth was replaced in its socket. The operation lasted about half an hour; for three or four hours there was a dull aching pain, which, how-

ever, entirely ceased before noon of the following day, though some tenderness remained. This in turn disappeared; and by the end of a fortnight, the replanted tooth did without difficulty all the duty which a tooth is expected to do. From this it will be understood that a tooth slightly diseased at the root need not be thrown away, and that persons who object to an artificial tooth may with proper care retain the teeth which nature gave them.

Sunstroke.—Dr. Craig, of Washington, in making experiments on the temperature of the human body during very hot weather, came to the conclusion, that great elevations of temperature accompany sunstroke or heat apoplexy, and he thinks it highly probable that in all such cases the heat of the body rises above 100° Fahrenheit before alarming symptoms appear.

Animals of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.—Mr. A. S. Packard, junior, has given, in the "American Naturalist" an account of animals recently collected from the above locality. He says, "that of all the animals found in caves, either in this country or Europe, perhaps the most strange and unexpected is the little creature of which we now speak. It is an Isopod crustacean, of which the pill-bugs or sow-bugs are examples. A true species of pill-bug (*Titanethes albus*, Schiödte) inhabits the caves of Carniola, and it is easy to believe that one of the numerous species of this group may have become isolated in these caves and modified into its present form. So, also, with the blind *Niphargus stygius* of Europe, allied to the fresh water Gammarus, so abundant in pools of fresh water. We can also imagine how a species of Asellus, a fresh water Isopod, could represent the Idoteidæ in our caves, and one may yet be found; but how the present form became a cave-dweller is difficult of explanation, as its nearest allies are certain species of Idotea which are all marine, with the exception of two species: *I. entomen*, living in the sea and also in the depths of the Swedish lakes, as discovered by Loven, the distinguished Swedish naturalist, while a species representing this has been detected by Dr. Simpson at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Our cave-dweller is nearly allied to Idotea, but differs in being blind, and in other particulars, and may be called *Cacidotea stygia*. It was found creeping over the fine sandy bottom, in company with the Campodea, in a shallow pool of water four or five miles from the mouth of the cave.

Fatal Dose of Chloral Hydrate.—Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., has had reprinted from the British Association Reports for 1871 his own special report on the physiological action of organic chemical compounds. This is a most valuable and, we need not say, most interesting paper. It deals with several substances, and first of all comes chloral hydrate. He has endeavored to ascertain what is a dangerous and what a fatal dose of chloral hydrate. The conclusion at which he has been able first to arrive on this point is, that the maximum quantity of the hydrate that can be borne at one dose bears some proportion to the weight of the animal subjected to its influence. The rule, however, does not extend equally to animals of any and every class. The proportion is practically the same in the same classes, but there is no actual universality of rule. A mouse weigh-

ing from three-quarters of an ounce to an ounce will be put to sleep by one quarter of a grain of the hydrate, and will be killed by a grain. A pigeon weighing twelve ounces will be put to sleep by two grains of the hydrate, and will be killed by five grains. A guinea-pig weighing sixteen ounces will be put by two grains into deep sleep, and by five grains into fatal sleep. A rabbit weighing eighty-eight ounces will be thrown by thirty grains into deep sleep, and by sixty grains into fatal sleep. The human subject, weighing from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pounds, will be made by ninety grains to pass into deep sleep, and by one hundred and forty grains into a sleep that will be dangerous; finally, he concludes that a dose of 180 grains is a fatal dose.

ART.

Art Discoveries in Italy.—"A year has passed," writes the Naples correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, "since Cav. Cavallari, under the auspices of the Archæological Commission of Palermo, discovered amongst the ruins of the largest Temple of Selinuntium a Greek inscription, which, on account of its historical interest, has much engaged the attention of the learned. During the last month, Cav. Cavallari has discovered a necropolis, hitherto unknown, on the side of Manicalunga, the sepulchres of which contained many painted vases of the highest value. Still more recent information tells us of the discovery of the theatre of Selinuntium, of which no record remains, no apparent trace existed, and which now for the first time has been brought to light between the city and the necropolis. Travelers in Sicily will, therefore, have another object of interest this season. The results of the excavations in Pompeii, too, have been more than usually important. At the beginning of the month one was made in the presence of the Grand-Duchess Olga of Russia, when a pavement of Greek marble, decorated with paintings of various figures, was discovered. The Commandatore, Fiorelli, considers that it represents the scene of an ancient tragedy—the Niobe. This is the first painting on marble that has been found in Pompeii, says the *Unità Nazionale*, for those which are exhibited in the Museum came from Herculaneum. During the excavation reported above, there were found also several bronze vases, and the rudder of a ship, also of bronze, belonging to a large statue of Fortune, which was carried off by the Pompeians. Two sepulchres have also been recently found, each containing a skeleton. One was formed of fragments of amphoræ, which covered the skeleton from the head to the knees; on this rested a large stone, in the corner of which was engraved, as with steel, the letter C. Both bodies lay from west to east. Near at hand were discovered some human bones, buried apparently in the earth. Signor Fiorelli imagines that they are the remains of the companions of Spartacus, but abstains from giving a decided opinion until archæologists have determined the epoch of some tiles and amphoræ which have been presented to the Academy of Archæology and Fine Arts.

Paraffin for Casts.—A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "In view of the approaching Royal Academy and International Exhibitions, it

may be worth while to draw the attention of sculptors to the use of paraffin for saturating the surface of plaster-of-paris casts, instead of employing stearine, or clogging them with coats of paint. Paraffin, from its comparatively unchangeable nature, its few chemical affinities, (*parum affinis*,) the variety obtained from peat or mineral tar, indeed, having been tried for ages by exposure to all sorts of cosmical vicissitudes, seems, *a priori*, more likely to be durable in color and other qualities than stearine. It softens at 110°, melts at 130°, and is then easily applied, in one or more dressings, to casts made previously warm in an oven or on a covered stove. It imparts to the plaster an agreeable appearance of subdued transparency, combined with solidity, far preferable to the effects produced by stearine. The casts soon acquire an ivory-like tone, and their surface is destitute of any greasy feel, or any unpleasant glare; unlike those dipped in stearine, they do not appear, after a trial of many months, to turn yellow—moreover, paraffin is very cheap. Of course the casts to be treated with it must be clear to begin with, and any seams should be neatly finished off. When properly saturated for half an inch or less in depth from the surface, the paraffined casts are smooth and dry to the touch, so that dust, if it gathers upon them, does not adhere to them, but may be removed by a fine brush, or may be washed off with a soft sponge and cold water, either with, or better, without soap. Warm or hot water makes them adhesive, melts the paraffin, exposes the pores of the plaster, and causes dirt to sink into the surface in patches or streaks. Any exposure to undue fire heat or solar heat also affects them injuriously, and, of necessity, oily dusters or greasy fingers will soil them. With care, however, they may be kept, even in London houses, without the hideous covering of a glass shade. This process of paraffining casts appears to be admirably suited for works intended for public exhibition, which are necessarily subjected to the influence of many atmospheric impurities. It not only enables them to be preserved in a comparatively clean state, but it substitutes for the dull, cold, and ghastly whiteness of the raw plaster an agreeable hue, substance, and surface. The suggestion of this use of paraffin was made by Prof. Marshall, and it has been practically tested by Mr. Thornycroft and his son."

Art Circles have a fresh excitement in the presumed discovery in Paris of an original Raphael. He painted three representations of the Virgin and the Child, one original and two duplicates. One of the latter is in Italy, and the other in Rome; but the former disappeared from Italy 75 years ago and has never been seen since. And it is this lost picture which is now supposed to have been discovered, and the intrinsic evidence which itself furnishes is very strong in favor of the presumption. Even to one who is not a connoisseur it presents all the marks of Raphael's best style; the Babe indeed should seem to be such as no one but Raphael could paint. The Virgin is perfect from her forehead down; but the upper part of her head, indeed all the upper part of the picture, is sadly imperfect. There have been made, apparently, some wretched attempts to restore that portion, and even to modify the form and color of the Virgin's hair. A thick crust of superficial coloring rests like a cap on the head and brow;

and it is thought that its removal will reveal the original touches of the artist.

A few weeks ago a farm servant dug up in a field near Kilbride, Scotland, a mass of 200 old silver coins. Some were coins of the reign of Edward VI., others of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and one or two were Scotch, and one Spanish. Within the last few years several ancient remains and objects of one sort and another have been accidentally turned up in the same locality, or become exposed after heavy rains. A process of denudation is evidently going on in the district, which is on a slope, and the fields about seem to be rich in antiquarian and archæological remains.

Mr. Wm. W. Story, the American sculptor, is associated with Prince Odescalchi, Professor Lignano, and others, on the commission for the archæologic exploration of the bed of the Tiber. Their operations will be conducted simultaneously with those for diking the river for the protection of Rome against periodical inundations. All objects found will be placed in a special national museum. The members of the committee are to receive no remuneration of any kind.

The art of petrifying the human body is said to have reached a high state of perfection at the hands of Italian professors. They can render the body like stone, or by immersion in certain liquids it seems only to be asleep. Gozini of Genoa has a curious museum of humanity petrified, well worth seeing. The ancients mummified, but that changed the appearance, while this process leaves the subject life-like in appearance. The body of Mazzini is to be so preserved.

M. Demetrio Salazar, the Inspector of the National Museum at Naples, is about to publish, in thirty parts, at 15s. each, a series of photographs and chromolithographs of the art-monuments of Southern Italy, from the fourth to the thirteenth century. This is the first great attempt of its kind, and is intended to show the growth and development of Italian art from its earliest rise.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, now contains one hundred and fifty photographic establishments engaged exclusively in manufacturing illustrations for book publishers, photography in this connection having largely supplanted the lithographic industry of the city. Of these establishments the two largest employ, each, over one thousand workmen.

Rude's statue of Joan of Arc, which formed a part of the collection of celebrated women on the Terrace of the Luxembourg Palace, has been removed to the Louvre, to have the damage restored which was produced by bullets at the time of the entry of the troops into Paris in May last.

VARIETIES.

Individuality in Dreams.—Men of consummate activity, even when imaginative, are sound and heavy sleepers, such as Napoleon was; and in sound and heavy sleep there is no dreaming. But in the imaginative, as such, sleep is so light that nothing but a slight film severs them from the outer world; and in light sleep, dreaming is never for an instant intermitted. The life of the imaginative is a failure, a disenchantment, a sterile idealism. It is well that sleep should bring them in dreams one of sundry compensations. Not

that the dreaming of the imaginative in their brief and feverish slumbers is joyous—far from it; but it satisfies their hunger for movement. A morbid conscientiousness is commonly an accompaniment of the imaginative temperament. And there is one sin which men of imagination conceive themselves in dreams to be always committing—divulging some secret, some hidden deep in the sanctuary of their souls. In dreams, likewise—and in dreams exclusively—they feel the utmost bitterness of remorse. There are few more striking features of dreams than that dreams, while reproducing the past, restore the feelings which we had in connection with any particular phase or event of the past. If we dream of our childhood, we have the feelings of our childhood; if of our youth, we have the feelings of our youth. Awake, we can recall the past by memory, but not by feeling; so that, in truth, we can not, awake, be said to renew to ourselves that season of enchantment at all. Asleep, we roll the years back, and have again, when dreaming of days long gone by, the emotions of youth or of childhood. It looks as if there were a profounder, more potent memory than the memory of the mind, and as if the soul never forgot what it had once felt, though the mind may often forget that which it has surveyed with the keenest attention. As related to the great question of immortality, this point is of supreme importance. We are inclined to pride ourselves on our intellect, its treasures, its achievements—to boast of our reason as our divinest prerogative. But our intellect decays, and our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, however, in dreams, has an undying, an undiminished freshness, as if ever in sympathetic commune with the invisible, which is its kingdom and its home. Dreams, therefore, victoriously oppose psychical identity in its most various aspects to a vulgar Materialism. Frequent is the debate whether dreams have any bearing on the immediate future—whether they have a prophetic significance, and whether in the fulfillment of seeming prognostics there is more than mere coincidence. Assuredly it is not foolish to deem dreams prophetic because we may err in interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is merely to employ a meaningless word. Let dreams, however, be the predictions and the preludes of the immediate future or not, they dart—and that is better—a holy and consoling ray into the remotest futurity. We know from our psychical identity in dreams, and from its countless transfigurements, that we shall be divinely and forever awake when the dreams of earth are no more. Doth God sleep? Doth God dream? If God sleeps not, dreams not, could the universe be so rich in beauty, or could there be grander and grander mysteries? The German, Schubert, has written an interesting work on “The Symbolism of Dreaming,” which ventures into a region that English authors seldom approach. In the works of Richter, also, there are many suggestive hints on the subject of dreams—a subject well suited to Richter’s singular genius.—*Freelight.*

M. Thiers.—M. Thiers has now entered his seventy-sixth year, having been born on the 15th of April, 1797. The registration of his birth runs thus: “Year V. of the French Republic one and indivisible, the 29th Germinal, at five o’clock, before us public officer of the municipality of Midy, canton of Marseilles, and before the

bureau de l’état-civil, appeared the citizen Marie Simeon Bostan, medical officer and accoucheur, residing Rue Laterale du Cour Isle 154, house 6, who presented us a boy, at whose birth he had assisted, and who, according to him, was born on the 26th of the present month at two hours one tenth the son of the ‘Citoyenne Marie-Magdeleine-Amie et du citoyen Pierre-Louis-Marie Thiers,’ proprietor, now absent, and in the house inhabited by the woman brought to bed, situated Rue des Petits-Pères, No. 15, Isle Cinq; to which boy the christian names of Marie-Joseph-Louis-Adolphe have been given; of which we make act in presence of the citizens Pierre Poussel, proprietor, and Jeanne Imbert, coiffeuse, living in the same street, the second of whom declares she can not write, and we have signed with the first,” etc. Follow signatures—“P. Poussel, Rostan, and I. Jourdan.”

THE APPIAN WAY.

HERE slumbers Rome, among her broken tombs,
With few inscriptions save the constant blooms,
By kindly nature on their altars cast,
A funeral highway stretching down the past.

The dust of glory all around me lies,
The ashes of dead empires and their kings,
I hear no voice save what from out the skies
The lark shakes down from his invisible wings.

Where slept a Cæsar, now the owlet hides,
A silent spirit till the day has fled;
Here gleams the lizard, there the viper glides,
The steadfast guests of the patrician dead.

A funeral aspect fills the whole campaign,
Their tomb-like flocks the distant mounds disclose,
Like scattered blocks of granite on the plain,
The dove-hued oxen Virgil sang, repose.

All Rome to-day sits on the buried past,
Her later walls with sculptured blocks are flecked,
The spoilers toiled for ages fierce and fast,
Then left the rest to ruin and neglect.

And still beneath their tread what wonders lie!
Brave statues of the godlike, and their gods,
And columns that might corridor the sky,
Yet scarce a spade upturns the shallow clods!
T. Buchanan Read.

Cannes and the Isles of Lerins.—No one has seen the coast of Provence in its beauty who has not seen it from the sea. A sail to the isles of Lerins reveals for the first time the full glory of Cannes even to those who have enjoyed most keenly the large picturesqueness of its landscapes, the delicate coloring of its distant hills, the splendor of its sunsets. As one drifts away from the shore, the circle of the Maritime Alps rises like the framework of some perfect picture, the broken outline of the Estrelles to the left contrasting with the cloud-capped heights above Turbia, snow-peaks peeping over the further slopes between them, delicate lights and shadows falling among the broken country of the foreground, Cannes itself stretching its bright line of white along the shore. In the midst of the bay, the centre as it were of this exquisite landscape, lie the two isles of Lerins. With the larger, that of St. Marguerite, romance has more to do with than history, and the story of the “Man in the Iron Mask,” who was so long a

prisoner in its fortress, is fast losing the mystery which made it dear even to romance. The lesser and more distant isle, that of St. Honorat, is one of the great historic sites of the world. It is the starting point of European monasticism, whether in its Latin, its Teutonic or its Celtic form, for it was by Lerins that the monasticism of Egypt first penetrated into the West. The devotees whom the fame of Antony and of the Cœnobites of the Nile had drawn in crowds to the East returned at the close of the fourth century to found similar retreats in the isles which line the coasts of the Mediterranean. The sea took the place of the desert, but the type of monastic life which the solitaries had found in Egypt was faithfully preserved. The Abbot of Lerins was simply the chief of some thousands of religious devotees, scattered over the island in solitary cells, and linked together by the common ties of obedience and prayer. Nothing could be more unlike the latter monasticism of St. Benedict, as it gradually spread over the Latin world; but by a curious concurrence of events the cœnobitic life of Lerins was long preserved in a remote corner of Christendom. Patrick, the most famous of its scholars, transmitted its type of monasticism to the Celtic Church which he founded in Ireland, and the vast numbers, the asceticism, the loose organization of such abbeys as those of Bangor or Armagh preserved to the twelfth century the essential characteristics of Lerins. Nor is this all in historical importance. What Iona is to the ecclesiastical history of Northern England, what Fulda and Monte Casino are to the ecclesiastical history of Germany and Southern Italy, that the Abbot of St. Honorat became to the Church of Southern Gaul. For nearly two centuries, and those centuries of momentous change, when the wreck of the Roman Empire threatened civilization and Christianity with ruin like its own, the civilization and Christianity of the great district between the Loire, the Alps, and the Pyrenees rested mainly on the Abbey of Lerins. Sheltered by its insular position from the ravages of the barbaric invaders who poured down on the Rhône and the Garonne, it exercised over Provence and Aquitaine a supremacy such as Iona till the Synod of Whitby exercised over Northumbria. All the more illustrious sees of Southern Gaul were filled by prelates who had been reared at Lerins; it gave to Arles, for instance, in succession Hilary, Cæsarius, and Virgilius. The voice of the Church was found in that of its doctors; the famous rule of faith, "quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus," is the rule of Vincent of Lerins; Salvian painted the agony of the dying Empire within its bounds in its book on the government of God; the long fight of semi-Pelagianism against the sterner doctrines of Augustin was chiefly waged from St. Honorat.—*Saturday Review*.

Foreign Trade of the United States.—The following statement of exports and imports for the calendar year 1871 is furnished by the Bureau of Statistics. The values are all expressed in specie: Imports of merchandise, 572,509,314 dols.; imports of specie and bullion, 17,399,415 dols.; total imports, 589,908,729 dols. Exports, domestic merchandise, 445,542,607 dols.; exports, foreign merchandise, 14,789,007 dols.; total exports, merchandise, 460,331,614 dols. Exports,

domestic bullion and specie, 65,632,342 dols.; exports, foreign bullion and specie, 12,009,128 dols.; total exports, bullion and specie, 77,641,470 dols. Total exports, 537,973,084 dols.; excess of imports, 51,935,645 dols. If we leave out of view imports and exports of foreign specie and bullion, and regard exports of domestic specie and bullion as we would grain, cotton, or any other product of domestic industry, the account will stand as follows: Total imports of merchandise, 572,509,314 dols.; total exports of merchandise, 460,331,614 dols.; exports, domestic specie and bullion, 65,632,342 dols.; total exports, 525,963,956 dols.; adverse balance, 46,545,358 dols. The foreign specie and bullion accounts stand as follows: Imports, 17,399,415 dols.; exports, 12,009,128 dols.; excess of imports, 5,390,287 dols.

Belgian Lunatic Asylums.—A private asylum in Belgium appears to leave nothing to be desired in hideousness and horror, and is as superior to the prisons of the Holy Inquisition in the dark ages as "homicidal mania" to the old-fashioned crime of murder. A correctional court is at present engaged in taking evidence respecting the management of one of these privileged institutions for the care of the insane, and it seems difficult to decide whether the managing superintendent or a keeper who owns the facetious name of Spellekens deserves the palm. Among many other similar performances of that pleasant fellow Spellekens, his manner of persuading patients to eat faster may be mentioned with admiration. It consisted simply of hitting them hard in the face. On one occasion a patient who walked too slowly was pitched downstairs from the top to the bottom. When the poor creatures were taking exercise on the corridors, Spellekens was wont to accelerate their pace by pricking them on the back with a cobbler's awl. One patient lost both his feet by being turned, without shoes or stockings, and with shackles round his legs, into the yard, and being left to hobble about ankle-deep in snow, in the depth of winter. A lady, who had been placed under restraint after puerperal fever, remained for eight months in a cell. Another patient was thrown into a dark dungeon. Spellekens amused himself with jumping in a pair of heavy wooden shoes on the poor lady's bare feet because she declined to put on a strait-waistcoat. The doctor never visited her, but told her husband she was not cured. He could not tell the magistrate why she was treated as a maniac, but he supposed it was because she was "excited." One of the practical jokes of the amiable Spellekens was to stick needles into the cane-bottomed chairs on which the patients were allowed to sit. It is only fair to mention that the doctor pleaded, by way of exculpation, that he had sometimes omitted to visit his patients for a quarter of a year. When the inspecting magistrates arrived, having previously announced their coming, the asylum was carefully prepared for their reception; the patients were washed and dressed, and the straw pallets, on which they lay huddled together in a heap of filth, were covered over with mattresses and pillows. And this state of things had been going on for eight years, and when a patient complained the inspectors went away satisfied with the doctor's remark, that "lunatics always found fault."

